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ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER. NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON. TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

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Original Poetry.

HONOR!

BY MRS. N. ORR.

The lady of Mrs. Bancroft had the *honor* of dining with the Queen, at Buckingham Palace.—(City Newspaper.

Ay, "*honor*" for a Freeman's bride,
To sit at England's banquet board,
And feel that this should be the pride
Of cringing step and servile word.
Honor! to sit by England's queen,
Honor, to bow at England's throne!
She of the high and noble mien,
She bow, even to a crowned one!

Well may the red blood, mounting high,
Cover the brow and cheek with shame,
Well may the proudly flashing eye
Glance on a nation's name and fame,
And see not famine's ruthless tread
Stalk o'er "God's footstool" wild and free,
And hear a nation cry for bread,
Or list the wail of misery.

Honor! look to the spreading sail,
The star-flag floating on the breeze,
The trim bark and the favoring gale,
To waft it o'er unfathomed seas,
To bear the golden grain-seed where
Oppression bids the proud heart down,
And binds the thorny wreath of care
Upon men's noble "front of frown."

Oh God! *this* is our Pride and boast,
A nation generous and free,
And that our rock embattled coast
Holds little of Earth's misery.
We ask not lineage and name,
Nor titles proud, or gem-lit crown,
Enough, that on *our scroll* is Fame,
And we inherit battle ground!

Coeymans, June 1847.

Go to strangers for charity, acquaintances for advice, and to relatives for nothing—and you will always have a supply.

Original Miscellany.

THE POETRY OF GEORGE P. MORRIS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"Bless thou thy lot; thy simple strains have led
The high-born muse to be the poor man's guest,
And wafted on the wings of song, have sped
Their way to many a rude unlettered breast."—Beranger.

I lately remarked in an English journal, an account of one of Russell's musical entertainments, wherein, while much was made of the song "Woodman, spare that tree," the credit of its authorship was given to the *vocalist*. What! would they uncrown our Troubadour? Would they barbarously lay the axe to the root of that tree of his renown, which has thus far been to him a bay-tree, yielding every season fresh chaplets to grace his brow? Out upon them! let them content themselves with *petty* larcenies on their own side of the great waters.

I have read of late, with renewed pleasure and higher appreciation, the songs and ballads of our genial-hearted countryman, Morris. I had previously wearied myself by a course of rather dry reading, and his poetry, tender, musical, fresh and natural, came to me like spring's first sunshine, the song of her first birds, the breath of her first violets.

What a contrast is this pleasant volume to the soul-racking "Festus," which has been one of my recent passions. That remarkable work has passages of great beauty and power, linked in unnatural marriage with much that is poor and weak. It is like a stately ruined palace,

"Mingling its marble with the dust of Rome;"

or it is like its own fabled first temple built to God, in the new earth,—a multitude of gems, swallowed by an earthquake, and scattered through a world of baser matter. The soul of the reader now faints with excess of beauty, now shudders at the terrible and the revolting. The young poet's muse at times goes like Proserpine to gather flowers, but straightway is seized by the lord of the infernal regions, and disappears in flame and darkness. The entire volume is a poetical archipelago,—isles of loveliness sprinkling a dead sea of unprofitable matter.

It were absurd to compare the light and graceful poems of Morris with the *work* "Festus,"—a simple Grecian arch with a stupendous Turkish mosque—an Etruscan vase with a Gothic

tower. Yet there are doubtless many who will prefer the perfect realization of modest aspirations, to grand but ineffectual graspings after glory's highest and most divine guerdons—a quiet walk with truth and nature, to an Icarus flight of magnificent absurdities.

It has been said that the author of "LONG TIME AGO" has rung too many changes on the sentiment and passion of *love*. Love, the inspiration of the glorious bards of old,

"Who play upon the heart as on a harp,
And make our eyes bright as we speak of them,"

"Love, ever-new, everlasting, fresh and beautiful, now as when the silence of young Eden was thrilled, but scarce broken by the voice of the first lover,—a joy and a source of joy for ever."

I know it is much the fashion now-a-days, to hold in lordly contempt many of those sweet and holy influences which are

As angel hands, enclosing ours,
Leading us back to Paradisean bowers.

Love and liberty are fast becoming mere abstractions to the enlightened apprehension of some modern wise men. It is sad to see how soon those white-winged visiters soil their plumage and change their very natures by a mere descent into the philosophic atmosphere of such minds. One is reminded of the words of Swendenborg—"I saw a great truth let down from Heaven into Hell, and it *there became a lie*."

This cynical objection to the lays of our minsrel, surely never could have emanated from the heart of *woman*. *She* is ever loyal to love,—that tender and yearning principle in the bosom of the Father, from which and by which the feminine nature was created.

The poems of Morris are indeed like those flowers of old, born of the blood-drops which oozed from the wounded foot of the queen of love,—blushing crimson to the very heart;—yet there is not to my knowledge, in the whole range of English literature, so large a collection of amatory songs in which sensualism and voluptuousness find no voice. These lays can bring to the cheek of purity itself no blush, save that of pleasure—the mother may sing them to her child, the bride to her young husband.

"Festus" has an eloquent reply to such as hold love a theme unworthy the true bard:

"Poets are all who love—who feel great truths
And tell them; and the truth of truths is *love*."

I have met with a few, I am happy to say a very few, for whom the cheerful, healthful poetry of Morris has no charm. These are they who most hunger and thirst after the selfish sadness and sublime misanthropy of the Byronic school. A bard after their own heart must be a perpetual mourner over some "dead joy"—would harness Pegasus to the hearse which bears it to an "early tomb," and make dismal pall-bearers of the heaven-eyed Muses. To such, our poet whose lays are the daguerreotypes of the sweetest and sunniest things in life, might reply interrogatively, with Cicero—"What kind of philosophy is it to extol melancholy, the most detestable thing in nature?"

The misanthropy of Byron was the dead lion of a ruined better nature,—and none but he could extract honey from such a carcass. The poetry of his imitators was but sentimentalism in its second childhood, egotism gone mad, and, thank heaven, its day is over. No poet has a right to let his genius fall like the shadow of a yew-tree between us and God's sunlight,—to sing us requiems on festal-days. Why should not poetry, like hope, be "*la fleur de bonheur?*"

The muse of Morris was Poesy's own "summer-child." Hope, love and happiness, sunny-winged fancies and golden-hued imaginings have nested in his heart like birds.

His verse does not cause one to tremble and turn pale—it charms and refreshes one. It does not "possess us like a passion"—it steals upon us like a spell. It does not storm the heart like an armed host—it is like the visitation of gentle spirits,

"Coming and going with a musical lightness."

It is not a turbulent mountain torrent, hurling itself down rocky places—it is a silver stream, gliding through quiet valleys, in whose waves the sweet stars are mirrored, on whose bosom the water-lilies sleep.

Now and then there steals in a strain of sadness, like the plaint of a bereaved bird in a garden of roses; but it is a tender, not an *oppressive* sadness, and we know that the rainbow beauty of the verse could only be born in the wedlock of smiles and tears. In a word, his lays are not "night and storm and darkness"—they are morning and music and sunshine.

It were idle at this time, to quote or comment upon all those songs of Morris best known and oftenest sung. It would be introducing to my readers old friends who took lodgings in their memories years ago. In reference to them, I would only remark their peculiar adaptedness to popular taste—the keen discrimination, the nice tact, or, to use one of Sir James Mackintosh's happy expressions, the "*feel*osophy" with which the poet has interlaced them with the heart-strings of a nation.

"A ROCK IN THE WILDERNESS" is an ode that any poet might be proud to own. It is much in the style of Campbell,—chaste, devotional, "beautiful exceedingly."

"A rock in the wilderness welcomed our sires,
From bondage far over the dark-rolling sea;
On that holy altar they kindled the fires,
Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for thee.
Thy blessings descended in sunshine and shower,
Or rose from the soil that was sown by thy hand;
The mountain and valley rejoiced in thy power,
And heaven encircled and smiled on the land.

"The Pilgrims of old an example have given
Of mild resignation, devotion, and love,
Which beams like the star in the blue vault of heaven;
A beacon-light hung in their mansion above.
In church and cathedral we kneel in our prayer—
Their temple and chapel were valley and hill—
But God is the same in the aisle or the air,
And He is the Rock that we lean upon still."

I know nothing of the kind more musically sweet than the serenade "'TIS NOW THE PROMISED HOUR,"—the first lines in especial:

"The fountains serenade the flowers,
Upon their silver lute—
And nestled in their leafy bowers
The forest birds are mute."

Many an absent lover must have blessed our lyrist, for giving voice to his own yearning affection, half sad with that delicate jealousy which is no wrong to the loved one, in the song "WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE."

"THE BACCHANAL,"—if our language boasts a lovelier ballad than this, it has never met my eye. The story of the winning, the betraying and the breaking of a woman's heart, was never told more touchingly. I dislike to pull the rose in pieces, yet here is a leaf or two:

"How soft the honeyed words
He breathes into her ears!
The melody of birds,
The music of the spheres!

"She leaves her father's cot,
She turns her from the door—
That green and holy spot,
Which she shall see no more!

"They laid her in the ground,
And Ella was forgot;
Dead was her father found
In his deserted cot."

"THE DISMISSED" is in a peculiar vein of rich and quiet humor. I would commend it to the entire class of rejected lovers, as containing the truest plilosophy.

"LINES AFTER THE MANNER OF THE OLDEN TIME" remind one of Sir John Suckling. They are "sunned o'er with love,"—their subject, by the way.

"Love bathes him in the morning dews,
Reclines him in the lily's bell—
Reposes in the rainbow's hues,
And bubbles in the crystal well;
Or hies him to the coral caves
Where sea-nymphs sport beneath the waves.

"And every where he welcome finds—
Through cottage-door and palace-porch
Love enters free as spicy winds,
With purple wings and lighted torch,
With tripping feet and silvery tongue,
And bow and darts behind him slung!"

"I NEVER HAVE BEEN FALSE TO THEE" was an emanation from the *feminine* nature of the minstrel alone. Who does not believe the poet gifted with duality of soul?

"THINK OF ME, MY OWN BELOVED," and "ROSABEL," are the throbbings of a lover's breast set to music—and "ONE BALMY SUMMER NIGHT, MARY," "THE HEART THAT OWNS THY TYRANT SWAY," and "WHEN I WAS IN MY TEENS," the distillation of the subtilest sweets lodged in the innermost cells of all flowers dedicate to love.

I come now to my favorite, a poem which I never read but that it glows upon lip and heart, and leaves the air of my thoughts tremulous with musical vibrations.

"Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Cronest like a monarch stands,
Crown'd with a single star!
And there, amid the billowy swells
Of rock-ribb'd, cloud-capt earth,
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,
A nymph of mountain birth.

"The snow-flake that the cliff receives,
The diamonds of the showers,
Spring's tender blossoms, buds, and leaves,
The sisterhood of flowers,
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,
Her purity define;
But Ida's dearer far than these
To this fond breast of mine.

"My heart is on the hills. The shades
Of night are on my brow:
Ye pleasant haunts and quiet glades,
My soul is with you now!
I bless the star-crown'd highlands where
My Ida's footsteps roam—
Oh! for a falcon's wing to bear
Me onward to my home."

What a delicious gush of parental feeling! How daintily and delicately move the "fitly chosen words"—tripping along like silver-sandaled fairies.

"LAND-HO!" and the "WESTERN REFRAIN" thrill one gloriously: "THE CARRIER DOVE" would of itself carry the poet's name to the next age, and the "CROTON ODE" keep his bays green with a perpetual baptism.

The last mentioned is fresh and sparkling as its subject, and displays much of the imaginative faculty. How fanciful are the following stanzas:

"Gently o'er the rippling water,
In her coral-shallop bright,
Glides the rock-king's doe-eyed daughter,
Decked in robes of virgin white.
Nymphs and naiads, sweetly smiling,
Urge her bark with pearly hand,
Merrily the sylph beguiling
From the nooks of fairy-land.

"Swimming on the snow-curled billow,
See the river-spirits fair,
Lay their cheeks as on a pillow,
With the foam-beads in their hair.
Thus attended, hither wending,
Floats the lovely oread now,
Eden's arch of promise bending
Over her translucent brow."

And how truly beautiful is this—

"Water shouts a glad hosanna!
Bubbles up the earth to bless!
Cheers us like the precious manna
In the barren wilderness.
Here we wondering gaze, assembled
Like the grateful Hebrew band,
When the hidden fountain trembled,
And obeyed the Prophet's wand."

"OH, A MERRY LIFE DOES THE HUNTER LEAD," rolled up the tenth wave of Morris-ian popularity at the West. It stirs the hunter's heart like a bugle-blast—it rings out clear as a rifle-crack on a hunting morning.

"Oh, a merry life does the hunter lead!
He wakes with the dawn of day,
He whistles his dog and he mounts his steed
And bounds to the woods away!
The lightsome tramp of the deer he'll mark,
As they troop in herds along;
And his rifle startles the tuneful lark
As he warbles his morning song!

"Oh, a hunter's life is the life for me!
This is the life for a *man!*
Let others sing of the swelling sea,
But match the woods if you can.
Then give me my gun—I've an eye to mark
The deer as they bound along!
My steed and my dog, and the cheerful lark
To warble my morning song!"

Gen. Morris has recently published some songs which have all the grace, melody and touching sweetness of his earlier lays. But as these have been artistically set to music, and are yet in the first season of popularity—are lying on the pianos and "rolling over the bright lips" of all song-dom, they call for no farther mention here.

I think I cannot better close this somewhat broken and imperfect review than by quoting entire one of the earlier songs of Morris, which, more than all others, perhaps, has endeared him to his native land. It is a simple, hearty, manly embodiment of the true spirit of patriotism, a sentiment which throbs like a strong pulse beneath our poet's light and graceful verse, and needs but the inspiration of "stirring times" to prompt to deeds of heroic valor, like the lays of the ancient bards, or the "*Chansons*" of Beranger.

"I'm with you once again, my friends—
No more my footsteps roam;
Where it began my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear,
And where are hearts so warm and true,
As those that meet me here?

"Since last, with spirits wild and free,
I pressed my native strand,
I've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land:
I've seen all nations of the earth,
Of every hue and tongue,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that from which I sprung.

"In other countries, when I heard
The music of my own,
Oh how my echoing heart has stirr'd
And bounded at the tone!
But when a brother's hand I clasp'd
Beneath a foreign sky,
With joy convulsively I gasp'd
Like one about to die!

"My native land! I turn to you,
With blessings and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave,
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome—foes a grave,
Within our borders find."

ODD-FELLOWSHIP AND HUSBANDS.

BY A WIFE.

LOUISE. Good morning, Ella; did you see the procession of Odd-Fellows?

ELLA. Yes; they looked very well in their imposing regalia. I think that worn by what your husband terms the Patriarchal branch of the Order really magnificent.

L. And you are still positively resolved never to wed an Odd-Fellow? Be careful, Ella, Mat Adair is capable of making even you, with all your firmness, relent. Ah! you blush.

E. And if I do; Mat Adair is an Odd-Fellow, and were he a thousand times more fascinating and intellectual, I would die an old maid, with all my horror of being one, ere I would wed him.

L. Strong language, my dear little friend. I fear you are doomed to live an old maid, for it would be exceedingly difficult to find one that will please your fastidious ladyship, who is not one of the Order.

E. Oh! Lou, you need have little fear for me; there's Ned Fletcher——

L. With a thimble full of brains. I question as to poor Ned's being admitted into the Order, even if he wished.

E. Well, well, he is not the only one, and I must say you are unmerciful to speak thus of Ned. Only think how deeply your odd sisters are indebted to him. Monday evening he escorted your friend Mrs. L. to the C.'s party. Her husband went to the Lodge, promising to be there as soon as they had got through some important business. When we were leaving, at 11 o'clock, L. had not made his appearance.

L. I suppose——

E. Wait for the sequel. Last night, when we were returning from the theater, Mat Adair was trying to overcome my prejudice against secret societies, and mentioned —— as having joined them; and very innocently remarked, "They had a fine oyster supper, after the initiation, Monday night." I asked if Mr. L. was there. "Yes; though he told me he ought to have gone to the C.'s; but he supposed his lady would get home safe, as she was accompanied by that goose, Ned Fletcher." There's an Odd-Fellow for you, Lou; a "goose" could take care of his wife, while he preferred oysters and whiskey punch. His wife may prefer some one else if he is not careful! and then, Lou, your husband is so enthusiastic about Odd-Fellowship, that you are permitted to monopolize two-thirds of our rightful flirtations.

L. Particularly in the case of such "bright, bright stars" as Ned Fletcher. I beg your pardon, fair Ella, if I have ever kept him from your side when you have had a disposition to quiz him. But your objections to Odd-Fellows are not all told.

E. Confess now, do they not stay out almost every night till the small hours?

L. Occasionally; and I frankly confess this to be my *only* objection to the Order. I have been thinking for a long time that I would write the editors of the Golden Rule, and see if they could not suggest some improvement in this respect. They pledge themselves to promote the happiness of each other, and I think they are in duty bound to take some heed to the murmurs of the ladies. I'm sure if they knew *you*, they would strive to reform all errors; and if they did not succeed, would forswear their vows, and bend the knee to your orders.

E. A truce to your banter. I have good reasons for my resolve.

L. Ah! I have it. It would never do to go to the confessional and tell the interesting Father D——n that you loved a heretic and a member of a secret society. You could not get absolution for this.

E. You are too severe, Lou. I have said twenty times I would not hesitate to wed a Protestant—an Odd-Fellow never! But here is my mother, she will give you "reason good."

L. Is it possible, my dear Mrs ——, that you approve of Ella's antipathy? Is it your wish she should be so decided upon this subject?

M. Yes; and I will tell you why, dear Louise. I married at eighteen. I loved my husband devotedly; and our friends were all pleased when we were wedded. Two years passed swiftly in our bright home. I can see, even now, after so many years have passed, that bright cheerful parlor.

My books, my harp, and music there,
And vases filled with flowers—
And all those pictures rich and rare
On which I've gazed for hours.

Oh! how pleasantly we spent our evenings. Alas! for the change. When Marie was six weeks old, my husband joined the Masonic fraternity. When I knew it, it was too late to express my disapprobation. Beside, I did not fear for him. He was too good, too noble to remain among them if, as I was told, their nights were all spent from home; if they thought more of convivial meetings than the benefit of their fellow-men. Three months from that time it was rare to see us both in our parlor. If he spent an evening with me, he was sleeping on the sofa, entirely wearied with his duties at the Lodge. Often and often have I waited till past midnight for his return. At last he, too, would drink with his brothers. Sometimes he would come home partially intoxicated—often wholly so. Six years sped, and he, the young, flourishing merchant, was a bankrupt, a drunkard! I did not care when all our furniture was sacrificed. I looked on calmly and saw all those tokens of our early happiness pass into the hands of strangers. At the suggestion of friends I opened a boarding-house. I might have succeeded; but my husband was wholly prostrated. His health failed, and at last he died; and though the smallest part of what he in prosperous days had paid into the Masonic fraternity, would have been gratefully received, no one came forward to offer it. His "brothers of the mystic tie" had forgotten him. I have been told I could have been assisted had I applied. I do not know and care not. I hope Ella never will wed a Mason or an Odd-Fellow. She is not calculated to pass through what I did. Are you satisfied, Louise?

L. I do not doubt all you have said, and while I sincerely sympathize with you, I must tell you that Odd-Fellows *do not* have convivial meetings. And they say the Masons are very different now to what they were thirty years ago.

M. Perhaps so. I never think much about these things, though I deem it my duty to prevent all under my control from having aught to do with secret societies. My heart often aches for you, when you speak of the late hours your husband is detained at the Lodge. Make your home cheerful and happy, Louise; keep him there, if possible; share his amusements; and if he always remains as good as he is now, I shall not regret what I have this morning told you.

L. Not even if I write out this conversation for the Golden Rule?

M. No. If they publish it, perchance they will think of some method to close their Lodge-rooms at an earlier hour; and you, Lou, will have your husband with you earlier than midnight.

L. And who knows, but that even Ella may find an Odd-Fellow to change her mind. If I thought the publishing of this would effect a reformation I would not hesitate to write it out.

Here, Messrs. Golden Rule Editors, you have it. Do as you please about giving it an insertion in your columns. I have suppressed the most severe remarks, and have but faintly sketched what was vividly portrayed. Lou.

THE "BRONX" AND MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

While Nature sleeps in beauty,
And moonlight streams afar,
The placid "Bronx" glides gently,
And still reflects that star.

In splendor roll its waters
Beneath the willow tree,
And smoothly glide its wavelets
To the eternal sea.

Its banks are dressed in verdure,
Its surface sparkles bright,
And o'er its pebbly channel,
It moves as still as light!

Long years have flown and vanished
Since first its stream moved on,
But nothing from its being
Hath ever changed or gone.

And once there stood a cottage,
Beside its murmuring strand,
O'er which there bent a willow,
Set by a mother's hand.

And troops of children sported
Its silken leaves among,
And through our humble cottage,
Rang loud their merry song.

But now those scenes have perished,
Yet still old memories dwell,
Around that ancient cottage,
And the stream we loved so well.

West Farms, 1847.

AN HOUR IN LAUREL HILL CEMETERY.

BY L. WYMAN, JR.

AN INFANT'S GRAVE.

"There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living."

One is never more forcibly impressed with a feeling of true veneration, a love for the solemn stillness of a rustic burying ground, than when he wanders amid a place of graves, like Laurel Hill, or Greenmount. Beautiful indeed is this pleasant place of graves; consecrated by the hands of affection to the memory of the loved departed ones, who sleep beneath its silent shades. It needs not the aid of cold marble, though chiseled in all the fidelity of historical lore, or ficticious narration. A brilliant conception of the immortal Scott, chastened by the chisel of the artist, is admirably adapted to this beautiful solitude, and is well calculated to call forth the best, the purest feelings of the heart. After pausing for a moment at the entrance gate, to look at this statue of "Old Mortality" chiseled from the enduring marble, you enter the abode of the sleeping myriads who repose within its deepening shades beneath the

"Obelisk and column,
The broken shaft and urn."

They arise to view in every part of this consecrated abode. To speak of all in detail would, notwithstanding their many beauties, extend this article to a greater length than is desirable. As an appropriate place for meditation, who would not wander amid a "place of graves?" God in his all-wise providence has so constituted the human heart, that it is susceptible of receiving the finest impressions often, it would seem, from the most trivial causes.

A chord "from string unstrung," one of sympathy and feeling, is made to vibrate in sweet unison with the true harmonies of the external world;—from the fall of a leaf, the rippling of a rill, or even the song of the summer evening insect. How much food for reflection is then offered in one short hour amid the twilight shadows of an evening in Laurel Hill? It seems as though the *Maker* of all things, speaks to man through the wonderful works of his hands; and I was never more fully impressed with the truth and beauty of the expression,

"Then shall the dust return to the earth; but the spirit to God who gave it,"

than I was a few evenings since, amid the silent shades of this beautiful city of the dead. The slow and measured cadence of the "bell of death" fell with mournful sound upon the ear. One more of the travelers of earth had bid adieu to its sunshine and shadows, and was about to be laid within the keeping of its quiet repose. The slow and measured tread of a sorrowing band, brought the mortal remains of their dearly loved one to the spot upon which I stood. The funeral train stopped beside a newly opened sephulchre, "beneath a yew tree's shade." The bier rested for a moment; the pall was lifted, the shrine opened; and I looked upon the calm, sweet features of a beautiful bud of promise, early nipped by the frost of Death. Before me lay an infant of some few months, lovely even in its marble sleep; like some little sculptured cherub, pure as the Parian marble. Its little features were lighted up with a sweet smile, which, to the deeply afflicted friends who surrounded its little bier, seemed

—"As lovely to the view,
As in life's happy morning free."

As I stood looking upon the calm, placid features of this little infant, I could not but feel that death in its most lovely form was before me; and as I mused, a voice, as it were from the spirit-land, seemed to breathe in tones of sweetest melody,

"We shall meet yet again."

And it seemed to me that the consolations of that blessed promise of the Redeemer, so full of *Hope*, of immortality, "*Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven*," could not fail to silence every regret, and bid the saddened heart rejoice, in the assurance that Jesus the Saviour is Love.

A few words were spoken, a prayer breathed, and the little one was committed to the keeping of its mother earth. In one of the loveliest spots within the sacred shades of Laurel Hill was this early plucked flower, this sweet child laid,

"Where the sun when sinking in the West,
Looked kindly on its place of rest."

Llama.—When resting, they make a peculiar humming noise, which, when proceeding from a numerous flock at a distance, is like a number of Æolian harps sounding in concert. A flock of laden Llamas journeying over the table lands is a beautiful sight. They proceed at a slow and measured pace, gazing around on every side. When any strange object scares them, the flock separates and disperses in various directions; and the arrieros have no little difficulty in re-assembling them. The Indians are very fond of these animals. They adorn them by tying bows of ribbon to their ears, and hanging bells around their necks; and before loading they always fondle and caress them affectionately. If, during a journey, one of the Llamas is fatigued and lies down, the arriero kneels beside the animal, and addresses to it the most coaxing and endearing expressions. But, notwithstanding all the care and attention bestowed on them, many Llamas perish on every journey to the coast, as they are not able to bear the warm climate.

(Tschudi's Travels in Peru.

A Miner's Riches.—Another extraordinary example of the productiveness of the Peruvian mines is found at San Jose, in the department of Huancavelica. The owner of the mines of San Jose requested the viceroy Castro, whose friend he was, to become godfather to his first child. The viceroy consented; but at the time fixed for the christening, some important affair of state prevented him from quitting the capital; and he sent the vice-queen to officiate as his proxy. To render honor to his illustrious guest, the owner of the San Jose mines laid down a triple row of silver bars along the whole way (and it was no very short distance) from his house to the church. Over this silver pavement the vice-queen accompanied the infant to the church, where it was baptized. On her return, her munificent host presented to her the whole of the silver road, in token of his gratitude for the honor she had conferred on him. Since that time the mines and the province in which they are situated have borne the name of Castrovireyna. (Tschudi's Travels in Peru.

Popular Tales.

PHILIP ARMYTAGE;

OR, THE BLIND GIRL'S LOVE.

——— "A child most infantine,
Yet wandering far beyond that innocent age
In all but its sweet looks and mien divine." Shelley.

It was morning—beautiful morning—in that fairest season of the year—

"When April has wept itself to May."

Earth awoke from her winter sleep, fresh, and glorious, and young, as if it were but a day since she bore on her bosom Adam and Eve, and shed around them the flowers, and breezes, and sunshine of Eden. Beautiful looked the Eternal Mother, in her ever-renewed youth, over which the change, and misery, and crime of six thousand years have passed like a shadow, and left no trace.

There is no glamour like that of the pen; and it has this surpassing spell, that the magic extends also to the one who wields the charm. Let us, therefore, in this wet and gloomy day, when a heavy mist hangs like a shroud over the dreary city—when under our window sound the plashing foot-falls of tired passers by, and the incessant rattle of vehicles—let us, amid all this, call up to our mind's eye the scene where our story begins, and linger fondly over that beautiful spot, in the delineation of which memory strives with imagination.

It was the breakfast-room of a house that stood alone on a hill side—one of those stately mansions that are found in England, far in the country, where generation after generation of the old families of the gentry are born, live, and die; father, son, and grandson occupying, in their turn, the same ancient stone monument hard by. Cheerfully came the warm morning sun into the room, not stealthily, as in early spring, but with a glad overflow of light and warmth, brightening even the solemn oak furniture, and contending bravely with the tiny fire that was lit through habit, until it fairly put out its puny antagonist, and reigned supreme. The long low windows, on one side, opened on a formal, dainty little flower-garden, and then winding through a smooth lawn, lay a narrow walk that led into the forest, on whose borders the house lay. In three minutes one might pass into that beautiful wood, wild as if man's foot had never entered it, and alive with the melodies of leaves quivering in the morning breezes. The tender green of the thorn mingled with the dark holly, that here vied even with the oak in size and grandeur; the primroses looking out smiling from the roots of the old trees; and large beds of the wood anemone, or wind-flower, seemed like a white, wavy mantle cast over the long grass, in recesses so thick that not a stray sunbeam could pierce through. The loud songs of the birds reached even to the house, like a flood of aerial music; the ringing carol of the lark, the deep note of the throstle, the silvery warble of the linnet, and the soft coo of the wood-dove, all mingling in sweet harmony.

Listening eagerly, with up-turned face, that did not shrink even from the broad dazzling sunlight, sat a little girl beside the open window. Her soft hair falling in curls, that prettiest fashion for a child, was of that hue which a gleam of sunshine changes into gold; her head was turned aside; but her attitude was full of childish grace, with the little hands crossed on her knee, motionless, in silent thought. Opposite to her was a boy—her twin-brother—a taller and bolder model of herself; sitting carelessly on the floor; he was busily carving the top of a hazel wand. Boy like, he whistled merrily over his work, and looked so happy and handsome, with his sunny curls, like his sister's, hanging over a face that still preserved the round curves of childhood, his deep blue eyes shaded by dark, heavy lashes, and perfect classic profile of his mouth and chin, over which smiles were ever dimpling. With these young creatures, as with the earth, it was the spring of life—to them it was beautiful, hopeful, joyous morning.

The mother entered—a sweet, delicate-looking woman, fragile and graceful, in her robe of pure white; and then the father came in, like a shadow after sunshine. He was a tall man, of middle age; but the sharp lines about his mouth, and a crown entirely bald, gave him the appearance of being much older. Yet, not a single gray hair mingled with the thick brown locks at the back of his head, and his form was unbent. His cold, clear, blue eyes gleamed from under-hanging brows, and his noble forehead was full of intellect. He looked like a man in whom mind held the pre-eminence over heart. The little ones timidly advanced toward him.

"Why, Edmund—Stella—early this morning?" he said, and stooped mechanically to kiss them, while a smile like winter sunshine just bent his lips. Edmund, the boldest, and the favorite, stayed to show his wonderful wood-carving to his father,

with boyish pride; but little Stella crept along by the table, and nestled beside her mother's knee.

"What has my little girl been doing?" said Mrs. Brandreth, twining her fingers in her long silken hair.

"I have been listening to the birds, mamma, and feeling the sunshine, it is so warm and pleasant."

A light sigh heaved the mother's bosom.

"That is well; I like to see my darling happy and gay," she answered, tremulously.

And now came the pleasant breakfast hour—the pleasantest meal of all to country-dwellers, and visitants. How cheerful, and fresh, and blithe all look; how welcome is the balmy morning-air; nay, to descend to common things, how fragrantly rises up the steam of coffee, and how grateful both to sight and taste are the country viands—snowy new-laid eggs, and golden butter, and cream—rich and luscious as nectar. Commend us to a country breakfast. Who *could* come down with sour looks, and bitter speeches, on a sunny morning, and not feel all the hardness and ill-temper melt away from his heart beneath its influence.

Merrily the children laughed and talked, making, at times, even the sedate father look up from his reading, and winning the gentle mother to smiles less pensive than ordinary. At last Mr. Brandreth collected his papers, and laid them carefully aside; he was a learned man, wise in geology and natural philosophy, and always devoted the breakfast-hour to the re-perusal and arrangement of his lucubrations. The twins received the signal to retire, and Edmund hastily rose, while Stella moved slowly from her seat. As she passed, her stretched out arms, by which she guided her steps, came in contact with the heap of papers so carefully arranged, and they fell in confusion on the floor. Mr. Brandreth started up angrily—

"Careless child—always doing some mischief or other," he said, and thrust Stella rudely away. The child fell, and began to weep—not loudly as most children—but with the silent tears of advanced life. The mother took her to her bosom and soothed her.

"Do take the child away—Marian," said Mr. Brandreth, in a vexed tone, "she annoys one so much."

Mrs. Brandreth looked with meek reproach at her husband—"Hush, hush—you forget," she answered, imploringly, still pressing her little girl closer to her bosom, where the tears at last ceased. Stella walked, or rather crept, to her father's knee, and said, gently:

"Papa, I did not mean to do harm. Forgive poor Stella—she is blind."

It was so—there was no light in those large, blue, limpid eyes, that were lifted so meekly to the father's face. Six years had the little child looked on the beautiful sky, and seen the flowers, and then a shadow grew over her vision; gradually it darkened and darkened, and the world grew dimmer, until, at last, she saw it no more. Now, all the visible earth was become to her like a scene once beheld in a dream, and then shut out for ever. Yet, but for an uneasy wandering of the eyes, no one could have told that those beautiful blue orbs were sightless. The sweet face wore, at times, that peculiar mournful look which the blind always have, but this was the only outward token of the affliction which had fallen upon her. Affliction it could hardly be called, for the child scarcely felt it as such; her blindness had come on so gradually, that Stella had become accustomed to her helpless condition. And, besides, from her very infancy the child had been quiet and thoughtful, caring little for the sports attractive to her age; as if with a foreshadowing of how soon she was to be deprived of them. Gentle and subdued she was, as became her helpless condition; it seemed as if He who knew how dependent her whole life must be upon the affection of others, had endowed her with that irresistible beauty which wins love, and the meek spirit which preserves it.

But now Stella hardly felt her darkness, so illuminated was it by the light of a mother's love. More than her own life, more than her frank-hearted boy—nay, more even than the husband of her youth, did Mrs. Brandreth cling to her blind child; with a passionate fervor, an all-absorbing love, that atoned to Stella for the loss of the blessed gift of sight. Perhaps her own delicate health made this love more intense, from the feeling that she would not always be with her darling, to cherish her in her heart's core, and shield her there from all contact with the rough world which the poor stricken one was so ill fitted to brave.

The mother knew well that every year which unfolded, in new beauty, Stella's mind and person drew her own life nearer toward its close. At last, when Stella and Edmund still lingered on the verge of childhood, the mother was called away. Gently, not rudely, came the summons, and yet it was sudden—just as an autumn leaf flutters and flutters until it drops at once and is seen no more.

Thus did Mrs. Brandreth die—even before her husband, who, all unconscious of danger, was on a journey, could reach his home, the wife whom he had sincerely loved, though hardly with the tenderness meet for her gentle nature, had passed away. So swiftly came the angel of death, that the mother had hardly time to bless her two babes, and commend poor Stella to her brother's care, in a charge that lingered on the boy's memory from youth to old age. Then, worn out with pain, she kept silence, and lay with closed eyes, still holding fast the little hands of her daughther, the thought of whose desolation troubled her spirit, even on the threshold of paradise. It was night, and the wearied child laid her head on the pillow and slept. Mrs. Brandreth's elder sister and tender nurse wished to remove her, but the mother would not suffer it.

"Do not wake her," she whispered, faintly—"let my darling sleep—I have kissed her and said good-night—a long good-night—until comes the eternal morning; let her sleep." . . . .

No more words passed through those white lips. Once or twice the eyes opened and rested lovingly, lingeringly on the face of the sleeping child; then they closed for ever! When morning came, another spirit had entered the gates of heaven. Silently, and without tears, the sister unclosed Stella's warm fingers from those that stiffened round them, and bore her away, still sleeping.

Wildly and resolutely the child strove to return to its mother. Her darkened eyes could not see the change of death, therefore she did not believe in its reality. An hour before she had heard her voice, and felt the hand; both were the same, though feeble; she could not comprehend that one short sleep had parted her mother from her. So clinging to her twin-brother, Stella came and stood by the dead; she called, but there was no answer.

"Where is she, where is she?" cried the despairing child.

Edmund guided his sister's hand to the fingers that had held her's while life lasted; their marble coldness made her start, and cling, tremblingly, to her brother's neck.

"Edmund—I cannot see—tell me how she looks," fearfully whispered Stella.

"White—still—with closed eyes and parted lips—oh, mother! mother! it is not you! it is not you!" and the boy burst into tears.

"No, my children," said the sister of Mrs. Brandreth, who stood behind them. "Edmund—Stella—I will tell you what she is now—a white robed, glorious angel at the footstool of God's throne—a voice for ever singing His praise—a spirit pure and perfect, though we know not what form she bears in heaven, save that it is in God's image, and must be beautiful."

And in the stillness of the death-chamber that pious and gentle woman drew the orphans of her dead sister to her side, and read aloud from the Holy Book, the words that speak of the immortality of the soul, and the state of the blessed in heaven; words so simple, that childhood finds in them no mystery hard to be understood—so sublime, that the gray-haired philosopher may feel his heart glow with the consciousness that he bears within his frail mortal frame a spirit that can never know death.

The children listened, standing beside the clay of their mother; yet even then they thought of her no longer as dead on earth, but as rejoicing in heaven.

CHAPTER II.

"Are we not formed, as notes of music are
For one another, though dissimilar?
Such difference without discord as can make
Those sweetest sounds in which all spirits shake,
As trembling leaves in a continuous air." SHELLEY.

FROM the time of her mother's death, Stella drooped and pined. The world had grown all dark to the motherless child. Her wild brother, and her cold, reserved father, alike strove to soften their natures and show tenderness to the helpless one; but man is so different to woman, and all their kindness atoned not for the love of her who was gone. Edmund remembered well his mother's injunction, and many a time he left the field sports, of which he was so passionately fond, to come and talk with his sister, and lead her into the beautiful forest, where she could hear the bird's songs and be made glad with the gladness of nature. But nothing could altogether remove the perpetual sadness which now darkened the face of the blind girl. Excluded from the pleasures of childhood, her's passed away like a sorrowful dream. She grew up, living within herself, in a world of her own imagination, over which death hung, like an eternal shadow, a mysterious wo which she could not fathom, and which yet haunted her like a specter. The remembered touch of that icy hand made her shudder in her dreams; it was all she knew of the great change. Her mind, undiverted from the past by any charms of the present, became dead to all outward impressions, and alive only to imagination, and most of all memory.

Thus, in this dreary state of mind, the blind girl insensibly passed from childhood into girlhood. She had attained the age of which poets write as sweetest of all, when the bud is just opening into a flower, and life is in its hopeful spring. How little do these said poets know that this is the saddest age of all. What woman would ever wish to be again "sweet sixteen?" Childhood's life is a never ending present, a contented dwelling on what is best and pleasantest *now*, without memory to sharpen the past, or anxiety to darken the future. But with youth, soon—oh, how soon! comes the thirst for something more—the bitter, unsatisfied yearning after vague happiness, some glorious ideal of human felicity, the same in all, yet varied in form, according to the different minds in which it abides. One dreams of wealth, another of gaiety, another—alas for her! of love; and so the young creatures go on restlessly seeking to fathom their newly-awakened thoughts and feelings; and, knowing not their own hearts, nor yet life, they wander about blindly dazzled or groping in darkness, until the waking comes from that troubled dream, and they enter on the reality, the true life of heart and soul, for which woman was made.

Stella entered upon girlhood with few or none of the buoyant hopes of most young maidens. She saw not beauty, and love was to her only a name that brought to her the memory of her mother—the sole love she had ever known. Always thoughtful, she lived more than ever within the dark chambers of her own soul—her only world. But that world now became peopled with deeper and wilder fancies; every day new chords were touched in her heart, the mysterious harmonies of which she could scarcely understand. She loved to be alone; in winter, she listened to the wind until she almost fancied it talked with her; in summer, she sat for hours in the still, silent sunshine, and thought of heaven, of the time when she should go thither, and see her mother, with eyes no longer darkened. Then a warble—a perfume would bring back the dreaming girl to earth, and she would think how sweet the world must be to others, and droop her head, and weep that she was blind.

One gift atoned to Stella, in some measure, for the loss of sight, and that was, a soul to which music was as its very breath. Her voice had those deep, low tones that thrill from the heart to the heart; not a clear, musical, gladsome warble, but a voice that spoke of mind, of feeling, of passion, such as came from no angel's lips, but from a woman's heart. We once heard, and from one, too, who spoke and thought well, the saying—"One must always love a woman who sings sweetly;" and Stella's was a voice not to be admired, perhaps, but to be loved, as coming from a heart as pure, and beautiful, and sincere as itself. But now this lovely voice was only to her as the means whereby she poured out that overflowing heart in a river of melody; sitting, Ophelia like, for hours and hours chanting "snatches of old songs," and running her fingers over that sweetest of home friends, the fireside piano, in harmonious revealings. And when, day by day, the vague sadness of aimless and unsatisfied youth grew upon her, the blind girl still clung to her ever mournful strains, that made her feel less the weight of her solitude.

There are in life crises, distinct and vivid, on which we look back and feel that they have colored our whole destiny; can say, but for that one year—one week—one day, how differently would all have been. Silently, unconsciously are we swept on toward these moments, which lie like hills, placed here and there, from whose top we can see our whole life, like a panorama, stretched out before us; and know that but for such and such events we should not have felt and been as we are. Chance, fatality, are the words on the lips of the wise, proud man, in explanation of this; but the humble, loving spirit looks higher for the unveiling of these marvels which pass worldly wisdom.

Thus, nearer and nearer came the blind girl to the boundary of that golden shadow which overhangs human life, and ever has done so since the time when the first created one wooed the mother of all men, in the twilight of Paradise. Once, and once only, can come this sunny cloud over mortal life. Many may love twice, thrice—nay, even woman's constancy may know the freshness of early fancy, or the calm peace of healed affections; but, be it first or last, every man and woman has, or has had, some love supreme to which all others are as nothing. And this is the immortality of love; falsehood, or death, or change, may intervene; the wounded heart may be healed, the fickle vow forgotten in other and higher ones, but no other feelings can ever be exactly the same. It is the idealization of love, which happens but once in a lifetime, and which each young life that enters earth renews in itself, thus making an ever fresh eternity of love.

Some inexplicable whim allured the retired and studious Mr. Brandreth from his home; and he set off to travel on the Continent, taking with him his daughter. Wearily did the blind girl ask to be left in peace with her birds and flowers, and heavily and fearfully did she look forward to entering on a world that could bring her nought but pain. Stella did not know that the silken thread of her destiny was insensibly drawing her toward him who was to lighten its burthen, and make all joy and sunshine to him. Thus it was that she met him.

As a man of science and learning, Mr. Brandreth had the entree every where among the gifted, and the patrons of such. Thither he also carried his blind daughter, perhaps because he thought to please her, for he was a kind father, in the main, and perhaps because he liked to see many eyes resting with admiration on the beautiful English girl, and to hear praises of her glorious voice. Rarely was it that Stella suffered this gift to be shown forth; but, on one night, wearied of herself, of solitude, of society, she gave way with her whole soul in the music.

"Who is she who sang?" said a clear, low-toned, manly voice, whose pleasant English tones ran through the Babel of French, Italian, and German tongues that filled the saloon, and pierced to the acute ears of the blind girl. The answer was inaudible to her, but then she heard the same pleasant voice again, in tones that were much fainter, and had a mournful emphasis.

"Poor girl—poor girl—I had a sister who was blind."

A deep crimson flushed Stella's cheek, for she was ever sensitive on the subject of her misfortune; but that sweet and compassionate voice healed where it wounded.

As she left the piano, the blind girl felt her hand taken by that of a stranger, and a gentle "suffer me to lead you," fell on her ear, in the same voice to which she had listened before. Ere they could find Mr. Brandreth, the stranger had time to ask and claim pardon, as a countryman, for thus addressing one unknown; and by declaring his name, and speaking of some mutual friends, he won upon even the reserved father. All that evening, Philip Armytage sat by the side of the blind girl, who felt her heart warm to the sound of an English voice in that far land. And his was so sweet, and, when he spoke to her, had such a pitying softness, as if he thought of the sister he had mentioned. No wonder that when sleep came over poor Stella's dimmed eyes, that voice haunted her in her dreams.

Philip Armytage was that darling hero of novelist, that Pariah of real life—a poor gentleman. Heir to an old uncle, who *would* marry and thwart the hopes of the nephew he had educated with all the luxuries and expectations of wealth, young Armytage, at twenty-five, was thrown like a stray sea-weed on the ocean of the world, with manners, mind, and education that only made him feel more keenly his changed position. He experienced to the full how differently the world looks on a baronet's heir and a nobleman's secretary; even the fine gentlemanly bearing and richly gifted mind, which could not be taken away from him, were almost thought to add to the category of his imperfections now.

Under the influence of these changed fortunes, Philip Armytage ought, in order to become a true novel hero, to have grown cold, sarcastic, haughty, misanthropic; but he very wisely did no such thing. A good mother—that guardian angel of a boy's life—had better trained her fatherless and only son. Philip's mind and principles were too well regulated for one blast of misfortune to wither the flowers, and cause ill weeds to spring up rampant in the garden of his heart. That heart was disappointed, but not chilled or soured; he did not scorn or rail at the world, but strove, like a true hero, to brave its frowns, and wait patiently until his own firm will and endurance should earn for him what fortune had denied. Philip Armytage was not perfect—who on earth ever was? but his foibles never amounted to vices; and, young as he was, he had learned wisdom, and bade fair to become, if he were not already, a talented and good man. Thus far we have spoken of the mind of Philip Armytage; reversing the general order, and putting foremost what is indeed the highest. Of his face and person, we may now say, that both were pleasing to a lady's eye; he was certainly not an Apollo, but he was tall, graceful, and looked, moved, spoke like a gentleman. Such was he whom destiny—what can such things be but destiny? threw in the way of the young, beautiful, blind girl, whose lonely, dreaming heart yearned for an ideal round which to hang, as a garland, all its flowers of love and fancy. And rare as the fact is in the history of most maidens' hearts, in this case the shrine was one worthy to receive that purest and holiest sacrifice, a woman's first love. If this love be so powerful that it is sometimes unchanged—always remembered—to old age, what must be the feelings of those on whom outward impressions can have no influence, whom outward beauty cannot lure to fickleness, how intense—how all-engrossing must be the love of the blind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.—Some people scorn to be taught; others are ashamed of it, as they would be of going to school when they are old: but it is never too late to learn what it is always necessary to know; and it is no shame to learn so long as we are ignorant—that is to say, so long as we live.

Choice Miscellany.

CLEON AND I.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Cleon hath a million acres—
Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace—
In a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—
Not a penny I;
But the poorer of the twain, is
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
Money cannot buy:
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness—
Freshening vigor I;
He in velvet, I in fustian,
Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur—
Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors—
Need of none have I;
Wealth-surrounded, care-environ-[ed,
Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, he'll find me [ready—
Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charm in Nature—
In a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
In the sea and sky.
Nature sings to me for ever—
Earnest listener I;
State for state, with all attendants,
Who would change?—Not I.

Supremacy of the Human Animal.—The fear which all wild animals in America have of man is very singularly seen in the Pampas. I often rode toward the ostriches and gamas crouching under the opposite side of my horse's neck; but I always found, that, although they would allow any loose horse to approach them, they, even when young, ran from me, though little of my figure was visible; and when one saw them enjoy themselves in such full liberty, it was, at first, not pleasing to observe, that one's appearance was every where a signal to them, that they should fly from their enemy. Yet it is by this fear that man hath dominion over the beasts of the fields; and there is no animal in South America that does not acknowledge this instinctive feeling. As a singular proof of the above, and of the difference between the wild beasts of America and of the Old World, I will venture to relate a circumstance which a man sincerely assured me had happened to him in South America. He was trying to shoot some wild ducks, and in order to approach them unperceived he put the corner of his poncho (which is a sort of long, narrow blanket) over his head, and, crawling along the ground upon his hands and knees, the poncho not only covered his body, but trailed along the ground behind him. As he was thus creeping by a large bush of reeds, he heard a loud, sudden noise, between a bark and a roar; he felt something heavy strike his feet; and, instantly jumping up, he saw, to his astonishment, a large lion actually standing on his poncho; and perhaps the animal was equally astonished to find him in the immediate presence of so athletic a man. The man told me he was unwilling to fire, as his gun was loaded with very small shot, and he, therefore, remained motionless, the lion standing on his poncho for many seconds! At last the creature turned his head, and, walking very slowly away about ten yards, he stopped and turned again. The man still maintained his ground, upon which the lion tacitly acknowledged his supremacy and walked off.—[Sir Francis Head's Journey Across the Pampas.

North American Indians.—The acuteness of the Indian is almost supernatural; he can follow an animal by indications imperceptible even to an American backwoodsman. His powers of observation are so perfect that he can trace on a piece of bark, with a bit of charcoal, the geography of the country he has traversed; and he will take a direct course to a place hundreds of miles distant, without the aid of a compass. It has been supposed by some writers that the savage tribes of North America had no means of recording events. The wampum belt was generally applied to the different parts of speech, or the different articles of a treaty; and on great occasions, when these belts were brought forth, individuals were found who, from memory or tradition, could explain each section of the precious girdle; but, besides this mode of record, the Micmacs and Melicetes had pictorial representations of certain events, and communicated information through the medium of hieroglyphics. Rocks and trees, in conspicuous situations, have had figures cut or engraved upon them, which convey to the Indian traveler, in concise terms, the knowledge necessary for his safety and comfort. During his geological survey of the province, the writer, with two companions and three Indians, were much embarrassed in not being able to discover in the wilderness an old Indian portage between the head waters of the St. Croix and Eel River Lake. From this difficulty they were relieved by observing some rude hieroglyphics marked upon an old cedar tree. The representations were that of an Indian carrying a canoe, and the direction of the figures corresponding exactly with that of the portage path, which had been obscured by grass and fallen leaves. A hunter with his gun leveled at two deer indicated that those animals were plentiful; this, and other information conveyed in a similar manner, was found to be correct. In another instance, when the same party was descending Eel River, and their lives were in jeopardy on the brink of a fall, a large drawing of two Indians with their heels uppermost and their canoes capsized, was seen executed in durable black ink upon a broad piece of cedar secured to a post; this warning was immediately understood, and a landing was effected before the canoes and the whole party were plunged down the cataract.—[Gesner's New Brunswick.

Adventure with an Ant-Bear.—In passing through a wooded Campo (Taboleira coberta) we came upon a large ant-eater, (Myrmecophaga jubata,) which Mr. Walker followed, with the intention of shooting. But his gun missed fire. We all pursued it on foot, with sticks, as none of our guns happened to be loaded. I was the first to come up with it; and, being well aware of the harmless nature of its mouth, I seized it by its long snout, by which I tried to hold it, when it immediately rose up on its hind legs, and clasping me round the middle with its powerful fore paws, completely brought me to a stand. One of the men now coming up, struck it a blow on the head with a thick stick, which brought it for an instant to the ground. Notwithstanding it was frequently stunned by the blows it received, it always raised itself again and ran off. At last I recollected the small pistols which I always carried in my jacket loaded with ball, when, by the first shot through the breast, it fell dead. It was a very large animal, measuring about six feet, without including the tail, which, together with the long hair by which it is covered, measured full four more. It ran very slowly, owing to the peculiar organization of its fore feet, two of the claws of which are very large and doubled up when it walks or runs, causing one side of the foot to rest on the ground. The proper, or rather the principal, use of these powerful claws is to assist in obtaining the white ant, the food on which it lives. The large clay nests of these insects are very common in these upland Campos; and when the ant-bear wants a meal, he attacks one of these hillocks with his fore claws, tearing out a portion of the side, and pushes in his long, slender tongue, which is covered with a viscid saliva to which myriads of the ants adhere, and opening his little mouth, he draws it in. Now, shutting his lips, pushes it out a second time, retaining the ants in his mouth till his tongue has been completely exserted, when he swallows them.

[Gardner's Travels in Brazil.

Novel Passport.—Between Eiso and San Mateo the road is still more dangerous. The ravine is narrowed to a mere cliff. The path winds up the side of the precipice, over huge fragments of rock, which frequently give way and roll into the valley. One of these hurled the doctor's baggage-mule over the precipice, and with it he lost his most valuable instruments, a portion of his collection, and his diary. At San Mateo the village alcalde demanded the doctor's passport: he had none; but escape was easy. Any scrap of printed or written paper will answer for a passport, as it rarely happens that either the alcalde or the rejidores can read. On one occasion, when my passport was demanded, I discovered I had lost it. Fortunately, I had in my pocket a bit of waste paper, which I had used, instead of wadding, in loading my gun. I ventured, at all hazards, to hand it to the Indian rejidor, who having unfolded it, stared very gravely at the words *Lucia de Lamermoor*, which he saw printed in large characters. It was the bill of the opera I had attended a few evenings before my departure from Lima. After examining the bill very attentively, and then scanning me very narrowly, the rejidor returned the paper with the observation, that the passport was quite correct.

[Tschudi's Travels in Peru.

A Curious Cannon.—A new cannon has been recently invented by Mr. Detherede, of a novel and convenient construction for being carried by hand or on horseback, over mountains, forests and marshes, where an ordinary cannon would be altogether useless. The cannon consists of staves, hoops and crews, all made of wrought-iron, and nicely finished; and while it is stronger than common cast-iron cannon, it can readily be dissected, and each section may be shouldered by either pedestrian or equestrian artillerymen, and when required, the parts may be put together and secured ready for action in ten menutes.

[Patent Journal.

Fear.—There are thousands of men, for fear of want, want all their lives; and thousands every day, for fear of dying, suffer even worse than the pangs of death. The demon Fear at all times trembles at impossible events. Why should we grow pale at hideous fictions of our own? We should at all times endeavor to be serene and masters of ourselves, prepared for what may come, leaving the rest to Heaven.

A man who had lived much in society, said that his acquaintances would fill a cathedral, but that a pulpit would hold all his friends.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1847.

"ODD-FELLOWSHIP AND HUSBANDS."

We commend the article with this title, in the present number, to the careful reading of the brethren. The hints which are given by a wife, are surely worth the attention of those who have at heart the usefulness and prosperity of the Order. It is true, as Louise says, that Odd-Fellows do not have convivial meetings in connection with their duties, or the business of the Institution. No refreshment is allowed in the Lodge-rooms but pure cold water. But are not such meetings often holden after Lodge hours? Is it not too frequently the case that "oysters and whiskey punch" are preferred to an immediate return to the bosom of the family? Not that we would say this might not have been, and is not now, often, without any connection with Odd-Fellowship. But even if so, ought not Odd-Fellowship, which enjoins, so earnestly, devotion to the family duties, to correct the evil? Ought not its commands to be observed with so much fidelity, as to counteract promptly any wrong tendency of this sort? We think so; and if it does not do this—if it does not give a man higher views of his domestic and social relations, and lead him with a full heart to a more faithful discharge of his duties as a husband and father, a brother and a citizen—then he has listened to the lectures and charges of his Order with very little profit. The good and true words spoken to him have fallen like water in the sand.

But the man who, on becoming an Odd-Fellow, is *less* obedient to duty than before—the man who falls away from his obligations to his wife and family, and is less attentive and kind, after his Initiation than before—such a man has wholly mistaken the spirit and purpose of the Institution; or he directly and wilfully violates his sacred pledge, and proves himself wholly unworthy the name he has taken on him—and, if this course of neglect and wrong be persisted in, he ought, in our opinion, to be expelled for conduct unbecoming an Odd-Fellow.

We know this is strong language; but we know also, if we have not wholly misapprehended the nature and principles of the Institution, it is abundantly warranted by these. And we know further, that if the evil complained of by "a wife" spreads among us to any great extent, this ground must sooner or later be taken, or Odd-Fellowship has reached its culminating point. "Louise" is not the only one who complains. Many more, some openly, and some with reserve, say and feel that their husbands are getting gradually weaned from them and their families. We have heard not a few murmurs of this sort—some in indignant terms, and others more in sorrow than in anger. We know personally the justice of some of these complaints, and have for a long time thought a word should be spoken to this point.

"A wife" asks if we cannot suggest a remedy for the evil. We can speak our thought, which is as plain as the remedy. Let the spirit and letter of Odd-Fellowship be obeyed; let its obligations be carried out in the social and domestic circle, and the remedy is at once provided and applied. But to be a little more definite:

First: Let the business of the Lodge be done promptly, and without intermission. There is a fault here which needs correction. We have often seen a great deal of time wasted in the manner of doing business; wasted in useless and frivolous debate on the part of those who wished to talk only for the sake of talking; or those who make set speeches to display their oratory. We have many times known a Lodge kept open an hour and a half in this way, when the whole business might have been transacted in half an hour. Let us have done with this. First of all, go through in order with whatever is to be done, and then those who wish can go home. It is very seldom that a Lodge need be together after 9½ or 10 o'clock; so seldom that, we will engage, no reasonable wife will complain when such occasions occur—provided the husband goes home at other times when the Lodge is out, and not to a tavern or other gathering place, staying till the "small hours" of the night.

Second: Let every brother make it a point always, if possible without great inconvenience, to attend his own Lodge; and *occasionally*, if so disposed, the sessions of other Lodges. Many err in going to Camp or Lodge meetings, or to those of other societies, as Druids, Foresters, Sons of Temperance, &c., *every night in the week!* This is manifestly wrong. There are some duties, meetings at the family fireside, which are not to be neglected for any others on earth. Wife and children have claims as well as brothers; nay, claims prior to all others. And we doubt not that the peace and happiness of many a family has been destroyed by unbelief, or neglect, of this important truth. That is an ominous speech of "Ella's" in the dialogue—"His wife may prefer some one else by and by, if he is not careful!" And if it should come to this, whose fault will it be? This is a serious matter; and more and more we feel there is need it should be looked to by those who regularly, night after night, leave their wives to loneliness and neglect, while they seek other society. Such a course, long pursued, will inevitably lead to sorrow, and to repentance that comes too late.

Third: Oyster suppers and social parties are very well in proper time and place. We are not so over-nice and fearful as to think nothing of this sort is to be allowed under any circumstances. Far from it. And yet we cannot but think those are the best, the most truly social parties, that are held in one's own family, with a few chosen friends. There the wife and children can have part in the enjoyment, and all anxious fears are laid aside—and to a man whose heart is in the right place, this must surely add very much to the measure of enjoyment, and give the very highest zest to his pleasure. And let us add here, that a husband and a father ought never to join any social gathering, or keep any company, where anything is said or done, he is not perfectly willing his wife and children should hear and know.

So much for the present. The above sets forth the elements of the remedy we would recommend. We hope it will meet the approval of "a wife" and her companions. We hope it will do some good in quarters where it is needed; and help to put away from our beloved Order, any shadow of reproach which, from neglect of those obvious duties, may have fallen upon it.

BOORISHNESS.

Odd-Fellows should *always* be gentlemen. And by this term I mean precisely what the word itself means—men of kindly, gentle, affectionate hearts, and courteous, easy manners. *Honesty*—that primal qualification, without which no man can be an Odd-Fellow—absolutely requires that an institution whose motto is "Friendship, Love and Truth," and whose business is the diffusion of the principles of Charity and Benevolence, should, in all their intercourse with the world and with each other, and especially in the Lodge, illustrate that motto, and diffuse those principles, by a living example. And whoso does this, is a gentleman. I care not what may be his descent, his station in society, his occupation in life, his personal appearance, or his dress—true gentility resides not in these adventitious and external circumstances, but in the heart, the soul of a man—and he who is friendly, loving, truthful, charitable and benevolent in soul and action, is a gentleman.

How comes it, then, that in a few of our Lodges and Encampments, there are outbreaks of rudeness and roughness—contrary, too, to the express injunctions of the G. L. U. S., as laid down in its directions for performing the work of the Order? The impression intended to be made, is seriously marred thereby; and the feelings induced are very unfavorable, indeed. Will not our presiding officers see to this evil, and provide against its recurrence? That it is "an ancient custom," is no excuse; for it has been ordered to be discontinued; and however ancient, it is "more honored in the breach, than in the observance." The intent of our ceremonies—the meaning of the lesson, is entirely obscured by all rudeness and boorishness in our officers and members. "Let it be reformed, altogether." A. B. G.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN LANCASTER, PA.

Bro. Winchester,—Though the county of Lancaster has been ranked as one of the strongest opponents of Masonry in the Keystone State, and has polled thousands of ballots in support of Anti-Masonic party nominations, based on principles of opposition to all *secret societies*, we are gratified to find her fair domain dotted with flourishing and prosperous Lodges of Odd-Fellows, embracing in their memberships men of integrity and high moral worth. The Order has extended like the cedars of Lebanon, beautifying every part of the county with the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. Though the efforts of men of prejudiced minds were aimed at its prosperity, and endeavors made to pluck it up by the roots, it has grown with vigor and in healthfulness. The little grain of mustard seed has grown into a large tree, under whose umbrageous branches a happy band are sheltered from the adversities incident to life—from want and penury. We are secure in our strength. The vandal band who have sought to lay their rude hands on the fair temple we have reared, have not succeeded in overturning one stone of its solid masonry.

In the city of Lancaster, with a population of 10,000 inhabitants, the Order embraces 490 members. A new Lodge has been recently started with the title of "Monterey Lodge," and numbered as 242. Like the brave heroes of Monterey's difficult hights, they have taken many captives, willing pioneers who love their bondsmen as brother loves brother.

Lancaster Lodge has erected for itself a fine edifice, in Gothic style of architecture, three stories high, containing three spacious halls. The building is one of the finest ornaments of the city. The hall occupied by the Lodge is most tastefully finished and furnished, and cannot be exceeded in beauty by any Lodge-room in the State. It is a fit reception room for those who unite in harmony to fraternize the world.

There are flourishing Lodges located at Columbia, Mariette, Elizabethtown, Kinzers and Pequea, which are daughters who do honor to the parent Lodge—"Lancaster No. 67."

I perceive by your last number that the R. W. Grand Lodge of Alabama, at its annual session in April last, passed resolutions in favor of restoring the old tenure of three months in the election of officers. This I should not like to see carried out, and with your permission will discuss briefly in your next number. F. G. M.

CELEBRATION AT MILWAUKIE, WISCONSIN.

The institution of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Wisconsin, at Milwaukie, on the 9th of June, was made the occasion, on the following day, of a public Celebration by the members of the Order. A general invitation, says the Sentinel and Gazette, had been sent to the different Lodges of the Territory, as well as to those at Chicago, and a large number of the brethren were in attendance, and assembled at 10 A. M. at the United States Hotel. After being formed in due order and having received, with the customary honors, the Grand Lodge and members and officers of the Encampment, the procession moved through a number of the principal streets to the Methodist Church in the Fourth Ward. The pageant attracted numerous spectators, and the Church was crowded with our citizens and a large concourse of ladies. The exercises in the Church commenced with an appropriate invocation to the Throne of Grace, by the Rev. Mr. Mills. Then followed an ode, sung by the whole Order, and with equal spirit and effect. To this succeeded the address from the G. Master, John D. Kinsman, Esq., which was conceived in the happiest taste and delivered with graceful emphasis, and which elicited the warmest encomiums, not only from the brothers who heard it, but from all who composed the large audience. Another ode by the Order, and then the exercises closed with a benediction from the Rev. Mr. Mills. The procession then reformed, and after escorting the Grand Lodge back to their Hall, were finally dismissed. The appearance of the Order was very fine, and everything passed off pleasantly and agreeably. Indeed we have rarely seen a more imposing or more appropriate celebration. It must have been gratifying, too, to the members of the Order to know that the general appearance of the procession, the character and standing of those who composed it, and the tone and spirit of the exercises, made a most favorable impression upon the Milwaukie public.

ADDRESS OF GRAND MASTER M'KEEVER,

AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF ODD-FELLOWS' HALL, GERMANTOWN, PA. SEPT. 14, 1846.

Brethren and Friends:

The commencement of a public building, is a subject of great public interest at all times. But to lay the corner stone, and thus commence the erection of a building intended to be dedicated to the diffusion of the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth—within whose walls shall be exercised Charity and Benevolence, without distinction of party, sect, or nation—is a matter of particular and peculiar interest to Brethren of the I. O. of O. F.

On the present occasion, I appear among you as G. M. of the Order in this State, to assist in the performance of this important and interesting ceremony. It affords me great pleasure to meet the members of this section of Philadelphia county, by whose decision this great and praisworthy undertaking has been commenced. But a few years since, and the Order was unknown among you; now I see around me a large portion of the population of this Borough—men of all religious persuasions, political parties, and of different nations, who assemble together as one family, practicing the principles of the Order, extending the hand of brotherly love to each other, who aid and assist the sick and distressed without inquiring, except as to the moral worth of the object—men who perform their duty to their God, their neighbor and themselves, by the practice of that universal benevolence which the laws of our Order enjoin on its members.

But a few years ago and the I. O. of O. F. was but little known, and commanded but little respect in this great and important commonwealth.

In 1821 it was first introduced by the assemblage of a few individuals, who had been initiated into its mysteries, in England: it gradually increased in members, although it met with much opposition by the ignorant and prejudiced portion of the community; yet by a steady adherence to the principles of friendship, the practice of Brotherly Love, Charity and Benevolence, the Brotherhood attracted the attention of the good and virtuous. Inquiry was made, knowledge was sought for, the object of the institution inquired into. It resulted in dispelling the doubts and difficulties which ignorance and prejudice had raised—clearing the reputation of the Order from the aspersions which slander had created—and show to the world the advantages to be attained by the practice of these pure principles which had for their object the improvement of the moral condition of man—the relief of distress, whether from sickness or misfortune—the care of the widow and orphan, and the benefit to be derived from social intercourse.

The consequence of the knowledge thus obtained, was increase of membership—the good and wise of all ranks and stations sought to be admitted to the Order and participate with its founders in doing good.

Since that time the increase may be said to be unparalleled. But twenty-five years have passed, and we number in the State of Pennsylvania about one hundred and ninety Lodges, and upward of fourteen thousand members.

Buildings have been and are erecting in all parts for the benefit and accommodation of the Brotherhood. Thousands and tens of thousands have acknowledged the blessings they have received from a connection with our Society, and daily prayers ascend to heaven for the prosperity of the Order, and grateful acknowledgments for benefits received.

The commencement of this building is an *era* in the Order in your borough, which will ever be looked to as the most important in connection with your Lodge.

That the Grand Architect of the Universe—the Grand Master in Heaven—the Universal God, will bless your undertaking, and continue to aid your resolutions to do good, and extend the principles of our beloved Order, is the fervent wish of my heart. May every blessing attend each and every member of the Order now present; and may they continue in their well doing till, by their example, the whole universe shall acknowledge that, to be an Odd Fellow, is to be an honest man.

Banner Presentation.—On Tuesday evening last, this interesting ceremony was had at Military Hall, by Strangers' Refuge Lodge No. 4. A splendid Banner, gotten up by the brethren, was presented to the Lodge with appropriate remarks by the Committee, and received by the Noble Grand in behalf of the Lodge, who made suitable reply to the Committee. After this an address was delivered by Bro. T. B. Thayer, in relation to the great principles and aims of the Order, and the duties represented by the design and inscriptions of the Banner.

The Banner itself is a beautiful thing, painted by Bro. Ackerman, the design being taken from a volume of the Offering, representing a stranger and his family, overtaken with poverty and distress, seated by the wayside in despair, when an Odd-Fellow comes to them

with open heart, with purse in hand, and delivers them from their wretchedness. The execution is honorable to the artist, and the whole affair creditable to the Lodge, whose name, "Strangers' Refuge," is to us one of the most beautiful in the Order.

A Proper Decision.—We learn from the Correspondent of the Herald, that a member of Washington Lodge No. 1, at Baltimore, recently sued the Lodge for twelve dollars, the amount of three weeks benefits, alleged to have been due him. The cause was tried before a Justice's Court, where judgment was rendered against the Lodge, notwithstanding the Lodge presented its Constitution and By-Laws to show that the plaintiff had no claim. The case was carried, on appeal, before Judge Purviance, where the ground was taken on behalf of the Lodge, that by the act of incorporation and the Constitution, all appeals from the acts of the Subordinate Lodges were to be made to the Grand Lodge for their decision, and consequently that, as a member of the compact, he must submit to the laws by which the Order is governed. After considerable discussion and deliberation, Judge Purviance reversed the decision of the magistrate, deciding that the Court had no jurisdiction in the matter until it had been decided by the Grand Lodge. This decision is a just one; but is the conduct of this brother "becoming an Odd-Fellow?"

Celebration at Easton, Pa.—The Corner Stone of the New Odd-Fellows' Hall, about to be erected at Easton, Pa. was laid on Saturday afternoon, June 12, with the usual ceremonies, and in the presence of a large concourse of people. The procession, says the Easton Argus, was not so large as it should have been, taking the number of brethren who were present into consideration. The following is a list of the articles deposited in the cavity:

The Constitutions of the United States and of Pennsylvania; the President's Messages for 1845 and 1846, and the Governor's Message for 1847; a list of the Government and State officers; a list of the officers of Northampton county, including the Congressman, Senator, Prothonotary, Register, &c.; a similar list, for the borough of Easton; the names of the Building Committee of the Hall and the Committee of Arrangements, the Orator of the Day, Chaplain and Speaker; the names, date of institution, number of members, and names of officers of each of the Lodges and Encampments in Easton and South Easton; the names of the D.D.G.M. and D.D.G.P. of this district; a list of the public buildings and institutions of Northampton county, including the churches and their pastors; Constitutions and By-Laws of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, and of the neighboring Subordinate Lodges; an Odd-Fellows' Register, containing the names of all the Lodges in the Union; a specimen sheet of printing types, as an evidence of the state of arts at the present day; a pamphlet of the "American Art-Union," for the same purpose; the Will of Peter Miller; a copy, each, of the Democrat and Argus, the Easton Sentinel, Whig and Journal, and Northampton Correspondent; a copy of the Philadelphia Pennsylvanian and Ledger, containing the latest news from Mexico; a copy of the Californian, the first American paper published in California; a copy of the "Hong Kong Register," a Chinese paper; "A History of the Times—what we are, and what we expect to be"—addressed "to posterity." (Prepared by the Editor of the Easton Argus.) The Holy Bible.

At the end of one or two centuries, when these articles are again unfolded to the public eye, they will be quite a curiosity to those who are to come after us.

BOSTON ODD-FELLOW—HONORABLE.

"How exceedingly sensitive the editor of the Golden Rule has become of late. He supposes every body must know every article which has appeared in that paper for the year past, something as the silly gal who was surprised to think any one should be so ignorant as not to know her father. 'Why,' said she, 'I know him just as easy as nothing.'

"We found the article which the Golden Rule claims as original, in the colums of the Iris, and not having seen it before, we credited it accordingly. If the editor of the Golden Rule keeps so snug a watch upon every article which is furnished for his paper, we think his capital of ideas must be well adapted to keeping reckoning in a candy shop. 'We merely mention the fact.'"

This is just, according to the code of ethics adopted by the editor of the Boston Odd-Fellow—honorable and praiseworthy! Well, people will differ on these points; but, though this may be *his* idea of Odd-Fellowship, we are happy to believe he finds few followers. It would have been more honorable simply to have given credit for the article, when its source was known; and left the vulgarism to rest where it seems to find so congenial a soil. A sense of justice, and a moderate degree of refinement in thought and speech, seems to us always in place with an editor.

Errata.—In the ode of P.G. Donaldson, published in the Golden Rule of June 12th, one or two important errors occurred. On the *last line* of the 5th verse, instead of "He's a brother *unto* man," read, "He's a brother *and a* man." In the verse next to the last, instead of "Hark! what blessings from *that* lip," read, "Hark! what blessings from *each* lip."

Religion is the best armor that any man can have, but the very worst of cloaks.

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

Grand Lodge.—Special Sessions of the R. W. Grand Lodge was held in their Room, National Hall, Canal street, on Friday evening, June 25, and Wednesday evening, June 30—Grand Master Taylor in the chair. Charters were granted for

Cornucopia Lodge No. 306, City of Brooklyn,
—— Lodge No. 307, Fayetteville, Onondaga county,
Adelphia Lodge No. 308, Lowville, Lewis county,
Monterey Lodge No. 309, at Monterey, Steuben county.

The petitioners at Fayetteville selected Osceola as the name of their Lodge, but there being already a Lodge in this jurisdiction bearing that name, they were directed to choose another, subject to the approval of the Grand Master.

Permission was granted to the Lodges in Syracuse, and to Suffolk Lodge No. 90, Sag Harbor, to have each a public celebration in regalia, oration, &c. on the ensuing Anniversary of our National Independence, or at any other time within six months. Also, to Oswego Lodge No. 214 to have celebration in full regalia, oration, and other appropriate exercises, any time within six months. Also, to Richmond County Lodge No. 88 to unite in full regalia with the citizens and other societies in celebrating the approaching Anniversary of our National Independence.

Grand Encampment.—An adjourned session of the R. W. Grand Encampment was held at the Room, National Hall, on Monday evening, June 29th. The Committee of Arrangements for celebrating the recent anniversary of the Grand Lodge, made their report, which was accepted, and the bills passed for payment. No other business of consequence was transacted, and the session was closed.

The Annual Session of the Grand Encampment will be holden at National Hall, on the first Monday in August.

Mongaapa Lodge No. 298, was instituted at Monticello, Sullivan county, on the 17th of June, by P.G. L. W. Pierey, Special Deputy, assisted by P.D.D.G.M. S. R. Martine, and P.Gs. Shons, Friend, Stevens, Stewart and Kain. The following officers were elected and installed: E. S. Pelton, N.G.; J. E. Quinlan, V.G.; J. A. Thompson, Sec.; R. B. Towner, Treas. Six candidates were elected and installed, and the Lodge starts with fine prospects of a brilliant career in the inculcation of the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. They have one of the neatest Lodge Rooms, we are informed, that can be found in the country.

Cornucopia Lodge No. 306, located in the city of Brooklyn, was instituted on Wednesday evening of this week, at their Lodge Room in Myrtle Avenue. Not having been able to attend, we connot this week give the names of the officers installed; but from our acquaintance with many of the members, we are certain that this Lodge will take a high rank in the Order.

Walhalla Lodge, Buffalo.—Extract from a letter.—It is with feelings of pleasure that I inform you that our German Walhalla Lodge No. 260, is in a very prosperous condition; the Lodge numbers upward of eighty members, all Germans, and true hearted Odd-Fellows. Yours Fraternally, J. G.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, June 29, 1847.

E. Winchester, Esq.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—I find so many errors in mine of the 22d that I fear it will occupy a whole sheet to correct them. Anxious however to give to the brotherhood correct information, I have no doubt but that you will gladly make such corrections as I point out in reference to the appointments of D.D.G.Ms. for this State. I find you have the name of Henry Baker as D.D.G.M. for Center county; this is an error, no such appointment was made. Bro. Carey was not re-appointed, he having declined serving any longer. Bro. J. F. Coxell of Newville was appointed D.D.G.M. for Cumberland county. Bro. Evans is a resident of Philadelphia, consequently cannot be D.D.G.M. of Fayette county. Bro. P. Crocker, Jr. has been appointed. There is a vacancy in Lebanon county, the former D.D.G.M. declining a re-appointment.

On Thursday evening last, Bro. Flavell opened and constituted Upland Lodge No. 253, at Chester, Delaware county, installed their officers and gave them the necessary instructions in the work of the Order. This is the second Lodge in that ancient borough, and we may be allowed to indulge the hope that it will prove useful to the brotherhood, and aid in extending those principles which are cherished by every good Odd-Fellow.

The Grand Encampment of our State holds its Regular Quarterly Session July 12th, at which time the election for officers will take place. I understand there are several applications for charters to be acted upon; besides the usual business. Fraternally Yours.

ALABAMA.

(From our Own Correspondent.) Mobile, June 20, 1847.

We lately received a report from Bro. Simeon J. Chapman, of Eutaw, D.D.G.M. of his opening Ezel Lodge No. 23, located at Livingston, Sumpter county, who installed the following officers: Christopher C. McConnico, N.G.; W. H. Coleman, V.G.; Thaddeus C. Scales, Sec.; J. M. N. Arrington, Treas. From the reputation of the officers and brethren of this Lodge, it will no doubt be one of the bright stars in this State.

I am happy to inform you that the Order is steadily improving in this State. We have now 18 Lodges in successful operation, and constant applications are made for warrants to open new ones.

Our Grand Lodge meets in Mobile on the 3d Mondays of April and November of each year.

I received your paper of the 12th, this morning, and am delighted with your account of proceedings in laying of Corner Stone of Odd-Fellows' Hall in your city. Truly and Fraternally Yours, S. P.

WISCONSIN.

Grand Lodge.—We learn from the Milwaukie Sentinel, that the G. L. for the Territory of Wisconsin, was instituted in the city of Milwaukie on the 9th June, under a dispensation from the G. S. of the U. S. by D.D.G.S. William Duane Wilson. Representatives were in attendance from 11 Lodges. After the ceremony of Institution was completed, the following officers were elected to serve the ensuing year, and were duly installed the same evening, viz: John D. Kinsman, of No. 7, G.M.; A. Kent, of No. 10, D.G.M.; Wm. M. Cunningham, of No. 5, G.W.; Rufus King, of No. 5, G.S.; Eli Bates, of No. 2, G.T.; D. M. McDonald, of No. 8, G.C.; W. D. Wilson, of No. 5, as G.Rep. to the G. L. of the U. S. After a busy and harmonious session, the G. L. adjourned to meet again in the city of Milwaukie on the 3d Wednesday in July.

IOWA.

A letter from a brother at Iowa City, dated June 10, communicates the pleasing intelligence that "Our venerated Institution is flourishing here, in the far-off Iowa, far beyond our most sanguine expectations. We have now six Lodges in Iowa, which for the number and respectability of its constituency, I trust will compare well with any others of the same age. Our Lodge in Iowa City, Kosciusko Lodge No. 6, was instituted on the 10th day of October last, with but 6 members. We now number 27, and increasing nearly every night; and what is better than all the rest, we have not as yet had one discordant sound in all our movements. Truly, Friendship, Love and Truth are the beacon lights which our Lodge seems determined to follow, and my prayer to God is that 'Brotherly Love may unite, and every moral and social virtue sement us,' and as long as this is truly the sentiment of our hearts, we will doubtless prosper." W. P.

FLORIDA.

Pensacola, June 19, 1847.

To the Editor of the Golden Rule: *Dear Sir and Bro.*—I have the pleasure to inform you, that on the 4th of this month, a Lodge of our beloved Order was opened in this city, hailed and known as "Pensacola Lodge No. 3." The impressive and beautiful ceremonies was opened by P.G. Saml. Penny, of Mobile, assisted by other brothers of the Grand Lodge of Alabama, under a warrant received from the G. L. of the U. S. by the direction of our worthy D.D.G.S., Wiley Williams, of Columbus. The names of the petitioners for a charter are the following: Sidney Kopman, Rev. Chas. F. Peake, E. A. Leavenworth, William Yancy, and Willet E. Sackett. The following officers were elected and installed for the current term: Rev. Charles F. Peake, N.G.; Sidney Kopman, V.G.; E. A. Leavenworth, Sec.; W. H. Baker, Treas.; P. Knowles, Warden. We initiated seventeen candidates, and several petitions of respectable persons are now under consideration. The Lodge here promises to be the largest in the State—as it is the first altar erected of our Order in West Florida—and I trust it may prove a social and individual blessing to this community. I sincerely rejoice to see our noble and benevolent Institution established throughout the length and breadth of the land, giving ardor to virtue, and confidence to truth, and prosperously engaged in the dispensation of Charity, and in the wide and enlarged dessemination of the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth; principles that have for their end and object, the noble and heavenly purpose of bringing all men into the hallowed circle of one common and universal brotherhood. We hope in a short period to have the pleasure of listening to some qualified brother that can impart light on the principles of the Order, and illuminate the public mind here. That we may encounter difficulties in our undertaking is to be expected, but in a cause so splendid, success is certain. Yours in F. L. and T. S. K.

A valued Correspondent at Mobile has also given us an account of the institution of the above Lodge, and adds: "It gratifies me to be able to state, that for moral standing and intelligence, the members of 'Pensacola Lodge No. 3' cannot be surpassed."

Jefferson Lodge No. 2, was instituted at Monticello, on the 1st of May last, since which time the Lodge has been steadily progressing, and now numbers twenty-one members. They have fair prospects for a prosperous career of usefulness. Names of officers not known.

GEORGIA.

What has become of our Savannah Corresponent? His favors are always very acceptable, and we hope he will continue them. In the absence of any thing from him, in relation to the proceedings of the late session of the Grand Lodge, we copy the following from that excellent paper, the New Orleans Weekly Delta:

The G. L. of Georgia adjourned its session in Savannah, *sine die*, on the evening of the 13th June. Charters were granted for five new Lodges. The Order, in this State, we are happy to learn, is in a flourishing condition. The following officers were installed for the ensuing year:

Robt. H. Griffin, M.W.G.M.; Elisha H. Rogers, R.W.D.G.M.; George Patten, R.W.G.W.; Jno. N. Lewis, R.W.G.S.; Jacob P. Collins, R.W.G.T.; Jno. W. Anderson and Michael Woodruff, R.W.G.Reps.; Herman A. Crane, W.G.Chap.; Jac. Scott, Jr. W.G.M.; Oliver P. Felt, W.G.Con.; Henry S. Bell, W.G.G.

CONNECTICUT.

Pilgrim Lodge No. 46, was instituted at Ridgefield, Ct. on Friday the 11th of June, by John Greenwood, Jr. D.G.M. assisted by P.G. J. Gruman, G.C P.G. Farnan, of No. 29, and brothers Bissell and Olmstead of No. 10. The following brothers were elected and instdilled into their respective chairs: James Scott 2d, N.G.; Augustus Lyon, V.G.; Lewis H. Baily, Sec.; Sereno S. Hurlbut, Treas. P.G. Daniel Lovejoy, recently from New York, is their D.D.G.M. and is well qualified to have the oversight of the Lodge. Under the management of such brothers, Odd-Fellowship must flourish in Ridgefield.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1847.

☞ Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, Editor and Proprietor, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms $2 a year in advance, or 6¼ per week, delivered by a carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Golden Rule is published in Philadelphia, by CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North Sixth street, by whom subscriptions will be received and papers delivered in any part of the city. Packages sent to the adjoining towns out of the mails.

BOSTON.—Office of the Golden Rule, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L. WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the Rule sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

ADVANCE PAYMENT.—Few are aware how important to a publisher is prompt payment on the part of his subscribers. While the sum of $2 is but a comparatively small matter to each, it is in these little sums that the whole resources of the publisher consists—and from the neglect to transmit which arises all, or most of the difficulties which beset the publisher in the management of his business. No one reads his paper with a greater zest, or values it so highly, as he who has paid his subscription *in advance*. It is then peculiarly his own; and the consciousness that he is not enjoying himself in his own quiet home, with his household gods around him, at the expense of the toil of body and mind of another, is to him a source of real pleasure. While we have ever been disposed, so far as our means would permit, to waive the strict enforcement of the terms of publication, in order that we might, by showing our confidence in our subscribers and the Order at large, entitle ourselves to theirs in return; the time has arrived when we are compelled to ask from our brothers a compliance with these terms, and which is the more necessary from the very great *weekly expense* of conducting our business operations, as well as the extreme difficulty of collecting in distant parts of the country.

While we are disposed to relax no effort to increase the interest and value of the Golden Rule, we can yet do nothing effectively if our subscribers are not prompt. We beg to impress these matters strongly upon the mind of those of our readers whom it more particularly concerns, trusting that their action will be such "as to give us no cause to regret" that we have enrolled them among our friends and patrons.

☞ Subscribers who desire a discontinuance of the Golden Rule are requested to give *immediate* notice to the Office, (post paid.) Those owing for the present year's subscription will oblige us by a prompt remittance, by mail, at our risk.

Death of P. G. M. William Duane Wilson.—It is with feelings of profound grief that we are called upon to announce the sudden and afflicting death of our friend and brother, P.G.M. William Duane Wilson, one of the editors of the Milwaukie Sentinel and Gazette. This melancholy event occurred on Tuesday morning, the 22d of June, and was caused by injuries received on the previous day in being thrown from his carriage while passing from Milwaukie to the steamboat landing. We had the pleasure of an acquaintance with this excellent brother; and can fully appreciate the greatness of this calamity. We had occasion, on a late visit to the West, to know something of his kindness and gentlemanly courtesy. He was a true and devoted Odd-Fellow, and one who did honor to the cause. This week's Golden Rule records his last official act in the Institution of the Grand Lodge of Wisconsin; by which body he was unanimously elected Grand Representative. The Order has lost one of its most valuable counsellors, and one of its brightest ornaments; and our Western brethren will especially feel the want of his presence and experience. We trust the calamity by which he has been so suddenly removed from out his place, may read to us all a lesson of the uncertainty of life, and the need of having the house always in order, and be ready to depart whenever the messenger shall call.

To his interesting family who, unfortunately, are absent in Ohio, we tender our most heartfelt sympathies; and our prayer is that the Father, who watches over us, may minister to them in their great sorrow, according to His infinite love and compassion.

Death of P.G.M. Edwards, of New Jersey.—We regret to learn, from the Newark Advertiser, that Col. J. D. Edwards, principal of the New Jersey Oil Cloth Manufacturing Company at Elizabethtown, died at Boston on Thursday afternoon, June 24, of injuries received on the railroad in the morning. Being in the cars from Providence to Boston, he stepped upon the platform for an instant at the stopping place at Mansfield, about 5 o'clock A. M. and just as the train started was thrown between the platform and the next car with his right arm across the track. The car passed over his arm, cutting it off between the elbow and shoulder. He was taken to

Boston by the accommodation train, and conveyed to the Massachusetts Hospital, where proper surgical and medical aid was afforded. He lingered in great agony for 12 hours, and expired about 5 o'clock P.M. Providentially his daughter (Mrs. James W. Woodruff of Elizabethtown) and her son were with him to minister to his necessities in the dreadful extremity. We believe Col. EDWARDS held the office of Grand Master of New Jersey in the year 1845.

GRACE GREENWOOD.—Grace Greenwood, in a recent letter, says: "Some of the western papers are announcing my marriage. If the paragraph meets your eye, you will do me a favor by contradicting it. No such disaster has occurred. The notice is either a hoax or a stupid mistake." Grace Greenwood is a *very* real person of twenty-two, and a pair of black eyes that look, as the sailors say, as if she were pierced for a man-of-war. She has once visited New-York, and has made the mortal acquaintance, *bona fide* gloves, bonnet and parasol, of sundry admiring editors, to whose pages she is the valuable contributor. We should be very well pleased to take the credit of the prodigal and varied overflowings of her genius, were they or could they be ours—but she has a brow of her own for encirclement with laurels, and a horse of her own, for whose crib she converts literature into grain and clover. That her brain is worth more than "the keep of a horse," however, we give proof in this day's paper—viz: the poem on "Voices from the Old World," which we extract from the *Columbian*, [published in the Golden Rule a few weeks since.] This fine poem was sent to that magazine by way of *donation to the sufferers in Ireland*, and the publisher's liberal price was duly added to the fund, and is, by this time, at its place of destination, in the shape of a couple of barrels of flour—fulfilling as holy an errand, as Poetry ever went for since the world first heard of it. Let the Irish remember the poetry of Grace Greenwood!

And—while her name is moist in our ink—let us say one word of this lady's quality of genius. The poem on our last page, as every one will see, is a tumultous outpouring of a mind intensely poetical and a heart lavish in handing up passionate enthusiasms for expression and embellishment. Her genius is a mine of true ore, and she gives it out—but *in ingots*. To make of it coin that will circulate and be recognized for its true value the world over, it must first make the tedious voyage of reconsideration, and be given over to the various processes, which, in the critical mint, purify, alloy and stamp it. On the receipt of the poem of Pygmalion, we thought it a duty of friendly appreciation to urge this upon Grace Greenwood in rather a fault-finding letter—her wealth of every quality for a great poetess, lacking only the patient last finish, of which we have just spoken. To show just the breadth of the chasm between young writers and the excellence they aim at and fall short of, we will venture to quote a passage from her letter in reply. She says: "Thanks for your criticisms on my Pygmalion. I really regret that you did note take the liberty of returning it to me. Yet, had you done so, I fear I could never have made it better. In fact, I cannot hope to be a poetess while I spend more time in the saddle than at the writing-table. My horse takes many an hour which might be devoted to study. But, alas! present pleasure has more charms for me than future fame. My horse looks well in his new spring coat, a dark chesnut," &c., &c.

Our fair friend is fortunate enough to have another vein than the poetical—a prose style of admirable lightness, brilliancy and good taste—and to this we do not extend our prescription of patience. As a letter writer, we do not know her equal in this country. With this and her horse, she will doubtless do very well, and can perhaps afford to copy "earth" only, from that "cavern of Mithra, on the walls of which earth and heaven are mirrored."—[Home Journal.

A NEW POETESS.—Rising gently, and shining very purely, we think we discover a new poetic star on our literary horizon, which seems to us destined to pursue a radiant course : mon; her sister stars, and to glad many an eye with her shining. Our new poetess is Mrs. N. ORR, the lady of one of the celebrated wood engravers of that name, and the first poem we have ever seen from her pen, is a little gem, brimful of thought, feeling and melody, in one of the monthly magazines.

The above is from the Sunday Dispatch of this city. The readers of the Golden Rule have had frequent opportunities of admiring the Poems of Mrs. ORR. She is an authoress of fine talents and exquisite taste; and we predict for her a brilliant career of success.

THE SEASON.—The "Home Journal" of the present week publishes an inimitable letter from GRACE GREENWOOD, who is a contributor to that popular weekly as well as to our own. We make the following extract from it, which is exceedingly beautiful:

The country is looking magnificently just now. It is nature's festal season, the time of roses—the time when as beauties and sweets and melodies are most lavishly bestowed, it seems the human heart should most overflow with adoring thankfulness. There is so much around us to remind of heaven—the simple perfumes of the flowers seem breathings of its very atmosphere, and the songs of the birds its own cherubic strains brokenly warbled from imperfect remembrances. I pity from my soul one who can only worship amid kneeling crowds, where organs are pealing and robed priests ministering "in temples made with hands." I pity one whose soul goes not up with the carol of the lark, to the very gates of heaven—one who cannot look into the heart of a rose and adore our God "in the beauty of His holiness."

POSTAGE STAMPS.—The Postoffice Department have got up some neat postage stamps, for the accommodation of those who desire to prepay their letters. To such they will doubtless prove a great convenience, as a letter with one of those stamps on it may be deposited in the office at any hour, day or night, in the same manner as letters on which the postage is not pre-paid. The stamp for ten cents will be the head Washington, colored black. The five cent stamp will be colored brown, and will represent the head of Franklin.

NEW YORK CANALS.—The revenue of our canals is walking up. The amount collected up to the 14th of June, a period of 45 days, is $1,016,297.55—exceeding the amount collected up to the same time in 1846, a period of 60 days, by the sum $245,451.51! This surely is a magnificent business.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.—The Postmaster General has reversed his decision in relation to newspaper postage; and has instructed his deputies to forward in the mails, without payment of postage in advance, *all newspapers sent from the office of publication*. Brothers who wish to send single copies of the Golden Rule to their friends in the country, can now do it at the usual postage, by calling and having them mailed from this office.

"THE ANGLO SAXON," a weekly paper, "devoted to the diffusion of knowledge and news, through the medium of Phonotypy, or the true system of spelling words, *i. e.* as they are pronounced," has been removed from Boston to this City, and is now published on the corner of Nassau and Fulton streets, by Messrs. ANDREWS and BOYLE, Editors and Publishers. Our language certainly needs reformation, and if this system is the one to accomplish it, as we are inclined to think it is, we bid it God speed with all our heart. Every Phonographer in the country should take this paper, the contents of which are very interesting, and any one can learn to read it readily in ten minutes.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.—Great improvements have recently taken place at this popular establishment. The old entrance has given place to a broad flight of stairs, so that visitors can enter and depart without crowding. One or two new and spacious rooms have been added. The principal novelties to be seen there now are the veritable wooden leg of Santa Ana, captured at Cerro Gordo, and the panorama of the funeral of Napoleon. The latter is very gorgeous, and well worth seeing. There are other attractions "too numerous to mention," but the "Chapman Family" do not belong to the category.

TEAS AND COFFEE.—There is, perhaps, in no articles of household consumption, so much deterioration as in those of tea and coffee; and it is exceedingly difficult, for any one not acquainted with the *locale* of the establishments that furnish these fragrant beverages, to obtain any fit to use. Among other establishments to be relied on, is the *Hong Kong Company's* Store, 79 Catharine street, where teas and coffees of delicious flavor are sold at exceedingly low prices. Bro. McDONALD, of Manhattan, we believe, is one of the proprietors, and his taste and judgment are undeniable.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO REV. PROF. C. S. H.

"He that runs may read."

SPEAK *gently* to the LITTLE CHILD,
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in *accents soft and mild*—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to THE YOUNG, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

SPEAK GENTLY! HE who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were fierce with strife,
Said to them, PEACE, BE STILL!

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES "has come and gone." He was received and entertained in the true spirit of hospitality by all parties; and, on his departure, expressed himself highly gratified with his visit to this commercial mart. He was escorted to the New Haven boat early on Monday morning, June 28, by Colonel Warner's fine regiment of Infantry, and a national salute was fired by a detachment from Colonel Yates' well disciplined regiment of Light Artillery, as the boat left the wharf amid the cheers of the multitude assembled to take leave of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic.—[Home Journal.

FACTORY OPERATIVES.—It appears from a parliamentary return that the total number of persons employed in all the factories in England amounts to 455,042, viz: 197,248 males and 257,794 females. Of these, 22,169 males and 19,295 females are under 13; 54,878 males and 80,791 females between 13 and 18; and 120,201 males and 157,708 females above 18 years of age.

Facts and Fancies.

THE WIND WAGON.—This is the name of a newly invented locomotive recently brought out by Mr. Thomas of Missouri. The Independent Expositor says the machine has been completed and tried, with results which leave no doubt of its success. The Expositor adds:

Mr. Thomas ran up and down across the plains found that he could overcome a steep with gentle ascent without difficulty, and that the mole-hills, so numerous on the plains, were no bar to its progress. The construction of the wagon is very simple. It is a frame made of plank, well braced and placed edgewise on four axle-trees—four wheels to each side. These wheels to be twelve feet or more in diameter and one foot broad—the forward axles which can be turned, just as the forward axle of any wagon with a tongue, by their movement turns the course of the whole concern—two tongues are joined together forward of the wagon and by ropes coming to the wheel similar to the pilot-wheel of a steamboat—the wagon is steered by a pilot. The sails are like to the sails and rigging of a ship, each wagon carrying its own supply of sail—underneath, a foot or so from the deck of each wagon, the cast-iron boxes, &c. will be suspended as ballast. Mr. Thomas expects to convey freight and passengers, and will now engage and bind himself to take freight to Bent's Fort or to Santa Fe, in a reasonable time, at $6 per hundred pounds. He is to have a depot at Bent's Fort and thence across the other side of the Arkansas he will run another car within sixty miles of Santa Fe. A gentleman who rode on the wagon says that, with only one sail and a light breeze, it went at the rate of eight miles an hour. Properly rigged, its speed will be about twenty miles an hour.

METRICAL GRAMMAR.

An exhange paper gives the following for the benefit of juvenile readers:

1. Three little words we often see
   Are Articles, a, an, and the.
2. A Noun's the name of anything,
   As school, garden, hoop, or swing.
3. Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
   As great, small, pretty, white, or brown.
4. Instead of nouns the Pronouns stand:
   Her head, his face, my arm, your hand.
5. Verbs tell of something being done;
   To read, write, count, sing, jump, or run.
6. How things are done the Adverbs tell,
   As slowly, quickly; ill, or well.
7. Conjunctions join the words together,
   As men and women, wind and weather.
8. The Preposition stands before
   A noun, as in or through a door.
9. The Interjection shows surprise,
   Oh! how pretty! ah! how wise!

The whole are call'd Nine Parts of Speech,
Which Reading, Writing, Speaking teach.

A SECRET is like silence—you cannot talk about it and keep it. It is like money—when once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered. "My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

IN the late debate on education, Lord Morpeth stated, that there are now in the borough of Bradford about 35,140 houses, which gave the annual cost per house for the punishment of crime within the borough at 10s. 8d.; and his informant asked, would it cost the borough 10s. 8d. per house in direct taxation to educate their people rather than punish them? and if it did cost as much, how great a tax of tears would it save?

DEFECTIVE EDUCATION.—The last report of the Registrar-General shows, that of the men married in England in the year 1844—89,337 signed their names, and 42,912 made their marks in the book! Of the women, only 67,176 wrote their names, and 65,073, or 49 out of every 100, made their marks!

STREETS IN LONDON.—There are about 70 John-streets, 47 James streets, 52 King-streets, 44 New-streets, 46 Queen-streets, 30 York-streets, 50 Wellington-streets, 12 Grove-streets; with many others in varying numbers, which we have not the means at hand, at this moment, to add to the catalogue.

THERE are, in the English language, 20,500 nouns; 40 pronouns, 9200 adjectives; 8000 verbs; 2600 adverbs; 60 prepositions; 19 conjunctions; 69 interjections, &c.; in all, above 40,000 words.

A little girl walking in the cemetery of Pere-la-chaise, at Paris, and reading one after another the praises upon the tombs of those who slept beneath, suddenly exclaimed: "I wonder where they bury all the sinners!"

PHILOSOPHICAL happiness is to want little and to enjoy much: vulgar happiness is want much and enjoy little.

Notices of New Publications.

THE ANABASIS OF XENOPHEN, with English Notes, a Map arranged according to the latest Authorities, &c. By Charles Anthon, L.L.D. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1847.

This is another of the School and College Classics editorially supervised by the industrious pen of Dr. Anthon. It is beautifully printed. We have never seen any thing more so. The page is clear as crystal, and the type and letter fair as the country Greece. The notes are critical and explanatory, and in both departments too much so, we think. Some are too critical to be appreciated by the student, or any one but a professional critic, and some are too explanatory, leaving nothing to call out the intellectual sharpness of the scholar. This we say, notwithstanding the profesor has argued his case so well in the preface. We have 216 pages of Xenophen, and 416 of Dr. Anthon! No one doubts the learning and industry of the professor, but we cannot help thinking that in his school books, there is a little too much display of the first.

A HISTORY OF ROME, from the earliest Times to the death of Commodus, A. D. 192. By Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, F.R.S.E. Rector of the High School of Edinburg. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 570.

"This," says Douglas Jerrold, "is the most full and concise history of Rome yet published; it is by Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, a profoundly learned man," and a pupil of the great Niebuhr. Tait's Edinburg Mazazine for June, in an article on this work, has the following remarks, which we adopt in preference to any thing we can say:

Without mentioning the work of Dr. Arnold, of which nothing need be said here—a translation of foreign works, founded on Neibuhr, such as Michelet's—we may state, at once, that this work by Dr. Schmitz is decidedly the best elucidation, for either advanced classes or for students, of the new and correct views of Roman history. It is written with a thorough understanding of the subject, and after an investigation of what has been advanced for, against, and regarding the views of the book, from whom he does not scruple to differ, when he has occasion. And if any one, not conversant with the classics, or even any scholar, who has not leisure to devote deliberate attention to the subject, wishes to understand the history of Rome, in the only sequence, in which that history has been intelligently presented, he will meet with no such guide as this in our language. As Gibbon wrote, and Lord Mahon writes French, so Dr. Schmitz writes English not only purely, but with elegance and vigor.

THE AMERICAN DRAWING BOOK: A Manual for the Amateur, and Basis of Study for the Professional Artist; Especially adapted to the use of Public and Private Schools, as well as Home Instruction. By J. G. Chapman, N.A. New York: J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall.

No. I. of this work has been before the public several weeks, and has been received, by artists and the Press, with universal commendatien. A. B. DURAND, Esq. President of the National Academy of Design, says, "it is the best work of its class I have ever seen. Clear and simple in its method, it adapts itself to every degree of capacity, and insures most satisfactory results to all. It is admirably calculated, by introduction into our Common Schools, easily to incorporate the knowledge of this interesting Art into the most ordinary education; and thus not only refine the taste, and increase the resources of rational enjoyment among all classes, but practically to develop the almost unlimited usefulness of Drawing, in its application to the various productions of the manufacturer and the mechanic." Mr. J. A. ADAMS says "that the benefit of such a work would have saved me many a year of toil spent in misapplied labor to obtain the knowledge conveyed by it in a few pages." Every page of the work is illustrated by appropriate drawings, and the author successfully demonstrates that "any one who can learn to write, can learn to draw."

THE BOY'S SUMMER BOOK, descriptive of the Season, Scenery, Rural Life, and Country Amusements. By Thomas Miller, author of the "Beauties of the Country," "Rural Sketches," &c. New York: Harper and Brothers, Cliff-st.

This is a reprint of an English work, and in point of typography and general appearance, is equal to the London edition. It has thirty-six beautiful illustrations, and the text combines in an admirable manner instruction with amusement. It is truly a delightful little book.

DEATHS.

June 9, at Camden, N. J. suddenly, Bro. EDWARD H. DUFFELL, of New Jersey Lodge No. 1. He was a true Odd-Fellow and a devoted Christian. He was universally beloved and respected, and his remains were followed to the grave by three hundred of his brethren, where appropriate exercises were held.

June 26, at Newburgh, Bro. ABEL WILLIAM BELKNAP, Scribe of Mount Carmel Encampment No. 21, and P.G. of Orange County Lodge No. 74, aged 26 years. Special meetings of the Lodge and Encampment were held on the same evening, at which resolutions were unanimously adopted, which speak feelingly of the estimation in which he was held by his brethren, their deep grief at his departure, and their warm sympathies with his family. The usual badge of mourning was ordered to be worn for 30 days.

May 1, at Antwerp, Jefferson co., of consumption, Bro. ASAHEL A. TRUMBULL, of Black River Lodge No 124, at Watertown, aged 36 years. During his protracted illness, every attention was bestowed upon him by the brothers of Tuscarora Lodge No. 250, which Lodge adopted a series of resolutions testifying their regard for his character and virtues, and their condolence with his afflicted widow and family.

At Harrisburg, Pa. Bro. JOHN M. PEEBLES, of Dauphin Encampment No. 10. The usual resolutions were adopted by the Encampment.

☞ We should have been pleased to publish the resolutions accompanying each of the above notices. But our brethren will at once see the necessity of our rule which excludes them. Our Order is large, and increasing—consequently the deaths will be more numerous. We invariably insert a record of all the deaths in the Order which are sent us; but were we to do the same with the resolutions, one-fourth of our paper would be required for that purpose. A half dozen lines of obituary notice, it seems to us, would answer the desired end as well. The resolutions must necessarily be [illegible]ake of the same general character, and are chiefly of interest to the immedia[illegible] friends of the deceased. By others they are seldom read. We have therefore been compelled to follow the example of other papers, and exclude them. Are we wrong?

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DR. J. PETTIT'S

AMERICAN EYE SALVE. This simple, safe and sure remedy for the cure of weak, sore and inflamed eyes, by external application to their lids, whether acute or chronic, induced or symptomatic of scrofula, measles, small pox, spinal disease, intense use or external violence, is now within the reach of ALL in this city and vicinity. The astonishing and successful results in its use for years past, has earned for it a well merited celebrity. It stands on its own merits. To prevent the imposition of counterfeits, any person desiring an agency for the sale of "Dr. J. Pettit's American Eye Salve," will apply to him personally, or to H. Winchester, Druggist, at the general depot, No. 108 John-st. N. Y. jy3:eow:6m

CREATION;

ITS Revelations and Teachings. A Discourse on Comets, Historical and Practical, designed to illustrate the extent of the Universe and the Greatness of the Human Mind. By T. B. Thayer.

No one can read this little pamphlet, without having all the finer feelings of his nature called into action in contemplating the beauty and grandeur of the works of the great Architect of the Universe. The trifling sum of 10 cents cannot be better expended than its purchase. Published and for sale at 57 Fulton-st. by O. HUTCHINSON.

P. S. Cash orders by mail will be supplied free of postage.

HIGHLAND EATING HOUSE.

C. M. HAGGINS, L. LESLIE, 10, Lindall street, BOSTON. ap10:tf

A. WHITE'S, CENTRAL HOTEL, UTICA, New York ap24:tf

BANNERS AND FLAGS PAINTED

OR EMBROIDERED, and furnished complete by H. LIEBENAU, Military Standard and Banner Painter, 491 Pearl-st. Societies and Lodges supplied with official insignia, such as gavils, pens' keys, rods, &c. in sets, gilt and trimmed with velvet in the first style. Je5:6m

Dr. LAENNEC'S COUGH PILLS

Great French Remedy

FOR CONSUMPTION! Important to the Afflicted. DR. LAENNEC'S COUGH PILLS, for the cure of Colds, Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, and all affections of the Lungs is the invention of the celebrated Dr. Laennec, of Paris, a voluminous and profound medical writer, who has devoted his whole life to the study of Diseases of the Lungs and Chest. It is without question the greatest discovery of the age, as a specific for all affections of the Lungs, from the common Cold, to the most aggravated cases of Consumption. It is, at least, worth the trial of its merits by all sufferers; for we are sure that the taking of ONE or TWO PILLS will convince any one that half the truth has not been told of them. The beneficial effect, in reducing the most irritating Cough, is almost *instantaneous;* indeed, as a gentleman in Brooklyn the other day told the agent, "the person who takes these Pills *can't cough.*" The worst cold can be cured in TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. We challenge any other medical preparation in the world to accomplish this result, no matter how extensively puffed it may be.

Why then will people suffer, when there is an absolute specific within their reach? This is not a patent medicine, but is composed of ingredients which act with certain and wonderful power upon all diseases of the lungs, whether inflamatory or chronic. To their perfect adaptation to whatever ails these important organs, and the cures performed in almost

ALL STAGES OF CONSUMPTION,

have given their great success and popularity—a popularity, so unexampled, that all France has been filled with wonder and admiration at their astonishing effects. Medical men have been paralyzed with amazement, to see patients who had been abandoned by them, or pronounced beyond the reach of the healing art, restored to perfect health by these medicines. The use of a single dose cannot fail to satisfy the most skeptical of their virtues. Price 50 cts. a box. J. WINCHESTER, Agent, 30 Ann-st.

THOUSANDS FOR A TRIFLE!

BY CONSUMPTION, induced by slight colds, thought too trifling to require attention. The ravages of this insidious disease among the fair and the beautiful of our land, carries woe and desolation into many happy families, where otherwise joy might shed her glorious effulgence around.

DR. LAENNEC'S COUGH PILLS

Is one of the most sure and admirable specifics for the cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and all affections of the Lungs, that has ever yet been devised by science or skill. It is the invention of the greatest physician of France, and their extraordinary success has fill all Europe with wonder and astonishment.

A common cold can be cured in *a day* by two or three doses only. Put up in two boxes, numbered 1, and 2, adapted to the various stages of the disease.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—Office No. 11 Wall-st. This Institution is distinguished by the following peculiarities:

1st. When the premium is over $50 annually, one-fourth may be paid in cash, and three-fourths in a secured note at 12 months, bearing six per cent. interest, or it may be paid half-yearly, quarterly or monthly.

2d. Parties taking life policies and paying 50 per cent. of premium in cash, and those taking policies for shorter periods and paying 60 per cent. in cash, may give their individual notes for the balance, if satisfactory to the officers.

The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of January, 1847, (20 months) 3007 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a nett capital of nearly $200,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No. 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

DIRECTORS.—Seth Low, Wm. A. F. Pentz, Henry McFarlan, Chas. S. Macknett, John A. Underwood, Wm. H. Mott, Robt. L. Patterson, Andrew S. Snelling, Thomas B. Segur, Edward Anthony, Wm. M. Simpson, Lewis C. Grover.

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JAMES STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock.
VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.,
JAS. VAN RENSSALAER, M. D.,
mar6:tf Medical Board of Consultation.

NATIONAL HOTEL,

CORNER of River and Ferry-sts. Troy, N. Y. At the Depot of the Eastern, Western, & Saratoga Railroads, and is a short distance from the Steamboat Landing. OSBORN & McDONALD, Proprietors. Stages for the North and East, leave every morning in front of this house. ap24:tf

A. R. CAMPBELL'S

TEMPERANCE REFRESHMENT ROOMS, Nos. 7 and 8 Wilson's Lane, BOSTON. Meals served up at all hours of the day—Sundays excepted. Ladies can visit these Rooms, in company with Gentlemen, with perfect propriety, as such is the custom of the place. ap10:tf

DENTAL INSTITUTE.

HITCHCOCK & BLAISDELL, Dentists, No. 341 Broadway, opposite the Tabernacle. Artificial Teeth, inserted on a new, useful, and perfect method.

1. The teeth constructed on the new method are inserted with sufficient firmness to perform the office of mastication.

2. The teeth do not move in the mouth when conversing, as in the case with those made on the old plan.

3. The teeth are mineral, and as they are attached to gold plates, they will not taint the breath.

4. The teeth restore the shape of the mouth, and render the articulation distinct, while they set easy and give the patient no pain or inconvenience.

Particular attention paid to filling carious teeth.

N. B. All operations warranted, and charges satisfactory. Individuals in the city or country, requiring dental operations, will find it to their advantage to visit the Dental Institute. jan16:6m

TO ANGLING SPORTSMEN.

ANGLER'S GUIDE, Second Edition.—The second edition of that popular and interesting work, tho "American Angler's Guide," with engravings on wood, is now ready. Price 50 cents, handsomely bound in cloth. "It is truly the Walton of the present time and country, and abounds with the opinions and practices of the best American Anglers. No one who pretends to a knowledge or the practice of this most delightful art, should be without a copy. It is useful, instructive and amusing—neatly got up and well illustrated."—Sporting Register.

For sale by JOHN J. BROWN & Co.
feb20:tf 122 Fulton st. near Nassau.

MANN'S ENAMELED CARDS,

MARBLE and Colored Paper Warehouse, No. 25, Cornhill, BOSTON. Constantly on hand, Enameled, Pearl Surface, and Colored Cards. Fancy Marble and Colored Paper of all kinds. Tickets and Cards of all kinds furnished at the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. Wholesale dealers supplied on as good terms and as good quality as any other place, by sending their orders addressed to
my1:tf WM. H. MANN, 25 Cornhill, Boston.

SILVER PLATING FLUID,

OR PURE LIQUID SILVER, for restoring old Plated Goods of any description, to their original beauty and color. We have been selling this article for the last two years, and gradually increasing its value, until we now consider its merits as fully established. We warrant it to put on pure silver, and entirely restore Castors, Cake Baskets, Candlesticks, Military Equipments, Carriage and Military Harness, &c., and to plate with pure Silver any article composed of Brass, Copper, or German Silver, or the money will be returned. It is put up in small bottles at 25 cts. each, or in dozen boxes at a liberal discount to dealers. JOHN J. BROWN & Co.
de19:tf 122 Fulton st. near Nassau.

CONSTITUTIONS, By-Laws, Blanks, etc., for Lodges and Encampments, printed at short notice, at this Office.

SICILIAN STRAW AND LACE BONNETS.

THE subscribers would most respectfully invite the attention of the fashionable ladies of this city, and elsewhere, to this new and most desirable article, which is made of fibre from a leaf of the family of Cactus, and which for beauty and utility they feel warranted in saying excels anything of the kind ever introduced in this city. However much the bonnets may speak for themselves, we would observe that as an article for wear they are exceedingly light and pleasant. The sun has no power to change their color, and they are capable of being done over any number of times without injury. They may be had at their factory, 268 Broome-st. wholesale and retail. L. HIGGINS & Co.

Patentees and Manufacturers of the Sicilian
my15] Straw and Lace Bonnets, 268 Broome-st. N.Y.

FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.

THOSE who wish to purchase GOLD or SILVER WATCHES, will find it greatly to their advatage to call on the subscriber, who is selling all descriptions of fine Gold or Silver Watches, at retail, lower than any other house in th city.

Fine Gold and Silver English Patent Lever Watches
do do Detatched Lever do
do do Lepine do
Ladies' and Gentlemen's fine Gold Guard Chains.
do do Breast Pins
Ladies' Bracelets. Gold Pencils.
Gold Watches as low as $20 to $25 each.

Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought. All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and retail, 51 Wall-st,
jan2:tf (late 30) corner of William-st, up stairs.

WATCHES, JEWELRY & SILVER WARE.

THE Subscribers have constantly on hand a large assortment of GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, of the most approved makers, Cooper, Roskill, Tobias, Beesley and others, of new and very neat styles, which they are selling at very low prices. Please call and see for yourselves. All Watches warranted or the money refunded. Silver Spoons and Forks of the newest patterns and finish, the Silver warranted equal to coin. Persons in want of the above articles will find it to their advantage to call and examine before they purchase elsewhere. A large assortment of Silver Plated Ware. Rich Gold Jewelry and Fancy Articles.

N. B. Watches repaired equal to the original by a practical workman. AKERLY & BRIGGS,
jan2:6m* 158 Bowery, six doors above Broome-st.

SAMUEL HAMMOND & Co.

IMPORTERS of FINE WATCHES, No. 44 Merchants' Exchange, 1st door in William street, have constantly on hand a large and valuable assortment of Fine Watche of their own importation, which they are now selling at lower prices (when quality is compared,) than can be purchased of any dealer in New York. A written warrantee, in all cases, will be given to the purchaser.

S. Hammond having attended solely to the repairing of Chronometer, Duplex, and other fine Watches, in the late firm of Benedict & Hammond, will continue to give his undivided attention to that branch of the business, in connection with his present partner, whose reputation has long been established, having worked for the last ten years for the trade in this city. m23:tf

HARDWARE, CUTLERY & EDGE TOOLS.

HENRY F. FAIRBANK, 73 Chatham street, N. York, Importer and Dealer in Hardware, Cutlery and Edge Tools; Housekeeper's and Builder's Hardware, in every variety; Cooper's, Carpenter's and Ship Wright's Tools. Fenney's Warranted Razors.
Rodger's, Stenton's, and Wragg's Pocket Knives.
Wilson & Southern's Table Cutlery, &c.
Rimmer & Son's English Warranted Needles.
Furnished Tool Chests, from 8 to 100 dollars.

The subscriber gratefully acknowledges the liberal patronage bestowed upon him by the public generally, since he commenced the Hardware Business at No. 44 Fulton Street, and begs to inform them, that for the convenience of his rapidly increasing business, he has taken the large new store, 73 Chatham Street, two doors above Duane, and has made large additions to his general stock of Hardware and Fancy Goods. He begs also to assure his friends and the public, that he will not abate his solicitude to please them in the new store, and pledges himself to sell as good an article as can be purchased in the city, at the lowest market price HENRY F. FAIRBANK,
jan3 73 Chatham Street.

REMOVAL.

D. P. BARNARD'S Law Office has been removed to 16 Wall-st. 3d story, back room, where his friends will hereafter find him. mar13:6m

T. C. MOORE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Chicago, Illinois. Will attend to Securing and Collecting Claims, in any part of Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana. Business from a distance attended to. References if required. mar13:tf

DR. E. W. OWEN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 330 Bowery.—Office 56 Bond-street, N. Y. feb27:tf

THE ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING FOR 1848.

THE undersigned has the sincere gratification to announce to the I. O. O. F. that he has succeeded in removing, to the satisfaction of all concerned, all unpleasant differences in respect to the proprietorship of the "Odd Fellows' Offering;" he has secured the services of P.G. PASCHAL DONALDSON, whom he has associated with P. G. M. JAMES L. RIDGELY, as editor of the work. Though, in order to bring about this arrangement, the undersigned has gone to a very large additional expense, he has done it cheerfully; and he entertains no doubt that his motive will be appreciated and responded to by the brotherhood at large. There will now be but ONE "Offering for Odd-Fellows," and that one, it is the publisher's determination, shall be most acceptable and creditable to the Order.

It is the design of the Publisher to place the "Offering" in the class of the best American Annuals. The Illustrations will be ten in number, of which the following is a list:

MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK,
THE STRANGER'S BURIAL,
THE WITCH,
RUSTIC HOSPITALITY,
RECLAIMING AN ODD-FELLOW,
THE TIMELY RELIEF,
TAE LAST OF THEIR RACE,
THE POINT OF ARGUMENT,
THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN,
THE RESCUE,

(Exclusive of a beautiful Presentation Plate, and an Engraving of the New ODD-FELLOWS' HALL, N. Y., elegantly encircled by the prominent emblems of the Order, designed and executed by Brother B. J. LOSSING,) the design and execution of which will be decidedly superior to those of past years. They are all Original, and the exquisite productions of the Pencil of Bro. T. H. MATTESON.

The Paper, Binding, and every other characteristic of the "Offering" will be of superior quality; and no pains or expense shall be spared to make the work equal in worth and beauty to any Annual published in this country.

This elegant volume will be issued at the low price of Two Dollars. The usual discount will be allowed to Secretaries of Lodges and Agents generally. All orders, (addressed to the Publisher,) should be forwarded without delay, and Agents wishing to canvass any particular district will please make immediate application to E. WALKER,
je19:tf 114 Fulton-st. N. Y.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF LONDON. "A Savings Bank for the benefit of the Widow and Orphan. (Empowered by Act of Parliament.) Capital £500,000 sterling, or $2,500,000. Besides a reserve fund (from surplus premiums) of about $185,000, (part of the capital is invested in the United States.)

T. LAMIE MURRAY, Esq., George-street, Hanover Square, Chairman of the Court of Directors in London.

UNITED STATES BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS—(Chief office for America, 74 Wall-st.) New York, Jacob Harvey, Esq. Chairman; John J. Palmer, Esq. Jonathan Goodhue, Esq., Jas. Boorman, Esq., Geo. Barclay, Esq., Saml. S. Howland, Esq., Gorham A. Worth, Esq., Saml. M. Fox, Esq., Wm. Van Hook, Esq., and C. Edward Habicht, Esq.

Pamphlets, blank forms, table of rates, lists of Agents, &c. &c., obtained at the chief office, 74 Wall street, 131 Bowery, or from either of the agents throughout the United States and British North American Colonies. J. LEANDER STARR,
General Agent for the United States
je19:3m and B. N. A. Col's.

J. C. BOOTH & Co.

NO. 27 Cortland-st. have on hand the largest and best selected assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, to which they would invite the attention of strangers and others arriving in the city and are in want of a full or partial outfit; having reduced their prices since leaving Broadway with its enormous rents and expenses, are prepared to meet the views of the most economical. Always on hand a full assortment of Frock and Dress Coats, made and trimmed in the latest style, which they are prepared to offer at extremely low prices. Also, Pantaloons, Vests, Sacks and Office Coats. Particular attention paid to the selection of fancy articles of gentlemen's wear at full 50 per cent below Broadway prices. A large assortment of Shirts of the newest patterns, made expressly for our trade, and will be sold at very low prices, they being determined to furnish first rate articles at the lowest cash prices, at 27 Cortland-st. a few doors below the Western Hotel. je19:tf

J. M. DUBOIS,

MANUFACTURER OF SILVER SPOONS, FORKS, &c. of the newest patterns and finish, the Silver warranted equal to coin. All orders attended to punctually, at 47 Dey-st. N. Y. je19:tf

REGALIA.

ELIAS COMBS, 260 Grand-st. N. Y., continues the Manufacture of Regalia of every description. Lodges and Encampments furnished at short notice. Orders from city or country thankfully received, and no pains spared to give satisfaction. Stars, Tassels, &c. for sale. je26:tf

JOHN OSBORNE,

REGALIA Manufacturer, No. 99 Madison street, New York, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Bretherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New Work

REGALIA.

M. I. DRUMMOND, 309 Grand-st. N. Y. has on hand at all times Camp, P. G. and Scarlet Member's dress Regalia, cheap; Lodges and Encampments furnished, at short notice and first rate style, Stars, Fringes, Gold and Silver Laces, at Importers' prices. je12:tf

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds, and every other article required in a Lodge or Encampment I. O. O. F. furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds.
feb13:tf T. PARSON, 270 Main-st.

ENCAMPMENT AND LODGE REGALIA.

TENTS, Crooks, Cushions, Emblems, Costumes, & every other accoutrement for the Work of the Order supplied at the shortest notice and in the best possible manner, by JOHN G. TAYLOR,
Costumer, 58 Prince-st. N. Y.
☞ Letters immediately attended to. jan2:3m

ODD-FELLOWS REGALIA, PHILAD'A.

J. W. & E. D STOKES, 194 Market street, Philadelphia, Manufacturers of REGALIA, SASHES, ROBES, &c., for Lodges and Encampments. The members of the Order, Lodges and Encampments, wishing to purchase a *SPLENDID ARTICLE* of *REGALIA*, at a very low price, can be accommodated by calling at the store, where they will find a great variety, adapted to the different degrees and ranks in the Order. Orders from a distance attended to with punctuality and despatch. oct16:tf

REGALIA.

THE Subscriber Muanfactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of GILT AND SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. E. VAN SCHAACK,
Jan2:tf 385 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

CENTRAL I. O. O. F. REGALIA

MANUFACTORY, Utica, N. Y. Every article for Subordinates and Encampments furnished. Charges very reasonable. Orders solicited.
de5:3m Address ISAAC TAPPING.

LODGE JEWELS.

E. AYRES, Manufacturer of LODGE JEWELS, 98 Nassau-st. Jewels for Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. always on hand. N.B Seals cut at the shortest possible notice. my15: tf

F. W. & W. F. GILLEY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRY GOODS MERCHANTS, 430 Grand-st. Material for REGALIA and DRAPERY, the best assortment in the United States. feb27:tf

CARPETING FOR LODGE ROOMS.

ALDRICH BARSTOW & Co. 440 Pearl-st. N. Y. are now manufacturing a style of Carpeting peculiarly adapted for the use of Lodge-rooms, to which they would invite the especial attention of those of the Order purchasing Carpets.

Also, a great variety of Carpeting, Floor Oil Cloths, &c' for general use. my 813t*

JOHN KNIGHT,

CARVER AND GILDER, LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTURER No. 205 Chrystie, cor. of Stanton-st., New York. Ornamental, plain and fancy wood Frames, of every description, made to order. N. B. All orders from the Country punctually attended to. The new and elegant CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP I. O. of O. F. framed in every style. Orders solicited. mar20:6m

GOLD LEAF,

AND DENTISTS GOLD FOIL of superior quality, at the very lowest market prices. Gold Leaf, extra deep and orange, largest size and deep color Dentists Foil $26 per oz., for sale at the manufactory, 92 Reade-st. Gold, Silver and Imitation Bronzes, &c. Established in 1836.
my22:8t* J. L. WAUGH.

ODD-FELLOWS DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

CURTIS and NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows Hall, North Sixth street, below Race, Philadelphia. THE GOLDEN RULE, and other publications, together with all kinds of Books, Regalia, and all necessary articles used in furnishing Lodges and Encampments. Also on hand, a general assortment of miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Varieties, &c.

BOLTING CLOTHS.

THE subscriber offers for sale by Wholesale and Retail, choice BOLTING CLOTHS, of the original New Anchor brand. From long experience in the sale of this article he is enabled to select what is suited to the different sections of country. Millers wishing Cloths like their old ones, or finer or coarser, can have them selected to suit their particular location, or the description of work they are intended for, by sending small pieces of their old Cloths together with the length and circumferance of their bolts. JOHN R PLATT, 6 Spruce street,
mar20:3m* near the City Hall.

GALE'S ABDOMINAL SUPPORTER.

LADIES are respectfully invited to call at No. 6, Murray-st. (near Broadway,) and test the practical utility of the above instrument, which is constructed on scientific principles, and approved of by the most distinguished of the faculty for the RADICAL CURE of that class of diseases which females are the only heirs to, rendering so many unfit to attend to their domestic duties, inducing debility and premature death; delicacy at least forbids their enumeration—suffice it to say, they are characterized by one or more of the following symptoms, viz: a peculiar dragging sensation and pain in the and back and loins, bearing down pain, faintness, sickness of the stomach, palpitation of the heart, nervous debility, costiveness, general lassitude and melancholy.

The instrument will prove infinitely useful in preventing and removing a variety of disagreeable symptoms which Ladies are exclusively subject to, and to those whose duties or occupation calls them almost constantly on their feet during the day. Chambermaids, accustomed to running up and down stairs, would find them not only capable of giving great support, but a sure preventative to those diseases caused by much walking and over exertion. The supporter is simple and needs only to be seen to be approved of by every lady.

A lady of experience, and competent in every particular, is constantly in attendance to explain and apply the instrument to those ladies wishing to be benefitted by it, or if desired will visit them at their own residences in this City or Brooklyn. The office is near the great thoroughfare, easy of access, and still somewhat retired.

New York, No. 6 Murray-st. (near Broadway.)
Price $5. je19:tf

MAY REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (11 Wall-st.) has issued 142 new Policies during the month of May, 1847—viz: To

Merchants and Traders	44	Clergymen	3	U. S. Officers	2
Clerks	10	Brokers	2	Professor	1
Manufactur'rs	15	Hotel Keepers	3	Sea Captains	3
Mechanics	17	Ladies	6	Students	3
Lawyers	4	Agents	2	Artists	
Physicians	7	Teachers	5	Other occupat.	12
		Farmers	3		

New Policies issued in May, 1847.....142

ROBT. L. PATTERSON, Prest,
BENJ. C. MILLER, Secy.
JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent.
JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner, at the office daily form 2 to 3 o'clock. je12

VISIT OAK HALL, BOSTON.

WHERE Clothing is manufactured in the best style and sold at such extremely low prices.

THE WHOLE RANGE OF APARTMENTS, as far as completed, is now open to the public, with the largest stock of fresh imported Goods

For Spring Trade,

ever offered in this Establishment. With an entire new manufactured stock of

ELEGANT DESIGNS,

adapted to Spring Trade, together with a great variety of BOYS' and YOUTHS'

CLOTHING,

the whole combining the greatest variety, and the largest Stock of

Ready Made Clothing, Piece Goods, Rich Furnishing Goods,

And in fact, every article adapted to the wear of man and the rising generation; combining the greatest assortment and largest stock ever on hand, the whole of which is submitted to a discriminating public's examination; and if as cheap, or cheaper than thay can purchase elsewhere,

THEN PATRONIZE.

The whole is offered at such prices as will ensure the sale. GEO. W. SIMMONS, Proprietor,
Nos. 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 Ann-st.,
Je53m opposite Merchant's House, Boston.

Cheap Book-Bindery,

106 CHATHAM-ST., cor. of Pearl.—The subscriber respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to do every description of Book Binding in the best manner, and in every variety of style, low for cash. Harper's Bible handsomely bound, at various prices. Blank Books ruled and made to order. Music, Periodicals, and Books of every description, bound cheap, and at the shortest notice.
o17 OWEN C. OWENS.

☞ MERCER'S ☜

BREAKFAST AND DINING ROOMS,

ARE AT THE

COR. NASSAU AND ANN-STS. NEW YORK. Where every luxury is served during its season at reasonable charges.

☞ Private entrance to Ladies' Dining Room, (attended by Mrs. Mercer,) 21 Ann-st. for the accommodation of Ladies or Families whose business may call them in this section of the city. jan16:tf

HA[illegible]'S CELEBRATED

COUGH RE[illegible]Y, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, &c., [illegible]le, wholesale and retail, at 166 Williamst. N. Y. by Mrs. A. HARPER. nov7:tf

JOHN McNICOL, Stereotyper and Printer, No. 11 Spruce street, New York, 4th story.

THE GOLDEN RULE AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER. NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON. TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

VOL. VII....No. 2. SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1847. WHOLE No. 158.

SHELLEY'S FUNERAL PILE.

HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE BRITISH POETS.*

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

We have read with interest this charming book on one of the most charming subjects in literature, and have followed the writer with delight in all his visits to poetical haunts. We have the homes described and the portraits painted of nearly all the great English poets from Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare, down to Wilson, Proctor, and Tennyson. They have received from Howitt the rapture of his sympathy, his affectionate applause, and sometimes his reverential awe; and this is done in a manner which reflects credit on his mind no less than his heart. We take from it the following deeply interesting sketch of one of the most remarkable men which the age has produced—that poet of brilliant imagination, and [illegible] though wayward thought, the gentle, unobtrusive and phi[illegible]phical Shelley; that man of intellect, kindness and benevolence.

* New York: Harper and Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff-st.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Shelley, indeed, was a good and noble creature. His delight was to do good, to comfort and assist the poor. It was his zeal for truth and for the good of mankind, which led him, in his indignation, against those who oppressed them, and imposed upon them, to leap too far in his attack on those enemies, and pass the borders which divide truth from error. For his conscientious opinion, he sacrificed ease, honor, the world's esteem, fortune and friendship. Never was there so generous a friend, so truly and purely poetical a nature. Others are poets in the books and closets; the poet's soul in him was the spirit of all hours and all occasions.

He was born at Field-place, in Sussex, on the 4th of August, 1792. He was the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., of Castle-Goring in that county; and his son, Percy Florence Shelley, now bears the family title. His family connexions belonged to the Whig aristocrats of the House of Commons.

He was brought up for the first seven or eight years in the retirement of Field-place with his sisters, receiving the same education as they—hence, it is stated, he never showed the least taste and for the sports or amusements of boys.

At Eton, whither he went at the age of thirteen, he rose up stoutly in opposition to the system of fagging. He organized a conspiracy against it, and for a time compelled it to pause. While thus resisting school tyranny, he was reading deeply of German romances and poetry; and to Burger's Leonora, and the ghost stories and legends of the Black Forest, has been traced his fondness for the romantic, the marvelous, and the mystic.

From Eton he went to Oxford; and the contest into which he soon fell with the Principal of University College, on theological and metaphysical questions, quickly led to his expulsion. No circumstances in his history has made so much noise as this; on it turned the whole character of his destiny. He was expelled on a charge of atheism.

The very next year saw him sit down and write Queen Mab. The actions of this portion of his life are the least defensible of any portion of it. He seemed restless, unhappy, and put into a more antagonistic temperament by his public expulsion from college, which he felt more deeply than was natural to him, or could have arisen, had he been treated differently. At this period he made his first unfortunate marriage, with a young woman of humble station, and, as it proved, of very uncongenial mind

They separated, and in her distress she, some time afterward, drowned herself.

Nobody could lament the catastrophe of his wife's death more bitterly than he did. For a time it tore his being to pieces.

For about two years after his wife's death, he seemed to be wandering about in quest of rest, and not finding it. He was at one time at the Lakes on a pilgrimage to Southey, which, when Coleridge heard of, he said, "Why did he not come to me? I should have understood him." Most true. He was in London, and 90 Great Russell-street, oddly enough kept by a person name Godwin, and in Mabledon-place, a corner house next to Hastings-street, are known as lodgings of his. He was also in Dublin, and in North Wales, where, in the absence of his landlord, Mr. Maddocks, an extraordinary tide menacing his embankment against the sea, Shelley put his name at the head of a subscription paper for £500, and, carrying it round the neighborhood, raised a sum sufficient to prevent this truly Roman work being destroyed. In 1814 he made a tour on the continent, visiting France, Switzerland, the Reuss, and the Rhine, the magnificent scenery of which produced the most striking effects on his mind. In 1815 he made a tour along the southern coast of Devonshire, and then renting a house on Bishopsgate heath, on the borders of Windsor forest, he spent the summer months in ruminating over the scenes he had visited, and produced there his poem of Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude. The next year he again visited the continent. He was now married to Mary Wolstancroft Godwin, who accompanied him. They fixed their residence for a time on the banks of the Lake of Geneva.

Here Shelley and Lord Byron first met; they had corresponded before, but here began that friendship which contributed so palpably to the purification and elevation of tone in the higher poetry of Byron. They seemed equally pleased with each other. Byron was occupying the Villa Diodati; a name connected with Milton, and perhaps one of the noble poet's reasons for choosing it as a residence. Shelley engaged one just below it, in a most sequestered spot. There was no access to it in a carriage, it stood only separated from the lake by a small garden, much overgrown by trees, and a path-way through the vineyard of Diodati communicated with it. The two poets entered deeply into poetical disquisition. Nothing could be more opposite than their natures, and their poetic tendencies. Shelley was all imagination; Byron had a strong tendency to the actual, or to that which must tell upon the general mind: Shelley was purely spiritual; Byron had much of the world in him: Shelley was all generosity; Byron, with a great show of it, had a tremendous dash of the selfish. Still, they had many things in common. They were fond of boating and pistol shooting; they were persecuted by public opinion; they had broken from all bonds of ordinary faith, and were free in discussion and speculation, as the birds were in their flight over their heads. They rowed together round the lake, and were very near being lost in a storm upon it. They visited together Meillerie and Clarens; and the effect of the scenery on Shelley, with the Nouvelle Heloise in his hand, was entrancing. He visited also Lausanne, and while walking in the Acacia walk belonging to Gibbon's house, he could not help saying, "Gibbon had a cold and unimpassioned spirit. I never felt more inclination to rail at the prejudices which clung to such a thing, than now that Julie and Clarens, Lausanne and the Roman Empire, compel me to a contrast between Rousseau and Gibbon." His lines on the Bridge of Arve and his Hymn to Intellectual Beauty were written at this time.

The poets and Mrs. Shelley were constantly together, out in the air amid that sublime scenery in fine weather, and in the evenings at each other's houses; and during a week of rain, they horrified themselves with German ghost stories, and gave a mutual challenge to write each one of their own. To this we owe the Vampire, which was, on its first appearance, attributed to Lord Byron, but was in reality written by his vain satellite of a physician, Polidori. Byron wrote a story called the Marriage of Belphegor, which was to narrate the circumstances of his own,—as he was now smarting under the recent refusal of his wife to live with him; but on hearing from England that Lady Byron was ill, with an impulse that did him honor, he thrust it into the fire. What Shelley did does not appear, but the production of Mrs. Shelley was Frankenstein.

On his return to England in the autumn of that year, he had to endure the misery of his two children being taken from him by the Court of Chancery, on the ground of his disbelief of revealed religion, and the authorship of Queen Mab, a work published without his consent. It was at this period that he went to live at Great Marlowe, in Buckinghamshire. Mrs. Shelley says—"Shelley's choice of abode was fixed chiefly by this town being at no great distance from London, and its neighborhood to the Thames. The poem of the Revolt of Islam was written in his boat, as it floated under the beech groves of Bisham, or during wanderings in the neighboring country, which is distinguished for its peculiar beauty. The chalk hills break into cliffs that overhang the Thames, or form valleys clothed with beech. The wilder portion of the country is rendered beautiful by exuberant vegetation; and the cultivated part is particularly fertile. With all this wealth of nature, which, either in the form of gentlemen's parks, or soil dedicated to agriculture, flourishes around, Marlowe was inhabited—I hope it is altered now—by a very poor population. The women are lace-makers, and lose their health by sedentary labor, for which they are very ill paid. The poor-laws ground to the dust not only the paupers, but those who had risen just above that state, and were obliged to pay poor-rates. The change produced by peace following a long war, and a bad harvest, brought with them the most heart-rending evils to the poor. Shelley afforded what alleviation he could. In winter, while bringing out his poem, he had a severe attack of ophthalmia, caught while visiting the cottages. I mention these things—for this minute and active sympathy with his fellow-creatures gives a thousand-fold interest to his speculations, and stamps with reality his pleadings for the human race."

Shelley does not seem to have had any acquaintance at Marlowe or in the neighborhood; it was simply the charm of the country and the river here which attracted him; but his friend Mr. Peacock, of the India House, was residing there at the time, either drawn there by Shelley, or Shelley by him. Marlowe stands in a fine open valley, on the banks of the Thames. The river here is beautiful, running bankful through the most beautiful meadows, level as a bowling green, of the richest verdure, and of a fine, ample, airy extent. Beyond the river these meadows are bounded by steep hills clothed with noble woods, and a more charming scene for boating cannot be imagined. The grass and flowers on the river margin overhang and dip lovingly into the waters, which, from running over a chalk bottom, are as transparent nearly as the air itself; and at the various turns of the river new features of beauty salute you. Impending woods, which invite you to land and stroll away into them; solitary valleys, where house or man is not seen; and then again cultivated farms, and hills covered with flocks. No wonder that Shelley was all summer floating upon this fine river, and luxuriating in the composition of this splendid poem. A little below the town stands the village of Little Marlowe, with its grey church, and old manor-house, called Bisham Abbey, amid its fine trees; and around, a lovely scene of the softly flowing beautiful river, the level meads, and the hills and woods. On the other side of the town, the country is of that clear, bright aspect, with its tillage farms and isolated clumps of beech on swelling hills, which always marks a chalk district. The town itself is small, and intensely quiet. The houses are low and clean looking, as if no smoke ever fell on them from the pure diaphanous air. It consists of three principal streets, something in the shape of the letter T, with some smaller ones. In passing along it, you would not suspect it of that intense poverty which Mrs. Shelley speaks of, though, from the wretched depression of the hand lace-weaving, it may exist. The houses have a neat minature look, and the people look cheerful, healthy, and the women of a very agreeable expression of countenance.

Such was the spot where Shelley resided, eight and twenty years ago. His house was in the main street—a long stuccoed dwelling, of that species of nondescript architecture which once was thought Gothic, bocause it had pointed windows, and battlements. It must have been, then, a spacious and a very pleasant residence. It is now, as is the lot of most places in which poets have lived, desolated and desecrated. It is divided into three tenements—a school, a private house, and a pothouse. I entered the latter, and with a strange feeling. In a large room with a boarded floor, and which had probably been Shelley's dining-room, was a sort of bar partitioned off, and a number of visitors were drinking on benches along the walls, which still bore traces, amid disfigurement and stains, of former taste. The garden behind had evidently been extensive, and very pleasant. There were remains of fine evergreen trees, and of a mound on which grew some deciduous cypresses, where had evidently stood a summer-house. This was gone. The garden was divided into as many portions as there were now tenants, and all evidences of care had vanished from it. Along the side of it, however, lay a fine open meadow, and the eye ran across this to some sweetly wooded hills. It was a melancholy thing to go back to the time when Shelley and his wife and friends walked in this garden, enjoying it and its surrounding quiet scenery, and to reflect what had been the subsequent fate of it and him.

On the 12th of March, 1818, Shelley quitted England once more. He was never to return. His own fate and that of Byron were wonderfully alike. The two greatest, most original, most powerful, and influenti[illegible]ets of the age, were driven into exile by the public feeling o[illegible]eir country. They could not bring themselves to think on [illegible]olitical questions with a large party, nor on religious ones with a still larger; and every species of vituperation and insult was let loose upon them.

This child-like, this great, and greatly kind, and if men would

have let him, this light-hearted man, thus then quitted England. Like Byron, he sought a home in Italy. He lived in various cities, and wrote there his very finest works, among them Prometheus Unbound; The Cenci; Hellas; part of Rosalind and Helen; his Ode to Liberty, perhaps the very finest ode in the language, and certainly in its descriptions of Athens never excelled in any piece of description in any language; Adonais, an elegy on the death of Keats, and those very melancholy verses written in the bay of Naples. He was drowned, as is well known, by the sinking of his boat in a squall, in the Gulf of Spezia, in the summer of 1822, at the age of thirty.

Shelley must have enjoyed this portion of his life beyond all others, had he been in health and spirits. He was united to a woman worthy of him, and who could partake of all his intellectual pleasures. Children were growing around him, and he was living in that beautiful country, surrounded by the remains of former art and history, and under that fine sky, pouring out from heart and brain, glorious, and impassioned, and immortal works. But his health failed him, and the darts of calumny were rankling in his bosom, depressing his spirits, and sapping his constitution. I can only allow myself a few passing glances at his homes in Italy, of which Mrs. Shelley has given us such delightful sketches in the notes to her edition of her husband's poems.

They went direct to Milan, and visited the lake of Como; then proceeding to Pisa, Leghorn, the baths of Lucca, Venice, Este, Rome, Naples, and back to Rome for the winter. There he chiefly wrote his Prometheus. In 1818, they were at the baths of Lucca, where Shelley finished Rosalind and Helen. Thence he visited Venice, and occupied a house lent him by Lord Byron at Este. "I Capucini was a villa built on the site of a Capuchin convent, demolished when the French suppressed religious houses. It was situated on the very overhanging brow of a low hill, at the foot of a range of higher ones. The house was cheerful and pleasant; a vine-trellised walk, or pergola, as it is called in Italian, led from the hall door to a summer-house at the end of the garden, which Shelley made his study, and in which he began the Prometheus; and here also, as he mentioned in a letter, he wrote Julian and Maddalo. A slight ravine, with a wood in its depth, divided the garden from the hill, on which stood the ruins of the ancient castle of Este, whose dark massive wall gave forth an echo, and from whose ivied crevices owls and bats flitted forth at night, as the crescent moon sunk behind the black and heavy battlements. We looked from the garden over the wide plain of Lombardy, bounded to the west by the far Appennines: while to the east, the horizon was lost in misty distance. After the picturesque but limited view of mountain, ravine, and chesnut wood at the Baths of Lucca, there was something infinitely gratifying to the eye in the wide range of prospect commanded by our new abode."

Here they lost a little girl, and quitting the neighborhood of Venice, they proceeded southward. Shelley was delighted beyond expression with the scenery and antiquities of Italy. "The aspect of its nature, its sunny sky, its majestic streams; the luxuriant vegetation of the country, and the noble marble-built cities, enchanted him. The first entrance to Rome opened to him a scene of remains of ancient grandeur that far surpassed his expectations; and the unspeakable beauty of Naples and its environs added to the impression he received of the transcendant and glorious beauty of Italy."

The winter was spent at Naples, where they lived in utter solitude, yet greatly enjoyed their excursions along its sunny sea, or into its beautiful environs. From Naples they returned to Rome, where they arrived in March, 1819. Here they had the old MS. account of the story of the Cenci put into their hands, and visited the Doria and Colonna palaces, where the portraits of Beatrice were to be found. Her beauty cast the reflection of its grace over her appalling story, and Shelley conceived the subject of his masterly drama. In Rome they lost their eldest child, a very lovely and engaging boy, and quitting the eternal city, took the villa, Valsovano, between Leghorn and Monte Nero, where they resided during the summer. "Our villa," says Mrs. Shelley, "was situated in the midst of a podere; the peasants sang as they worked beneath our windows, during the heat of a very hot season; and in the evening the water-wheel creaked as the progress of irrigation went on, and the fire-flies flashed among the myrtle hedges: nature was bright, sunshiny, and cheerful, or diversified by storms of a majestic terror such as we had never before witnessed.

"At the top of the house there was a sort of terrace. There is often such in Italy, generally roofed. This one was very small, yet not only roofed, but glazed. This Shelley made his study; it looked out on a wide prospect of fertile country, and commanded a view of the near sea. The storms that sometimes varied our day, showed themselves most picturesquely as they were driven across the ocean. Sometimes the dark, lurid clouds dipped toward the waves, and became water-spouts, that churned up the waters beneath, as they were chased onward, and scattered the tempest. At other times the dazzling sunlight and heat made it almost intolerable to every other; but Shelley basked in both, and his health and spirits revived under their influence. In this airy cell he wrote the principal part of the Cenci."

They spent part of the year 1819 in Florence, where Shelley passed several hours daily in the Gallery, studying the works of art, and making notes. The summer of 1820 was spent chiefly at the baths of Guiliano, near Pisa, where Shelley made a solitary journey on foot during some of the hottest weather of the season to the summit of Monte San Pelegrino—a mountain on which stands a pilgrimage chapel, much frequented: and during this expedition he conceived the idea of The Witch of Atlas; and immediately on his return sat down and wrote it in three days. An overflowing of the Serchio inundated the house, and caused them to quit San Guiliano: they returned to Pisa.

In 1821, the Spanish revolution excited throughout Italy a similar spirit. In Naples, Genoa, Piedmont, almost everywhere, the spirit of revolt showed itself; and Shelley, still as Pisa, sympathized enthusiastically with these movements. Then came the news of the Greek insurrection, and the battle of Navarino, which put the climax to his joy; and in this exultation he wrote Hellas. These circumstances seem to have given a new life to him. He had now his new boat, and was sailing it on the Arno. It was a pleasant summer, says Mrs. Shelley, bright in all but Shelley's health; yet he enjoyed himself greatly. He was in high anticipation of the arrival of Leigh Hunt; and at this juncture, the now happy poet and his family made their last remove. Let us give the deeply interesting picture of Shelley's last home, in the words of his gifted wife.

"The bay of Spezia is of considerable extent, and is divided by a rocky promontory into a larger and a smaller one. The town of Lerici is situated on the eastern point, and in the depth of the smaller bay, which bears the name of this town, is the village of Sant Arenzo. Our house, Casa Magni, was close to this village; the sea came up to the door, a steep hill sheltered it behind. The proprietor of the estate was insane; he had begun to erect a large house at the summit of the hill behind, but his malady prevented its being finished, and it was falling into ruin He had, and this to the Italians seemed a glaring symptom of decided madness, rooted up the olives on the hill side, and planted forest trees. These were mostly young; but the plantation was more in English taste than I ever saw elsewhere in Italy. Some fine walnut and ilex trees intermingled their dark massy foliage, and formed groups which still haunt my memory, as then they satiated the eye with a sense of loveliness. The scene was, indeed, of unimaginable beauty; the blue extent of waters, the almost land-locked bay, the near castle of Lerici, shutting it in to the east, and distant Porto Venere to the west; the various forms of precipitous rocks, that bound the beach, near which there was only a winding rugged path toward Lerici, and none on the other side; the tideless sea, leaving no sands nor shingle—formed a picture such as one sees in Salvator Rosa's landscapes only. Sometimes the sunshine vanished when the sirocco raged—the ponente, the wind was called on that shore. The gales and squalls that hailed our first arrival, surrounded the bay with foam; the howling wind swept round our exposed house, and the sea roared unremittingly, so that we almost fancied ourselves on board ship. At other times sunshine and calm invested sea and sky, and the rich tints of Italian heaven bathed the scene in bright and ever-varying hues.

"The natives were wilder than the place. Our near neighbors, of Sant Arenzo, were more like savages than any people I ever before lived among. Many a night they passed on the beech, singing, or rather howling; the women dancing about among the waves that broke at their feet, the men leaning against the rocks, and joining in their loud, wild chorus. We could get no provisions nearer than Sarzana, at a distance of three miles and a half off, with the torrent of Margra between; and even there the supply was deficient. Had we been wrecked on an island of the South Seas, we could scarcely have felt ourselves further from civilization and comfort; but where the sun shines, the latter becomes an unnecessary luxury, and we had enough society among ourselves. Yet, I confess house-keeping became rather a toilsome task, especially as I was suffering in my health, and could not exert myself actively."

To this wild region they had come to indulge Shelley's passion for boating. News came of Leigh Hunt having arrived at Pisa Shelley and his friend Captain Ellerker Williams, set out to welcome him, and were on their return to Lerici, when the fatal squall came on, and they went down in a moment. The particulars of that event, and the singular scene of the burning of the body by his friends, Byron, Hunt, Trewlawney, and Captain Shelley, have been so vividly related by Mr. Hunt, as to be familiar to every one. Shelley had gone down with the last volume of Keats, the Lamia, &c. in his jacket pocket, where it was found open. The bodies came on shore near Via Reggio; but

had been so long in the sea as to be much decomposed. Wood was therefore collected on the strand, and they were burnt in the old classical style. The magnificent bay of Spezia, says Mr. Hunt, is on the right af this spot, Leghorn on the left, at equal distances of about twenty-two miles. The headlands projecting boldly and far into the sea, form a deep and dangerous gulf, with a heavy swell and a strong current generally running right into it.

So ended this extraordinary man and his short, but eventful and influential life; and his ashes were buried near his friend John Keats, under a beautiful ruined tower in the English burial-ground at Rome, near the tomb of Calus Cestus.

Popular Tales.

PHILIP ARMYTAGE;

OR, THE BLIND GIRL'S LOVE.*

CHAPTER III.

"Love, that to none beloved to love again
Remits, seized me with wish to please so strong,
That as thou seest, even yet it doth remain." DANTE.

THE wise ones of the earth may ridicule love's mysterious sympathies, as they do the stories of ghosts and apparitions; but there must be some truth in both, or so much pains need not and would not be taken to prove them to be false. How was it, then, that before Stella and Philip Armytage had met half a dozen times, they began to feel and talk like old friends? What was that strange sympathy which made the very words he uttered appear to her as if she had heard them before in somedim dream—as if she had thought his thoughts long before? And what was it that caused Philip Armytage, who had basked all his life in the smile of woman, to feel an irresistible charm in gazing on the sweet face of the poor blind girl, who, as yet unconscious of the nature of the invisible tie between them, treated him with the frank regard of a younger sister toward a dear brother?

Most welcome is the society of a countryman to those who are traveling abroad; and Stella thought it was this reason that made Philip's presence so grateful to her. Then, too, he was so gentle, and talked to her of his lost sister, blind like herself, until she felt that blindness to be less painful. He read to her, and thus opened a new world to her view; his high and cultivated intellect drawing out the hidden treasures of her's, and his early ripened judgment guiding her, until she awoke from the vague, idle dreams of girlhood unto a better and brighter life. Yet all this while no words of love passed between them.

For weeks, months, their happy life was a long dream of happiness, so sweet, that neither thought of the waking. By slow degrees the truth dawned on Philip Armytage, and he knew that he, over whose heart light fancies before had swept lite a summer wind, now loved for the first time, with his whole heart and soul. And who was the object of this passionate love? A blind girl, whose helplessness made her only the dearer, for what is so sweet to proud man as the sense of protection. Often when Philip sat and listened to her voice, or looked on her fragile loveliness, as she clung to his guiding arm, he felt that if he could only take her in his heart's core, and shield her there from every breath of sorrow, what bliss it would be! And then he remembered himself—poor, friendless as he was, how dared he love her! And so his lips were sealed.

Had Philip Armytage guessed that Stella would learn to love him, he would have flown from the spot rather than thus have brought sorrow upon her. He was too honorable, knowing his own poverty, to steal into a girl's heart, whose hand he hoped not to claim. Stella was so different from any woman he had ever met; her manner toward him was so frank, so open, with not a shadow of disguise in her simple, truthful soul, that Philip thought she regarded him only as a friend, and never by one word did he overstep the limits of that friendship. And Stella, in her unworldly and innocent nature, had deceived herself likewise. It was not until he came to tell her that he must soon depart with the noble who hired his services, that Stella knew how dearly she loved Philip Armytage.

But with that knowledge came thronging a host of maidenly feelings—not pride, nor yet shame—why should she blush, that in loving him she had loved goodness, and talent, and every thing that ennobles man? but painful reserve and sadness which must now be hidden from sight. How little the poor blind girl knew how to conceal aught! Yet, in a few hours of anguish she learned more than in her whole life, and when Philip came next day to bid her adieu, he was almost startled by the change in her. The wavering color on her cheek had settled into a deadly paleness; and there was a womanly calmness in her manner, but not the girlish freedom of old.

* Continued from page 7.

A wild thought of sweet agony shot through Philip's brain—did she then love him? But no; there was no tremulousness in the lip, no blush, no tear. It could not be.

They talked long and calmly of his projected journey—of Italy, whither he was going, of the time passed here so pleasantly, of the changes, how and where they might again meet.

"I shall hear of you again, sometimes," said Philip, in that old, old parting sentence, "and you will think of me now and then, Stella?" It was at her own particular wish that he had called her by her sweet Christian name.

"Yes," answered Stella, "I shall not forget how many dull hours you have made pleasant; I shall ever remember your kindness, your pity to one like me."

"You pain me by speaking thus," Philip said, after a pause, during which his heart beat so violently that he vainly tried to make his voice seem calm.

"I am sorry; then I will say no more about myself, and only thank you very much for all you have been to me," returned Stella, with something of her smile of old.

Philip Armytage rose—he lingered over the last adieu. He held her hand and looked at her as if to imprint every feature of that beautiful face in his memory. Alas for the blind girl who could not see what a world of love was revealed in his gaze! With a voice, whose tremulousness went to Stella's heart, he said Farewell! lifted her hand half-way to his lips, and relinquished it without the so-longed-for kiss, and departed.

He had scarcely crossed the threshold when he remembered Mr. Brandreth, whose cold but always courteous welcome had never failed him, and surely merited some adieu. Philip returned; he had not meant to seek Stella again, for her silent farewell had pained him, but he heard a low wailing in the room where he had left her, and came near. There, weeping with a passionate vehemence that shook her slight frame, knelt the blind girl, her head bowed, and her hands tightly clasped together.

"My mother—my Philip—both gone—I am all alone now," she murmured in accents of thrilling sorrow.

Philip forgot every thing except that he loved and was beloved. He darted forward and knelt beside her.

"No, not alone, my Stella—star of my life—my only beloved," he cried, lavishing upon her the passionate epithets that love teaches. "I will never leave you, my heart's darling—my beautiful—more to me than all the world!" he continued, while his arms encircled his treasure, and she trembling, almost doubting the joyful certainty, could only weep. He asked her why she did so.

"Because I am unworthy of you—I am so ignorant—so young, and blind."

"I will be your eyes, my dearest!" cried the lover, kissing the blue-veined lids that drooped over those poor sightless orbs, as with the most tender and earnest assurances, he told Stella all—how her sweetness and child-like simplicity had awakened his deepest love—how he had struggled against it, and, finally, how he had found out his error, and was resolved, in despite of ill-fortune, pride, poverty, to ask her for his own. And so they plighted their faith one to the other; the blind girl and her lover. One hour—almost one moment—had changed their fate through life.

Philip Armytage went home full of deep thought. His step was firmer, his carriage loftier, for he felt that he was no longer a lonely man—he was the guardian of another's happiness—the object of a woman's priceless love. He had not only to think of himself, but of her who trusted him—who placed her fate in his keeping. Since yesterday, his whole thoughts were changed; even his worldly prospects seemed brighter now that Stella loved him, and that his fortunes might one day be linked with her's. Poverty looked dim in the distance; he felt a proud consciousness of his own powers; it seemed that he could brave all things—do all things, if Stella might one day be his wife. The glamour of love overspread all he looked upon; and with these delicious feelings, Philip Armytage, before he slept, sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Brandreth, asking Stella's hand.

It was refused! The father, though not unkind, was firm. He regretted his error in not having foreseen the end of such a friendship, and courteously, but resolutely refused to sanction a marriage or even betrothal, so wild and imprudent.

The lover read the cold, formal epistle through twice, before he comprehended it clearly; it came like ice upon fire. The sensible, right-minded Philip Armytage was still under the influence of that sweet, bewildering love-dream. Yet, there the words were—freezing and plain—"that a man without riches should never be the husband of Stella Brandreth." His spirit sank within him; he covered his face, and the burning tears, so seldom wrung from manhood, stole through his fingers. How well he loved the poor blind girl!

Night found him still pacing his chamber in utter desolation of heart. Then he yearned once more to look upon the face of

her he loved. He longed to tell Stella that he had not forsaken her—that he would never love any but her. Under cover of darkness he stole to her home—crept along the grass to the window of the room where he and Stella had so often sat; the light, through the half-drawn curtains, showed him that she was there, and alone. From the deep sadness of her face and attitude, he guessed that she knew all. Philip touched the window—it was a little way open, and in a moment he stood by her side.

Long and mournful was the conference between the two; but when Philip spoke of his departure for Italy, the girl's sorrow amounted almost to agony.

"Philip—Philip, do not leave me," she cried, imploringly—"I was so desolate before you came; you only brought light and joy to the poor blind girl. No one has loved me but you, since my mother died. Philip, I shall die too, if I lose you. Forsake me not—take me with you; as your wife I shall fear nothing—shall regret nothing."

Poor Stella! she knew so little of the world, and she was so young—hardly more than a child in years, and a child in simplicity. All that she felt was the angish of losing him who was the only one who made life precious to her. She clung around his neck, and besought him to stay in spite of her father—of every one.

Bitter, indeed, was the struggle in the young man's bosom; but the right triumphed at last. He would not commit so grevious a sin as to bring sorrow and poverty on the innocent creature who trusted him, by wedding her against her father's will.

"Stella, dearest," he said, "you do not know what you ask—we must part for a while. There never comes a blessing on disobedience; and God forbid that I should be the one to steal a child from her father's arms, even if I loved her as my heart's blood—and thus love I you, my own Stella."

A deep flush of womanly shame crossed the girl's face. She drew herself from her lover's arms, and stood upright.

"I have been wrong, Philip—I have forgotten what I owe to myself, to my father, to you; forgive me—I am very ignorant—you are wiser and better than I. Foget all this, and only remember that I am blind and lonely, with no one to love me but you. Go, you are right; I will strive to be content in thinking how little I deserved to be loved so well by one like you."

Philip used all the sweet language of a lover, to soothe and cheer her. He told her that he would struggle for life and death, to gain that wealth which would enable him to win her—that she was so young—that nothing was impossible to love, and it might only be a few years before he could boldly come and claim his bride.

"I ask no promise, but I trust your love, my Stella; you will not doubt mine?"

"Never, never," murmured the girl. "But I need not say farewell now, you will come once more?" she added, trembling.

Philip promised, for his patron would remain yet a week. He clasped his beloved wildly to his heart, leaped through the window, and was gone. For an hour he haunted the place, until he saw Stella at the window; the lamp showed him her face, pale, sad, but composed; she stayed a moment to breathe the night air, and then turned away. It was his last vision of the beautiful blind girl.

When, a few days after, Philip came again to the house where he had been so welcome, it was deserted; the Englishman and his daughter had gone, no one knew whither.

CHAPTER IV.

"How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill
This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall,
Lord of himself, tho' not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all."

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

PHILIP ARMYTAGE went to Italy a weary-hearted, disappointed man. He had loved—he loved still; the life of love was over; yet its memory was as a sweet perfume, that would not depart. No true, earnest, pure love can ever be utterly in vain. Such a love is rarely placed on an unworthy object; and the mere act of loving, hallows and elevates the soul. If death takes away the desires of the eyes, who shall repine at having loved, and made life sweet by that love, while it lasted? If, more hard to bear still, comes earthly separation from the beloved—nay, even falsehood—still the poor lonely one has not loved in vain. Why do poets rave about unhappy love? There is no unhappiness in love, if it be sinless. The stricken heart has shed its odors like a flower; if they are wasted or cast aside, it is sad—but still they have not been poured out in vain, they have perfumed the air around, and the flower has lived amid the incense it made. Again we say, no man or woman, who loved truly, ever loved in vain.

And Philip's love for Stella was not in vain; it purified his heart; it taught him his own strength; it nerved to energy a spirit, that might otherwise have yielded to apathy. In the thorny path of life, even the strong-minded Philip Armytage might have sunk in despair but for that little wayside flower which had brightened his way, if only for a time. Love for a virtuous woman is man's best armor against sin, his strongest spur to exertion; and thus, when Philip awoke from his dream of love, he determined resolutely to gain the reality of it.

He saw that to saunter lazily through life, as the dependent of a great man, would not be the way to win him his Stella; that he must strive to enter some profession that might give him wealth and a position in society. Yet how, without means of support, was he to attain his end? How live while he was studying, how bear the expense of studying? Many a time did he ponder over this, until he was nigh unto despair. There was but one chance, and to that he bent his proud spirit. A greater testimony could not be given to the intense love which animated him to exertion, for her sake who awakened it.

Philip Armytage came to England, and, uninvited, crossed the threshold of his uncle whose delight he had been in boyhood, and from whom he had parted a year before, if not in anger at least in coolness; the result of suffering, on the one hand, and conscious injustice on the other. He did what will at once stamp him as no hero of romance, but yet what was, in itself, the greatest heroism, as it cost him the severest struggle of his life. He asked humbly, and as a favor, that his uncle would, out of his abundant wealth, supply him with a pittance while he studied for the bar, pledging himself, if he lived, to return the loan.

Sir Philip Heathcote was not a man of deep feelings, yet he perceived at once how violently those of his nephew were agitated while making the request. He took his hand kindly, almost deprecatingly, for it seemed to him that his dead sister looked at him out of her son's eyes, reproaching him for the caprice which had brought Philip so low.

"Tell me, first, why you are thus anxious to become a barrister, my dear boy?" said the old man to him.

The endearing expression, and somewhat of the love of former days, melted away all Philip's lingering pride. He told his uncle why he wished advancement in the world, for the sake of one beloved.

"It is foolish—very foolish; a girl so young, and blind too! What sort of a wife will she make, think you, for a man who must struggle with the world," said the cautious uncle.

Philip's pride once more rose up in his heart. "I only asked if you will show me this kindness; if not, I will depart," he replied, coldly.

"I must consider," Sir Philip was about to say, still doubtful, when the rustle of silk announced the old man's young, beautiful, worldly wife, and he hastily grasped his nephew's hand, whispering—"not a word Philip, you shall have all you wish!" There was much good in the old baronet after all.

Philip entered on his new career. It was one from which, in his early days of academic honors, and literary pleasures, he would have shrunk in disgust as being wearisome and dull; but he had now a great end to gain, and he heeded not how uninviting was the path that led toward it. Month after month he pored over dusty law folios, until his brain grew heated and weary; but then between him and the page would float Stella's face, with the long lashes cast down, and the sweet lips that trembled with every change of feeling, as rose-petals with the breath of the breeze. In the day-time, when mingling with the hurrying scenes of the life he had chosen, that image grew fainter; but when at night he closed his eyes, and his spirit retired within itself, deep in his heart's core did Philip cherish the memory of Stella.

As months, years flew on, and no tidings reached him, this memory became like a dream. He had no clue whereby to trace her, and even if he had, what could it have availed? Still, though hope grew less, it never utterly failed him; he could not but think that he should meet her again one day, and no other love ever came to render him forgetful of that which he bore toward her.

Thus Philip Armytage went on his way, until his brave spirit had conquered all difficulties; and, no longer a dependent on his uncle's kindness, he took his stand among those whose eloquence and talents made them renowned in the land. How was the boyish dreamer changed, and become the thoughtful, high-hearted man, before whose intellect the wisest bowed, and upon whose eloquent tongue the learned and unlearned, the rude and the gentle, hung spell-bound with equal delight! No shallow sophistry, no underhanded double-dealing ever sullied the lips or disgraced the actions of Philip Armytage; he ever stood forward for truth and justice. He showed the dignity of

the law, and his strong, clear mind was never warped by meanness or prejudice.

And not alone at the bar did his fame make its way; but his fine intellect blossomed anew in the sunshine of good fortune. His darling dream from his boyhood was realized—he became an author. The voice of the poet went forth like a trumpet, sounding aloud for the just and right cause; men listened to it, and woman's lips grew eloquent in praise of the noble spirit that was ever on the side of truth and mercy. His songs went through the length and breadth of the land, to prove what the true poet ought to be—not the idle rhymer, the visionary sentimentalist, but the teacher of all high things, the voice of God to mankind, leading them to a purer life, and himself showing the way. The man of genius stands forth as the high priest of Divinity itself, before whom it befits him to offer up, not only the first-fruits of his intellect, but the continued sweet savor of a life, high and pure, and in accordance with the lore he teaches. He should realize his own ideal, and be what he strives to delineate. And thus, amid fame and high fortune, was Philip Armytage the eloquent upholder of virtue, the scorner of vice, the earnest, music-breathing poet, the noble man.

CHAPTER V.

"In the unruffled shelter of thy love,
My bark leaped homeward from a rugged sea,
And furled its sails, and dropped right peacefully
Hope's anchor, quiet as a nested dove." LOWELL.

AMONG the many whose society was pleasant to Philip Armytage, as his was to them, stood foremost an aged couple, who, united late in life, spent their childless old age in pleasing themselves with all that was good and beautiful around. Mrs. Lyle was one of those few women who know how to "grow old gracefully," and are as winning and lovely in their decay as the twilight of a summer evening fading into the gray of night. None of the sourness and cold-heartedness of age was in her gentle nature; she did not turn away from the young and ardent, but rather clung to them, and encouraged them. She loved allthat was beautiful; she filled her pretty home with pictures, and statues, and books, so that to enter it was like coming into a sweet garden of fancy, into which the continual perfume of a graceful and elegant mind pervaded all things. And about this pleasant home moved its gentle possessor, with her low voice, her kind manner, and her face still beautiful even in age, from the sweet expression it wore. Hither she welcomed many of those who were rising or risen in art and literature, rejoicing with the unfortunate, cheering the doubtful, encouraging the struggling, and sympathising with all, and with none more than with Philip Armytage.

One day the young barrister came thither, to see Mrs. Lyle. The gentle old lady was in her flower-garden; she loved her flowers so much, as indeed to love every thing in which was a shadow of the beautiful—and Philip was shown into an inner room, where she received her favorite guests. A pleasant, cheerful room it was; with its antique furniture, its crimson walls, from which looked the sweet heads of Raffaelle, and the soft-eyed Madonnas of Guido, beside the pure outlines of Flaxman's marble bas-reliefs, with its painted windows, through which the sunlight struggled quaintly, giving an air of dreaminess and mystery to the whole.

Philip Armytage half entered, but stayed his feet, for the room was not unoccupied. At the further end, a lady sat reading. From her slight but rounded figure she seemed in the meridian of womanhood; her face was turned away, but Philip looked in admiration at the graceful outline of her cheek, and her Grecian shaped head, round which soft golden hair was braided, contrasting with the mourning-dress she wore.

Wondering who she could be, he came nearer; she turned round, half-bending in acknowledgement to a stranger, and Philip looked upon the face of his early love. Yes! it was, indeed, Stella, but how changed! the fair girl was matured in the dignified woman, and those sweet blue eyes, sightless no longer, coldly met his own, without recognizing Phelip Armytage.

A chill crept over him; he who a day before would have flown to clasp her to his bosom, now stood spell-bound by her presence, as if she had been a vision from the dead.

"Have you forgotten me?" at last burst from his quivering lips.

At the sound of his voice she started, glanced wildly toward him; her cheek grew marble-white, and then crimson.

"Have you forgotten me, Stella? forgotten Philip Armytage?" and he took her hand.

"No—no—no!" cried the girl, as she clasped it in both hers, and looked eagerly in his face. In a moment Philip's arms were round her, and his long-lost, long-beloved one wept joyful tears upon his breast.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT.)

Choice Miscellany.

SUMMER.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THIS is the time of shadow and of flowers,
When roads gleam white for many a winding mile—
When gentle breezes fan the lazy hours,
And balmy rest o'erpays the time of toil—
When purple hues and shifting beams beguile
The tedious sameness of the heath-grown moor—
When the old grandsire sees, with placid smile,
The sun-burnt children frolic round his door,
And trellis'd roses deck the cottage of the poor.

The time of pleasant evenings! when the moon
Riseth accompanied by a single star,
And rivals e'en the brilliant Summer noon,
In the clear radiance which she pours afar,
No stormy winds her hour of peace to mar,
Or stir the fleecy clouds which melt away
Beneath the wheels of her illumined car;
While many a river trembles in her ray,
And silver gleams the sands round many an ocean-bay!

Oh, then the heart lies hush'd! afraid to beat,
In the deep absence of all other sound;
And home is sought with loth and lingering feet
As though that shining tract of fairy ground,
Once left and lost, might never more be found!
And happy seems the life that gipsies lead,
Who make their rest where mossy banks abound,
In nooks where unpluck'd wild-flowers shed their seed,
A canvass-spreading tent the only roof they need!

THE GIFT OF SECOND SIGHT.

THE following is a well authenticated fact, a matter of history. Are the things affirmed of mesmerism and clairvoyance more wonderful or inexplicable? If one is true, who can say the others are false?

Heinrich Zschokke, I need hardly say, is one of the most eminent literary men now living in Europe; one, too, whose life has not been exclusively occupied with the cultivation of letters, but who, having been early engaged in public and official employments in Switzerland, the country of his adoption, has been practically tried and proved in sight of the world, in which he has always borne a high and unblemished character; one, finally, whose writings and whose life have happily concurred in winning for him general respect, esteem, and confidence. Then, in a sort of autobiography which Zschokke published a few years back (*Selbstsvhau*, it is entitled—Self-retrospect,) there occurs the following passage, which I translate and give at length, from its marvelous interest, from its unquestioned fidelity, from the complete and irresistible evidence it affords that the phenomenon, enunciated in the last paragraph, occasionally turns up in men's experience.

"If the reception of so many visiters was occasionally troublesome, it rapaid itself occasionally, either by making me acquainted with remarkable personages, or by bringing out a wonderful sort of seer-gift, which I called my inward vision, and which has always remained an enigma to me. I am almost afraid to say a word upon the subject, not for fear of the imputation of being superstitious, but lest I should encourage that disposition in others; and yet it forms a contribution to psychology. So to confess.

"It is acknowledged that the judgment which we form of strangers upon first seeing them, is frequently more correct than that which we adopt upon a longer acquaintance with them. The first impression, which, through an instinct of the soul, attracts one toward, or repels one from another, becomes after a time more dim, and is weakened, either through his appearing other than at first, or through our being accustomed to him. People speak, too, in reference to such cases, of involuntary sympathies and aversions, and attach a special certainty to such manifestations in children, in whom knowledge of mankind by experience is wanting. Others again are incredulous, and attribute all to physiognomical skill. But of myself.

"It has happened to me occasionally, at the first meeting with a total stranger, when I have been listening in silence to his conversation, that his past life up to the present moment, with many minute circumstances, belonging to one or other particular scene in it, has come across me like a dream, but distinctly, entirely involuntarily and unsought, occupying in duration a few minutes. During this period, I am usually so completely plunged into the representation of the stranger's life, that at last I neither continue to see distinctly his face, on which I was idly speculating, nor hear intelligently his voice, which at first I was using as a commentary on the test of his physiognomy. For a

long time, I was disposed to consider those fleeting visions as a trick of the fancy; the more so that my dream-vision displayed to me the dress and movement of the actors, the appearance of the room, the furniture and other accidents of the scene. Till on one occasion, in a gamesome mood, I narrated to my family the secret history of a seamstress, who had just before quitted the room. I had never seen the person before. Nevertheless, the hearers were astonished, and laughed, and would not be persuaded but that I had a previous acquaintance with the former life of the person, in as much as what I had stated was perfectly true. I was not less astonished to find that my dream-vision agreed with reality. I then gave more attention to the subject, and as often as propriety allowed of it, I related to those whose lives had so passed before me, the substance of my dream-vision, to obtain from them its contradiction or confirmation. On every occasion its confirmation followed, not without amazement on the part of those who gave it.

"Least of all could I myself give faith to these conjuring tricks of my mind. Every time that I described to any one my dream-vision respecting him, I confidently expected him to answer, it was not so. A secret thrill always came over me, when the listener replied, 'It happened as you say,' or when, before he spoke, his astonishment betrayed that I was not wrong. Instead of recording many instances, I will give one, which at the time made a strong impression upon me:

"On a market-day (fair-day,) I went into the town of Waldshut, accompanied by two young foresters who are still alive. It was evening, and, tired with our walk, we went into an inn called the Rebstock. We took our supper with a numerous company at the public table, when it happened that they made themselves merry over the peculiarities and simplicity of the Swiss; in common with the belief in mesmerism, Lavater's physiognomical system, and the like. One of my companions, whose national pride was touched by their raillery, begged me to make some reply, particularly in answer to a young man of superior appearance, who sat opposite, and had indulged in unrestrained ridicule. It happened that the events of this very person's life had just previously passed before my mind. I turned to him with the question, whether he would reply to me with truth and candor, if I narrated to him the most secret passages of his history, he being as little known to me as I to him. That would, I suggested, go something beyond Lavater's physiognomical skill. He promised, if I told the truth, to admit it openly. Then I narrated the events which my dream-vision had furnished me with, and the table learned the history of the young tradesman's life, of his school years, his peccadilloes, and finally of a little act of roguery committed by him on the strong-box of his employer. I described the uninhabited room, with its white walls, where, to the right of the brown door, there had stood upon the table the small black money-chest, &c. A dead silence reigned in the company during this recital, which I broke in upon, only by occasionally asking whether I spoke the truth. The man, much struck, admitted the correctness of each circumstance—even, which I could not expect, of the last. Touched with his frankness, I reached my hand to him across the table, and closed my narrative. He asked my name, which I gave him. We sat up late in the night conversing. He may be alive yet.

"Now, I can well imagine how a lively imagination could picture, romance fashion, from the obvious character of a person, how he would act under given circumstances. But whence came to me the involuntary knowledge of accessory details, which were without any sort of interest, and respected people who for the most part were perfectly indifferent to me, with whom I neither had, nor wished to have, the slightest association? Or was it in each case mere coincidence? Or had the listener, to whom I described his history, each time other images in his mind than the accessory ones of my story, but, in surprise at the essential resemblance of my story to the truth, lost sight of the points of difference? Yet I have, in consideration of this possible source of error, several times taken pains to describe the most trivial circumstances that the dream-vision has shown me.

"Not another word about this strange seer-gift—which I can aver was of no use to me in a single instance, which manifested itself occasionally only, and quite independently of my volition, and often in relation to persons in whose history I took not the slightest interest. Nor am I the only one in possession of this faculty. In a journey with two of my sons, I fell in with an old Tyrolese, who traveled about selling lemons and oranges, at the inn at Unterhauenstein in one of the Jura passes. He fixed his eyes for some time upon me, joined in our conversation, observed that though I did not know him, he knew me, and began to describe my acts and deeds to the no little amusement of the peasants, and astonishment of my children, whom it interested to learn that another possessed the same gift as their father. How the old lemon merchant acquired his knowledge, he was not able to explain to himself, or to me. But he seemed to attach great importance to his hidden wisdom."—[Blackwood.

ENDYMION SLEEPING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF ALESSANDRO TASSONI,
BY SAMUEL GOWER.

TIRED with the toil of many weary hours,
Endymion slept among the grass and flowers,
While ardent Nature's summer-breathing glow,
Fann'd with the amorous winds the glade below,
And there the duteous Loves about him went
And loosed his quiver and his bow unbent,
His close shut eyes and beauteous form in view,
They thought in him the god of Love they knew.

Dishevel'd by the breeze, his shining hair,
In golden flakes, fell o'er his visage fair,
Anon, the watchful Loves, on either side,
Part the bright ringlets that his features hide,
And cull the flowers that freshly bloom'd around,—
Wild chaplets weaving on the fragrant ground,
A garland for his forehead—round his feet,
And arms, and breast, the gentle fetters meet.

And to his pouting lips they would compare
The blushing piony that flourish'd there—
The rose and lily to his polish'd face;
But what was here the rose and lily's grace?
The winds and waters held their peace—no blade
Of grass waved whisperingly along the glade,—
Air—water—earth—all varied Nature near,
In silence seem'd to say—LOVE SLEEPETH HERE.

[Hood's Magazine.

SOMNAMBULISM.

THE following facts are worth something to the disciples of spiritual magnetism. It looks as wonderful to us as some of the feats of the clairvoyant. We cannot explain it—is it therefore false, and a humbug? Say it who will. We cannot yet, but wait for more, hoping by and by, to get a glimpse of the hidden law by which these strange phenomena are evolved. We sincerely hope some of our publishers will print in book form the articles in Blackwood's Magazine, from which these are taken. They are certainly with great diligence, and in a liberal and philosophical spirit, worthy of the subject. They contain a large collection of facts of a most interesting and instructive character; and suggestions worthy of this inquiring and earnest age. Who will do it?—[ED. GOLDEN RULE.

Altogether, the most interesting case of somnambulism on record, is that of a young ecclesiastic, the narrative of which, from the immediate communication of an Archbishop of Bordeaux, is given under the head of somnambulism in the French Encyclopædia.

This young ecclesiastic, when the archbishop was at the same seminary, used to rise every night, and write out either sermons or pieces of music. To study his condition, the archbishop betook himself several nights consecutively to the chamber of the young man, where he made the following observations.

The young man used to rise, to take paper, and to write. Before he wrote music he would take a stick and rule the lines with it. He wrote the notes, together with the words corresponding with them, with perfect correctness. Or, when he had written the words too wide, he altered them. The notes that were to be black, he filled in after he had written the whole. After completing a sermon, he read it aloud from beginning to end. If any passage displeased him, he erased it, and wrote the amended passage correctly over the other; on one occasion he had to substitute the "*adorable*" for "*divin*;" but he did not omit to alter the preceding "*ce*" into "*cet*," by adding the letter "*t*" with exact precision to the word first written. To ascertain whether he used his eyes, the archbishop interposed a sheet of pasteboard between the writing and his face. He took not the least notice, but went on writing as before. The limitation of his perceptions to what he was thinking about was very curious. A bit of aniseed cake, that he had sought for, he eat approvingly; but when, on another occasion, a piece of the same cake was put in his mouth, he spit it out without observation. The following instance of the dependence of his perceptions upon, or rather their subordination to, his preconceived ideas is truly wonderful. It is to be observed that he always knew when his pen had ink in it. Likewise, if they adroitly changed his papers, when he was writing, he knew it, if the sheet substituted was of a different size from the former, and he appeared embarrassed in that case. But if the fresh sheet of paper, which was substituted for that written on, was exactly of the same size with the former, he appeared not to be aware of the change. And he would continue to read off his composition from the blank sheet of paper, as fluently as when the manuscript itself

lay before him; nay, more, he would continue his corrections, and introduce the amended passage, writing it upon exactly the place on the blank sheet which it would have occupied on the written page.

The form of trance which has been thus exemplified may be therefore well called half-waking, inasmuch as the performer, whatever his powers of perception may be in respect to the object he is thinking of, is nevertheless lost in a dream, and blind and deaf to everything without its scope. I come now to the exemplification of full-waking in trance, as it is very perfectly manifested in the cases which have been termed double consciousness, in the following sketch of the case of a young lady, communicated by Dr. George Barlow:

This young lady has two states of existence. During the time that the fit is on her, which varies from a few hours to three days, she is occasionally merry and in spirits; occasionally she appears in pain and rolls about in uneasiness; but in general she seems so much herself, that a stranger entering the room would not remark anything extraordinary; she amuses herself with reading or working, sometimes plays on the piano, and better than at other times, knows everybody, and converses rationally, and makes very accurate observations on what she has seen and read. The fit leaves her suddenly, and she then forgets everything that has passed during it, and imagines that she has been asleep, and sometimes that she has dreamed of any circumstance that has made a vivid impression upon her. During one of these fits she was reading Miss Edgeworth's tales, and had in the morning been reading a part of one of them to her mother, when she went for a few minutes to the window, and suddenly exclaimed, "Mamma, I am quite well, my headache is gone." Returning to the table, she took up the open volume which she had been reading five minutes before, and said, "What book is this?" she turned over the leaves, looked at the frontispiece, and replaced it on the table. Seven or eight hours afterwards, when the fit returned, she asked for the book, went on at the very paragraph where she had left off, and remembered every circumstance of the narrative. And so it always is; as she reads one set of books during one state, and another during the other. She seems to be conscious of her state; for she said one day, "Mamma, this is a novel, but I may safely read it; it will not hurt my morals, for, when I am well, I shall not remember a word of it."

This state of double consciousness forms the state of the psychical phenomena observed in the extraordinary cases which have been occasionally described under the general name of catalepsy. The accounts of the most interesting of these that I have met with, were given by M. Petatin in 1787; M. Delpet, 1807; Dr. Despine, 1829. The wonderful powers of perception evinced by the patients when in this state of trance-waking would exceed belief, but for the respectable names of the observers, and the internal evidence of good faith and accuracy in the narratives themselves. The patients did not see with their eyes nor hear with their ears. But they heard at the pit of the stomach, and perceived the approach of persons when at some distance from their residence, and read the thoughts of those around.

I am no wonder-monger; so I am not tempted to make a parade of these extraordinary phenomena. Nor in truth do they interest me further than as they concur with the numerous other facts I have brought forward to show, and positively prove that under certain conditions the mind enters into new relations, spiritual and material. I will, however, in conclusion, give you the outline of a case of the sort which occurred a few years ago in England, and the details of which were communicated to me by the late Mr. Bulteel. He had himself repeatedly seen the patient, and had scrupulously verified what I now narrate:

The patient was toward twenty years of age. Her condition was the state of double consciousness, *thus* aggravated, that when she was not in the trance, she suffered from spasmodic contraction of the limbs. In her alternate state of trance-waking, she was composed and apparently well; but the expression of her countenance was slightly altered, and there was some peculiarity in her mode of speaking. She would mispronounce certain letters, or introduce consonants into words upon a regular system; and to each of her friends she had given a new name, which she only employed in her trance. As usual, she knew nothing in either state of what passed in the other. Then in her trance she exhibited three marvelous powers: she could read by the touch alone: if she pressed her hand against the whole surface of a written or printed page, she acquired a perfect knowledge of its contents, not of the substance only, but of the words, and would criticise the type or the handwriting. A line of a folded note pressed against the back of her neck, she read equally well: she called this sense-feeling. Contact was necessary for it. Her sense of smell was at the same time singularly acute; when out riding one day, she said, "There is a violet," and cantered her horse fifty yards to where it grew. Persons whom she knew she could tell were approaching the house, when yet at some distance. When persons were playing chess at a table *behind her*, and intentionally made impossible moves, she would smile and ask them why they did it.

Cases of this description are no doubt of rare occurrence. Yet not a year passes in London without something transpiring of the existence of one or more of them in the huge metropolis. Medical men view them with unpardonable indifference. Thus one doctor told me of a lady, whom he had been attending with other physicians, who, it appeared, always announced that they were coming some minutes before they drove to the door. It was very odd, he thought, and there was an end of it.

(Blackwood for May.

SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.

BY MISS Z. A. FLETCHER.

Speak not harshly—much of care
Every human heart must bear;
Enough of shadows sadly play,
Around the veriest sunniest way;
Enough of sorrows darkly lie,
Veiled within the merriest eye.
By thy childhood's gushing tears,—
By the griefs of after years,—
By the anguish thou dost know,
Add not to another's wo.

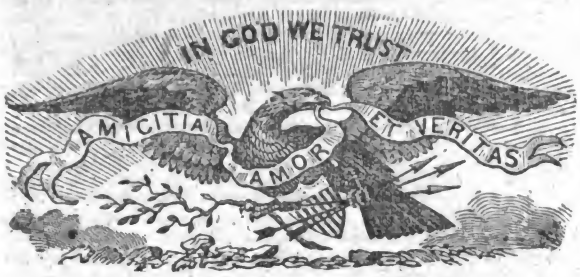
Speak not harshly—much of sin
Dwelleth every heart within;
In its closely covered cells,
Many a wayward passion dwells,
By the many hours misspent,—
By the gifts of error lent,—
By the wrong thou didst not shun,—
By the good thou hast not done,—
With a lenient spirit scan
The weakness of thy brother man.

Comfortless Night in the Wilderness.—After dusk, last night, the sky suddenly became overcast, and lightning glittered amid the darkness with a momentary and painful glare. Before retiring to bed, we were all seated about the fire, when a trap-gun exploded, and on inspecting the spot with a lantern, a tiger-wolf was found in the last agonies: he had seized the tempting bait and met his deserts. We had hardly got into bed when our miseries began. The event which followed had been forseen, but, though resolved to do so at the first opportunity, we had not sufficient fat to grease the tent-cover. Peals of thunder, of startling loudness, bellowed incessantly, reverberating for several minutes among the distant mountains in solemn and sinking cadence. There was something unutterably grand in this tempest, raging in the solitudes of the wilderness. Byron's magnificent picture of a storm-night apply to the one that prevailed at this time, and still more strictly when, in speaking of the night, he says, "Thou wert not made for slumber;" for, unless a man could sleep in a shower-bath, he could not do so in our tent. The most vivid flashes continually traced their zigzag path in the gloomy shroud around us, and rain fell in torrents, literally floating our bedding. Yet, despite the annoyance, it was impossible to avoid laughing as each one uttered an involuntary shriek when a cold stream descended on him. The table stood in the tent, and every thing, clothes, bread, and sugar, was soaked; the shoes and boots were full to overflowing; all the tedious hours of night we lay, like hydropathic patients in damp blankets. What the Bawangketsi did, lying under a tree, with no covering but a skin across, and no possibility of lighting a fire, I cannot conceive. But all the natives are inured to such hardships. In the midst of all this tumult, the satanic laugh of a hyena broke with a chilling effect upon the ear. This wretch actually hamstringed an ox close to our wagons, and ate a part of him while alive. We were forced to shoot the poor creature in the morning. On nights of this kind all beasts of prey are unusually active and daring. We just discerned the groaning of the ox amid the uproar of the elements, and scared the hyena from his bloody banquet.—[Life in the Wilderness.

An African Leopard.—We were slowly riding through this defile, when a magnificent male leopard, that seemed to have been lying in wait for prey, bounded from the stream up the crags with an agility only possessed by the feline race, and by them in a wild state. I leaped instinctively from my horse, and, having a small double rifle in my hand, sent one ball after him, which, striking a stone near, brought him to bay. He faced me instantly with a resolute air, and gave me an excellent shot, which I took with the second barrel. He sprang forward with a growl; and I ran to my horse, which, alarmed by my gestures, took to flight. So, facing the enemy, I expected his attack; but my companions, who, from the suddenness of the whole, had had no time to assist, shouted out, "He is dead," and relieved my anxiety. The ball had pierced the leopard's heart, and it lay quite dead. Frolic speedily divested him of his beautifully-spotted and glossy coat, and secured it behind my saddle. It is a curious fact, that in skinning this animal, we found several bits of porcupine-quills, upward of two inches long, imbedded in the flesh, with much attendant suppuration.—[Life in the Wilderness.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."



NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1847.

FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS ON ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

NUMBER III.—SECRETS.

O. F. Well met, friend, I have been wishing to meet you these some days, in order to finish the homily you run away from the last time we met.

F. Perhaps I was something unceremonious, but I was obliged to be in haste; and, to tell the truth, I was getting somewhat out of patience with you, for demolishing my arguments, in such rapid succession. But I will now make atonement by patiently listening to what you have to say.

O. F. Is it lawful for a man to have a secret?

F. None but a fool or an idiot will question it.

O. F. And if it be lawful to have a secret, it may be lawful to keep it?

F. Come, come, this is too trifling for men.

O. F. Perhaps so. And yet I wish to establish a principle, and so, at the expense of being deemed very foolish, I must put a few more questions of the same nature. If, then, it be lawful for one man to keep a secret, it must be lawful for two?

F. Yes. But why this idle nonsense?

O. F. Be patient. If, then, it be lawful for two or more to keep a secret, can there be any harm in *promising* to keep it?

F. No.

O. F. And if one may promise to keep a secret, does it make any difference whether the promise be made to a single individual, or to a body of men composing a society?

F. Well, I am not sure. But perhaps not.

O. F. If, then, a man may promise a society to keep a secret, there may be societies, as well as individuals, with their secrets?

F. No doubt; provided they relate to things lawful.

O. F. Well, then, are not societies with secrets, to all intents and purposes, secret societies? At least, as much so as our Order.

F. Perhaps so. Yet I think there is less argument than sophistry in the process by which you arrive at this conclusion.

O. F. What difference can it make when a man is bound *in honor* to keep a secret, if he promises upon his honor to keep it?

F. Why, if he is already bound in honor to keep it, there is no use in his promising, for if his honor is not enough to bind him, his promise would be idle.

O. F. I should agree with you, where the secret is already known; but the case is different, where the secret is communicated in consequence of the promise.

F. But I don't think any such promises should be made. The person making it does not know beforehand what the thing is, and he has no right to promise secrecy.

O. F. Let us see. Suppose you have occasion to consult a physician in some peculiar case, which you do not care to have the world know. Do you feel that the doctor is at liberty to tell the first man, and every man he meets, all the particulars you have communicated to him?

F. Certainly not. None but a scoundrel would do it?

O. F. Why not?

F. Because he is bound not to do it.

O. F. How bound?

F. By his honor.

O. F. Would a promise of secrecy add any thing to his obligation not to tell it?

F. None at all.

O. F. Would you consult or employ a man in any such case, whose honor and confidence you doubted?

F. By no means.

O. F. Then you consider the doctor as much bound by his professional honor as though he were actually sworn to keep the secrets of his patients?

F. To be sure.

O. F. What difference, then, is there between the professional man and an Odd-Fellw? Both have a secret to keep; and one is bound by his honor and the other by his promise not to reveal it.

F. I have no objection to the keeping of the secret; but I don't like the promising.

O. F. You have no objection to binding a man by a law of honor; then why object to binding him by a promise upon his honor?

F. O! the cases are very different.

O. F. True; but the principle is the same. But since you have so much objection to the *promise*, I will take another case. Suppose you have occasion to consult a lawyer. Do you regard him as it liberty to repeat to any or every one things which you communicate to him?

F. Certainly not. He is sworn not to reveal them.

O. F. He did something more, then, it seems, than promise upon his honor not to reveal them; he is under an oath not do it. And yet, when he took that oath, he did not know what secrets would be communicated, nor by whom communicated. If the objection is so serious to the Odd-Fellow's promise, I do not see how you can justify either the law of honor which shuts the physician's mouth, nor the attorney's oath by which he is bound to silence.

F. These are necessary for the good of society.

O. F. Rather, say, are supposed to be necessary for the good of individuals.

F. And what is society but a body of such individuals?

O. F. It is a body of individuals, but the duty of silence imposed upon these professions is only for the good of those who employ them. Now I hold that the promise of the Odd-Fellow is precisely of this character, and expressly for this purpose, and that while you justify the one, you are not to condemn the other.

F. Well, I confess that your skill in dialectics, has enabled you to set this matter off in a very ridiculous light.

O. F. No, my dear sir. There is nothing here but plain matter of fact, simple and foolish you see it is. But that is not my fault. I appeal to your own candor and judgment, whether I have misstated or magnified any point.

F. I did not observe any; and yet I could not help suspecting some sophistry, upon finding myself conducted to a conclusion so strange to all my former habits of thinking in regard to it.

O. F. You must pardon me for saying so, and yet I cannot avoid believing, that this is the first time that you have ever attempted to reason on the subject; and that prejudice in part, and popular opinion in part, originated and fostered opinions which you new see to be absurd and ridiculous in the extreme.

F. It may be so; and if such be the fact, I am not sorry to be undeceived.

O. F. I am glad to hear you say that, for the majority of mankind, when once they have been led astray by any popular fallacy—and there are thousands of them afloat—do not wish; nay, rather, they refuse to be enlightened.

F. You needn't flatter yourself that I am likely to become a convert to Odd-Fellowship, because of this remark; for whether my theoretical objections are true or false, I have some practical ones that cannot be set aside.

O. F. If they are so weighty as this, they must be serious ones indeed, and I am anxious to hear them.

F. One, in particular, is the discord it produces in families.

O. F. How so?

F. Why, you know, the ladies don't like to have their husbands have secrets which they are not permitted to share.

O. F. Indeed! that is news to me.

F. You may depend, the fact is so; and many cases, no doubt, in some I know, it has produced great alienation of feeling on the part of the wife.

O. F. Then I conclude my wife must be more easily satisfied than some other ladies, for she never asks when I return from my office at night, who I have sued to-day, or against whom I intend to issue writs to-morrow.

F. O, those are matters relating to your professional business, and she knows you are sworn to keep the counsel of your clients.

O. F. But they are *secrets*, and she never inquires about them, and I never had reason to suppose that she felt at all hurt by my having them.

F. Well, she knows that your profession requires it, that without it you would be obliged to relinquish your profession, upon which you depend for a livelihood, and that these things are as much for her interest as your own.

O. F. Why is not the promise of secrecy made by an Odd-Fellow precisely of this character? Why is not the wife as much interested in one as in the other?

F. Well, you know they tell a great many foolish stories, which hold the Odd-Fellows up to ridicule, which the ladies are obliged to heed, without being able to repel.

O. F. What this has to do with the point under consideration, I confess myself unable to perceive.

F. Perhaps it does not meet the precise point we were considering; but it furnishes a reason why the wife should not be satisfied.

O. F. But in furnishing this new reason for the hostility of wives to Odd-Fellowship—which you must allow me to receive with many grains of allowance—you confess the impertinence and insignificance of the first.

F. How so?

O. F. Your first position was, that wives disliked to have their husbands possess *secrets*, which were not communicated to them. Having seen that is not so, that the world is full of secrets, and that without them, business must come to a stand, and society be dissolved; you change your ground, and tell me that ladies dislike to hear the ridicule heaped upon Odd-Fellowship, without being able to repel, that is, I suppose, of their own personal knowledge.

F. Yes.

O. F. With all deference to your opinion, I imagine the real cause is *the ridicule*, not the inability to repel it. Indeed, this is almost self-evident, for the wife of an Odd-Fellow can tell just as much as the Odd-Fellow himself, since *he* would not be permitted to tell those secrets of the Order, which she does not know, for any cause, much less to repel any ridicule which ignorance or prejudice may produce. And here is the secret of all the real difficulty to which you allude. The individual wants moral courage to defend a principle that happens to be unpopular in that particular circle. In this respect the name of *Odd-Fellows* is peculiarly well chosen. The unpopularity of the name at once calls into action and fosters an important principle of human action, a willingness to defend the good and the just, by whatever name it may be called. A. B. C.

"ONE AND UNIVERSAL."

We copy the following from the June number of the Montreal "Odd-Fellows' Record," for the information of our readers, and the Order in "the States:"

We believe there is but one opinion regarding the desirableness of a coalition between our own Order and that of the Manchester Unity; we therefore have much pleasure in copying the folowing letter on the subject from the May number of the Odd-Fellows' Chronicle. The letter, as the signature will show, is from our respected brother, H. E. Montgomerie. We also feel pleasure in stating that, from letters received here by Prov. G. M. Wylie, of the Manchester Unity, the greatest credit is awarded to Brother Montgomerie for the manner in which he interested himself in furtherance of the above object while he was in England.

PROPOSED UNION WITH THE BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN ORDER.

To the Grand Master and Board of Directors of the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows.

Worthy Sirs and Brothers: Having been especially deputed by the Most Worth Grand Sire of the Grand Lodge of British North America, of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, to communicate with the Order in this country, with a view to the re-establishment of friendly intercourse and fraternal relations among the several branches of our well beloved Order, I have learned with much satisfaction, that a motion, tending to the same end, will be laid by the Liverpool District before your Annual Moveable Committee, at its meeting in Oxford, in May next.

The evils resulting from the state of disunion which unhappily exists among the various bodies bearing the name of Odd-Fellows, can only be fully appreciated by those who, like the brethren in British North America, are on terms of private intimacy and constant intercourse with members both of the Manchester Unity and of the American Order, but are yet compelled to limit their fraternal sympathy, as Odd-Fellows, to one branch alone. I am happy to say, however, that the existence of those evils has been unreservedly recognized by all the brethren in this country, with whom I have had the pleasure of conversing; and the only difficulty seemed to be on what terms the desired reunion might be effected.

Should the motion, above referred to, meet with the approbation of the ensuing A.M.C., these details will, of course, become matters of subsequent negotiation among the several parties; but it may, perhaps, aid your deliberations on this subject, if I should here state the terms which would most probably be agreed to by the British North American branch, and which, if adopted by that body, would, I have not the slightest doubt, be at once acceded to by the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the United States.

From the changes which have taken place in the written language of both branches of the Order, since the failure of the negotiations at the Annual Moveable Committee of 1842, at Wigan, it may perhaps be considered unadvisable to provide, as was done on that occasion, for an entire uniformity of working; nor, in my opinion, need the slight differences which do exist prove any barrier to a free and unrestrained *visiting* intercourse between the various Lodges on each side of the Atlantic. With regard, however, to Brethren from one Unity *acquiring membership* in the Lodges of the other, we are met in the outset by the difference of the financial arrangements—the very difficulty which proved fatal to the Wigan negotiation of 1842. In the Manchester Unity, if I mistake not, brethren, coming with a card of clearance from one Lodge, are entitled to admission as members of another, upon payment of the sum of one shilling and sixpence. In America the practice is very different. There, the rates of admission and of annual contributions, being left to the discretion of the several Subordinate Lodges, are very numerous and varied (the admission fees ranging from two dollars to fifty, or even upward;) and the system generally adopted with regard to the admission of a member from another Lodge, is to require payment from him of one-half of the admission fee, as regulated for newly initiated members. Under these circumstances it must, I think, be obvious, that the admission of members from the Manchester Unity into the American Lodges at a *fixed* rate—even though ten times what might be required of them in their own Order—would be an act of injustice to the members of that Order with which those Lodges are more immediately connected, and would tend to the injury of the *high-priced* Lodges, which, charging their own members high rates, and giving in return high benefits, would be obliged to grant the very same benefits to those who had paid, it may be, but a tithe of the usual contribution. In such a case, jealousies and contentions would be inevitable, and of this the brethren in British N. America and the United States are so well aware, that I am convinced they will never consent to the adoption of any fixed rate, to apply to all Lodges indiscriminately. All that I conceive can, in justice, be demanded from them is, that they should admit the members of the Manchester Unity on precisely the same terms and conditions as their own members—and this they are most willing and anxious to do.

"But," it may be said, "it is unfair to charge the members of the Manchester Unity such high rates, while members from America, joining the Lodges in Great Britain, would be only required to pay the comparatively trifling amount of one shilling and sixpence." The objection is a valid one, and I at once admit its full force and urgency. But why, I would ask, should the alteration requisite to restore a balance be necessarily sought for on the American side, when a very simple regulation on your own would obviate all the difficulty? Why not adopt the same principle with regard to the admission of our members into your Lodges, which we have found to work so successfully in our own, and which, in the event of a union, would be applied to your members seeking admission among us? I will venture to assert, that there is not a single Odd-Fellow, under the jurisdiction, either of the Grand Lodge of British North America, or of that of the United States, who, should he remove his residence to this country, would hesitate to procure admission into a Lodge of the Manchester Unity, at one-half of the fee charged to original entrants.

As all the other points necessary to a thorough union were so fully discussed at the Conference held at Wigan in 1842, I have thought it necessary to enter into detail with the single one on which any material difference of opinion then existed. In the event of a negotiation for re-union being formally opened, I can safely pledge myself, that the proceedings on the part of the Grand Lodge of British North America shall be characterized by the most earnest desire to meet, as far as possible, the wishes of their brethren of the Manchester Unity, and by the most anxious endeavors to render Odd-Fel-

lowship—what, in order to be in any great measure serviceable to mankind, it must eventually be—ONE AND UNIVERSAL.

I remain, Worthy Sire and Brothers, yours, in Friendship, Love and Truth,
Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, April 19, 1847. H. E. MONTGOMERIE.

DEATH OF P.G.M. JOSEPH BEARDSLEY.

WASHINGTON, D. C. July 1, 1847.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—There was a special communication of the Grand Lodge of this District on Monday, the 28th of June. It was called by Grand Master BORROWS. The M. W. Grand Master announced the decease, on the preceding (Sunday) evening, about 7 o'clock, of P. G. M. JOSEPH BEARDSLEY, Grand Representative elect to the G. L. U. S.

The G. M. spoke feelingly on the event. Bro. BEARDSLEY was one of the oldest in date of membership in this District, and was the Grand Master about six years ago. He was remarkable for his punctuality in attending the Lodge throughout the whole period of fourteen or fifteen years. He was never known to neglect a duty that had been assigned to him, and his life and conversation were always in strict accordance with the tenets of the Order. If, as the Grand Master observed, he exceeded in any virtue it was in the virtue of charity toward all men. He presumed no malice in any man, and, when he expostulated with an erring brother, his reproof, like the spear of Jonathan, was tipped with honey. Bro. BEARDSLEY's disease was the consumption. For many years past the fatal result has been anticipated by his family and friends, but until these three months past there were no apprehensions of his immediate dissolution. Within this period, however, his days seemed to be numbered, and when the sum of them was told on the 27th of June, though all were grieved, no one was surprised at the issue.

He died at thirty-eight, but little more than half of the term allotted to man. But if not full of "years," he departed full of honors. He fulfilled every duty of a Christian, a citizen, an Odd-Fellow and a man.

He left behind him an interesting family of a widow and six children. Had industry and economy been disembarrassed by the impediments of ill health, Bro. BEARDSLEY would have provided for them a respectable competence, but it has been ascertained by the G. L. that, despite his diligence and care, some incumbrances rest on his estate. So soon as this fact was known to the Fraternity of the District, spontaneous contributions poured in, and from the liberality already exhibited, it is rendered absolutely certain that every liability will be discharged and a balance left for the widow and orphans. This is a noble act and proves that the ritual of our Order has not been listened to by the brethren here with stony ears.

The usual honors to the deceased were voted by the G. L. at its special communication, and on Tuesday, the 29th, the remains of our distinguished brother were committed to the sepulcher with every mark of consideration and respect. Great preparations were made for the occasion, and I doubt whether any member not prevented by sickness or absence from the city would have failed in attending the solemnity. The decease of no brother here, perhaps, could have secured so universal an attendance as was expected. But Tuesday was ushered in by torrents of rain, and the storm continued, with brief intervals of remission, until past midnight. Hundreds, of course, yielded to the inclement weather. But during one of the pauses of the storm, the procession left the Hall, whither the body had been carried for the performance of the funeral rites, and, as it kept cadence with the Marine Band of the U. States, people were astonished to observe so numerous an escort, regardless of all personal convenience, accompanying the remains of a deceased brother to the grave. Yours in F. L. and T. S. Y. AL.

OUR ORDER IN WESTCHESTER.—*Mr. Editor:* In my peregrinations through Westchester, I stopped, on Saturday, the 3d inst. at the village bearing the same name, where my attention was arrested by a neat and modest building, the architecture of which cannot fail to attract the notice of all beholders, which, on inquiry, I found to be the Odd-Fellows' Hall, and was further informed that this was the meeting night of Throgmorton Lodge No. 239. Enjoying the high privilege of being a brother of the Great Fraternity, I presented myself at the appointed hour, 8 o'clock, P. M. and must confess was highly recompensed for any inconvenience which such attendance might have produced, for a more appropriate temple for the *tria juncta in uno*, (Friendship, Love and Truth,) could not have been met with, out of the Great Metropolis. To describe the elegance of the arrangements, the neatness of the regalia and the gothic appearance of the massive official chairs, which carry us back to the baronial halls of feudal times, would far exceed my prescribed limits, as I wish to proceed now *in medias res*. Fortunately the time of my visitation happened to be Installation Night, and the first anniversary of the institution of the Lodge. I shall not intrude farther on your well employed hours than by stating that every thing was managed according to my most sanguine expectations. The imposing ceremony was conducted in regular form, by those efficient officers and faithful brothers of the Order, D.D.G.M. FRYER and P.G. GEO. C. HANCE, of Olive Branch Lodge No. 31, assisted by other brethren. The officers for the current term are as follows: W. W. Waldron, N.G.; Titus K. Adee, V.G.; J. A. Timpson, Sec.; A. Naudain, Treas. There are eight Lodges in this District, viz: Cortlandt No. 55, Cryptic No. 75, Westchester No. 77, Putnam No. 89, Ossinsin No. 97, Melancthon No. 163, Nepperhan No. 181, Throgmorton No. 239.

Yours in F. L. and T. FRATER.

ADDRESS OF BRO. THOMAS F. BETTON, M. D.,

AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF ODD-FELLOWS' HALL, GERMANTOWN, PA. SEPT. 14, 1846.

Brothers of the I. O. of O. F. and Friends:

In the absence of an abler and a more practised speaker, it has, to-day, fallen to my lot, to appear before you, in a character to which, I feel I have not the ability to do that justice required by the beauty and sublimity of the subject, and I therefore crave your kind indulgence while I endeavor to give a brief and imperfect sketch of some of the leading features of our beloved Order.

We are assembled to lay the corner stone of a building, to be dedicated to the purposes of Odd-Fellowship; an institution, of which the duration, we firmly hope and believe, will cease only when it shall please the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to bid that Time shall be no longer.

I may, here, avail myself of the opportunity, Brothers of Philomathean Lodge, to congratulate you, on the auspicious commencement of a new hall for your accommodation, and one that will surpass in dimensions and convenience most of those within our visiting reach. It is well known to all of you, for how many years, the Lodge, in this place, struggled on, surrounded by difficulties, and assailed on all sides by the shafts of envy, hatred, and malice; but like the soldier eased in good armor of proof, she defied her foes, whose shafts fell harmless at her feet, or recoiled with tenfold violence upon those that hurled them.

Nevertheless, owing to the unconquerable energy and steadfast determination of a few, and some of them the most respectable citizens of our village, one (William Botten, of Germantown, Pa,) of whom, after passing through the blood-stained fields of the Peninsula, is still left to us, in all the vigor of a green old age, which may he long enjoy, and the consciousness of an upright and honest character, our Order, here, has attained its present elevated position. Observe that I would not be understood as wishing to be the indiscriminate panegyrist of every man, because he is an Odd-Fellow: far from it; for I know that many are unworthy of the name, but they are but men, and as such liable to error, and it is not my duty nor my inclination to sit in judgement upon them; but I will assert and maintain that the principles of Odd-Fellowship are pure and immaculate, and founded on that Book, which alone is the source and fountain of all that is true and correct among men, and that guided by its holy precepts they can never diminish in excellence.

Despite the opposition of many determined and powerful men, notwithstanding the tyranny of governments, and the still more tyrannical despotism of religious intolerence, the Order has steadily pursued its course, and risen superior to all attacks, until it is now spread over the world, and like the god of day, when that stupendous representative of the Great Unknown has dissipated the mists of the morning which momentarily obscured, though unable totally to conceal its refulgence, and gilds the mountain tops and valleys, and diffuses his genial warmth over the universe, it has spread from pole to pole, from east to west, carrying happiness and peace to all, comfort and relief into the cottages of the poor, and pouring consolation and hope and joy into the hearts of the widow and the orphan.

Go on, then, my brethren; go on; falter not by the wayside—neither be weary of well-doing—persevere in the fulfilment of the high mission to which you are called, and your life shall be one of pleasantness and peace, and you will go down to the tomb, blessed and honored by the good and great, while the sod on your graves will be bedewed by the tears of the wretched and friendless, and in their hearts shall be erected to your memory, a monument more durable than the statesman's evanescent glory, or the warrior's blood-bought laurels.

At first, in this country, like a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, Odd-Fellowship was seen emerging from the horizon, gradually expanding until it had approached the zenith, and covering the Heavens with its glory; like the snow-ball, first fashioned by our boyish hands, it steadily increased till it now resembles the mighty Alpine avalanche the onward course of which the most powerful efforts of man are impotent to arrest: but unlike that avalanche, so terrible to behold and so frightful in its career, our beloved Order is hailed with delight and exultation in every region over which it passes, and instead of being marked by a wide spread path of desolation and ruin, it leaves a deep and broad furrow of happiness, contentment and peace, from which spring the beautiful fruits of Friendship, Love and Truth.

In the United States of America alone we number upward of one hundred thousand members, and during the past year expended nearly a quarter of a million of dollars in purposes of relief and charity. There is, at this time, projected the idea of erecting an edifice for the gratuitous education of the orphans of the Order, and in a few years that noble undertaking will have been accomplished. Every day brings new accessions to our strength, and those among the wisest and best of the land; and as a proof of its excellence, its mys-

teries have never been revealed, nor has any good and true Odd-Fellow ever proved unfaithful to his obligations.

It has been objected to us that our meetings are in secret, and that we are surrounded by unmeaning forms and puerile ceremonies. That our meetings are secret we do not deny, but we assert that every ceremony, emblem and form has a deep significance, and though they may appear to the Greeks foolishness, they possess great value in the minds of them who rightly understand them.

"Why shall we be condemned,
Because we will not subject to the gaze
Of triflers' eyes, our holy mysteries?
We ask but common justice. Do you turn
From the sweet rain that cheers your thirsty fields?
Or from the breeze that fans your brow;
The summer's sultry noon-tide, and yet say,
Can you in either trace the *agents* used
By their Almighty author? And, if we
Spread joy and gladness throughout all the land;
If we, in sickness, with a brother's love,
Bend o'er the sufferer, and do all that man
Can do to ease his hopeless agony;
If, in his long last home, with kindly hands
We lay him down to rest, then gently turn
To those who mourn a husband's, father's loss
And with a pure and holy sympathy,
Teach them to see a Heavenly Father's hand
In their sad dispensation—if we place
The widow and her little ones above
The fear of gnawing poverty—if we
Should o'er an erring brother's frailties cast
The veil of charity, and by kind words
And kinder actions, win a soul from guilt,
And save a being, formed by God's own hand
And in His image, from the lowest depths
Of degradation: shall we be decried
Because our rules of action are not laid
Before the public eye? The Holy Page
Declares, that 'by the fruit ye know the tree,'
And from that text we shrink not; then let those
Who love their fellow men, come forth and join
Our band, and thus our mysteries all unveil."*

It now remains to us to sketch briefly the rules of action and principles by which all true and good Odd-Fellows are governed; we have seen how the Order has unobtrusively increased until it has reached its present magnitude; but this will excite no surprise and create no wonder, when we reflect on the immovable and extensive foundation on which this beautiful edifice is erected.

Like the illustrious framers and signers of that immortal deed, which secures to us all the blessings and happiness we now enjoy, we hold all men to be on one level, and believe firmly in the immutable truth, that all men are born free and equal. With us, worldly rank and wealth meet with no further consideration and receive no further homage, than would be paid to their possessor, were he upright and honest, though humble and poor; the most exalted offices and honors in our gift are freely accessible to every member, and while we are taught to pay all obedience and respect to our rulers, to the laws of the land we live in, and to all the proper conventions of society; we also learn that an Odd-Fellow who practices and acts up to the doctrines he has heard in his progress through the Order, has no superior on earth; we know that he must be a good man, an honest member of society and a devout and humble christian.

Not less stringent are our rules, and not less forcible our denunciations and abhorrence of that vilest of all vices, which reduces man to a scale lower than that of the beast, and deprives him of that quality in which, he alone, of all created beings, resembles the Almighty Architect. The drunkard, abandoned to his folly, destroys his health, contracts ruinous engagements, becomes a burden to society, and a disgrace to the name of man; brings, perhaps, the gray hairs of his parents with sorrow to the tomb, shortens voluntarily that life which he did not give, and had no right to take away, and descends to a premature grave, leaving an inheritance of shame to his children, and his name a bye-word and reproach among men. Should such an unworthy person gain admittance into our Society, or become addicted to the vice after his admission, (and what human foresight can provide against such contingencies,) it is our duty to deal with him, to advise him of the error of his ways, and endeavor to recall to the fold a misguided and sinful man. Should he prove obdurate, we are told to remember the holy command, "to forgive thy brother even if he offend thee seventy times seven fold," and frequently by persuasion and gentle means he may be reclaimed. How great is the pleasure and gratification to be able to restore to society a member who has been long estranged from it, to remove the veil from his eyes, and bid him once more walk in the face of day. Some, it must be confessed with regret, remain deaf to our prayers and friendly counsel, and persevere in their dire career; in such cases, though with deep sorrow and reluctance, we must pronounce the sentence of excommunication, and let them be to us as strangers, and sojourners in a distant land.

Our laws inculcate brotherly love and friendship to all, deprecate all strife, jealousy, envy, and malice, and counsel the practice of Benevolence in its most extended sense, remembering the divine precept, that if thy brother offend thee, go to him, speak with him kindly, and explain mildly the seeming cause of difference. If he repent, take him to thy bosom, and forgive him freely, for how can we expect to be forgiven of our transgressions, if we refuse to grant the same forgiveness to a fellow mortal. To err is human, to forgive divine.

"It is the duty of a man
To bless his greatest foe,
And shield the arm, that late was rais'd
To work his direst wo.
Just so, the scented sandal tree
In all its pride and bloom,
Sheds on the axe that lays it low,
A sweet and rich perfume."

One of the chiefest of our rules of action is that simple yet beautiful command, so well and truly styled the Golden Rule of life, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." How characteristic, in its simplicity and comprehensiveness, of the Divine Legislator, and well adapted to effect the end intended by him, to diffuse good will and brotherly love among men. In a few short words is given us a rule, by the observance of which, we can never err, and which includes the whole duty of Man to Man.

Paramount among the virtues recommended to man, we hold the practice of Charity, that generous virtues springing directly from the heart, and inciting to the noblest actions. Like the gentle dew of Heaven, it should fall unseen and unostentatiously on the recipient of its bounties, and the blessings of these rescued from want and misery will arise as a sweet smelling incense to the gates of Paradise.

"And oh the joy, to shun the conscious light,
And spare the modest blush! to give unseen,
Like showers that fall behind the veil of night,
Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green."

Benevolence, Truth, Temperance and Uprightness before God and man are among the cardinal virtues inculcated by the precepts and charges of our beloved Order, but it were idle to weary your patience and exhaust your time, already I fear, overtaxed, with the enumeration of them all. Suffice it to say that no man can be a good Odd-Fellow who is not humble and righteous before God, just and faithful to his fellow-man, obedient to the laws of the land, and who does not constantly practice all the qualities which tend to adorn and elevate his character, and prepare him for an eternal residence in those happy regions where sin and sorrow shall be known no more.

Were Odd-Fellowship universally diffused, and its principles strictly adhered to, this world would assume a very different aspect. War and famine would be unknown, no man's hand would be raised against his brother, litigation would cease, we should be united in the bands of Friendship, Love and Truth, and enjoy an elysium on earth, a foretaste of that happiness allotted to the just made perfect, and perhaps too exalted for our senses in their present finite condition. We must, however, 'bide our time, the events of this life are not at our disposal; thanks to the Supreme Wisdom of the Great Jehovah we cannot look into the future, and know not what may be in store for us. Let us, therefore, endeavor to display a worthy example of the beauties of our Order, and by our life persuade others to enlist under our banner, and bring about, as far as we are able, the early arrival of that period, when

"No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er;
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more,
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end;
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From every face be wiped off every tear;
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail
Returning justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white rob'd innocence from heaven descend."

Then the chains of human bondage shall be broken and the tears and woes of this world shall be submerged by the healing tide that flows from the united fountains of Benevolence and Peace; then *one* law shall bind all the nations, tongues, and kindreds of the Earth, and that law shall be the law of Universal Brotherhood.

*From the Golden Rule and Odd-Fellows' Family Companion.

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

CHERRY VALLEY LODGE No. 300, was instituted at Cherry Valley, Otsego county, June 22, by P.G. C. J. STILLMAN, D.D.G.M. of Otsego, assisted by D. D.G.M. E. LINDSEY, of Montgomery, and P.Gs. from Otsego Lodge No. 103, Cooperstown, and Montgomery Lodge No. 164, at Fort Plain. The following officers were installed: L. Clyde, N.G.; J. R. Williams, V.G.; W. D. Davis, Sec.; L. H. Robinson, Treas.

NEW JERSEY.

PERTH AMBOY, July 2, 1847.

EDITOR GOLDEN RULE: Yesterday, pursuant to previous arrangement, the D.G.M. JOSEPH CLOWES, assisted by P.G. R. G. Millard as G.W. pro tem, G.Rep. John L. Page of New Brunswick Lodge No. 6, as G.Sec. pro tem, P.G. Hugh Kirkpatrick of Friendship Lodge No. 11, as G.Treas. pro tem, P.G. Jas. B. Taylor of Columbia Lodge No 63, as G.Mar. pro tem, and several P.Gs. and brethren of Essex County Lodge No. 27, and others, opened Lawrence Lodge No. 62, and installed the following officers: Dr. L. D. Morse, N.G.; E. Crowell, V.G.; L. Reed, Sec.; D. L. Moorehouse, Treas.

After the institution and installation the brethren adjourned to the City Hotel, where they partook of a splendid supper. At 8 o'clock P. M. they formed in procession and proceeded to the M. E. Church, where they were entertained with a very appropriate address by Bro. A. MCARTHUR, of Merchants Lodge in your city. It was listened to with great interest by a large and respectable audience, and was a clear, fair and concise exposition of our Order and its principles.

After the oration, the brethren again proceeded to the Lodge Room, when the Lodge was opened in regular form, and a number of brothers were admitted by card, and eight worthy citizens of Perth Amboy were admitted by initiation.

The example of the brethren of Essex County Lodge No. 27, from whom the petitioners came, is highly commendable, in being present and rendering every assistance in their power to aid and encourage the newly instituted Lodge.

The Lodge thus happily instituted under such kindly feelings, must move onward harmoniously, and prove a useful auxilliary in carrying out the principles of our Order. They meet on Friday evenings.

Yours Fraternally, SELMA.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, July 6, 1847.

E. WINCHESTER, Esq.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—Yesterday was celebrated with the usual pomp, parade, &c. that becomes a free people, who wish to perpetuate for ages the remembrance of the Glorious Fourth of July, 1776. A new life seemed to be infused in the whole people, and each in their own way celebrated the day as was best suited to their own peculiar notions.

There has nothing transpired in reference to our Order during the past week, except that which is peculiarly interesting to each particular Lodge—I mean the election for officers to serve for the ensuing six months—and we hope that the brethren generally in making the selections have been governed by but one object, and that object, the extension of the principles of our Order, and the elevation of the entire brotherhood. If such has been the object, Harmony will prevail as heretofore and we shall be enabled to show to the world that our Order is all that we claim for it, a high moral institution, pursuing its own way, relieving and succoring the distressed, and rendering man more worthy of the name a child of the Eternal. Fraternally Yours.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1847.

☞ Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, NEW YORK, by E. WINCHESTER, Editor and Proprietor, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms $2 a year in advance, or 6¼ per week, delivered by a carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

PHILADELPHIA.—The GOLDEN RULE is published in Philadelphia, by CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North Sixth street, by whom subscriptions will be received and papers delivered in any part of the city. Packages sent to the adjoining towns out of the mails.

BOSTON.—Office of the GOLDEN RULE, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L. WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the RULE sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

☞ Subscribers who desire a discontinuance of the GOLDEN RULE are requested to give *immediate* notice to the Office, (post paid.) Those owing for the present year's subscription will oblige us by a prompt remittance, by mail, at our risk.

P.G.M. WILSON NOT DEAD!—We are exceedingly rejoiced to learn that the statement published in our last, in reference to the sudden death of this distinguished brother, is *without a shadow of foundation!* The Chicago Journal is entitled to the credit of putting the rumor before the public, which it did on the strength of statements made by the officers of the Steamer Baltic, direct from Milwaukie. What excuse these gentlemen have is not known. However, the whole story was false—no accident even having occurred on which to base it. The numerous friends of Bro. WILSON will be right heartily pleased to know that he is still in the land of the living. May the time be far distant when we shall be called upon to record his departure from among us.

LETTER FROM THE OLD DOMINION.

NORFOLK, May 27, 1847.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—My visit in this State has been greatly protracted beyond what I had anticipated on arriving here a few weeks since, owing to that generous hospitality with which I have been entertained by the warm-hearted Virginians, into whose society chance has thrown me, and also to a desire and determination to avail myself of an opportunity, with which I may never again be favored, of visiting some of those places where have been fought the hard battles of our heroic forefathers against the rude invaders who dared to trespass upon the soil of this Western Land. Somewhat disposed to become an antiquary, I visited the ruins of a few churches and other buildings, erected at the time of the early settlements of this country, and possessed myself with mementos of various descriptions, copies of curiously written inscriptions from tomb stones, &c. The following lines which I have selected from among my gleanings by the way, I transcribe to you, hoping you will find them worthy a place in the Golden Rule. They were found written upon the inner, wall of the ruins o 'Blanford Church, near Petersburg, and are said to owe their paternity to WM. A. ROBINSON, Esq., now Captain of Second Company Petersburg Volunteers in Mexico with Gen. Taylor

Thou art crumbling to the du old pile;
Thou art hastening to thy fall,
And round thee in thy loneliness
Clings the ivy to thy wall.
The worshipers are scattered now,
Who met before thy shrine,
And silence reigns where anthems rose,
In days of Auld Lang Syne.

And sadly sighs the wandering wind,
Where oft in years gone by,
Prayer rose from many a heart to Him,
The Highest of the High.
The tramp of many a busy foot,
Which sought thy aisles is o'er,
And many a weary heart around,
Is still'd for ever more.

How doth ambitious hopes take wing,
How droops the spirit now;
We hear the distant city's din;
The dead are mute below.
The sun which shone upon their paths,
Now gilds their lowly graves;
The zephyrs which once fann'd the brow,
The grass above them waves.

O! could we call the many back,
Who've gather'd here in vain;
Who've careless rov'd where we do now,
Who'll never meet again—
How would our very souls be stirr'd,
To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful,
The lights of other days!

Within the past three weeks I have twice visited Williamsburg and Gloucester C. H., at which place the prosperity of the Order is in a truly flourishing condition. The Lodges, Hamilton No. 30 and Marshall No. 44, are under the care and guidance of the very sort of men—brethren who are in every way competent to discharge the respective duties pertaining to their several offices. Though young in the Order, they are well informed as to the legitimate mode of working—each one is very observing both of visiters and their own members that no carelessness is practiced in the work—an example well worthy the imitation of older Lodges in the State. The officers of No. 30 for the current term are: Isaac Smith, N. G.; S. F. Bowman, V. G.; Jno. J. Jones, Sec.; Rich. W. Hansford, Assis. Sec.; Julius Gerst, Treas., and of No. 44, John C. Field, N. G.; John T. Seawell, V. G.; Dr. Mathias H. Miller, Sec.; T. W. Field, Treas. G.L.

☞ The above interesting Letter has been in Type several weeks.

INDEPENDENCE.—The 71st anniversary of our National Independence was commemorated on Monday the 5th inst. throughout the country, with the usual demonstrations of rejoicing. In this city, notwithstanding the excessive heat, the military were out in full force, and made a splendid display. The fireworks in the evening were unusually brilliant. As far as we have learned, the day passed without accident.

SHELLEY.—The sketch of the Life of this distinguished poet, in this paper, will be read with lively interest. We copy it from the "Homes and Haunts of the English Poets," by Howitt, recently published by the Harpers.

"PHILIP ARMYTAGE."—This story is the gem of the English Magazines for June. It is a long time since its equal has appeared in the English language. Read it, all.

LETTERS.—The number of letters that pass through the Post-office annually, for London and its environs alone, is 75,000,000. They average four inches in length, and three inches wide. If this immense number of letters were laid down in a horizontal position, lengthways, they would reach to the extent of 4,734 miles. If laid so as to form square feet, the whole would cover 142 acres of land. They average in weight one-third of an ounce. The whole would weigh 697 tons. The postage of these, at one penny each, amounts to £312,500.

FACTORIES.—The number of persons employed in factories are as follows:

Factories.	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.	Total.
Cotton	277,028	35,116	4,183	316,327
Woollen	62,687	9,637	1,082	73,406
Worsted	51,797	143	238	52,178
Flax	19,840	21,330	17,088	58,258
Silk	43,690	1,017	——	44,707

COLD SUMMER OF 1816.—In looking over the prices of grain, &c. in former times, we find that in the winter following the cold June of 1816, the price of corn was from $1.90 to $2.10 per bushel, rye $1.75 to $2, butter 24 cents, hay $25, flour $16, &c.

It will be recollected by some of our readers that in this town we had a slight fall of snow on the 8th of June. It also snowed in Boston, and several inches fell in Bangor. There was a frost on almost every night of the first week in June. In the interior of the State, at that time, icicles were seen pending from the trees, and foliage was blasted. At Portland in fifteen hours the thermometer descended from 84 to 34 degrees. In Hallowell it snowed on the 6th, 7th and 8th of June, and on the 10th ice was formed of a fourth of an inch in thickness—birds were so benumbed as to be taken by the hand. At Montpelier, Vermont, on the 8th, snow was more than a foot deep. In Cabot, Vt. the snow was eighteen inches deep.

An account from Vermont, dated August 21st, of that same year, says: "The mountains are covered with snow, and the atmosphere unusually cold." It snowed in New England on every month that year except July.—[Portsmouth Journal.

Useful Information.

Prevention of Infection from Typhus Fever.—Dr. J. C. Smith obtained £5,000 from Parliament for the following receipt: Take six drachms of powdered nitre (saltpetre) and six drachms of sulphuric acid (oil of vitrol;) mix them in a tea-cup. By adding one drachm of oil at a time, a copious discharge of nitrous acid gas will take place. The cup is to be placed during the preparation on a hot hearth or a plate of heated iron; and the mixture stirred with a tobacco pipe. The above is for a moderate sized room; half the quantity would be sufficient for a small room. Avoid as much as possible breathing the gas when it first rises from the vessel. No injury to the lungs will happen when the air is impregnated with the gas, which is called nitrous acid gas; and it cannot be too widely known that it possesses the property of preventing the spread of fever.—[Dumfries Journal.

How to Decoy and Destroy Ants in Dwelling Houses.—When practicable, place near the end or passage on a level, a basin or bowl filled with dry mold; then put a bone or bones of fresh meat in the bottom (such as are discarded from the dining-room.) You will soon find your tormentors congregate thousands strong; for I assure you they are first-rate bone polishers. Forty years ago, when a boy, whenever I wanted a particular bone of a duck or goose polished, I always found the ant-hill the best manufactory. Have in readiness a strong solution of boiling salt and water, and when you perceive your enemies begin to retreat cover them with it. Salt and cold water will destroy them poured into their haunts; but the better way is to decoy them out of their strongholds. It will be good policy to wash out the basin or bowl, and fill it with fresh mold previous to a second decoy, as it will be perceived salt is not a favorite. [Gardiner's Chronicle.

Raspberry Syrup.—To every quart of fruit, add a pound of sugar, and let it stand over night. In the morning boil and skim it for half an hour; then strain it through a flannel bag and pour into bottles, which must be carefully corked and sealed. To each bottle add if you please a trifle of brandy, if the weather is so warm as to endanger its keeping. The same recipe answers for blackberries.

Raspberry Jam.—One pound of loaf sugar or white Havana sugar to every pound of fruit—bruise them together in your preserving pan with a silver spoon, and let them simmer gently for an hour. When cold, put them into glass or china jars, and lay over them a bit of paper saturated with brandy—then tie them up so as carefully to exclude the air. They will keep a year, and are better than if made after the old method, with the addition of currant jelly.

Tincture of Roses.—Take leaves of the common rose (*centifolies*) place them, without pressing them, in a bottle, pour good spirits upon them, close the bottle, and let it stand until it is required for use. This tincture will keep for years, and yield a perfume little inferior to otto of roses. A few drops of it will suffice to impregnate the atmosphere of a room with a delicious odor. Common vinegar is greatly improved by a very small quantity being added to it. [German paper.

Tomato Catsup.—To a gallon skinned tomatos, 4 table spoonfuls salt, 4 do. black pepper, half a spoonful alspice, 8 red peppers, and a spoonful mustard. All these ingredients must be ground fine and simmered slowly in sharp vinegar 3 or 4 hours. As much vinegar is to be used as to leave half a gallon of liquor when the process is over. Strain through a wire sieve, and bottle and seal from the air. This may be used in two weeks, but improves by age, and will keep several years.

Dr. Rush's cure for persons who have drank imprudently of cold water or any cold liquid when too much heated. Doses of *liquid laudanum* proportioned to the violence of the attack. From a tea spoonful to near a table spoonful has been given before relief has been obtained.

The Best and Most Simple Receipt for Preserving Eggs.—Pack them during the summer and fall for winter. Take a stone crock or firkin, and put in a layer of salt, half an inch deep, insert your eggs on the *small end*, and cover each layer of eggs with a layer of salt. It the eggs are fresh when packed, and put into a cold dry place, they will keep perfectly good until the following summer.

A New Dish of Potatoes.—Boil or steam, as usual, the quantity you wish to use, mash them with a little butter or dripping; have ground rice (ready creed in milk) sufficient to make an equal bulk with the mashed potatoes. Mix them well together, and brown before the fire. This dish, even if the potatoes are not of the best kind, looks and eats well.

How to Make Salt Meat Fresh.—Put half a pound of saltpeter into two gallons of boiling water, and let the salt meat be put into it, and remain there twelve hours, at the end of which time the salt meat will have become fresh.

Soda Coffee.—The flavor of coffee may be improved by adding forty to fifty grains of carbonate of soda to each pound of roasted coffee. In addition to improving the flavor, the soda makes the coffee more healthy, as it neutralizes the acid contained in the infusion.

Indian Meal Cakes.—To three pints of Indian meal, a piece of butter as large as an egg, and a teaspoonful of salt. Put two teacupsful of boiling water, stir it in, then add three eggs, and milk to make it to the consistency of batter. Half a teaspoonful of saleratus.

One line, and one fraught with instruction, includes the secret of final success—be prudent, be patient, and be persevering.

Notices of New Publications.

HARPER'S NEW YORK CLASS BOOK: Comprising outlines of the Geography and History of New York; Biographical Notices of Eminent Individuals; Sketches of Scenery and Natural History; Records of Public Institutions, &c. Arranged as a Reading Book for Schools. By William Russel. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 669.

This is altogether the best School Book of the kind we have ever seen. It is the first one that has met our idea of what a reading book should be. We have had some experience in this line, and we pronounce this the best suited to interest and instruct of any volume extant. It will conflict with some old ideas, and be new to those who think only one thing can be done at a time. But we do not see how it is possible, when the merits of this book are known, it should not be adopted in every school in the State. If it be so, reading will soon cease to be a lesson or a task, and become at once a pleasure and the source of valuable information. We advise School Committees and Teachers to procure this work immediately, and examine it, and we will engage they will get their money's worth, even if they do not adopt it.

Pictorial History of England, publishing by the Harpers, has reached the 25th number, bringing down the records to the execution of Strafford.

MARRIAGES.

June 3, by Rev. Charles H. Huderhill, Bro. FRANCIS CORE, V.G. of Westchester Lodge No. 77, Tarrytown, and Miss MARY C. HAMMOND of the same place.

May 26, in Phelps, by Rev. Mr. Russell, Bro. D. FRASER, of Seneca Lodge No. 143, and Miss MARY ANN, daughter of Elijah Crosby Esq.

March 29, in this City, by Rev. Mr. J. L. Gilder, Bro. FREDERICK DEMING, of Lackawana Lodge No. 238, late of Rondout, and Miss SOPHIA A. VAN EVERY, formerly of Poughkeepsie.

DEATHS.

June 30, at Saratoga Springs, P.G. WILLIAM H. HAYS, of Burlington (N.J.) Lodge No. 22, in the 26th year of his age.

P.G. Hays was among the first to organize this Lodge, and he is the first whose death we have been called to mourn. He had been married but three weeks, and was returning home on his bridal tour when the summons to another world came. A dutiful son, an affectionate husband, a loving brother and a true Odd-Fellow has ended his earthly career. *Requiescat in pace.* N. S.

June 4, in Lebanon, Kentucky, Bro. WILLIAM T. HUNT, of Ossinsin Lodge No. 97, Sing Sing, N. Y. The usual resolutions were adopted by the Lodge.

Local I. O. O. F. Directory.

CITY OF NEW-YORK.

The Grand Lodge meets at National Hall, Canal street, quarterly, on the first Wednesdays of August, November, February, and May: John G. Treadwell, G. S. Office 68 Barclay street.

The Grand Encampment meets at National Hall, semi-annually, on the Mondays following the first Wednesdays of February and August. John J. Haley, G. Scribe. Office 84 Nassau street.

Sub. Lodges.
National Hall, Canal st.
14 Teutonia.....Mo
151 City.....do
11 Getty's.....Tu
12 Washington.....do
10 New York.....Wed
17 Perseverance.....do
33 Metropolitan....Thr
68 Oriental.....do
13 Germania.....Fri
1 N. York Degree..Fri
No. 38 Canal-street.
23 Mariner's.....Mo
43 La Concorde.....Tu
137 Cohotatea.....We
49 Hancock.....Th
295 Hospitaller.....Fri
Clinton Hall.
30 National.....Mo
67 Commercial.....Tu
150 Merchants'.....Wed
235 Templar.....Thu
126 Excelsior.....Fri
278 Orion.....Sat
No 411 Broadway.
107 Hinman.....Mo
177 Eureka.....Tu
31 Olive Branch...Wed
87 Fidelity.....Thr
223 Sincerita.....Fri
No. 71 Division street.
64 Empire.....Mo
57 Mutual.....do
47 Mercantile.....Tu
52 United Brothers...do
60 Howard.....Wed
117 Continental.....do
22 Knickerbocker..Thr
34 Marion.....do
73 Mount Vernon....Fri
6 Clinton Degree...Sat
Military Hall, Bowery.
4 Strangers' Ref..Mon
15 Fountain City...Wed
183 Alleghania.....Thr
No. 132 Bowery.
178 Oregon.....Mo
165 Hermitage.....Tu
158 Independence...Wed
1 Columbia.....Thr
228 Beacon.....Fri

No. 167 Bowery.
140 Diamond.....Mo
82 German Oak.....Tu
78 Croton.....Wed
35 Covenant.....Thr
No. 327 Bowery.
46 Jefferson.....Tu
237 Acorn.....Wed
Forsyth cor. Broome.
243 Pilgrim.....Mon
129 Schiller.....Tu
253 Warren.....Thu
5 United Bro. deg. 1 3 We
Av. C. cor. Third-st.
113 Mechanics'.....Mo
234 Eckford.....Wed
2 Manhattan Deg...Th
Clinton-st. cor. Grand.
20 Manhattan.....Mo
36 Enterprise.....Tu
28 Ark.....Wed
44 Harmony.....Thr
Hudson-st cor. Grove.
40 Greenwich.....Mo
9 Tompkins.....Tu
42 Meridian.....Wed
58 Grove.....Thr
4 Hudson Degree...Sat
29th-st. cor. 8th Av.
182 Blooming Grove. Thr
No. 71 West 17th-st.
84 Chelsea.....Wed
210 Siloam.....Tue

Encampments.
National Hall, Canal-st.
12 Mt Horeb, Ger 2 4 Th
3 Mount Sinai..1 3 Fri
2 Mt. Hebron...2 4 Fri
No. 411 Broadway.
9 Palestine.....2 4 Sat
41 Samaria.....1 3 Sat
No. 71 Division-street.
35 Egyptian.....1 3 Fri
18 Damascus....2 4 Sat
19 Lebanon.....1 3 Sat
Hudson-st. cor. Grove.
28 Jerusalem.....Fri
Avenue C, cor. 3d-st.
10 Mount Olivet. 2 4 Fri
Military Hall, Bowery.
45 Manitou.....2 4 Fri

Clinton-st. cor. Grand.
6 Mosaic.....1 3 Fri
Forsyth, cor. Broome.
37 Mamre.....2 4 Fri
No. 71 West 17th-st.
31 Mount Zion..1 3 Fri

BROOKLYN.
Sub. Lodges.
Fulton cor. Cranberry.
56 Atlantic.....Mo
26 Brooklyn.....Tu
66 Fulton.....Wed
39 Nassau.....Thr
Degree Lodge.
13 Franklin 1 3 Fr 2 4 Sa
Montague cor. Court-st.
190 Stirling.....Mo
153 Montague.....Tu
122 Steuben.....Wed
Henry-st. cor. Atlantic.
94 Eagle.....Mo
166 Magnolia.....Tu
Myrtle Av. cr. Stanton.
288 Grenada.....Thr
— Myrtle Avenue.
63 Long Island.....Tu
194 Myrtle.....Thr

Encampments.
Fulton-st. cor. Cranberry.
7 Salem.....2 4 Fri
Montague, cor. Court-st.
25 Mispeh.....1 3 Fri
Henry-st. cor. Atlantic.
32 Bethlehem....2 4 Fri

WILLIAMSBURG.
Lodges.
61 Crusaders.....Thu
45 Kings County..Wed
Degree Lodge.
14 Washington...1 3 Tu

STATEN ISLAND.
Castleton House Castle'n
88 Richmond Co....Wed
O. F. Hall, Stapleton.
152 Neptune.....Thr
51 Tompkins En. 1 3 Fri

QUEENS COUNTY.
35 Pacific, Flushing. Mo
81 Jamaica, Jamaica. Tu
141 Hempstead, Hem Wed
144 Protection, Roslyn Sat
241 Pembrooke, Glen C Fri

JUNE REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (11 Wall-st.) has issued 131 new Policies during the month of June, 1847—viz: To

Merchants and Traders	48	Clergymen	4	U. S. Officers	3
Clerks	13	Ladies	8	Postmaster	1
Manufactur'rs	3	Agents	9	Editor	1
Mechanics	11	Teachers	3	Servants	5
Lawyers	1	Farmers	4	Artists	
Physicians	4	St. Captains	1	Other occupat.	9
		Engineers	1		

New Policies issued in June, 1847.....131

ROBT. L. PATTERSON, Prest.

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JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent.

JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner, at the office daily form 2 to 3 o'clock. jel2

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jel9:3m and B. N. A. Col's.

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REGALIA.

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Costumer, 58 Prince st. N. Y.

☞ Letters immediately attended to. jan2:3m

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Also, a great variety of Carpeting, Floor Oil Cloths, &c. for general use. my 8:3c*

JOHN KNIGHT,

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my22:6t* J. L. WAUGH.

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mar20:3m* near the City Hall.

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LADIES are respectfully invited to call at No. 6, Murray-st. (near Broadway,) and test the practical utility of the above instrument, which is constructed on scientific principles, and approved of by the most distinguished of the faculty for the RADICAL CURE of that class of diseases which females are the only heirs to, rendering so many unfit to attend to their domestic duties, inducing debility and premature death; delicacy at least forbids their enumeration—suffice it to say, they are characterized by one or more of the following symptoms, viz: a peculiar dragging sensation and pain in the and back and loins, bearing down pain, faintness, sickness of the stomach, palpitation of the heart, nervous debility, costiveness, general lassitude and melancholy.

The instrument will prove infinitely useful in preventing and removing a variety of disagreeable symptoms which Ladies are exclusively subject to, and to those whose duties or occupation calls them almost constantly on their feet during the day. Chambermaids, accustomed to running up and down stairs, would find them not only capable of giving great support, but a sure preventative to those diseases caused by much walking and over exertion. The supporter is simple and needs only to be seen to be approved of by every lady.

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And in fact, every article adapted to the wear of man and the rising generation; combining the greatest assortment and largest stock ever on hand, the whole of which is submitted to a discriminating public's examination; and if as cheap, or cheaper than they can purchase elsewhere,

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MARBLE and Colored Paper Warehouse, No. 25, Cornhill, BOSTON. Constantly on hand. Enameled, Pearl Surface, and Colored Cards. Fancy Marble and Colored Paper of all kinds. Tickets and Cards of all kinds furnished at the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. Wholesale dealers supplied on as good terms and as good quality as any other place, by sending their orders addressed to

my1:tf WM. H. MANN, 25 Cornhill, Boston.

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OR PURE LIQUID SILVER, for restoring old Plated Goods of any description, to their original beauty and color. We have been selling this article for the last two years, and gradually increasing its value, until we now consider its merits as fully established. We warrant it to put on pure silver, and entirely restore Castors, Cake Baskets, Candlesticks, Military Equipments, Carriage and Military Harness, &c., and to plate with pure Silver any article composed of Brass, Copper, or German Silver, or the money will be returned. It is put up in small bottles at 25 cts. each, or in dozen boxes at a liberal discount to dealers. JOHN J. BROWN & Co.

de19:tf 122 Fulton st. near Nassau.

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VOL. VII....No. 3. SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1847. WHOLE No. 159.

Original Tales.

A TALE OF POLAND.

BY MRS H. S. DE GROVE.

THE river Vistula, after sweeping the base of a thickly wooded promontory, suddenly indentates the land, and by a short bend forms one of those beautiful bays that so enrapture both poet and painter. Within this natural ambush, while the shadows of the tall bank and its luxuriant foliage darkly rested upon the surface of the waters which the feebleness of an infant moon sought in vain to dissipate, a small boat might have been seen, containing several men waiting evidently in expectation of news from the shore, and whose carefully guarded movements betokened some necessity for secresy.

"He will not come," said one of the expectants, in a whisper, "his courage fails."

"I'll answer for him with my life," was the firm response of another of the party; and again all turned with increased eagerness to watch the shore.

Not long had they waited, when a rustling sound was distinctly heard among the underbrush, and a light footstep was perceived approaching. The boat was immediately pulled to the shore, and a muttered exclamation of pleasure welcomed the tall athletic youth who sprang that moment among them.

"The night seems very dark, comrades, and I scarcely like those raven clouds that flit before the moon so ominously. What think you, cousin Urtol?" said he, addressing one who, seated in the stern of the boat, had been for some time watching these unpropitious signs.

"That heaven smiles not upon our enterprise—but we must hasten, for we shall have need of all the light of yonder taper, dimmed though it be—and there are but three more hours of moonlight left us," answered the one addressed.

"Have you then waited for me one hour? The time seemed not so long to me, for I parted from my sweet Kelah but now The noble girl suspected of our enterprise, and earnestly besought to accompany and share with us its perils, and her eye evinced no woman's weakness until, her boon denied, she craved it with her gentle tears."

"What ails thee, Rhudolph? To thee we look for daring, and if the moonlight ever spoke truth, a tear was glistening where it were meet to-night no softness gathered, I pray thee hide thy sword beneath thy doublet—salt water whets not the edge of steel."

"Ah! Urtol, if the dews fall upon the scabbard, the steel is not dimmed within. Tears may bedew the surface, but my heart is firm and bold. True love is apprehensive, and Kelah's words are sounding in mine ears sad as though it were the echo of our last farewell. If this should be, oh, cousin, swear to me you will protect and love my Kelah!"

"I will swear," said Urtol, solemnly; and throwing his arms around his companion, one moment they stood in silent embrace, then turned with more cheerful mood to recognize a friendly symbol in the appearance of the moon, which, at that moment, emerged from one of the dark masses of cloud that hung so threateningly around her evening's course. The cloud of despondency was hastily thrown aside, and with the might of a master spirit feeling the reliance of others upon its own, Rhudolph exhibited alone that ardent thoughtfulness belonging to the consideration of a hazardous enterprise. As they are silently proceeding on their way, we will take advantage of the time to introduce a little narrative that will serve to unfold our tale more fully to our readers.

Early in the year 1793, while Poland still claimed her independence as a nation, without the requisite power of relieving herself from the constant aggressions of both Prussia and Russia; when, indeed, the presence of 15,000 foreign troops rendered interference in her plans of national policy a thing to be deplored, but not resisted, numbers retired into foreign States, choosing exile and the confiscation of their estates rather than longer submission to humiliating oppressions. Among these was the noble family of Powlinski, who, having endured many indignities, even to the loss of its youngest son, stolen from the midst of his school-fellows, fled at last for refuge to the small town of Orne, situated upon the frontier of the recently ceded territory of Gallicia. The family consisted of the aged sire, two daughters and one son, with two nephews, sole surviving members of his brother's household. They had remained in undisturbed security for almost one year, during which time the marriage of Kelah, eldest daughter of Count Powlinski with his nephew

Rhudolph, had been the only joyous ceremony that had occurred to make their temporary residence seem less like one of dreary exile. Unfortunately in their recent efforts to obtain information of others less successful than themselves, they had attracted the suspicion of the Russian embassador, Baron d'Ingelstrohm, a personal enemy of long standing of the Count's, and for whom it was not difficult, by means of false representations, to secure the denunciation of Count Powlinski as guilty of inciting rebellion in one of the provinces where he once possessed unbounded influence. They had even ventured to offer a reward for his apprehension in open defiance of the laws of the Republic, that forbade the arrest of a Polish nobleman without legal conviction. This tempting bait to the cupidity of Russian soldiers had proved sufficient to secure their exertion. And shortly afterward his capture was effected by stratagem in the following manner.

A letter was received by Count Powlinski, imploring his presence at the couch of one of his former retainers, in order that he might communicate some information relative to his deceased brother's family, carefully providing for his safety by a detailed and extremely feasible plan of disguise in visiting the town in which he resided, then under immediate Russian jurisdiction.

No thought of treachery presented itself on the perusal of this letter. The promised information was sufficient inducement to undertake the projected excursion. For the almost total extinction of his brother's family, with scarcely any positive information concerning the manner of their deaths, was, as may be expected, a cankering grief. Imagination sometimes presented the fearful chances of a lingering existence in a Russian prison, the dark and loathsome mines, or Siberia's inhospitable clime, until his heart would sicken at the horrors which he could not but feel apprehensive might yet be the doom of those he so dearly loved. So taking Ethel, his younger nephew, as a necessary attendant, he assumed the suggested disguise, and bade farewell to his family and started for the town of Nieno.

The place of their destination was scarcely reached when a band of Russians advanced, and securing them prisoners, taught them too late the successful artifice that had entrapped them.

A few weeks sufficed to convey the dreadful tidings to his unfortunate family at Orne. The well-known patriotism of Count Powlinski in his days of youthful daring, that burned still with repressed ardor in riper years, was not likely to be extinguished by the infliction of an unjust, though temporary confinement, and if escape was possible from the charges under which he was imprisoned, how probable was it that ere the time of acquittal should arrive, during some paroxysm of exasperated feeling, his thoughts might clothe themselves in some truth condemning form that would surely fix his doom irrevocably: if indeed age had sufficient power to wrestle against the adversities of such a position. These were the reflections that shrouded the cottage at Orne in sadness, and brought to Rhudolph that thirst for power that so distinguished his after years. It was not alone a parent's loss he mourned, but his young idolized brother, over whose opening years he had been accustomed to unite the warm affection of a brother with all the watchful interest of a father's love. That he should have been snared in the net from which his single arm could not rescue, was a blow that threatened the peace of his whole after life. The day following the receipt of these painful tidings, Rhudolph and Urtol secured the assistance of a few fugitives like themselves, upon whose fidelity they could depend, and started with the intention of discovering the place of their detention, and, if possible, restoring again the captives to their home and family.

This explanation has brought us again to the small vessel which had continued an almost noiseless course along its destined way. As it approached the bridge near which they purposed to land; the appearance of several men standing in earnest conversation, dressed in the ordinary peasant garb, attracted their attention and caused then silently to retrace their watery way and reach the shore a short distance below them.

"I should like much to play the spy on yonder group—for they seem as busy as ourselves in trying to escape the occasional glimmers of moonlight," said Frederic Hurtolf, whose care-worn visage and scanty locks, revealed by his habitual courtesy, gave assurance of the experience of years.

Rhudolph at first seemed little disposed to accord permission, but on closer scrutiny he was tempted to compliance by their very evident wish for secrecy.

After making the requisite plans for a reunion, the party separated to enter the town. Frederic Hurtolf alone taking pains to place himself where he might unobservedly intercept a portion of the men who were evidently about to disperse. His efforts were successful only so far that he ascertained some act of recent injustice had aroused indignation, and that causes were in operation that would eventually right the injured. A knowledge altogether too vague, upon which to predicate any defined suspicion.

In one of the narrow streets of Nieno, was situated one of those quiet "retreats," where in the true spirit of conviviality, numbers were in the habit of congregating, and where the stranger's step might ever enter and retreat unquestioned. Behind one of the small round tables that answered so many useful purposes, was seated the master of the establishment, whose cold frosty eye and few straggling locks of gray which escaped from the red-flannel turban that always surmounted her head, would lead one to suppose her an octogenarian at least; but a certain blossoming and ruddiness of complexion, caught either from the reflection of her turban or from the exhilarating potions she was in the habit of nightly preparing, puzzled the inquirer as to the exact period of her years.

Mother Katrine's, as the house was familiarly called, had been long known as the most cheerful place on the west side of the town. Years of quiet supervisory care had maintained the unexceptionable reputation of her house—while her own age and an indescribable firmness of manner had always been sufficient to still the slanderous reports that less favored hostelries might be supposed to inoculate. Yet there had been many sly winkings of the eye, and whispered suggestions, that mother Katrine had not always been so old, or so unyielding as she now appeared, when a tall youth was first seen to have taken up his abode with her, and indeed her softened and almost tender manner to ward him, spoke much in favor of the suggestion.

At this hour of the evening all things appeared as usual, when a gentle rap, and the customary "come in" announced the arrival of two new customers, and stilled for few moments the conversation of the former occupants, which for the last hour had sounded so perpetually like the "glug, glug," of a bottle discharging its contents, that mother Katrine had more than once aroused from her slumbers to cast a wistful eye to the long double row of bottles lining the north side of the room. The persons who now entered might scarcely have received even this attention, but for a certain style which told of means at hand, and reckless air that indicated the probability of unsparing outlay. Seated at one of the little yellow painted tables, their canteens filled with Katrine's best concocted beverage; they soon appeared to forget all but themselves, and their voices grew audible in proportion as their potations were increased and self-control diminished by its oblivious excellence.

"I say, Michael, the money you obtained for the old man, I think should be shared—my letter, you know, led to it."

"In truth, Ivan," said the other, "the looks of that young man haunt me yet, and I would give every one of my promised ducats if he was once fairly out of the law's clutches."

"You always were a simpleton, Michael, and there never presented a fine chance for making one's fortune, but somehow or other you are sure to fall into the whining order, kick over the ladder you were going to mount, and fall to work delving among the rubbish."

"That's all true, friend Ivan, but I tell you the *heart* I would go to work with where I could look boldly within, and feel conscious of right, made the heaviest work go lightly with me. I wish indeed I had no hand in this business, and if that young boy turns out to be the one I suspect, it will go hard if Michael Siedlisz don't change places with him."

"Tut, tut, man, you are as delicate of stomach as a newly weaned babe, and talk of duty like a recently appointed parish confessor. Come, I'll drink to the shortening of your memory

with regard to this rosy-cheeked chicken, and a stouter heart for yourself against the day of his trial."

At this period of the dialogue, the party at the other table concluded the relation of some practical jokes by so loud a peal of laughter that others were reminded of their proximity, and Mother Katrine was herself aroused from a sleep apparently sounder than her usual wont, if the signs of awakening were to be taken as evidence.

"Perhaps the other gentleman may have less than this gold piece," said she, to the one who had been addressed as Ivan came forward to discharge the reckoning.

"If your surmises are always as correct, I would not insure your reaching advanced age for a trifle, good mother," said Michael, approaching her table.

The eyes of Katrine were not very large, but they did at the present time just what large eyes would find it impossible to accomplish: that is, to scrutinize by a single glance unobservedly the man from whose hand she took the proffered change. A few moments afterward the pair passed down the street, still pursuing their conversation, little supposing in the gaunt youth that sometimes appeared at their side, or preceded them along the way, they had an observing and interested listener.

"In two days you say this trial comes on, and what puppet's part am I to play in this farce? It is well to be prepared, you know."

"Why, Michael, one would think promotion, with a fee that will make all your comrades' mouths water, was not difficult of remembrance, and for only fifteen minutes wagging of the tongue. I think mine could do more than that for the same recompense. Protest you saw this man evidently reconnoitering in the neighborhood—and that overtures had been made by him, to induce you to desert, and join a company of revolters. That is all; but you must not shrink in this way, or your own head may chance to pay the forfeit of a failure. As for the old man, a few days more or less is not of much consequence. It is only the difference between a down-pillow and a stone block, as the last resting-place for one's head, and then you know it saves a mortal deal of leave-taking. Hey! Michael!"

His companion felt in no humor to laugh at his jokes, for they seemed to fall with a kind of dead weight upon his heart.

"What will they do with the young man?" said he, in that peculiar tone, half curious, half deprecatory, that shows the leaning of one will upon a stronger, even against the strugglings of a better nature.

"The boy! well, perhaps they will give him a commission in some retreating regiment of foot destined to valorous conflicts with the white bear of Siberia."

"I never told you, Ivan, of the chance I ran some ten years ago of receiving a snug retirement from life myself," said Michael, catching his friend's tone as in thought he looked back over a somewhat eventful ten years. "Soon after joining the Russian army to save my head, I received word that my mother was dangerously ill, and wanted to see me. We were then only a few miles from her residence; but knowing permission would not be granted, I resolved to absent myself at night, and did so without even the precaution of change of dress. I reached there in time to receive her blessing. Ah! a good mother she was ever to me!" breaking in upon his narrative to give the tribute of a tear to the memory of the deceased. "On my return, a party sauntering along the outskirts of the town observing my dress, arrested me as a Russian spy; and as they wished to get the sentence of death passed in order, carried me, with no particular regard to my personal comfort, before a magistrate. At the knee of the gentleman thus applied to, stood a boy whose countenance I shall never forget. I told my story, and it was the true one; but men jeered at me, and cried 'Hang the traitor,' &c. while that sweet face looked up beseechingly and said, 'Oh father, if mother had sent for me, I would have come;' then pleaded so earnestly for my life, that I swore in my heart never to forget his kindness. Ah! you don't know how like an angel he seemed to me. Yes, I'll remember the promise I then made, if I were twice as bad as I am now." (Concluded next week.

It is in vain to regret a misfortune when it is past retrieving, but few have philosophy or strength enough to practice it.

Original Miscellany.

A RUSSIAN LOVE SONG.

CHANSON KHOROUODNIA.

The Don and the Danube* as riding between,
A youth with his horses all bridled with gold,†
Met a young maiden so fair to be seen,
He prayed what he wished from her lips to be told.

And the maiden replied, "I could very well guess,
If not of your father afraid, yet so won
By your looks I my thought will confess,
Of this house you are surely the only son."

* *Tanais* and *Ister* of of the Ancients.

† This song is of very early date; the composers of its kind were the keepers or possessors of herds, with which they wandered between those two rivers. Herodotus refers to the plains as abounding with wild horses. Large quantities of the bones of these animals are still found in the mounds or conical tombs of earth called by the natives Koergans, as well as rings and pieces of gold, from which latter fact, we infer that the assertion that they had golden bits, is no poetical license.

LOVER'S SONGS AND BALLADS.*

BY G. P. QUACKENBOS, A.M.

Ireland is emphatically a land of interest. Whether we pause in wonder at the marvelous feat of Brian Borohme, or turn to the more recent pages of her history, we will find, in the annals of the "green ocean gem," much that will repay our trouble. Though separated but by a few miles from her sister island, she has a history, a character, essentially her own; a distinct nationality, which, if all other evidence were wanting, would satisfactorily prove her to be peopled by a race of entirely different origin. The thoughtless and improvident, the witty and hospitable Irishman, has hardly a trait in common with the close Scotchman, or the slow, but deep-thinking, Englishman.

There are few nations that, as nations, are more superstitious than the Irish; nor are there any whose superstitions are characterized by greater simplicity. If we look among them for the wild legends of Germany, or the bloody traditions of Scotland, we are disappointed. Their preternatural beliefs are of a milder nature, and founded on the commonest occurrences: a star cannot fall, nay, a candle cannot sputter, without conveying some important omen. Nowhere, perhaps, does a stronger faith in "the good people" prevail than among them. To be sure, they have no Rhine, whose moon-lighted waters may reflect their dancing forms, and mellow the sound of their tiny horns; but they have turf as green, and hills as romantic, and glens as lovely, as Queen Mab herself could desire.

In the book before us, then, we are to look for light, tender, and fanciful ballads, founded on superstitions, which are, themselves, interwoven with the every-day transactions of life. Mr. Lover has on the whole performed his task well. He is an easy writer, and although there is nothing very striking in his style, it is pleasant and well adapted to the subject. His songs have all the peculiarities of his nation; most of them are quick and lively; anon we find one that is thoughtful and melancholy. On these subjects there is no room for sublimity, little for figures. The author indulges rather in pleasant conceits, than the ornaments of rhetoric; and appears to care more for nature, and simplicity, than for an elaborate or polished style.

Let us look at a few of these popular superstitions. One of peculiar beauty is, that when a child smiles in its sleep it is holding intercourse with angels; the song connected with it is well-known, and is one of the finest in the collection. A dream in the morning, they think, proves deceitful; but one in the night is sure to be realized. A four-leaved shamrock is very rare, and confers supernatural power on its finder. A spark attached to the wick of a candle indicates the arrival of a letter for the person toward whom it points. A wish expressed while a star is falling is always fulfilled. May-dew, before the sun has shone upon it, is considered the strongest bond between lovers. A circular exfoliation from a waxen candle signifies

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marriage, but, if it be oblong, it becomes a type of the winding-sheet. The fairies are supposed to have an agency in many of the events of human life. If a beautiful infant pines away under the hand of disease, they believe that the healthy child has been carried away to fairy-land, and a sickly one left in its place. Mortals, they affirm, have sometimes been borne off by the fays, who, for the purpose of luring them away, have the power of assuming various shapes. A ballad on this subject is subjoined, as a fair specimen of our author's style in this department of poetry.

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

Gaily through the mountain glen
The hunter's horn did ring,
As the milk-white doe
Escaped his bow,
Down by the haunted spring;
In vain his silver horn he wound—
'Twas echo answered back;
For neither groom nor baying hound
Was on the hunter's track;
In vain he sought the milk-white doe
That made him stray, and 'scaped his bow;
For, save himself, no living thing
Was by the silent haunted spring.

The purple heath-bells, blooming fair,
Their fragrance round did fling
As the hunter lay,
At close of day,
Down by the haunted spring.
A lady fair, in robe of white,
To greet the hunter came;
She kissed a cup with jewels bright,
And pledged him by his name;
"Oh lady fair," the hunter cried,
"Be thou my love, my blooming bride,
A bride that well might grace a king!
Fair lady of the haunted spring."

In the fountain clear, she stooped,
And forth she drew a ring,
And that bold knight
His faith did plight,
Down by the haunted spring.
But since the day his chase did stray
The hunter ne'er was seen;
And, legends tell, he now doth dwell
Within the hills so green.
But still the milk-white doe appears,
And wakes the peasants' evening fears;
While distant bugles faintly ring
Around the lonely haunted spring.

The miscellaneous ballads which compose the bulk of the work under consideration, differ much in merit, as well as style. Some are rich with the brogue; several are full of fine conceits. The gem of the collection appears to be "The Child and the Gossamer." With it we will close, merely adding, that, to be fully appreciated, Mr. Lover's songs must be heard from his own lips: served up in his peculiar style, and seasoned with his Irish wit, they are indeed *morceaux exquis*.

THE CHILD AND THE GOSSAMER.

A sunbeam was playing thro' flow'rs that hung
Round a casement that looked to the day,
And its bright touch wakened a child, who sung
As it woke, and began its play;
And it played with the Gossamer beam that shed
Its fairy brightness around its head:
Oh 'twas sweet to see that child so fair,
At play with the dazzling things of air.

Oh ne'er was a lovelier plaything seen,
To childhood's simplicity given,
It seemed like a delicate link between
The creatures of earth and heaven:
But the sunbeam was crossed by an angry cloud,
And the Gossamer died in the shadowy shroud,
And the child looked sad, when the bright thing fled,
And its smile was gone—and its tears were shed.

Oh gentle child in thy infant play,
An emblem of life hast thou seen;
For joys are like sunbeams—more fleeting than they,
And sorrows cast shadows between;
And friends that in moments of brightness are won,
Like Gossamer, only are seen—in the sun.
Oh! many a lesson of sadness may
Be learned from a joyous child at play.

New York, June, 1847.

When a housekeeper is lost so deep in thought that she sprinkles the boiling clothes with salt, and puts the flat iron into the soup, it is time that she paid more attention to domestic cookery and less to the last novel.

Original Poetry.

HEARTS UNITED CAN PART BUT IN TEARS.

Ay, she told me her spirit was sad,
That the glow of her cheeks would abate;
She would not in my absence be glad,
She would weep for me early and late!

And, I said, "Frances, fie! what a girl—
Time will glide like a bird in the air;"
And, then playfully twisting a curl
Of her dark and luxuriant hair;

I bethought me, like one in a dream,
When dark shadows are flitting fast by;
And I said, I joyfully will seem,
And cheerfully bid her good bye!

I will bid her adieu with a smile,
As her hand I most tenderly press;
And appear to forget for awhile,
That we part—but will love her no less.

As I gaze on her tear glistening eyes,
I will whisper, "from sadness refrain;
As I catch the low notes of her sighs,
I will say, "Love, we'll soon meet again."

I will silently, sweetly impress,
Her luxurious lips with a kiss;
And then turn, with a gaiety less
Indicating keen sorrow than bliss.

Lo, I thought, from the wife of my youth,
I would part a few days—not for years—
But experience taught me this truth,
"Hearts united can part but in tears."

Canandaigua, June, 1847. LUCF.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

While the world, with its charity, cold and unmeaning,
Treats alike the afflictions of age and of youth,
The pledge which the Odd-Fellows give they're redeeming,
And link with their labors Love, Friendship and Truth.
While contention without, causes grief and dejection,
And selfishness proud gives no peace to the dove,
She returns to the ark of the Odd for protection,
And grasps on the links of Truth, Friendship and Love.

Mysterious Order! what pretext of duty
Can hallow thy deeds, done in darkness forsooth?
Those deeds so unholy!—transcendant in beauty—
Stand firm on the base of Love, Friendship and Truth.
The sworn of our enemies pass we unheeding,
While the angel of mercy's our guardian above;
Our passport will be, when the earth we are leaving,
Engraved on our hearts, Truth, Friendship and Love.

J. D. R. P. of No. 44.

STANZAS.

When rains cease,
Or are sent so far away,
For release,
That like nearer mists they play:
When winds die,
And the clouds their morn recall,
While doth lie,
Eve's ripe beauty over all:
When there dance,
On the waters star-eyed bands,
Whose bright glance
Is upon the changeless lands:
When like mirth,
In repletion's crimson glow—
Seen on earth,
Oft when hope hath plung'd below.
Gleams the west:
When birds fearful of the night
Wish for rest,
And pass singing from our sight:
When each thing
Seems to have a voice of grace,
And to fling
Smiles upon the gazer's face:
Then how sweet
Is each feeling and each thought
That may meet
In our hearts to rapture wrought?
Unrestrained,
Tho' these be the signs of doom;
And retained
In the thickness of the gloom!
Wondrous truth
That doth thus with sense prevail:
Which at length
Ends in faith when all things fail.

The prototype of a real lady is to be always natural and unaffected, and to wear her talents, her accomplishments, and her learning, as well as the newest and finest dresses, as if she did not know she had them about her.

Popular Tales.

PHILIP ARMYTAGE;

OR, THE BLIND GIRL'S LOVE.

(Concluded from page 22.)

"And do you indeed remember me still, Philip?" asked Stella, with a doubtful look in her eyes. "Have all these years brought no change?"

"It is you that have changed, my beloved," Philip answered, gazing earnestly at her.

An expression of rapturous joy irradiated Stella's face.

"Yes! I am not now as when you knew me—I am no longer blind."

They sat down together, hand in hand, and talked of all that had happened since they parted. Stella told her lover how, after their forced separation, months had glided into years, and still she heard no tidings of him; how she and her father at last returned to England, where the skill of an eminent oculist restored to her the light of day, and all the delights of a world so long shut out from her. Thus her girlhood stole into womanhood, and she entered into society, still keeping faithful to the memory of her early dream, dim and hopeless as it had now become. Then Stella spoke of her father—of his increased kindness, which had continued until his death. Her high-spirited brother had gone to India, and she was now all alone, save for the sister of her mother—the gentle-hearted Mrs. Lyle. All this Philip learned, in return for his own tale of faithful love. But Stella, with woman's reserve, did not tell him how entirely the thought of him had engrossed her whole soul; that by night and by day his name was in her heart, his voice in her ear; that she existed but in that one idea, through months and years of absence, during which she knew not if he ever once remembered her. She did not tell him how, when his fame increased, it reached even to her, and her woman's heart swelled with pride at having loved and been loved by one so worthy; how she lived for days on the delight of having read his name, or heard him spoken of by strangers with words of praise; how she hung over his writings, and traced there the ripe harvest of mind which she had known in its early luxuriance; and how at times came the wild yearning to see him once more, and to know if in the memory of the honored man of genius lingered one thought of the blind girl he had once loved, and who returned that love with such passionate devotion, though it was buried in the depths of her inmost heart.

This sweet communion was broken by the entrance of Mrs. Lyle; but all was soon revealed to her, and she rejoiced with almost a mother's joy over the happiness of the two whom she loved so well. Once more Philip and Stella renewed their early vows; there was now no impediment to their union, save in that lingering pride which made the lover shrink from receiving from his wife those worldly riches with which it would have been his delight to load her. But the young barrister was still poor, and Stella was an heiress.

When Philip spoke of this, she answered with the loving dignity of a woman, who, with her heart, gives her all:

"Do you remember, Philip, years ago, when I was a wild, [illegible]h girl, I besought you to take me as your wife, and you [illegible] refused to bring sorrow upon me in return for my love? [illegible]ow a woman, wiser, I trust, and more worthy of you, though still most humble compared to Philip Armytage. But such as I am, take me, and all that is mine; I count it as nothing when I think of the bliss of being loved by one like you."

And now the betrothed lovers entered on that sweet time when the doubt and fear of love is over, and the two heart-united ones stand on the threshold of wedded life, and look forward to the future as an endless vista of pleasant paths, to be trodden together. How sweet were the long summer evenings when Philip left weary, dull, dusty London behind him, and came to Mrs. Lyle's cottage at Hampstead, that prettiest of pretty spots which, but for its metropolitan *prestige*, would be thought a very Arcadia! It was very pleasant to Philip and Stella to stroll along the green lanes between Hampstead and Highgate, and talk of their old favorites who had loved these very spots—the young dreamer, Keats, and Coleridge, the philosopher-poet, and Shelley the gentle-hearted, whose life was a long sunbeam of love and poetry. And when they came home, there was Mrs. Lyle, ever ready to welcome them with her quiet smile; and then there was some book to be read, over which the good-natured, but less ethereally-inclined friend dozed in sweet oblivion; or else Stella sang to her lover the dear old songs, of which she had not forgotten one—not even the one which he had first listened to in the gay *soiree*, when sang by the blind English maiden.

Day by day Stella's character unfolded itself more to her betrothed—not as the sweet, innocent girl whose helplessness had entwined her round the heart of the strong man, in spite of her half-formed mind, so inferior to his own, with a tie in which compassion had awakened love; but as the matured, high-souled woman, whose ripened, cultivated powers made her a help meet for the man of intellect. Philip Armytage did not know how much of this was owing to himself. A woman's character in after-life often, nay, almost always takes its nature from that of her first love—not her first crude girlish fancy, but the one who first unsealed the fountain of woman's feelings. She becomes like him she loves; her thoughts and predilections take their hue from his; if she weds him, their union is thus made sweeter by sympathy; if not, however her lot may be cast, she never entirely ceases to be influenced by those feelings which he first created and guided. Thus had Stella loved one of inferior mind, she would never have become what she was now, her nature would have sank to his, and many of its hidden treasures would have lain dormant for ever.

But though hardly a trace remained of the undeveloped character of the blind girl, Stella still preserved the pure simplicity and sweetness which had distinguished her then. She was still as humble-minded, as devoted to him she loved, hardly bestowing a thought on her surpassing beauty and her many attractions, except so far as they made her more precious to him and more worthy to be his wife. And such was the bride whom, ere the leaves of autumn had fallen to earth, Philip Armytage took to his home and to his heart, a treasure long wooed, long sighed-for, at last won!

CHAPTER VI.

"Their sky was all glory; but a cloud sailed into it; there was lightning in its bosom, and it broke."
BERNARD.

We have seen the blind girl as a child, a young maiden, a woman in the pride of her loveliness; let us now behold her as a wife, no longer the idol of a lover's dream, but the sharer of his life—the joy, the comfort of her husband's home. We would fain describe her, but the words float from our pen, and glide away in poesy—into that sweetest picture of woman that ever dawned on poet's brain. Stella was—

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."
* * * *
"A being breathing thoughtful breath;
A traveler betwixt life and death;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit, still and bright,
And sometimes of an angel light."

After this, what can we say but that Philip Armytage had, in truth, "an angel in the house." Rare, very rare, are such in this world; but we have known some, and others, doubtless, have done the same. Alas! that while they were walking with us we knew them not, until they had spread their invisible wings, and flown to heaven!

The home of Philip Armytage was one in which the world may see that poesy can hallow daily life, and that the glorious light of genius is not incompatible with the subdued, delicious glow of the domestic fire-side. A man of talent is like a beacon set on a hill, exposed to every wind of heaven, and to the gaze of innumerable eyes, eagerly watching lest its light should be extinguished. If it flutter or wane for a moment, like any other common fire, up rises the cry of a hundred voices, and a hundred hands are lifted to quench the unworthy beacon. God help the man of genius! he walks through a road that is full of snares, more, and deeper, for him than less exalted minds, and less sensitive natures; and all these set up a rejoicing shout if he only stumble. Yet it is not impossible to tread the path in safety; many strive thus to walk, and all honor to those whose life proves that men may glory at once in a lofty intellect and a blameless and pure heart. Such an one approaches nearest to that ideal of humanity—which all shall, we trust, one day attain—when mind and matter shall not longer strive together, and we become only "a little lower than the angels."

Philip Armytage lived this life, as near as man can do on earth. He brought the treasures of his lofty intellect to brighten his home; he did not relinquish his profession, but he adorned it with the refinements of a gifted mind. He had none of the vagaries of the poet; he did not consider that genius must necessarily be eccentric, and no one would have thought that the clear-headed, sensible man, whose courteous and winning manners were the ornament of the intellectual society which he collected round him in his well-ordered home, or the gentle, affectionate husband, who read and talked cheerfully to his wife during the long winter evenings, was the same high-souled poet, whose brilliant imagination made his writings worshipped by some, and wondered at by others.

When the long, pleasant, summer days came again, Philip

and Stella took "the wings of the dove," and fled away for a time to a home far down in the country, the same where Stella's mournful childhood had been spent, and which was now left half desolate in the absence of its present owner, Edmund Brandreth. The happy wife of Philip Armytage trod, with her husband by her side, all those forest walks where the lonely blind girl had once wandered, and the contrast made her, if possible, happier still. Life was to the young pair an enchanted dream of such deep joy that their hearts trembled under the burden, like flowers heavy with much dew. Young, rich, with minds gifted to behold and enjoy, to the full, all that was beautiful, and hearts that seemed as one in close and loving union; what had they more to desire? Sometimes a light shadow of fear would flit over them—a sort of vague doubt that as night comes after day, so grief ever follows happiness. But then love chased the dim phantom away with its angel wings.

It had been a long season of drought, so that the very grass was parched in the meadows, the birds became almost mute, and fled to the deepest shades of the vast forest. Very grateful now was the thick wood, whose verdant recesses formed the only relief from the insurmountable heat. Every evening Stella and her husband took their pleasant ramble together, from twilight until the stars came out; the young wife adding to every beautiful sight and sound by her deep sense of enjoyment, while Philip's noble mind invested all things with a halo of poesy, so that to walk with him was to walk with a magician, who unveiled the inner life of nature.

One evening they went out together as usual, but did not pass beyond the lawn, for twilight brought with it the tokens of a coming storm. Dark, vapor-fringed cumuli rose up o'er the bed of the departing orb, shutting out all the lovely purple and gold of a September sunset, and growing thicker and blacker, until they reached mid heaven, covering the pale moon, that in her feeble age followed quickly after the fading light. A heavy stillness succeeded—a darkness that might be felt, oppressed both mind and body with a dull weight.

"Let us go in," said Stella, as she leaned wearily on her husband's arm; "see, the storm is coming nearer; and look! there is a flash."

"It is only summer lightning," Philip answered. "But come, dear, we will go within doors, and watch it from the window, it is so beautiful."

They went in, and stood watching the storm. Stella felt no fear, for her husband was beside her. She rested her head on his shoulder, and felt his arm encircle her, and thus they looked on the gathering clouds, and the brilliant flashes of sheet lightning that momently illumined the whole heavens, and made the dark woods as bright and distinct as in broad daylight. Even when the heavy drops began to fall, and a low rumbling of thunder was heard in the distance, they did not turn away, for the minds of both were of too high an order to experience that weak sorrow which makes the feeble shrink from that grandest and most beautiful sight—a thunder-storm at night.

"You are not afraid, my dearest?" asked the husband.

"No, Philip," answered Stella. "I like to watch a storm coming on. I feel a kind of awful delight, as though I were drawn nearer to heaven, and heard the voice of God in the thunder. I have no fear, except that I would ever have those I love beside me as now."

Philip pressed his wife nearer to him with a smile. "Now you are quite safe, love."

"Yes, with you. I remember the first storm I ever watched, after my sight was restored. It was here at this very window. I was foolish, my Philip, I know, but I could not turn my thoughts from you. I wondered where you were—if you were safe; and though dreading no danger for myself, I yet felt a shuddering fear lest harm should come to you. Now I have you with me, my own husband."

"For ever—for ever," cried Philip, stooping over her with intense love, "my Stella, my ——"

As he spoke, a dazzling, blinding flash enveloped them in one sheet of lurid flame; then came a burst of thunder, so long and loud, that it seemed as if the heavens were falling. But the husband and wife heard it not. They both lay insensible, Philip's arms still clasping his beloved. Philip Armytage woke to consciousness, and found Stella still lying motionless. Her eyes were fixed and open; her features white and livid, while her arm still twined round his neck, as cold and heavy as a stone. He uttered one cry of agonized despair, and then a desperate calmness came over him. He felt her heart; a faint pulse was still beating there. He lifted her hand; it did not fall down again, but remained stiffly extended. She was not dead, but remained in a trance if possible more fearful still than death.

All that night, the next day, and throughout another horrible night, did Philip hang over his insensible wife. No skill could wake her from her terrible repose; she lay immoveable, breathing faintly, but not a tinge of life was on her marble-like face, and the glare of her open eyes was fearful to behold. Philip tried to close them, but the eyelids shrank back again from the dilated pupils. He covered them with a veil, for he could not bear to see the horrible expression they gave to the beautiful face he loved so much.

When the second day was at its meridian, Philip thought he saw her breast heave, a faint hue dyed her white lips—they moved; and with a wild cry, he clasped his wife in his arms, and strove to re-animate those pale lips with kisses.

"Philip," she murmured faintly, "I thought I was dead."

"You are living—here in my arms, my beloved—my heart's treasure," cried the husband, almost weeping with joy.

"Ah, I remember the storm; it is over now. It is night; but why have you put out the lamp? I cannot see you, love."

Philip shuddered at her words, for the room was flooded with the golden light of noon. He looked at Stella's eyes; their expression revealed the awful truth; the lightning had struck her, and she was once more hopelessly blind.

CHAPTER VII.

"Go not away! yet ah, dark shades I see
Obscure thy brow—thou goest! but give thy hand;
Must it be so? Then go—I follow thee;
Yes! unto death—unto the Silent Land."

FREDERICA BREMER.

STELLA awoke from that thunder-stricken trance unto darkness that no human power could henceforth sweep away—those sweet eyes were now blind for ever. Meekly, as became her nature, did she bow beneath the stroke, but Philip writhed under it in insupportable agony. Stella's health slowly recovered, and she rose up from her bed of sickness, and once more wandered about the house, pale, pensive, but still calm. Then burst forth her husband's wild despair. His frantic words sometimes reached almost to imprecations. He wished that the terrible lightning-flash had struck him dead, rather than that he should live to see this wreck of his happiness. His whole nature seemed changed; the gentle, upright, pious-hearted Philip Armytage was all but a maniac in his wild despair.

But Stella seemed to have gained all the firmness which he had lost. Patient, unrepining, she was to him like a guardian angel, soothing and cheering him, as if he had been the stricken one, and she the consoler. He would take her away, to try all that metropolitan skill could effect, and to amuse her, as he thought, with every enjoyment that London could furnish. But Stella knew it was hopeless; and though she submitted, to please her husband, still it was not long before her health failed in the close air of the city, and Philip bore her again to her native home.

There the soft spring breezes once more brought faint roses to the cheek of the blind wife, and hope, almost joy, stole back again to her heart, for she knew that heart would soon throb with the pulses of a mother's love. Again life became sweet to her, and a little of her cheerfulness communicated itself to Philip's melancholy spirit. In his wife's presence he grew more calm, and for her sake he returned to those pursuits which, in the first burst of wild agony, he had vowed to relinquish for ever. He read to her, as of old; he wrote poetry, because it pleased her; he no longer shrank from the pleasant sunshine, because she could behold it no more; but spent whole days in guiding her steps through the forest, describing every thing he saw with the eloquence of love.

"Do you remember once when you said, 'I will be your eyes, dearest,'" Stella one day whispered to him, "and now you are so, my Philip! you make me see with your eyes."

Philip groaned, "Hush, hush, I cannot bear it."

"Nay, nay, look at me; I am not sad; indeed, Philip, you do not know how happy I am. If I were now, as I once was—lonely, helpless, with no one to love me—I might indeed lament; but with you for my husband, ever with me, giving up all for me, with the knowledge that my infirmity only proves how strong is your love, how can I murmur? My own Philip; you are the light of my eyes; there is no darkness for me when you are by."

And Philip could only press her to his heart, and weep.

But though when her husband was by, Stella appeared contented and cheerful, and indeed was so, yet there were times when she felt bitterly the deprivation of all those pleasures which had become so dear to her. She longed to behold that beautiful world which had been revealed to her sight, only to be shut out again for ever; and more than all, did she yearn to look once more upon the face of her husband—to watch it kindling into genius, until it became to her, at least, as the face of an angel. She knew, by the tones of his voice, when it wore that look, and then her heart sank to think that she must see it

no more for ever. At times, too, when in her darkness she was attiring herself, or arranging her long auburn hair, a natural sigh would escape her at the memory of the days in which her unsealed eyes first discovered that she was beautiful; and a throb of pleasure came to her heart at the thought that she was thereby more worthy of the long absent, well-beloved one. Then, too, Stella would turn from the past to the dim future, and sometimes even weep that she would never behold the face of her child—that the blind mother would not trace, in its opening beauty, a likness to the features most dear to her. And then, with these mother-thoughts, came memories of her own lost parent, in solemn sweetness leading her from earth to heaven.

Thus the time wore on; Philip's anguish was lulled by happy hopes for the future, and Stella's brow wore a holy calmness. One only, an aged woman, who had nursed her in her infancy, shook her head as she looked mournfully on the changing cheek and transparent hands; she knew well that the mysteries of the coming birth alone kept away the dreaded phantom, whose shadow already hung over the blind mother.

The hour of trial came; it brought a moment's joy, and then the gloom of despair. In a few days, the faint wailing cry of the young spirit which had entered this world of care was hushed; and silently, slowly, the mother was following her babe to heaven. No earthly power could save her, and Philip knew it. As still and speechless as her whose life was ebbing away on his bosom, the husband waited for death to take his treasure from his arms.

Stella lay in the heavy slumber which a temporary delirium had left behind. She did not even know on whose anguish-riven bosom her head rested. Once only she spoke like one dreaming.

"I see her—there, there, with white garments. Mother, I am coming; only let me bid *him* farewell." And her lips closed, murmuring Philip's name.

An hour before death her senses returned. She bade Philip kiss her, then whispered faintly:

"I am content, my husband, my beloved! You will come, too, soon, oh! soon. There is no darkness there."

She felt for his hand, laid it on her heart, and spoke no more. Death stole over that gentle one, not with gloom and sorrow, but with the peaceful shadows of a child's rosy sleep.

* * * * * * *

Let us pause for a moment to think of death—death, as he comes in the midst of life, and youth, and love, when the world is yet sweet, and the journey has been too short for the limbs to grow weary. Yet, even so; blessed are those who never know the burthen and heat of the day!. To them the Dread Presence comes as a white-winged angel, ere they have time to invest him with shadows that are alone the creation of man's fearful heart. He comes smiling, to waft them from earth's pleasures to those which are eternal. It is better to depart while love's roses are blooming, than to linger until they fade. Therefore, blessed are the young who die beloved and loving still! And for those, few in years, but many in sorrows, who have already seen the sun of hope set ere noon—who would keep the poor mourning ones from their rest? Thus let us think of thee, O Death; gentle unlooser of life's burthen, who foldest thy calm, still arms round the weary frame, and leavest the immortal spirit to rise rejoicing unto God.

[illegible]r months after the death of Stella, the world was a blank [illegible]ilip Armytage. His noble mind was a wreck, and if at [illegible] glimpses of reason and intellect came, like wandering [illegible]s through the ruins, they only showed more plainly the [illegible]ful desolation around. One soft woman's voice, and gen[illegible] woman's hand had power over him in his wildest moods; they were those of Mrs. Lyle. Many thought that his brain had never recovered from the fearful lightning-stroke, so that any great sorrow was sure to overthrow reason for ever. But the love which had suffered so much and then been riven by death, was cause sufficient. Rarely do men love to such intensity, but when they do, it is a fearful thing.

After a long season, Philip's mind awoke from its sleep. With declining health came restored reason. He lost that delusion which had constantly haunted him in which he fancied that the lost one was ever present by his side. It might have been a dream or not; God only knows. If the departed become ministering spirits, as may be, what office would be sweeter to that blessed angel than to soothe the bewildered mind of him whom she had so fondly loved on earth? Calmly, with a kind of mournful joy, did Philip Armytage see the world glide from him. Its pleasures were like shadows to him now. He lived near the fatal yet beloved home, whose gloom was now brightened by infant smiles and gay voices, the children of Edmund Brandreth. These love to gather round the knees of the pale, but ever gentle mourner, and hear him talk of her who was gone—of her darkened childhood, her happy youth, her sweetness, and her suffering; and then they would listen with him to the murmuring of the trees in the old church-yard, the more fanciful of them thinking it was her voice whispering to them in the still evening twilight. But when the solitary one had kissed them all, and bade them good night, he would stretch his arms out in the darkness, and cry with a low, yearning voice:

"My Stella, my beloved, let me come to thee."
And at length the longing prayer was heard.

[Dublin University Magazine for June.

Facts and Fancies.

Public Health.—In the last quarterly return issued by the Registrar-General, he remarks: "At two or three meetings held to oppose the Government bill for improving the Health of Towns, by bodies holding local trusts, no reference was made to the loss of life constantly going on in London. It appears to have been unknown to the speakers, or to have been taken for granted, because the mortality is little more than half as high in the present as it was in the seventeenth century, that the health of the metropolis is perfect; that plague having been expelled, typhus and consumption may be tolerated. Now the plain fact is, that, one day with another, 134 persons die daily in London; that the great majority are untimely deaths—children, fathers, mothers, in the prime of life; and at least *thirty-eight* die daily in excess of the rate of mortality which actually prevails in the immediate neighborhood. *Thirty-eight* persons are destroyed every day in London by ascertained causes." There is, in fact, a poison floating in the air which causes death. It is not a gas, but a sort of atmosphere of floating particles, undergoing incessant transformations, probably inoderous and invisible. "If," says the Registrar-General, "it were for a moment to become visible, and the eye could see it from a central eminence such as St. Paul's, the disease-mist would be found to lie dimly over Eltham, Dulwich, Norwood, Claphalm, Battersea, Hampstead, and Hackney; growing thicker round Newington, Lambeth, Marylebone, Pancras, Stepney; dark over Westminster, Rotherhithe, Bermondsey, Southwark; and black over Whitechapel and the City of London without the walls. The district of St. Giles would be a dark spot in the midst of surrounding districts; St. George's Hanover Square, and St. James in Westminster, would be lighter than Marylebone and St. Martin-in-the-Fields; part of the City of London within the walls would present a deep contrast to the City without the walls. This disease-mist, arising from the breath of two millions of people, from open sewers, and cesspools, graves and slaughter-houses, is continually kept up and undergoing changes; in one season it is pervaded by cholera, in another by influenza; at one time it bears small-pox, measles, scarlatina, and hooping-cough among young children; at another it carries fever on its wings. Like an angel of death, it has thus hovered for centuries over London. But it may be driven away by legislation."

An A, No. 1 Paste.—Next to scissors, paste is an invaluable editorial assistant. As we prefer the first sharp, and the latter sweet and pure, we look upon some scientific philanthropist who promulgates a new recipe for paste, as a Godfrey, a Franklin, a Fulton, a Dauy, a Morse. "You all do know," as Mark Antony said, that when paste is made in the ordinary manner, it soon becomes mouldy, and by fermenting in warm weather, loses its sticking power. To make some to keep, dissolve about an ounce of alum in a quart of warm water—when cold, add as much flour as will make it the consistence of cream—then strew in it as much powdered rosin as will stand on a ninepence, and two or three cloves—boil it to a consistence, stirring all the time. It will keep for twelve months, and when dry may be softened with water. Think of this, ye who have a paste-pot under your nose from one year's end to another—think of the flavor of cloves perfuming your room, instead of the villianous odors from the fermented flour and water.—[N. American.

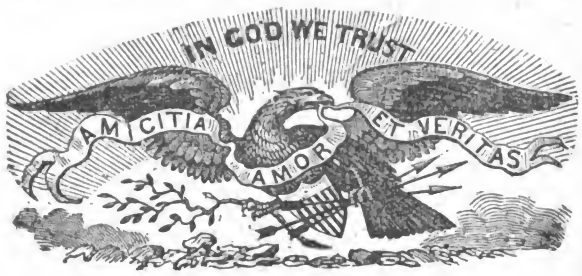
Incombustible Wash.—Slake some stone lime in a large tub or barrel, with boiling water, cover the same up to keep in all the steam. When thus slaked, pass six quarts of it through a fine sieve. It will then be in a state of fine flour. Now, to six quarts of this lime add a quart of salt, and one gallon of water; then boil the mixture, and skim it clean. To every five gallons of this mixture, add one pound of alum, half a pound of copperas, by slow degrees, three quarters of a pound of potash, and four quarts of fine sand, or hard-wood ashes, sifted. This mixture will admit of any coloring matter you please, and may be applied with a brush. It looks better than paint, and is as durable as slate. It will stop small leaks in the roof, prevent the moss from growing over and rotting the wood, and render it incombustible from sparks falling upon it. When laid upon brick work, it renders the brick impervious to rain or wet.

In walking along, persons who are thinking of the past cast their eyes downward; those who are contemplating the future raise their eyes upwards; others whose thoughts are employed on the time present, look straight before them; and those who are observed to look here and there, on either side, may be considered as thinking of nothing at all.

The Brazilians consider plumpness an essential point of female beauty; and the greatest compliment that can be paid a Brazilian lady is to tell her that she grows fatter and fairer every day.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."



NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1847.

REPRESENTATIVE SYSTEM—MODE OF VOTING.

In most of our Grand Lodges, there are two modes of voting. First, by a direct vote of all the members present, in which each vote counts one. Second, by "vote of Lodges," or as some term it, "by representation of Lodges." In this mode the P. Grands of each Lodge vote separately, and the majority determines whether the vote of that Lodge shall be put down "yea" or "nay." This last method is evidently founded upon the "Representative System," and is thought by many to recognize the principle, that a Grand Lodge is but an assemblage of Subordinate Lodges, who act there through their Representatives; while others contend that it is a body of Past Grands, who are, "*de jure*," invested with certain rights which cannot be taken from them. At the session of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Alabama for April, 1847, the lines appear to have been quite distinctly drawn upon this subject.

It appears from the printed minutes of the proceedings, that there was pending an amendment to the Constitution, and the question being called by Lodges, the Grand Master (Shaw) decided that a constitutional amendment could only be carried by a vote of two-thirds of the Past Grands present. An appeal being taken, the Grand Master decided that an appeal could not be entertained on a constitutional question. At a subsequent period a similar question came up, and the Grand Master *then* in the chair (Jennings) affirmed the decision of his predecessor, so far as the mode of voting was concerned, but an appeal being taken, was allowed, and the decision reversed. So then it seems, the Grand Lodge has decided that a vote on a constitutional question may be taken by Lodges, and that an appeal from the decision of the chair on constitutional questions may be taken also. Both just and righteous decisions no doubt. But the end was not yet. Neither party seem to have been satisfied. Accordingly P. G. David Salomon asked and obtained leave to appeal to the Grand Lodge of the United States on several points, among others, "On the correct and proper view to be taken of the construction of a Grand Lodge, whether it is an assemblage of Past Grands, or of Subordinate Lodges represented through their delegates?" And subsequently a set of resolutions was introduced by P. G. English, declaring, among other things, that "Any and every legislative act of this body, to accord with the principles heretofore set forth, should be by the voice of Lodges, through their Representatives, in proportion to their numerical strength." Here then are the two parties. One occupies the "High Church ground" that the legislative power is vested alone in the Past Grands, not one of whom can be justly deprived of the full influence of his vote, and the other standing on the *Democratic* platform, that the power is in the people composing the Lodges, whose voice fully expressed is the law.

Inasmuch as the Grand Lodge of the United States will be called upon for a decision of this grave matter, at its next session, the writer will not attempt to forestall that decision; but will merely say, that if the views he has heretofore set forth in his "Cogitations" are correct, a Grand Lodge is not what it is claimed to be by either of the above parties; but it is a *mixed* and *complex* organization, partaking measurably of the character of both.

It is difficult, however, for the writer to conceive how the simple act of taking a vote by Lodges could be construed as having a bearing upon one side or the other of this question. The Constitution of the Grand Lodge of Alabama provides, that amendments to that instrument must be adopted by "*two-thirds of the votes present*;" and the question was simply one of *construction*, viz: whether it meant two-thirds of the *individual votes* of the Past Grands, or two-thirds of the votes given in their collective capacity? To aid in deciding this question there are the By-Laws, which provide that the vote on *all questions* may be called for by Lodges, the only exception being "the election of Grand Officers." The Grand Master, however, decided that "*constitutional questions*" were an exception, and singularly enough refused to entertain an appeal from his decision. Subsequently another Grand Master affirmed the decision, but not refusing to entertain an appeal, the appeal was taken, and the decision reversed. What all this has to do with the rights of Past Grands, or the fundamental structure of a Grand Lodge does not clearly appear.

Grant that a Grand Lodge is an assemblage of Past Grands invested with full powers. And what then? They are competent to make a Constitution and define the manner in which they shall hereafter vote. And having made a Constitution, they are competent to construe it as seems to them just. If they choose to put a check upon the influence of a minority who may happen to reside at the seat of the Grand Lodge, by the introduction of a mode of voting which shall give the Past Grands of a distant Lodge their full influence, even though but one of them happens to be present, it is no encroachment upon the rights of Past Grands. Nor, on the other hand, is it an adoption of the principle that the Grand Lodge is an assemblage of Subordinate Lodges.

The system of voting by Lodges was introduced for far different purposes. Take the State of Alabama as an example. The Grand Lodge is located at Mobile, in the extreme southwestern corner of the State. The Past Grands of the nearest Lodge must travel some two hundred miles to reach Mobile, while the balance must go from three to seven hundred miles to attend the Grand Lodge. Under these circumstances, it is not to be expected that all the Past Grands can travel these vast distances in order to be present at the meetings of the Grand Lodge, and the result would be that all the doings of that body would be controlled by the Past Grands who reside at Mobile. To check this centralization of power in the hands of a minority, the system of voting by Lodges has been adopted. Under this system the Past Grands of distant Lodges can have their full share of influence, so that one of their number is present to cast a vote. So far then from being calculated to deprive Past Grands of their power in any general sense, the tendency and intent of this system is to secure to the Past Grands, *every one of them*, a due share of influence, even though from distance or other causes they cannot be in their seats at the Grand Lodge; and the only *rights* that are invaded are the assumed rights of a few at the seat of the Grand Lodge, who, without it, would have full control of its action. It is in other States as in Alabama. This system generally prevails, and its intent is not to alter the construction of the Grand Lodge so as to make it an assemblage of Subordinate Lodges, nor yet to interfere with the rights of Past Grands, but simply to secure the rights of all, and prevent the centralization of power in the hands of a minority, who reside at or near the seat of the Grand Lodge.

There are other checks introduced for the same purpose. As for instance, in Alabama, the Grand Lodge cannot be opened for business unless there are present Past Grands from five Lodges. Without this the Past Grands of Mobile alone could control the destinies of the Order in the State. Again, a Past Grand of Mobile may be appointed proxy for any Lodge in the State, and thus, even though no Past Grand from abroad were present, their voices could be heard in the Grand Lodge by their proxy. In all this there is evidence indeed of the complex character of the organization of the Grand Lodge, showing that it is

neither a mere assemblage of Past Grands nor yet of Subodinate Lodges, but a mixture of both—made so not by the charter of its rights coming from the power above, but by the act of the Past Grands themselves. But those must be acute optics that can see in these facts proof that the legislative authority is vested in the Lodges on the one hand, or taken from the P. Grands by usurpatien on the other.

Another matter is presented in those proceedings which is deemed worthy of notice. It appears that Grand Master SHAW refused to entertain an appeal from his decision on a constitutional question. It is presumed that this decision was founded upon *precedent*, inasmuch as his predecessor G. Master TURNBULL made a similar decision. If the recollection of the writer is correct the same decision has been made more than once in the G. Lodge of New York, as also in Ohio, and possibly also by a G. Sire of the United States. But however this may be, it is difficult to imagine upon what principle of law or justice such a decision is founded. In all cases it may be regarded as a safe and well settled principle, that the authority to interpret laws remains with the body that made them, unless it is specially delegated to some other person or body. Some of the Grand Lodges have expressly provided the means of settling questions of doubt in regard to the meaning of their Constitutions and Laws; one, it is believed, perhaps more, refers the matter to a committee of Past Grand Masters, whose decision is final. That the Grand Master is the exponent of the Laws during the recess of the G. Lodge "*of necessity*," and that his decisions so made are the decisions of the Grand Lodge, until they are reversed, is readily granted. But if there is in the United States a Grand Lodge which raises the Grand Master above itself, and makes him the authorised and infalliole interpreter of its Laws, from whose decision there is no appeal, it surely has escaped the notice of the writer of this article.

What justification can be offered for such an assumption? Will it be said that the Grand Master is obligated to maintain the Laws, and cannot in conscience permit what he believes to be a violation of Law? The same is true of every member of the Grand Lodge; and can none be permitted to have a *conscience* but the M. W. Grand Master? Who made him the conscience keeper of a whole Lodge? But the truth is the questions on which these decisions are made are questions of *Law*. It is not whether Law shall be violated; but what is the Law? This question the Grand Lodge must decide, unless she has provided other means for its decision; and it is not easy to imagine a more glaring assumption of authority than that which, without a letter of Law to that effect, would wrest this power from the Grand Lodge and claim it for the Grand Master's chair. To say nothing of the unblushing arrogance of the thing, it is so evidently unauthorized by any shadow of Law as to make us wonder that a decision of this kind can be found upon the records of any Grand Lodge. L. D. W.

PRUDENCE.

"LEAD us not into temptation," is a petition peculiarly suitable for the heart and lips of all who feel their fallibility, and realize that the temptation which we can *easily* resist to-day, may overcome us *as* easily to-morrow. Such a person will also be careful how he offers temptation to others, who may be more susceptible than himself—or present an example in his practice, which may overwhelm in vice and ruin many who look to him for support in their weakness. Our beloved Order, it is true, does not positively interdict the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, though it bears strong and emphatic testimony against drunkenness as the vilest and most pernicious of all vices; and warns us against wine as a mocker, and strong drink as raging, and declares that "whoso is deceived thereby, is not wise." It also requires us to consider our brother's interests as our own, and demands of us to exert ourselves in correcting his errors, and in advancing his moral and intellectual well-being. These teachings and admonitions of our various lectures and charges, combined with and directed by the spirit of fraternal affection, which is the very life-tide of our Order, are sufficient to induce us, not only to pray, "lead us not into temptation," but also to avoid placing a snare in the way of a brother's feet—or place the tempting cup to his lips.

Now, when we look around us, and all through our great brotherhood, we see many beloved brethren in our midst, who were once the slaves of that desolating scourge, intemperance; and many more, over whom an appetite for intoxicating liquors had well nigh gained a fatal mastery; and a great many more, still, who, in their thoughtfulness and inexperience, would soon, by a little frequent indulgence in alcoholic beverages, get an inclination, which probably would lead them down the fatal descent. Is it *prudent*—is it BROTHERLY, to place temptations before such persons? Is it reconcilable with our professions of *Fraternal Love* and *Mutual Aid*, to use intoxicating drinks at promiscuous gatherings, public dinners, and other festive occasions of our Order? I simply ask the questions; it is for *our brethren* to consider and answer them. A.B.G.

EDITORIAL NOTES OF A TRIP DOWN EAST.

"FEW and far between" are the opportunities presented to those poor unfortunates, who are doomed to drudge at the "ever beginning and never ceasing" task of editorial life, in the city, to leave behind them the dust and brick, and fly into the quiet country, with its green fields and forests, and far away from the busy haunts of men, breathe the pure, fresh air of heaven, and revel amid scenes of loveliness, and rural beauty. For the first time in a "long, long while," have we, in a large degree, enjoyed this wished for happiness—and something of what we saw and felt, we propose to "jot down" for the benefit of all the world who read the "GOLDEN RULE."

We left New-York on the evening of the 1st inst. in the magnificent steamer Oregon, Capt. THAYER; and, as "upon the wings of the wind," were quietly and swiftly sped over the smooth waters of the Sound, fanned only by the breezes created by the rapid motion of our "floating palace." Of the comforts enjoyed by travelers "who take this route," are they not written upon the memories of those numberless thousands who have placed themselves under the care of the gentlemanly commander of the Oregon, and his officers? Onward glided our noble steamer, and in the wee sma' hours of the morning we were trans-shipped to the cars at Stonington, and safely "deposited" at Boston early on Friday morning. and took apartments at the "Tremont House," the best Hotel in the city, kept by Bros. TUCKER, PARKER and OLMSTEAD. Never, in the whole course of our lives, have we met with such admirable arrangements, splendid tables, neat and spacious apartments, prompt attention, and obliging hosts, as we found at the "Tremont." Bros. TUCKER, PARKER and OLMSTEAD, (who is better known by the soubriquet of "the Deacon,") were very kind in affording us the best facilities and information for visiting the most noticeable places in and about Boston. Of the Tremont House we shall have our say at another time, when space will better allow us to do justice to the theme. But as we believe it to be our duty to "forewarn" our friends of the best homes to be found abroad for travelers, either for pleasure or business, we have only space to advise every one visiting Boston to stop at the "Tremont House," if comfort, good living, and gentlemanly attention is worth any thing to them.

We are also indebted to Bro. L. WYMAN, Jr., our Boston Publisher, for the kind manner in which he became our *chaperone* through Boston, Mount Auburn, and about town.

Boston is a beautiful city, and contains some of the finest buildings in the United States;—to a New Yorker there are many apparent singularities in its manners and customs, but the character of its people for business, morality, and hospitality, are sufficiently pattern-worthy to be imitated by many other places in the U. States. Indeed, as a generality, New-York could, with credit to her character, profit by the example of the people of Boston, in the two last mentioned adornments of the human family.

One of the most interesting "sights" of Boston, to us, was the cannon ball, which still remains sticking in the brick walls of Brattle street Church. During the Revolutionary war, this cannon ball, which appears to be an 18 pound shot, was fired by the British into the city of Boston from some one of the surrounding hights, struck within a few inches of the center window of the Church, and entered about half way and stuck there. In time, it became loosened by the decay of the bricks, but it has been fastened in, and still retains its original position.

The Boston Market is the finest we have yet seen; its neatness and cleanliness were peculiarly gratifying, and the stalls and stands looked rather like well ordered shops than a market. The country about Boston is so fertile and highly cultivated, that nearly all the

vegetables required for the city and surrounding towns, are furnished within a circle of six miles; but the farmers and gardeners are injured very much by the early importation from the South of their principal stock in trade. The fish department is the most complete in the United States.

On Friday evening, July 2d, in company with Grand Secretary JONES, and P.G.P. ELLISON, we visited Massasoit Encampment No. 1, and witnessed the installation of officers. This is one of the most flourishing Encampments in the country, numbering between two and three hundred members, and having a heavy fund on hand. The work was admirably done, and the introductory and concluding address of the installing officer, P.G.P. ELLISON, beautiful in diction and replete with flashes of substantial eloquence.

On Saturday, we took the cars for Lowell, 27 miles from Boston, and ran up to that American Birmingham in about an hour. The rails on this road are laid upon heavy blocks of granite, and the ease of the journey is considerably promoted by it, as there is scarcely any perceptible jolting. A sight of the factories is wonderfully interesting. In a future article, we may give a detailed description of those we visited. The city of Lowell, to our mind, is not beautiful in appearance. It is mainly composed of the factories—huge brick buildings—and the boarding houses erected on each corporation for the accommodation of the operatives, but contains many fine streets and stores. When the factories disgorge their tenants, at "meal times," the stream of petticoats, and bright glancing eyes hid beneath provokingly projecting bonnets, are sufficiently dangerous for a denizen of Gotham—unused to such sights, and who has a spark of gallantry in him, or a heart to lose—to be warned against. The girls, generally, are finely formed and handsome—some of them very beautiful—and not a few "well to do" in the world.

Fresh Pond, one of the fashionable resorts of the Bostonians, is a magnificent sheet of cool, transparent water, surrounded by picturesque elevations of the country, and crowned with rural cottages, to which the wealthy "Cit." retires after the business of the day.

Mount Auburn was also visited by us. The prominent monuments and tombs in it have been so often described, that we shall not, ourselves, attempt the task. But a full length cast iron bronzed statue of N. Bowditch, Esq., just beyond the entrance, demands some notice. It has been recently completed, is said to be a perfect *fac simile* of that gentleman's form and features while living, and is elaborately and tastefully decorated with books of learning and philosophical instruments. A beautiful chapel of Granite, built in the Gothic order of architecture, and having stained glass windows, has just been completed. It is to be used only while the burial services are being performed for those interred within the walls of the Cemetery. Of this rural Cemetery the Bostonians may well be proud. That man who can walk through its quiet shades, communing with the dead, and meeting at almost every turn inscribed upon the tombs, sentences of warning to prepare for death, and comfort for the righteous, and see the chaste emblems powerfully appealing to the feelings, and not come forth purified in thought and sentiment, is truly to be pitied.

We also visited that renowned locality of the Sea Serpent—Nahant. We stopped at DREW's Hotel, and the highest compliment we can pay him, is to say that he is the very counterpart of our hosts of the "Tremont;" and *his* hotel and accommodations are unsurpassable. The house stands on the best point of land on the island—if so we may call it—and commands a most beautiful view of the ocean, bay, and harbor, the city of Boston and suburbs, the city of Lynn, (the great shoe manufacturing place,) and "all along shore." The most delightful spot in the world for bathing is found just in front of the hotel, in a quiet little bay—(with a pebbly bottom and crystal clear water,)—formed by two immense precipices, which project some distance out into the sea, against and over which the waves break in "admirable confusion." We "dipped" ourselves here, and then commenced our exploration of the notabilities of the place, in the progress of which we made a large addition to our cabinet of minerals and rare and elegant pebbles, with which Nahant abounds. To give even a meagre description of Nahant, would occupy more space than we can spare at present. It, too, as well as many other deservedly-treasured remembrances of spots of superexcellent enjoyment, will, at a future time, receive justice from our hands. In the mean while, it is our opinion that a residence with Mr. Drew for a few weeks during the summer season, will more effectually rasp off a dozen or two wrinkles from old father Time's brow, than any other recreation we know of. If Mr. Drew is not an Odd-Fellow—he is a capital good fellow, and possesses all the necessary qualifications for the former. Go and see him, ye swelterers in the over-crowded cities.

Sunday the 4th, was an unusually quiet day, to our New-York sense; but as soon as the sun had disappeared, the whole city swarmed like a hive of bees, and the "Common" was the grand hive which received the adopted preference of the multitude. We sat up quietly till nearly midnight, to escape the intolerable heat of the atmosphere, and "turning in" a few minutes before 12 o'clock, indulging in what proved to be a vain hope of obtaining a good night's rest. But, alas! for the instability of human desires, we were doomed to a sad disappointment; for just as we had quietly dropped into a comfortable slumber, and were regaling our wearied spirits and exhausted body in a delightful dream of our family and home, and were getting in the best possible humor with every thing in general, and ourself in particular, we had an indistinct idea conveyed to our ears, that something was wrong. Our dream grew more and more troubled, until we actually sweat with the agonizing thoughts which racked in our aching brain, until the confusion confounded became unbearable, and we awoke to hear the most dastardly caterwauling that was ever concocted by horrible ingenuity. It proved to be a "Calathumpian Band," celebrating the anniversary of Independence, and making night hideous with the awful screechings of all manner of horns, tin pans, conch-shells, ringing of bells, and drums which were beaten upon with an ardor worthy of a better cause. To think of sleeping was out of the question; so up we got and grumbled the night away. The celebration of the 4th by the Boston people, is done in the right spirit, and needs no endorsement at our hands.

At sunrise the Fire Companies of Boston and vicinity assembled in the "Common," with their apparatus, and engaged in a trial of skill for superiority, and the quietness and well ordered conduct exhibited by them on this exciting occasion is worthy of all praise. It was a strife of love.

The Floral Procession was a sight worth seeing. About five hundred little girls and boys, varying from six to thirteen years of age, dressed alike, ornamented with wreaths of flowers about their heads and persons, and bearing the flowers and grains of the season, entwined in many fanciful and grotesque forms, and rustic baskets and other articles made of bark and rock moss, moved along in procession, preceded and attended by a number of young gentleman as their marshals, through the principal streets, to the delight of all who had the good fortune to get a sight of them. A number of cars, tastefully decorated with flowers, and bearing groups of merry little angels, whose roses in their cheeks and purity of hearts, only rivalled the natural flowers entwined about them, were dotted here and there along the line. There were also four temples, representing the Seasons, each of which was attended by boys and girls, dressed in the costumes of the Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, of life, and appropriately decorated. Of course, the two first, from their nature, were the most pleasing to the eye; but the solidity of Autumn was comfort; and the truthful manner in which old Winter was depictured, with the leafless trees, the withered stump all ice-bound and snow-covered, and the shivering appearance of the youth who personated Age, whose gaunt form was closely wrapped about by a coat and breeches of fatherly dimensions, was an evidence of cool comfort, on that scorchingly hot day, peculiarly acceptable to the panting witnesses in the streets. The old lady, dressed in mob cap, dimity petticoat and spencer, with a comfortable-looking work-pocket hanging by her side, and that unmistakeable evidence of industry —the spinning-wheel—before her, played her part to perfection; but every now and then the roguish black eye of the mischievous girl would dart its lightning glance along the line of spectators, and dispel the illusion. We should be glad to see these floral processions copied by the people of New-York. They are a pure, rational enjoyment to the children who are the actors in the pageant, and awaken in the breasts of the people emotions and thoughts of the purest character, and carry us far back to the hey-day of childhood, and scenes we delight to remember.

The military display was rather meagre, compared to those we are used to see in New York; but the troops that *were* out, did credit to Boston.

The festivities of the day were concluded by a display of fireworks, provided by the City authorities, on the Common. Every available stand-point, in this immense square, was occupied, and the number of persons present could not have been less than 70,000 to 100,000; and in this vast concourse, every thing was harmony. No scenes of rowdyism, or the least indelicate illusion by any one, marred the pleasure; every person present seemed to be studying the best means to promote his neighbor's comfort and afford him the best facility to witness the exhibition prepared for the amusement of "the million." Indeed, the whole of the celebration of "Independence Day" in Boston was characterized by that universal absence of rowdyism and drunkenness, and the presence of that true and only rational spirit of enjoyment, which we should be glad to see pervade New York, at any and all times.

We start to-morrow, 6th inst., for Augusta, Me.; our companions are JAMES B. DEVOE, Esq. R. W. Grand Warden, and ISSACHAR G.

Reed, Esq. W. G. Conductor of the G. L. of N. Y., and that we are having a "good time," those who know the companionable qualities of these brothers, will readily believe. J. W.

JOTTINGS OF A SOUTHERN TOUR.

Elizabeth City, N. C.—This is a fine town of some fifteen hundred inhabitants. The houses are for the most part constructed of wood, and of neat and comfortable appearance, with beautiful scenery surrounding them. A Lodge was recently instituted here by Bro. R. W. Choate, of Newbern, who was specially deputed for that purpose. The Lodge is named Achoree No. 14, and the brethren to whose care it is left, are of the very sort who will protect it and watch over it with the most anxious solicitude; and at the same time guard its threshold against improper intrusion. Having observed their manner of work, I do not hesitate to say, that they will not be excelled by any sister Lodge, either in their own neighborhood, or the State. Gen. J. C. B. Ehringhaus, for many years a representative in the State Legislature, is the present N. G. and is in part the father of the Order in this section of the State.

Murfreesborough, N. C.—This is a very pretty little town, and has a most rural aspect. The houses are not in such close proximity as to jostle each other, and yet sufficiently near for social intercourse among their occupants. The family residences in and about the town are most pleasantly located, indicating the enjoyment of real comfort by their owners. The inhabitants appear to be very sociable. Population about seven hundred. The adjacent country is quite rich, and the farmers procure good crops as the fruits of their toil. Odd-Fellowship has a name to live here, it being the location of Washington Lodge No. 3. While I can speak in the highest terms of the brethren individually, I regret I cannot compliment the working of the Lodge. It is very deficient—a fault in which the members have no share. They need instruction badly, and are anxious to do up matters right. We commend the matter earnestly to the attention of the M. W. Grand Master. They only need to be put on the right track, from which they would never knowingly depart. Here is the residence of Dr. R. H. Worthington, P.G.M. of the State. He is a native of Albany, N. Y. but for a number of years past has been a citizen of this place. He was kind and courteous toward me, though an entire stranger, and in his society I felt myself quite "at home." I hope I may have the pleasure of meeting him again.

Washington, N. C.—Traveling in this State is not quite so agreeable or speedy as in the Northern or Eastern sections of the Republic. In my peregrinations, I have encountered dreary forests, rough and toilsome roads, with here and there narrow and sometimes broken bridges, to say nothing of the innumerable musketoes, yellow flies, and other insects, which annoy and dishearten the weary pilgrim. Though water is plentiful, the traveler is sometimes in want of bread on some of the routes—as for example that between Plymouth and this town. You leave the former place too early in the morning for breakfast, and you are compelled to fast until your arrival at this place, a distance of 35 miles. While here, I have had the pleasure of visiting Phalanx Lodge No. 10, and spent a very pleasant evening. The Hall is fitted up in a style combining elegance and taste, while at the same time all attempt at gaudy splendor has been judiciously avoided. The principles of our beloved Order have taken firm hold upon the affections of the brethren here. In no place since leaving the North have I visited a Lodge whose meetings are so well attended. Of the 85 members composing the Lodge, 75 were present. They are going ahead finely, and have frequently to call special meetings for initiations—and these are as well attended as the regular meetings! They have some 20 to 30 candidates elected. The prosperity of the Lodge has greatly exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its founders—and its members are among the most estimable citizens of the town. May the divinest harmony ever be in their midst. I am under many obligations to Bro. B. F. Hanks, for his courteous attentions during my stay. He is a true Odd-Fellow.

Newbern, N. C.—I arrived here on Saturday, June 19, and have found most comfortable quarters at the "Newbern Hotel," kept by P.G. John Charlotte, to whose hospitable mansion I would commend all travelers. While here I have had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Bro. Disoswav, the late G. M. of the State, who is in possession of every quality that constitutes a real gentleman and an Odd-Fellow. During my brief stay, I have enjoyed the society of the brethren of Eureka Lodge No. 7, very much; and my visit to the Lodge was exceedingly pleasant. The neat appearance of the furniture and decorations strongly reminded me of our own Room, and that I almost fancied myself in Montague Hall.

Beaufort, N. C.—This place is about 50 miles from Newbern, and is much frequented by visitors from the interior, who wish to avail themselves of the benefits of salt water and sea air during the warm months. Concordia Lodge No. 11 is located here, one or two of whose sessions I had the good fortune to attend. Though not quite six months in existence, it yet numbers fifty members, with more to come. They work imperfectly, owing doubtless to their inexperience, being all quite young in the cause. The members are earnest and true, and worthy Odd-Fellows. Peace be with them.

A Remark.—Scarcely yet have I found two Lodges in one State that did not differ in the work and language of Odd-Fellowship. When shall the golden and millenial era of uniformity arrive? It is melancholy to witness the errors that prevail among the Lodges. Cannot the G. L. U. S. do something to correct the evil? Will they not try? Yours. G. L.

The Southwest.—Extract from a letter from Rev. Bro. Williamson, dated Memphis, Tenn., June 23, 1847. "Grand Master Brown of Mississippi called on me a few days since, on his way to open some Lodges in the north part of that State. He represents the Order as abundantly prosperous in his jurisdiction. I this day received a letter from Nulle Foster, Esq. of Helena Ark, which informs me that they are flourishing even to their hearts content in that region. A petition for an Encampment at Helena has gone forward, and they are anxiously waiting the arrival of a dispensation to that effect. Take care, or the Great West and South will overtake you yet, though you had much the start of us in the race."

Bro. Williamson informs us in his private letter, that he is about leaving Memphis, and returning to his home, at *Rural*, Clermont co. Ohio, where his friends can address him.

Rev. Bro. J. G. Forman.—We learn by the Ark that this zealous brother and distinguished Odd-Fellow has resigned his office as D. D.G.M. of Ohio, and removed to one of the New England States. We know not where Bro. F. is located, but sure we are, the loss to Ohio will be gain to the Fraternity in his new location.—[Covenant.

We have had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with Bro. Forman, who spent several days in this city and vicinity on his way East, and found him a warm-hearted, zealous, and most excellent Odd-Fellow. Knowing and esteeming him now, as we do, we cannot but regret that any injustice should have been done him in Bro. T——r's correspondence, through what must have been a misapprehension of his character. Bro. F. has located himself in Dover, N. H., where his friends can address him.

Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of New York.—The annual session commences on Wednesday, the 4th August. From the very important questions which will be brought before that body, it is to be hoped that every Representative, who can, will be present. The Grand Lodge have removed to their new Room, directly below the one formerly occupied, and many of the objections heretofore complained of, as to want of space and free ventilation, have been obviated; so that members will be subjected to only the ordinary inconvenience of a Summer session.

The Annual Session of the Grand Encampment of N. York will commence on Monday, the 2d of August, at 8 o'clock, P. M. The only matter of importance which will come before that body, is the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the G. E. which strikes out the article on qualifications for office. As the Constitution now stands no member is eligible to elective office unless he has passed the chairs of H. P. and C. P. respectively, thus creating a distinction between members of that R. W. Body, founded on no principle of justice or necessity in the case; and unknown, so far as we are advised, in any other Grand Encampment in the United States. By the present law, the first C. P. of every new Encampment is excluded from any participation in official honors in the G. E.

Bro. Williamson's Article.—We need not call the attention of our readers to the sentiments of P. G. Master Williamson, on the Representative system, as the importance of the subject of which he writes, as well as the general excitement at present existing on this question, will command for it a careful reading.

The Covenant for July reached us on the 12th. The June number has *not* come. We receive but about half the numbers of this magazine. We do not know whose fault it is; but we know it is not Bro. Case's. The number before us well filled.

Bro. I. D. Williamson.—This talented and energetic brother has furnished seven articles of numbers of "Cogitations of an Odd-Fellow," for the Golden Rule. They have been inserted in that widely extended paper, and read by thousands. *Many* have doubtless been instructed by the perusal, and *all* must have acknowledged the care and ability with which they were prepared.—[Covenant.

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

District of Columbia.

Hudson, July 9, 1847.

Bro. Winchester,—I send you a list of the officers elected and installed in this District, for the present term, viz:

Union Encampment No. 17—Henry Ary, C.P.; Henry Doty, H.P.; E. H. Roberts, S.W.; Lucius N. Gridly, Scribe; James B. Van Bueren, Treas. and Samuel E. Crossman, J.W.

Good Intent Lodge No. 6—Jacob C. Boyce, N.G.; Peter H. Huber, V.G.; A. W. Coventry, Sec.; Alex. H. Benjamin, Treas.; P.G. Peter Van Rensselaer, P. Sec.

Allen Lodge No. 92—R. P. Skinner, N.G.; Samuel E. Crossman, V.G.; Morgan H. Chrysler, Sec.; Daniel N. Mozier, Treas.; Wm. S. Taylor, Per. Sec.

Morning Star Lodge No. 128—Ebenezer Backus, N.G.; F. H. Rathbone, V.G.; R. W. Babcock, Sec; Wm. L. Van Alstyne, Treas.

Odd-Fellowship in this vicinity is in a very healthy condition, indeed, at the present time: in fact, it always has been so from the time when its beautiful standard was first erected in this city, and the banner unfurled to the breeze, bearing upon its ample folds the cheering and heart-gladdening motto of Friendship, Love and Truth.

The members of the Order here attach more importance in carrying out the great and benevolent principles of the Institution of visiting the sick and those in distress, relieving the wants of the widow and the orphan, in doing good to their fellow-creatures around them, than they do in supporting this or that particular measure—in being advocates of this or that form of law, believing that the chief glory of the Fraternity consists in noble deeds of goodness and charity.

In support of these remarks I will offer two facts. Allen Lodge No. 92 has, during the year ending June 30th, 1847, paid out, for the relief of brothers and widowed families, over fifteen hundred dollars. The other two Lodges in this District have had large drafts upon their funds for benefits and relief. Again, if my memory serves me correctly, there has never been a case of grievance carried up from a Lodge in the District to the Grand Lodge for the decision of that worthy body. The first Lodge instituted here (setting aside No. 6, whose charter was surrendered in 1838) was No. 92. the 12th of August, 1843.

These things show that our members here are given not only to deeds of hospitality and benevolence, but are quiet and peaceable, not given to bickering and quarreling—not engaging in a paper warfare, which is so fashionable now-a-days with some, of crimination and recrimination; but think it is far more preferable, if they have any misunderstanding with one another, to settle the same among themselves, than to impose upon others to do it for them.

Yours, as ever, fraternally, Jas. Batchellor.

District of Montgomery.

Fort Plain, July 12, 1847.

Bro. Winchester,—I annex a list of officers of the Lodges in this District.

Amsterdam Lodge No. 131—I. W. Sturtevant, N.G.; A. P. Dostic, V.G.; J. Stewart, Sec.; I. C. Shuler, Treas.

Montgomery Lodge No. 164—D. G. Lobdell, N.G.; L. Fox, V.G.; W. Dale, Sec.; A. Gennett, Treas.

Tryon Lodge No. 247—G. P. Loucks, N.G.; J. J. Roof, V.G.; S. H. Barnes, Sec.; L. B. Clark, Treas.

Iconderago Lodge No. 271—Francis Nukerck, N.G.; J. H. Scoon, V.G.; T. Montgomery, Sec.; J. G. Snell, Treas.

Cayadutta Lodge No 279—G. Henry, N.G.; E. Wells, V.G.; E. C. Ely, Sec. Jonas Smith, Treas.

Ayanuschian Lodge No. 282—T. Starin, N.G.; W. S. Furmer, V. G.; W. W. Kline, Sec.; W. R. Chapman, Treas. E. Lindsay.

De Ruyter Lodge No. 299 was instituted on the 10th June, at De Ruyter village, by D.D.G.M. Charles Mason, of Madison District, assisted by P.G.s Nye, Welton and Birge, of Oneactah Lodge No. 172, and P.G. Henry, of Owahgena Lodge No. 223, together with a large number of brethren from adjoining Lodges, who were in attendance. The following are the officers of the Lodge: Allen Sutton, N.G; Ira Gage Barnes, V.G.; George W. Sutton, Sec.; Charles H. Maxson, Treas. Meets on Wednesday evening.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, July 13, 1847.

E. Winchester, Esq.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—Last evening the Grand Encampment of Pennsylvania met, and charters were granted for Lycoming Encampment No. 39, Bloomsburg Encampment No. 60, Sunbury Encampment No. 61, and for a Camp to be located in the Northern Liberties; and after transacting the usual business, proceeded to the election of its officers for the ensuing year, which resulted in the choice of the following brothers:

AARON WATERS, M.W.G.P.	WM. CURTIS, G. Scribe,
JOHN CAIRNES, M.E.G.H.P.	JOSEPH BROWNE, G. Treasurer,
THOMAS HELM, G.S.W.	F. M. RICE, G.O.S.
GEORGE SLIGO, G.J.W.	JOHN W. STOKES, G.Rep.
JOS. P. FITLER, G. Sentinel,	GEO. S. MORRIS, G.Rep.

And adjourned to meet on the second Monday in August, for the purpose of installing the officers. Yours, in haste.

Clearfield, July 7, 1847.

Dear Sir and Bro.—The following are the lists of officers elected and installed into their respective officers for the present term:

Clearfield Lodge No. 198—Daniel Livingston, N.G.; Ashley M. Mills, V.G.; Wm. J. Hemphill, Sec.; Wm. McBride, Assis. Sec.; Jas. T. Leonard, Treas.

Brookville Lodge No. 217—David S. Deering, N.G.; John Hastings, V.G.; J. S. McCullough, Sec.; Wm. McCandless, Assis. Sec.; David B. Jenks, Treas.

Mahoning Lodge No. 250 (instituted on the 1st inst.)—Barton T. Hastings, N.G.; David Barclay, V.G.; John B. Wilson, Sec.; Obed H. Nordstrom, Assis. Sec.; Abraham Rudolph, Treas.

On the 30th June, we had a procession at Brookville, and dedicated a splendid Hall for the purposes of our benevolent Order. Nearly fifty brothers were in egalia. We had an excellent sermon, preached by Mr. Rugan, a minister of the Lutheran Church, from 13th chapter 1st Corinthians, 4th to 8th verses We listened to the discourse with sincere pleasure, and had he not stated that he did not belong to the Order, we all would have given him credit for talking as an Odd-Fellow only would have done. Opposition vanishes as our principles become known; let strict discipline be exercised and it cannot exist.

A charter has been granted for a Lodge at Clarion, which I expect will be opened sometime in this month.

I opened Mahoning Lodge No. 250, at Punxsutawney, Jefferson county, on the 1st inst. Nine members were duly elected and initiated. They have every prospect of success. J. L. C.

CONNECTICUT.

Extract from a letter dated Portland, June 23, 1847.

We are doing finely here as a Lodge in a country place. Freestone Lodge No. 33, although not yet a year old, numbers 37 members. This we think is doing very well in so small a place. The officers for the current term were installed on Wednesday evening, (7th) of which you have here a list: John J. Worthington, N.G.; S. Nelson Hall, V.G.; Alfred H. Ransom, Sec.; G. H. Taylor, P.Sec.; Gilbert Stancliff, Treas.

INDIANA.

Extract from a letter dated Crawfordsville, July 5, 1847.

Your paper is well received here: we look upon it as the best publication of the Order. The Certificate is the most beautiful thing of the kind I have ever seen. Our Lodge has just closed its first six months term. The officers for the next term are, Stephen Graves, N.G.; John Sweetner, V.G.; S. C. Wilson, Sec. James Luman, Treas. We are prospering beyond all human calculation. By dispensation of our M. W. Grand Master, I shall institute Putman Lodge No. — next week at Green Castle, 30 miles south of this, and will give you an account of the same. M. H.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Some important errors having occurred in the list of Grand Officers elect, published in the G. R. of the 29th May, we re-insert it corrected:

W. H. McKee, of Manteo Lodge No 8, Raleigh, M.W.G.Master.
J. Cicero Justice, of Eureka Lodge No. 7, Newbern, R.W.D.G.M.
B. J. Houze, of Neuse Lodge No. 6, Waynesboro', R W.G.W.
John McRea, Jr. of Cape Fear Lodge No. 2, Wilmington, R.W.G.S.
Julius D. Gardner, of Cape Fear Lodge No. 2, Wilmington, R.W.G.T.
A. Paul Ripiton, of Cape Fear Lodge No. 2, Wilmington, R.W.G.Chaplain,
A. J. Hubbard, of Thaddeus Lodge No. 5, Clinton, W.G.G.
R. S. Thomas, of Cape Fear Lodge No. 2, Wilmington, W.G.C.
W. E. Anderson, of Cape Fear Lodge No. 2, Wilmington, G.Rep.
Perrin H. Busbee, of Manteo Lodge No. 8, Raleigh, Alternate.

WISCONSIN.

Milwaukie, July 1, 1847.

Editor of the Golden Rule,—Aware that anything relative to the Order is of interest to yourself and readers, I take the liberty to inform you of some recent changes in Wisconsin.

In December last the Lodges in this Territory petitioned the Grand Lodge of the United States for a charter for a Grand Lodge in Wisconsin. The petition was granted, but owing to the difficulty of transporting the necessary books and papers, they did not arrive here until late in May, accompanied with instructions to R.W.D.D.G. Sire William Duane Wilson to give the necessary notice and institute the Grand Lodge in the city of Milwaukie.

The Lodges in this city concluded to embrace the occasion for extending invitations to Lodges in other States adjoining to be present and participate in a celebration, after the institution of the Grand Lodge.

An invitation was extended to P.G. John D. Kinsman of Southport to deliver a suitable address, which he accepted. The Delegates assembled on the 9th of June, and proceeded to the election of Grand Officers, which resulted as follows:

JOHN D. KINSMAN, of Southport, M.W.G.M.
B. KENT, of Beloit, R.W.D.G.M.
WM. M. CUNNINGHAM, of Milwaukie, R.W.G.W.
RUFUS KING, of Milwaukie, R.W.G.S.
ELI BATES, Jr. of Milwaukie, R.W.G.T.
D. McDONALD, of Racine, R.W.G.Chap.
WILLIAM DUANE WILSON, of Milwaukie, R.W.G. Rep. to G.L.U.S.

The Grand Officers elect were installed on the evening of the 9th of June by D.D.G. Sire Wilson, and the G.M. made the appointments necessary.

In the meantime quite a number of Odd-Fellows from the Territory and Chicago had arrived in the city. At 10 o'clock on the morning of the 10th of June the procession was formed under the direction of R.W.G.S. Rufus King, and proceeded through the principal streets to the Methodist Church, where the M.W.G.M. John D. Kinsman delivered an address that for beauty of style and force of decison is seldom equalled. I regret that a copy could not be procured for publication, but I will give you a few extracts which you can insert.

(These will appear in our next.)

The Grand Lodge met again in the P. M. and adopted a Constitution, and granted charters for Subordinate Lodges in Waukesha, Madison, Rochester and Green Bay, and adjourned to meet on the second Wednesday in July.

The following are the officers elected for the coming term in this city:

Wisconsin Encampment No. 1—M. E. Lyman, C.P.; G. G. Gibbits, H.P.; L. S. See, S.W.; W. M. Cunningham, J.W.; Wm. Brown, S.; Geo. M. Gray, T.

Milwaukie Lodge No. 2—L. S. See, N.G.; E. H. Sabin, V.G.; Levi Hubbell, S. and D. C. Van Tine, T.

Kneeland Lodge No. 5—T. Ripley, N.G.; Chas. Crane, V.G.; Wm. Brown, S. and Jas. B. Martin, T.

Wilson Encampment No. 2 was instituted on the 12th of June, at Southport, and an Encampment will be instituted at Janesville during this month.

Your paper is very generally taken by the members of the Order in this vicinity, and we are much indebted to its columns for news in relation to Odd-Fellowship. G.

OHIO.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—The Grand Encampment of this State held its Annual Meeting in Cincinnati, on the 5th of June. But little business of consequence apart from the election of officers was transacted.

A Charter was granted for an Encampment at Massillon, which, when instituted will make twenty-four in the State This branch of the Order has been increasing quite rapidly the past year, both in subordinates and in members.

A Committee was appointed to divide the State into Districts, for the appointment of D.D.G. Patriarchs—to report to a future meeting.

The proceedings for the past year were ordered to be printed and distributed among the Past Chief Patriarchs and Subordinate Encampments.

The following are the officers elected for the present year:

William B. Chapman, G.Pat.	Albert G. Day, G.Rep.
Rev. Joel Dalbay, G H.P.	F. Holford, G.J.W.
William S. Phares, G.S.W.	N. Stewart G.Sent.
H. N. Clark, G.S.	Thomas Spooner, D.G.Sent.
D. T. Snelbaker, G.T.	

The Patriarchs throughout the State will all be gratified at the election of Bro. CHAPMAN to the post of Grand Patriarch. He will make a faithful officer, and the interest of this branch of our Order will not suffer in his hands. We consider that in the choice of officers throughout good selections have been made.—(Ark.

MOHICAN LODGE No. 85, was instituted at Ashland, Ashland county, on the 10th of May, by D.D.G.M. T. C. MCEWEN, assisted by P.G. BURNS and a number of brethren of Mansfield Lodge No. 19, and New Haven Lodge No. 41. Officers elected and installed: John Clark, N.G.; Jackson Wolverton, V.G.; John Massie, Sec.; H. J. Hayes, P.Sec.; B. Sloan, Treas. The petitioners, says the installing officer, are an industrious and enterprising class, and have taken hold of the work with a zeal and energy that will not only do credit to themselves, but tend to advance the interest of the Order. They have a neat and beautiful Hall.

FORT MEIGS LODGE No. 86, located at Perrysburg, Wood county, was instituted on the 20th of May, by Special Deputy TIMOTHY KIRBY, of Cincinnati, with the assistance of D.D.G.M. HENRY BENNETT and a number of brothers from Wapaukonica Lodge No. 38 at Toledo. The following were installed into the respective chairs: Charles C. Roby, N.G.; Alfred Taylor, V.G.; Thomas Clark, 2d, Sec.; Henry H. Forsyth, P.Sec.; Addison J. Smith, Treas. Nine candidates were admitted by initiation, and one by card. The Lodge has a brilliant career of usefulness before it, which it will accomplish with credit to itself and honor to the Order. Meets Saturday evenings.

MARYSVILLE LODGE No. 87, was instituted at Marysville, on the 7th of June, by D.D.G.M. E. SHELDEN, and the following officers elected and installed: John Cassil, N.G.; S. A. Cherry, V.G.; James Kincaid, Jr. Sec.; John Smith, P. Sec.; Wm. T. Brophy, Treas. There were five initiations on the first evening, and the prospects are bright for a fine Lodge. The members are composed of the right material, which is a sure presage of triumphant results.

CONCORDIA LODGE No. 88, was instituted at New Lisbon, Columbiana county, June 21, by P.G. ALEX. E. GLENN, Special Deputy, assisted by D.D.G.M. WM. C. EARL, of Massillon, and N.G. C. J. Porter, of Ashtabula Lodge. The following officers were elected and installed: Joseph Watson, N.G.; Theobauld Umbstæter, V.G.; George L. Cook, Sec.; Frederic Eaholtz, Treas. Four candidates were initiated and three admitted by card, and several applications were presented. There is no doubt that this is the nucleus of a first rate Lodge. Meets Tuesday evenings.

KENTUCKY.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—We have received from the R. W. Grand Scribe, Bro. T. P. SHAFFNER, the printed proceedings of the Grand Encampment of Kentucky, at its annual session held at Louisville, May 8, 1847. The Grand Patriarch, G. BLANCHARD, Esq. in his annual report, represents the Patriarchal branch in a healthy and prosperous condition—peace, brotherly love and unity every where prevailing.

Dr. A. K. MARSHALL, Grand Representative to the G. L. U. S. made a written report, in which he took strong ground against Grand Encampments—denominating them "paupers upon the great body of the Order," and recommending their abolition, and their jurisdiction transferred to the State Grand Lodges or the G. L. U. S. The report was referred to a committee, a majority of whom reported adversely to the recommendation, and the minority in its favor. A motion to adopt the latter was lost, when the majority resolution was adopted in a modified form.

The Grand Encampment elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

David P. Watson, M.W.G.P.; James M'Grain, M.E.G.H.P.; John M. Stephens, R.W.G.S.W.; William White, R.W.G.J.W.; Tal. P. Shaffner, R.W.G.S.; James S. Lithgow, R.W.G.T.; Wm. F. Davis, R.W.G Rep.

A resolution was adopted hereafter to pay the expenses of the Grand Officers residing out of Louisville in attending the meetings of the Grand Encampment—ayes 14, noes 8.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Grand Encampment be and are hereby tendered P.G.P. Geo. Blanchard, P.G.H P. David P. Watson, P.G.S. Tal. P. Shaffner, P.G.T. Jas S. Lithgow, and P.G.Rep. A. K. Marshall, for the faithful, energetic, and dignified manner in which they have performed their duties during their term of office.

The Semi-Annual reports of the Subordinate Encampments, ending April 1, shows 62 initiations, 4 admissions by card, 3 reinstatements, 1 withdrawal, and 1 suspension, a total membership of about 300. Revenue, $787.

ALABAMA.

Extract from a letter dated PRATTSVILLE, June 30, 1847.

AUTEUGA LODGE No. 17 was instituted at this place last December. We are in a very prosperous condition, and are now fitting up a new Hall. The officers for the current term, commencing July 1st, are, W. C. Allen, N.G.; George H. Fisdale, V.G.; L. Spigner, Sec.; Dr. S. P. Smith, Treas. W. C. A.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1847.

☞ Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, NEW YORK, by E. WINCHESTER, Editor and Proprietor, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms $2 a year in advance, or 6¼ per week, delivered by a carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

PHILADELPHIA.—The GOLDEN RULE is published in Philadelphia, by CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North Sixth street, by whom subscriptions will be received and papers delivered in any part of the city. Packages sent to the adjoining towns out of the malls.

BOSTON.—Office of the GOLDEN RULE, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L. WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the RULE sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

"A Subscriber" can "drop it at once," as we shall, in his own improved orthography, "bublish" what we like. Better go to school, my man!

NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MEDICINE—SHIP FEVER.

AT the last meeting of this Academy, the following report on the subject of Ship Fever, which has been the cause of so much excitement and alarm, among our citizens, was presented and read by Dr. CAMPBELL STEWART in behalf of a Committee appointed at a previous meeting to investigate the subject. The report and its conclusions were unanimously adopted by the Academy, which ordered a copy to be officially transmitted to the City authorities, and decided to permit its publication in the papers.

NEW YORK, July 7, 1847.

The Committee appointed at the last meeting of the Academy to investigate the subject of the prevailing Typus, Typhoid or Ship Fever, respectfully report:

That, in accordance with their instructions, they have visited and inspected all the public Hospitals and private institutions of the City into which fever cases have been received; and the result of their investigations has been so far satisfactory as to have enabled them to obtain a vast amount of valuable general and statistical information in regard to the subject upon which they are required to report; which will place it in their power, at some future period, when sufficient time shall have been allowed to collect and arrange all the data upon which their report will be based—to present what they conceive will be an interesting and valuable record of medical experience in regard—

1st. To the origin, cause and mode of propagation of the fever of the present season. 2d. To its distinctive characters. 3d. To its autopsic phenomena. 4th. To its statistics. 5th. To the course of treatment, which has been attended with the most satisfactory results.

Sub-Committees have been appointed to examine into each of these departments of the general subject, and a correspondence has been opened with the Health Officers of various seaports on our continent, at which the disease is prevailing.

As considerable time must elapse, however, before all the expected returns can be received, and a final and satisfactory report rendered, your Committee have deemed it expedient in view of the state of public alarm in regard to this fever, to submit to you at the present time, some few general facts and conclusions in connexion with the subject, which, if allowed to go forth with the sanction and approval of the Academy, will be calculated to remove from the public mind all fear in relation to the danger to be apprehended, either by citizens or strangers from this cause.

That there has been during the past three months an unusual number of cases of Typhus or Ship Fever, in our public and private hospitals, is undoubtedly true: it has been confined, however, almost entirely to emigrants, and particularly to those arriving from Ireland, to whose unhappy condition at home, and the criminal negligence of those engaged in transporting them to our shores, may be attributed the vast amount of suffering and sickness to which they have been subjected.

The records of the Commissioners of Health show that no less a number of steerage, or emigrant passengers than 84,218 arrived at this port during the first six months of the present year; and of these 74,428 have been landed since the first of April, giving a monthly average since the latter date of nearly 25,000.

This immense increase of immigration is alone sufficient to account for large increase in the number of cases of a disease which always prevails with us at the period of the year when emigrants are arriving. In addition to this, however, other causes, already alluded to, have had a material influence in causing the sickness of the present season. It is now a well established fact that Typhus, Ship, or Jail Fever is capable of being produced at any time when a large number of persons are congregated together in a confined space, and deprived of the means of cleanliness, pure air, and proper nourishment; and as most of these causes have existed to an unparalleled extent in the case of emigrants of the present season, it is rather a matter

of surprise that so small a number, comparatively speaking, should have suffered from it.

In the case of the Irish paupers introduced among us, all these causes have been in full operation. Previous to embarkation, they had been for a long period in a state of destitution, but little short of actual starvation. They have been taken on board ship in a filthy condition, and in most cases were unprovided with a single change of clothing.

Numbers of them—to the extent of more that 500—have been received into the steerage of one vessel, and their condition at sea has been sometimes most deplorable. In a British vessel (the ship Ceylon,) which your Committee were, through the politeness of the Health Officer, and his Deputy, Dr. Harcourt, enabled to visit and inspect on her arrival, we found 257 passengers huddled together in the steerage, which was in a most foul state.

This vessel had lost as many as 30 of her passengers previous to her arrival, and 115 were then so ill as to render it necessary to land them at Quarantine Hospital. At other ports on this Continent vessels have arrived in a still worse condition. The ship Loosthauk, from Liverpool to Quebec, had to put into Chatham in distress. She had on leaving England, 349 steerage passengers, of whom 117 had died on the passage, and only 20 persons on board had escaped sickness. Five emigrant vessels arrived at Quebec about the middle of the last month, which had lost at sea not less than 275 of their passengers—an average of 55 for each one of them.

The returns made to our Health Office at Staten Island by captains of vessels arriving here, show an aggregate of 947 deaths at sea, on board of vessels coming from European ports; and three fourths of the number admitted into the Quarantine Hospital, (most of them Irish,) have been taken from British vessels.

These facts prove conclusively what is the cause to which we are to attribute the increase of Ship Fever during the present season.

Notwithstanding this great increase, however, we think that no danger need be apprehended by our citizens. But few of the causes productive of the disease exist among us, and no apprehension need be felt of its becoming epidemic, so long as due attention is paid to cleanliness and ventilation. This disease has been *exclusively* confined to emigrants, and those in constant attendance upon them, such as physicians, medical students and nurses. We have been unable to collect the particulars of more than two or three cases which could not be traced directly to intercourse with those laboring under the disease, and who had lately arrived from sea. Although hundreds of cases have been congregated in our public and private hospitals, no person living in their vicinity has been attacked—none have suffered but those who, as has been already stated, are in constant intercourse with, and attendance upon the sick. The bills of mortality, too, show that the disease has been confined almost entirely to the hospitals.

From the City Inspector's returns we gather that the whole number of deaths in the City from Typhoid and Typhus (Ship) Fever, was, from January 2 to June 26, inclusive 570.

Of these there died:

At the Bellevue Hospital	260
At the Children's Hospital on Blackwell's Island	18
At the Penitentiary Hospital, do do	6
At the City Hospital	62
At the Private Hospitals at Bloomingdale and Harlem (whole mortality 201, of which, as these Hospitals are for sick emigrants *exclusively*, it is fair to presume the greater part were of Ship Fever,) say two-thirds or	134
Total deaths in Hospitals	480
Leaving for all other public institutions and the City generally, only	90
Total	570

This is a mortality so trifling, when it is borne in mind that it occurs in a population of more than 400,000, and embraces a period of six months, that it affords no ground whatever for apprehension.

In addition to all this, moreover, ample provision has now been made by the Commissioners of Emigration to provide for the accommodation of sick immigrants without the City precincts.

From the foregoing facts and other information in their possession, your committee feel themselves fully justified in presenting for your consideration and adoption the following conclusions:

1st. That although there has been a decided increase in the number of cases of Typhus or Ship Fever in our City during the present season, as compared with other seasons, such increase is only in proportion to the increased immigration of the present year, and the bad condition of the immigrants.

2d. That the disease is confined almost exclusively to immigrants, and to those who are in direct and constant attendance upon such of them as are sick.

3d. That no danger need be apprehended of the disease becoming epidemic; and that with a due regard to cleanliness and ventilation our citizens have no cause whatever for alarm on the subject.

All of which is respectfully submitted. [Signed]

F. C. Stewart, M. D. — F. U. Johnston, M. D.
Isaac Wood, M. D. — Joseph M. Smith, M. D.
H. Van Hoovenbergh, M. D. — John H. Griscom, M. D.
Cyrus Weeks, M. D. — Gustavus A. Sabine, M. D.
James Manley, M. D. — *Committee.*

The Iris, we may as well inform our readers, as we have had more than one inquiry upon the subject, has been discontinued. It survived its resurrection just two weeks. Those brothers who were induced to subscribe for it and pay in advance, when the grand appeal was made to them, after its first failure, on account of *cheapness*, have received but two numbers for their *dollar and-a-half* paid! We believe the present stoppage is final.

Notices of New Publications.

"Parley's Magazine and Robert Merry's Museum," for July, commences a new volume. There is no periodical in the country devoted to the instruction and amusement of the young equal to this. It is edited by Peter Parley himself. G. W. & O. S. Fost, 5 Beekman-st.

"Harper's United States Almanac for 1848," is a pamphlet of 64 large pages, 36 of which are devoted to the usual astronomical intelligence, which is very full, a cut and letter-press description of each of the zodiacal constellations, Garden Memoranda for the month, interesting miscellany, &c. The remaining 28 pages embrace a catalogue of the most valuable and popular works published by the Harpers. The whole is a cheap sixpence worth.

"Mother's Magazine."—The July number of this excellent and useful work has several interesting and instructive articles. It is worthy of a liberal support.

"Dombey and Son," Part IX. has been published by Wiley & Putnam. The work is nearly half completed, and has had an immense run.

"The American Phrenological Journal," for July, opens with a portrait and Phrenological description of Harriet Martineau; an article on Firmness, and many others of interest. This work deservedly enjoys a large support. It is ably conducted. Fowlers & Wells, 131 Nassau-st.

"The Trinity Church Question, who are Corporators of the Corporation of Trinity Church in the City of New York; by a Corporator," has been issued from the press of the Harpers, in a pamphlet of 32 pages. The subject must be one of very great interest to the Episcopal Church, and is well treated.

"The Union Magazine of Literature and Art," under the Editorial Superintendence of Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, opens brilliantly. It has contributions from the accomplished pen of the Editoress, and Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. C. M. Sedgwick, Miss H. F. Gould, J. H. Mancur, Charles Lanman, John Neal, &c. &c. enough to make any Magazine popular. It has three illustrations. We wish it abundant success. [Vol 1, No. 1, for July—Israel Post, 140 Nassau-st. $3 a year.

"Harper's Pictorial History of England, No. 26," is upon our table, and shews that there is no diminution of interest or beauty in this noble work.

Blackwood, for June is a most capital number. By the way, the July number begins a new volume—a good time to subscribe. Scott & Co. 79 Fulton-st.

MARRIAGES.

July 10, by Rev. Dr. Fisher, Mr. HENRY WILBUR, and Miss MARY ROSALIE FEEKS, daughter of the late Chas. C. Feeks, all of this city. *

July 5, in Gilboa, N. Y. by Rev. Lawrence H. Van Dyck, Bro. GEORGE W. BOGARDUS, of Prattsville Lodge No. 249, and Miss ELIZA AUGUSTA, daughter of Jacob Morse, Esq. all of Gilboa.

June 12, at Hector, Tompkins county, by Rev. J. N. Nevins, P. E. Mr. LUTHER H. HATFIELD, and Miss EMMA S. ELY, daughter of Harry Ely, Esq. all of Hector.

July 5, at Jamaica, L. I., by Rev. Dr. Schoonmaker, Bro. JOHN HENRY SCHOONMAKER, of Jamaica Lodge No. 81, (of the firm of Ward & Schoonmaker, of this city,) and Miss SARAH WILLETS, of Jamaica.

Also, by the same, at the same time and place, JONATHAN D. HULL, of New Lebanon, N. Y., and Miss ANNA B. SCHOONMAKER, youngest daughter of Dr. Schoonmaker, of Jamaica.

April 22, at Sprakers Basin, N. Y. Bro. G. A. MITCHELL, of Canajoharie, and Miss M. L. WILKINS, daughter of Col. A. Wilkins, Sprakers Basin.

May 20, at Steubenville Ohio, by Rev. Robt. Andrews, Bro. CORNELUS S. HULL, Sec. of Jefferson Lodge No. 6, and Miss MARY ANN GIBBONS, both of Steubenville.

May 29, at Franklin, O. by Rev. Mr. Tracey. Bro. JOHN CLUTE, of Ravenna Lodge No. 65, and Miss AMELIA TRISSLE, both of Ravenna.

June 2, at Buchanan, Mich. by Eld. Martindale, Bro. J. M. MATTHEWS, of South Bend Lodge No. 29, South Bend, Ia., and Miss MARY E. DAY, of Buchanan.

June 3, at Columbus, O., by Rev. Bro. N. Doolittle, Bro. B HAWLEY, P.G. of Ogontz Lodge No. 66, Sandusky City, and Miss MARY ANN GRIFFITH, of Columbus.

June 3, at Urbana, O, by Rev. D. Kemper, Bro. J. NESBIT, of Troy Lodge No. 34, Troy, O. and Miss JULIA ANN SMITH, of Urbana.

June 10. at Newbern, Ia. by Rev. A. Davis, Bro. Dr. J. C. BECK, of Cadiz, Ia. and Miss VASHTIE DAVIS, of Newbern.

June 16, near Portsmouth, O., by Rev. Mr. Cushing, Bro. D. OVERDIER, P. G. of Central Lodge No. 23, Columbus, and Miss MARY MOSS, of Scioto co.

June 18, at Brookville, Ia., by Rev. J. Stout, Bro. J. H. SHIRK, P.G. of Penn Lodge No. 30, and Miss DESDEMONIA McCARTY.

July 8, in Brooklyn, by Rev. T. B. Thayer, ANDREW J. GUNNISON, Esq. and Miss EUPHEMIA L. BRIARD, both of Lowell.

July 14, in Brooklyn, by Rev. T. B. Thayer, Mr. A. D. OAKLEY of Brooklyn, and Miss SARAH ADELINE, youngest daughter of Jacob Minick, of Lancaster, Pa. Lancaster papers please copy.

DEATHS.

July 13, in Brooklyn, CATHARINE WEBSTER, wife of Bro. J. O. H. Swinburne, of Stirling Lodge No. 190, aged 27 year.

April 23, near Sharonville, O., Bro. GEORGE B. JUDD, of Manoning Lodge No. 29, Warren, O.

May 22, at Zanesville, O. Mrs. ELIZABETH B. REEVE, consort of Bro. George B. Reeve, aged 36 years.

June 10, at Reynoldsburgh, O., Bro. JOHN FRENCH, of Columbus Lodge No. 9, aged 34 years.

May 31, at Hannibal, Mo., Rev. Bro. WM. M. CRAWFORD, formerly of Loraine Lodge, Louisville, Ky.

June 13, at Wooster, O., Bro. PERRY JOHNSON, P.G. of Wooster Lodge No. 42, aged 25 years.

PEKIN TEA COMPANYS' WAREHOUSE, 75 AND 77 FULTON-ST.

[Persons residing in any part of the United States or Canada, can order any of the Teas mentioned in this Catalogue by letter, in quantities to suit their wishes. We pack them in Chinese boxes and deliver them to the Forwarding Merchant free from charge of packing or cartage. The money should always accompany the order.]

Catalogue of Teas on sale at the Tea Warehouses of

THE PEKIN TEA COMPANY, Importers of fine Green and Black Teas, No. 75 Fulton Street, New-York. (The Teas mentioned in this Catalogue are done up in quarter pound, half pound, and one pound packages—the first, or inside wrapper is lead, the second wrapper is water-proof paper, and the third or outside wrapper is of Chinese rice paper. The Company sell none but good Teas, done up in this superior manner, all of them grown in the most luxurious districts in China. Country dealers can select as small a quantity of each kind as they like and have them packed in one chest. These Teas also come in five pound Chinese packages, called quattoons, a very convenient, fanciful and portable shape.)

GREEN TEAS.

YOUNG HYSON, good	37½
do do sweet cargo	50
do do do do finer	62½
do do fine cargo	75
do do extra fine	87½
do do Silver Leaf	1 00

Silver Leaf.—Seldom sold, even by large dealers, because of the very small profits made on its sale. This is a very superior tea.

do do Golden Chop, Plantation or Garden growth	1 50

Golden Chop.—This is the finest Green Tea cultivated in China. It is of the first pickings, and excels all other Green Teas for its delicacy of flavor, strength and aroma. Heretofore this tea has never reached this country, except in small lots, as presents to importers.

HYSON,* very fine	75
do Plantation growth,	1 00
GUNPOWDER, good,	75
do superior, (*Read "Monstrous fraud" below.*)	1 00
do small leaf, plantation growth,	1 25
IMPERIAL, good,	75
do brisk and fragrant, (*Read "Monstrous fraud" below.*)	1 00
do curious leaf, very superior,	1 25
HYSON SKIN, good, fine flavor,	37½
do do extra fine,	62½

BLACK TEAS.

POUCHONG, good, fine flavor,	37½
do fine,	50
do very superior,	75
SOUCHONG, good,	37½
do extra fine,	50
OOLONG, strong, flavor fine,	50

Oolong—This is a great favorite, and gives universal satisfaction

do very fine	62½
do in one pound and half pound cattys, extra fine	75
NE PLUS ULTRA	1 50

Ne Plus Ultra—This tea is as fragrant and sweet as a nosegay. It yields a perfume that is truly delightful. It is of garden growth, and superior to anything of the kind ever sold in this country.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA, fine	50
do do do in one pound and half pound cattys.	62½
HOWQUA'S MIXTURE, a strong and black tea, Pekoe flavor	75
CONGO, good	37½
do very fine	50
PEKOE FLOWERS, good	87½
do do garden growth	1 50

* CAUTION.—Large quantities of Hyson Skin are retailed in this market as being a Hyson tea. It is well worth while to compare the Hyson tea usually sold at 75 cents with the *genuine article* that the Company offer at the same price. The difference is so perceptible on trial as to render further comment unnecessary.

MONSTROUS FRAUD.—Gunpowder and Imperial Teas cannot be retailed by small dealers, in this country, at 75 cents per pound, because they frequently cost that money in China, and no importer in this City can sell good Gunpowder or Imperial Tea at a less price than 75 cents per pound by the hundred packages. T. F. Davis, Esq., in his interesting work on China, details the manner in which he saw the lowest grades of Black teas manufactured and colored with Prussian Blue, so as to closely imitate the Gunpowder and Imperial Teas, and adds, that Prussian Blue being a combination of Prussic Acid with Iron, is of course a dangerous poison. Let purchasers therefore beware of adulterated teas, and deal with those venders whose characters and resources raise them above suspicion. Beware of the Gunpowder and Imperial Teas retailed at 75 cents per pound, and compare them with the genuine article sold by the Pekin Tea Company. No one, it is presumed, wishes to drink poison. The Company have published a book, giving full details on this subject, which may be had at their Warehouses, as above, free of charge.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

We drink Green Tea, and for many years have been paying one dollar per pound for it. But thanks to the Pekin Tea Company, we now get a better tea from them at 75 cents per pound. We drink one pound per week, by which we are now saving thirteen dollars per year, and enjoying better tea in the bargain. Commend us to the Pekin Tea Company, say we.—*Mirror.*

The Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street, are performing a great and good work, and will, in a few years, beyond all doubt, drive all the poor teas which have deluged this country, and defrauded consumers of the article, out of the market. They import none but pure and fragrant teas, and retail them by the single pound at wholesale prices. Families are always sure of obtaining good teas at this great tea warehouse, in quantities to suit their convenience, and at the same price that the merchant pays who buys to sell again.—*Daily True Sun.*

You may be sure of obtaining at all times, pure and highly flavored teas, by the single pound, at wholesale prices, of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street. They have probably the largest stock, and greatest variety of fine green and black teas, of any one establishment in the United States. They are doing a large business, and a great benefit to consumers of tea.—*Atlas.*

Heretofore it has been very difficult, indeed impossible, to always obtain good green and black teas. But now you have only to visit the ware-rooms of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street, to obtain as delicious and fragrant teas as you could wish for.—*Daily Sun.*

A WORD TO TEA DRINKERS.—The Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street, have imported into this market some five hundred thousand dollars worth of the finest grades of Green and Black Teas, grown in the Celestial Empire, done up in all the various fancy packages that Chinese ingenuity can invent. It is a privilege to buy teas at this great establishment, and a luxury and a comfort to drink them. They sell good teas only, and retail them at wholesale prices. Country merchants who wish to always sell good teas can *always* obtain them at this place, on reasonable terms.—*Emporium.*

We have tried the teas imported by the Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street, and if we live will try them often. They are selling the most delicious teas we ever drank, and retail them at wholesale prices.—*Evening Post.*

THE PEKIN TEA COMPANY.—We very cheerfully call the attention of all lovers of pure and fragrant *Teas*, both in town and country, to the great Tea warehouse of this Company. Our long acquaintance with the proprietors enables us to bespeak for them the entire confidence of the public. We *know* that their Teas both in quality and price, are all that is stated of them. Many a lover of the fragrant herb has been compelled to eschew the drinking of Tea in consequence of its injurious effects, until at length he has become hopeless of finding, among any of the imported varieties of Tea in our market, a kind which had not such an effect. In this, however, such persons will be agreeably disappointed. The Pekin Tea Company have commenced the importation of choice varieties of Garden Teas, of most delicious flavor—cultivated and picked with great care, which have heretofore never been introduced into this country, except as presents to importers. Among these they have an *Oolong*, mild as a zephyr, and fragrant as a rose, which we specially recommend to all nervous persons. Its *effect* upon many of those who have tried it, has been to make them confirmed tea drinkers. Ladies who have used it, say they never before drank such tea. But all tastes can here be suited, with the great advantage over other stores of getting a pure article at wholesale price, however small the quantity. The Company's Warehouse is at 75 Fulton street.—*New World.*

FINE OOLONG BLACK TEA.—The Perkin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street, sells a delicious Oolong Tea at fifty cents per pound. Consumers of Tea who have been paying six shillings per pound for this article are requested to compare it with the above, and judge for themselves which is the best. If you can buy a better tea at four shillings per pound than you have been getting at six shillings, you will be obliged to us for this notice. Try the Young Hyson, sold at this great Tea establishment at 75 cents. It is better than anything of the kind we have ever bought elsewhere at one dollar.—*True Sun.*

The finest specimens of green and black teas ever sold in this country, are imported by the Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street. Those who want good teas at a reasonable price, can always get them there.—*Tribune.*

If any of our readers desire to obtain good tea, they can obtain it of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street.—*Mercury*

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CORNER of River and Ferry-sts. Troy, N. Y. At the Depot of the Eastern, Western, & Saratoga Railroads, and is a short distance from the Steamboat Landing. OSBORN & McDONALD, Proprietors. Stages for the North and East, leave every morning in front of this house. ap24:tf

A. WHITE'S, CENTRAL HOTEL, UTICA, New York ap24:tf

JUNE REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (11 Wall-st.) has issued 131 new Policies during the month of June, 1847—viz: To

Merchants and Traders	48	Clergymen	4	U. S. Officers	3
		Ladies	8	Postmaster	1
Clerks	13	Agents	9	Editor	1
Manufactur'rs	3	Teachers	3	Servants	5
Mechanics	11	Farmers	6	Artists	
Lawyers	1	St. Captains	1	Other occupat.	9
Physicians	4	Engineers	1		

New Policies issued in June, 1847.....131

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JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent.

JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner, at the office daily form 2 to 3 o'clock. je12

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MARBLE and Colored Paper Warehouse, No. 25, Cornhill, BOSTON. Constantly on hand, Enameled, Pearl Surface, and Colored Cards. Fancy Marble and Colored Paper of all kinds. Tickets and Cards of all kinds furnished at the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. Wholesale dealers supplied on as good terms and as good quality as any other place, by sending their orders addressed to my1:tf WM. H. MANN, 25 Cornhill, Boston.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—Office No. 11 Wall-st. This Institution is distinguished by the following peculiarities:

1st. When the premium is over $50 annually, one-fourth may be paid in cash, and three-fourths in a secured note at 12 months, bearing six per cent. interest, or it may be paid half-yearly, quarterly or monthly.

2d. Parties taking life policies and paying 50 per cent. of premium in cash, and those taking policies for shorter periods and paying 60 per cent. in cash, may give their individual notes for the balance, if satisfactory to the officers.

The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of January, 1847, (20 months) 3007 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a nett capital of nearly $200,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No, 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

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ROBERT L. PATTERSON, President.

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JAMES STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock.

VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.,

JAS. VAN RENSSALAER, M. D.,

mar6:tf Medical Board of Consultation.

MESMERISM.

BEFORE trying this sovereign remedy, let the sick never despair. Dr. JAMES ASHLEY, 40 Hudson-st. gives sittings daily at 9 A. M. 4 and 8 P. M. The most severe diseases often yield to its remedial influence, after all other remedies have failed in the hands of the most skilful of the profession. The general practice of Medicine and Surgery faithfully attended to. jy10:tf

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LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF LONDON. "A Savings Bank for the benefit of the Widow and Orphan. (Empowered by Act of Parliament.) Capital £500,000 sterling, or $2,500,000. Besides a reserve fund (from surplus premiums) of about $185,000, (part of the capital is invested in the United States.)

T. LAMIE MURRAY, Esq., George-street, Hanover Square, Chairman of the Court of Directors in London.

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General Agent for the United States

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Costumer, 58 Prince-st. N. Y.

☞ Letters immediately attended to. jan2:3m

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J. W. & E. D STOKES, 194 Market street, Philadelphia, Manufacturers of REGALIA, SASHES, ROBES, &c., for Lodges and Encampments. The members of the Order, Lodges and Encampments, wishing to purchase a *SPLENDID ARTICLE* of *REGALIA*, at a very low price, can be accommodated by calling at the store, where they will find a great variety, adapted to the different degrees and ranks in the Order. Orders from a distance attended to with punctuality and despatch. oct16:tf

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THE Subscriber Muanfactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of GILT AND SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. E. VAN SCHAACK,

Jan2:tf 385 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

CENTRAL I. O. O. F. REGALIA

MANUFACTORY, Utica, N. Y. Every article for Subordinates and Encampments furnished. Charges very reasonable. Orders solicited.

de5:3m Address ISAAC TAPPING.

LODGE JEWELS.

E. AYRES, Manufacturer of LODGE JEWELS, 98 Nassau-st. Jewels for Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. always on hand. N. B Seals cut at the shortest possible notice. my15: tf

F. W. & W. F. GILLEY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRY GOODS MERCHANTS, 430 Grand-st. Material for REGALIA and DRAPERY, the best assortment in the United States. feb27:tf

CARPETING FOR LODGE ROOMS.

ALDRICH BARSTOW & Co. 440 Pearl-st. N. Y. are now manufacturing a style of Carpeting peculiarly adapted for the use of Lodge-rooms, to which they would invite the especial attention of those of the Order purchasing Carpets.

Also, a great variety of Carpeting, Floor Oil Cloths, &c. for general use. my:S13t*

GOLD LEAF,

AND DENTISTS GOLD FOIL of superior quality, at the very lowest market prices. Gold Leaf, extra deep and orange, largest size and deep color Dentists Foil $26 per oz., for sale at the manufactory, 92 Reade-st. Gold, Silver and Imitation Bronzes, &c. Established in 1836.

my22:8t* J. L. WAUGH.

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ELIAS COMBS, 260 Grand-st. N. Y., continues the Manufacture of Regalia of every description. Lodges and Encampments furnished at short notice. Orders from city or country thankfully received, and no pains spared to give satisfaction. Stars, Tassels, &c. for sale je26:tf

ODD-FELLOWS DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

CURTIS and NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows Hall, North Sixth street, below Race, Philadelphia. THE GOLDEN RULE, and other publications, together with all kinds of Books, Regalia, and all necessary articles used in furnishing Lodges and Encampments. Also on hand, a general assortment of miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Varieties, &c.

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OR EMBROIDERED, and furnished complete by H. LIEBENAU, Military Standard and Banner Painter, 491 Pearl-st. Societies and Lodges supplied with official insignia, such as gavils, pens' keys, rods, &c. in sets, gilt and trimmed with velvet in the first style. Je5:6m

T. O. MOORE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Chicago, Illinois. Will attend to Securing and Collecting Claims, in any part of Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana. Business from a distance attended to. References if required. mar13:tf

GALE'S ABDOMINAL SUPPORTER.

LADIES are respectfully invited to call at No. 6, Murray-st. (near Broadway,) and test the practical utility of the above instrument, which is constructed on scientific principles, and approved of by the most distinguished of the faculty for the RADICAL CURE of that class of diseases which females are the only heirs to, rendering so many unfit to attend to their domestic duties, inducing debility and premature death; delicacy at least forbids their enumeration—suffice it to say, they are characterized by one or more of the following symptoms, viz: a peculiar dragging sensation and pain in the and back and loins, bearing down pain, faintness, sickness of the stomach, palpitation of the heart, nervous debility, costiveness, general lassitude and melancholy.

The instrument will prove infinitely useful in preventing and removing a variety of disagreeable symptoms which Ladies are exclusively subject to, and to those whose duties or occupation calls them almost constantly on their feet during the day. Chambermaids, accustomed to running up and down stairs, would find them not only capable of giving great support, but a sure preventative to those diseases caused by much walking and over exertion. The supporter is simple and needs only to be seen to be approved of by every lady.

A lady of experience, and competent in every particular, is constantly in attendance to explain and apply the instrument to those ladies wishing to be benefitted by it, or if desired will visit them at their own residences in this City or Brooklyn. The office is near the great thoroughfare, easy of access, and still somewhat retired.

New York, No. 6 Murray-st. (near Broadway.)

Price $5. je19:tf

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For Spring Trade,

ever offered in this Establishment. With an entire new manufactured stock of

ELEGANT DESIGNS,

adapted to Spring Trade, together with a great variety of Boys' and Youths'

CLOTHING,

the whole combining the greatest variety, and the largest Stock of

Ready Made Clothing, Piece Goods, Rich Furnishing Goods,

And in fact, every article adapted to the wear of man and the rising generation; combining the greatest assortment and largest stock ever on hand, the whole of which is submitted to a discriminating public's examination; and if as cheap, or cheaper than thay can purchase elsewhere,

THEN PATRONIZE.

The whole is offered at such prices as will ensure the sale. GEO. W. SIMMONS, Proprietor,

Nos. 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 Ann-st.,

Je53m opposite Merchant's House, Boston.

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Where every luxury is served during its season at reasonable charges.

☞ Private entrance to Ladies' Dining Room, (attended by Mrs. Mercer,) 21 Ann-st. for the accommodation of Ladies or Families whose business may call them in this section of the city. jan16:tf

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HIGHLAND EATING HOUSE.

C. M. HAGGINS, L. LESLIE, 10, Lindall street, BOSTON. ap10:tf

JOHN KNIGHT,

CARVER AND GILDER, LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTURER No. 205 Chrystie, cor. of Stanton-st., New York. Ornamental, plain and fancy wood Frames, of every description, made to order. N. B. All orders from the Country punctually attended to. The new and elegant CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP I. O. of O. F. framed in every style. Orders solicited. mar20:6m

REMOVAL.

D. P. BARNARD'S Law Office has been removed to 16 Wall-st. 3d story, back room, where his friends will hereafter find him. mar13:6m

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER. NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON. TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

VOL. VII....No. 4. SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1847. WHOLE No. 160.

Original Poetry.

THERE IS ONE THING CHANGELESS.

BY G. P. QUACKENBOS.

THE sun is glorious to behold,
  Triumphing on his noon-tide way;
Clad in his drapery of gold,
  He reigns, the monarch of the day:
An hour—and ebon-mantled night
Quenches in gloom his flame of light.

The tender moon—how sweetly she
  Casts her mild glance on hill and glade,
And clothes the beauties of the earth
  In fairer dress, in softer shade:
Ah! moon and shade too soon will die,
When morn shall gild the eastern sky.

How sweetly fair-eyed spring awakes
  The herbage from its torpor deep;
And with her mosses spreads a bed,
  That infant summer there may sleep!
Too soon grim winter's icy breath
Proclaims both spring's and summers's death.

How fair the lilies of the field!
  How bright the opening rose's glow!
A hand divine, a mighty God,
  Teaches the simple flowers to grow.
Yet soon the rose's hue is fled;
The lily bows her snowy head.

And beauty—how her charms divine
  O'er every spirit breathe their spell:
Yet like the sun, the spring, the flowers,
  Must beauty bid the world farewell!
For ruthless death will never spare;
Corruption loves the young and fair.

And is there nothing that can stay,
  Unchanged, upon this rolling sphere?
Must all that's beautiful decay?
  Is mortal, all that bloometh here?
—Sister! upon the dew of even,
An answer comes from highest heaven:

"Mortal, but one eternal boon
  Unto thy erring race belongs;
Flow'ret, and life and beauty soon
  Shall fade, as fade thy sweetest songs.
But there is one that dieth never—
LOVE is a gift, that lives for ever."

Love! 'Tis the flame that aye hath burned,
  Since worlds have hung in viewless space!
Love! 'Tis the only gift of Heaven,
  Vouchsafed for ever to our race!
For ever shall it cheer the heart,
For ever peace and warmth impart.
  Proclaim it upon earth—above—
  LOVE is eternal! GOD is LOVE!

Original Tales.

A TALE OF POLAND.*

BY MRS. H. S. DE GROVE.

As the story concluded, they arrived at a row of buildings devoted to the soldiers' lodgings, and entered, while the boy who had followed a faithful attendant upon their steps without exciting on their part the least attention, returned to communicate the result of his eves-dropping.

"It is the same man we met upon the bridge; I knew I should recognize that voice out of a million," said Frederic Hurtolf, after listening to a faithful repetition of the conversation we have just detailed, from the lips of his boy messenger.

"It's a good night's work and promises well for the ending. So welcome to your recompense, my lad, and here's something more if you can find me entrance to the prison where these persons you speak of are confined."

"Mother said you were no Russian," remarked the boy, forgetting his usual manner in the avowal of involuntary interest.

"Ah! she did, hey! Well, who may be this wise mother of your?"

"It is the 'Mother of the House' I mean, sir, and if the gen-

* Concluded from page 35.

tlemen will speak with her, I am sure if you wish, she will be able to give you admission to the prison."

"That depends on circumstances, whether it may or may not be quite what I desire; but you may go and ask this same wonderfully sagacious dame, to see me in private."

"Walk in yourself, sir. There is no one within;" for true to his almost instinctive habits of vigilance, he had observed the other party pass out while they had been standing talking together.

There was nothing in the appearance of Mother Katrine calculated to inspire confidence, Frederic felt as his entrance aroused the somewhat old woman, and he took a rapid survey of her uncouth figure and its flame-colored top-knot. He was impelled, however, to seek her agency, especially since he knew she had penetrated his disguise, and that the spy he had employed was likely to give a report of himself to the "House," perhaps a little more full than he would have desired. While he hesitated as to the extent of communication necessary, the old woman surprised him by herself opening the conversation.

"I am rather more completely disguised than yourself, Frederic Hurtolf, or perhaps you would scarcely have passed the last three hours within three paces of me without recognizing your old flame, Olga."

He started to his feet, looked steadily upon her for a few moments for actual assurance of the fact, then folding her in his arms, pressed to his heart, with all the power of affection, the same uncouth figure, red turban, and all, that had but a moment since appeared so distasteful to his view.

"Ah! Olga, are you here? Can it be true that thus we meet again? For fifteen years I mourned you dead, and then——"

"I know it all, Frederic," said she, observing the gathering moisture of his eyes, and almost choked utterance. "You did wisely, Frederic, and God knows I have never reproached you in word or thought. She has made you a good wife, though you were not always kind as I could have wished. She never upbraided you with love to poor Olga." Tears burst forth despite her effort, and perhaps she did not regret them when again pressed to his side she wept freely on the throbbing heart that once responded to her own in the holy awakenings of a first affection.

"I have very much to say to you, Olga; report spoke of your death."

"Never mind that now, Frederic," interrupting his attempts at justification. "My story is a long, and perhaps not a very pleasant one; but we cannot waste the few moments we have alone to rehearse the gloomy part of so many years of separation."

"It is fifteen years yesterday since you were taken from us by that cruel decree."

"Yes, our town furnished twenty-eight marriageable girls at the King of Russia's orders; some married and were happy in their forced homes; some became life victims to the stronger arm."

"And you, dear Olga?" covering his face, as if he feared to hear the truth his question asked.

"Frederic," said she, while her face again grew into its habitual sternness of expression, "the oath I made you on the eve we parted was ever held most sacred. True, chains and scourgings have left their scarring mark upon the *slave*, but there is no brand of shame upon my heart."

"You have loved, truly loved me, Olga, while I have proved myself unworthy such devotion. Ah! why did not one message come to bid me hope?"

"When, successful in escaping, I sought at first my native town, your marriage was the news that greeted me. It was a bitter blow, dear Frederic, I may now confess, and almost broke my heart. I wished to fly the town for ever, but sickness came of many weeks, and then your own kind wife came to pillow the stranger's aching head upon her bosom, until in that close communion that illness makes, we learned to love each other. She knew I was unhappy, and, to enlist my confidence, she told one day the story of her own griefs, Frederic."

"She knew no sorrows, Olga. There never lived a lighter heart. Her very joyousness would sometimes throw a heavier weight upon my spirits."

"Alas! you know not woman's love, or keenness of perception. Shall I recount your own wife's story? When Kahassa's heart was won, she never proved the love that sought her own. The words in fondness spoke she never questioned; but when marriage ties had sealed the bond, when home must be all or nothing, she learnt for the first time the story of poor Olga. Then the watchful eye of jealous affection opened, and upon your various moods kept constant guard. Could she have failed to guess the truth, when even in sleep you breathed another's name? Oh! with what transport I received those precious words that proved thy memory true to the past. That blissful knowledge brought back health and strength, and so I bade farewell to all."

"But why did you not see me once before you parted? We might have wept together then as now, my Olga."

"I sought to spare regrets and believed my friend might yet be happy in your increasing affection."

"My true-hearted, noble girl! But why seek Russia; surely there were places in your own land offered you a home."

"You forget the turmoils of unhappy Poland! Under the disguise I then assumed, I could perchance assist my countrymen; and here I once hoped that we should never meet again."

"The boy! Olga; that remains with you; who is he?"

"A poor Polish lad stolen from his school and sent for years to mining work, until, grown useless by his wasted strength, they turned him out to die. Of him I will speak to you again; perhaps you may assist me to restore the lad to his parents, for oh! I dearly love him."

"Seek not for them, I beseech you, or you will be left alone."

"Oh! Frederic, you know not how woman's love merges her being in the object loved. Interest, ambition, happiness or sorrow become known only when shared or felt through sympathetic bond. But tell me of your purpose here?"

"To aid the Count Powlinski and his nephew; others are even now seeking trace of them, bound to assist in their rescue."

"There is no hope of release for them. The prison is death's sure passport here. Strife or stratagem alone can avert the blow. How many are you?"

"In all, perhaps, one hundred."

"Oh! joy, you are in time. Go seek your companions, and meet me here to-morrow morn. Remember to-morrow morn!"

In the eastern part of the city, within one of the low stone cells that lined on either side a lengthy corridor, the dreary aspect of whose walls—dark massive doors and iron barred windows plainly told its character, (if indeed the ear failed on approaching to receive evidence in the frequent wail of suffering humanity)—were seated two persons of singularly interesting appearance. One, a man long past the prime of life, sat gazing with abstracted air upon his heavily manacled limbs; his pale, deeply furrowed cheeks and thin grey locks, forming a striking contrast with the ruddy countenance and sunny hair of the beautiful youth who knelt gracefully at his side, one arm encircling the neck, while the other retained, half pleadingly, the hand of his aged relative—for a certain resemblance in the classic outline of their features, spoke clearly their consanguinity.

"Arouse my beloved uncle, and tell me you will plead our cause to-morrow!"

"Arouse, and wherefore, Ethel?" said the old man as he languidly raised his head to look on that bright pleading face before him. "Alas! my child—your father's enemies and mine surround us, and what can words do here?"

"But they dare not murder us without a cause. They must have the plea of right, at least, and they cannot prove one charge they make against you just," continued Ethel.

"Ah! my boy; think you they will need witnesses, where daily Russian hearts are bought and sold, or where the angry frown of power can make freemen tremble. Oh! despotism like a heavy curse weighs down this land; beneath the giant strides of will and power, every plant of kindly nature droops; the tender leaflets of the heart all wither, and home affections, those love-ties of the human soul that bind to happiness and good, they shrink within and die for dearth of sunshine!"

"You will, I am sure you will defend us, uncle," said Ethel, gathering hope from the momentary flashing of his wonted en-

ergy. "We may find friends where we least expect them. Sweet visions came to me last night, to whisper hope. I saw you, dear uncle, sitting chained as now, and struggling with their fastenings, when suddenly your countenance grew celestial in its aspect; wings of azure, tipped with gold, started from your side; a crown of starry brightness sat upon your brow, while hosts of floating clouds of white and purple dye ranged themselves into the form of a beautiful throne canopied by heaven's richest draperies, on which you sat. I would have worshipped thee, but raising your hand you pointed slowly toward the east and said, 'Too late, oh! Poland!' in a tone so unearthly in its clearness, that a cold shudder, such as I have felt before beneath the power of thy eloquence, passed over my frame and wakened me. Is not this, dear uncle, an omen of our liberty?"

Slowly the old man raised his head, and fastening his gaze for a moment upon his nephew's face, with that deepening expression, he murmured:

"I will plead for thee, beloved Ethel."

Different as their outward appearance was, the reflections of each, in the revery that succeeded the recital of Ethel's dream, one conceiving it to shadow forth the approaching finale of a weary existence—the other tracing with the buoyancy of youth from thence a bright omen of success, till the sweet fantasie of liberty appeared almost within his grasp. May not each mind have thus drawn forth the prophetic picture of its own certain future?

The drawing of the heavy bolt aside recalled their attention, while it admitted to their presence two strangers, with both of whom the reader is already acquainted.

"I have come to do you service," said the elder, approaching Ethel, and regarding him for a moment with a curiosity that embarrassed him. "Will you trust me, young man?"

"I know of no reason you could wish to harm us," answered Ethel.

"It is he!" exclaimed the stranger, and seizing the young man's hand he pressed it to his lips with an emotion for which the other could not account. "Come, go with me. I have promised your safety, and if we hasten we may escape, before another keeper takes his rounds."

"Escape! leave my uncle in this cell alone! No! no!"

"Would you remain only to perish together inevitably?" said he, on seeing him hesitate.

Count Powlinski, whose wondering attention was recalled by these words, lifted his eyes in thankfulness as if heaven had that moment heard and answered his prayer, pressed Ethel convulsively to his heart, and urged him with earnestness to fly.

"Go, my son," said he, "thy friends, thy country, may yet have need for the strength of thy young heart and arm. Bear my blessing to Urtol, and his sisters. Bid Rhudolph, my eldest son, to fill my place to all, alas! but Poland."

"I will leave you, since you command it, and seek our friends," disguising himself hastily in the coarse habiliments of the lad, whose gaunt appearance rendered him at once recognizable as the "son of the House." "One more embrace, dear uncle, then farewell for a short time," said Ethel, whose inexperience prevented a suspicion of the change a few week's confinement had wrought upon the old man's frame. Could he have witnessed how suddenly the abandonment of physical weakness crept upon him after his nephew's departure, he might have hesitated in availing himself thus speedily of rescue. But he was not alone; the lad who remained in room of Ethel stood there to pillow his weary head upon his breast, and soothe his sickened fancies, while Ethel, in the joy of recovered freedom, was led by Michael Siedlisz at once to Mother Katrine's to rejoin his brother Rhudolph and his cousin Urtol, who there awaited him. While expressing their united gratitude to Ethel's liberator, they inquired particularly respecting the lad who had thus voluntarily, at his own hazard, aided in securing Ethel's release."

"He is the son of Polish parents, stolen when a child," said Katrine, gladly availing herself of an opportunity to present the claims of her favorite. "A noble hearted youth he is; one who in this emergency will not fail to give the aid of a vigilant eye and steady hand in the purpose of to-morrow."

"Stolen, did you say? What is his name?" said Rhudolph, hastily, as if a thought that moment came of deepest interest. "From what place was he taken? Does he remember nothing that might prove a clue by which to trace his parentage?"

"His name, he thinks, was Thaddeus. Immediate confinement and severity of treatment to which he was subjected in the mines, impaired his powers of recollection so much that his youth to him now appears like the indistinct murmurings of a dream. A deep scar on the left arm I have hoped might yet facilitate the discovery of his parentage."

"I will endeavor," said Rhudolph, "to assist your search," not venturing to express the glimmering hope which at that instant dawned within his own mind.

Frederic Hurtolf, true to the appointed hour of rendezvous, was surprised beyond measure at his entrance now to find so large a number collected, and would have retreated, but Katrine's watchful eye had detected his approach, and hastening to his side, informed him of the existence of a numerous band of insurgents who, for other causes, had threatened revolt. The leader, Michael Siedlisz, had gladly joined with Rhudolph in his plans, and now they waited but for the appointed time for action.

"And Frederic, your arm was brave and strong when first I knew thee. If it can yet retain its vigor in the aid of the defenseless, let to-morrow prove its power, and I," she murmured, lowering her voice, "will be near you. At your side I wish to say my last farewell to life."

The sun shone bright and cloudless on the following morning, and smiled upon the town of Nieno, as if all was peace and tranquillity within its gates. The kind of bustling activity which pervaded the streets betokened to appearance the return of some festival day. The presence of Baron d'Inglestrohm and his retinue indeed promised to all classes the varieties of a parade, and many perhaps who looked on the procession knew not that human lives awaited his command. It was the day of trial, and execution followed speedily upon each sentence. Fifteen unfortunate individuals were led from the prison cells, to one of its large holes, there to receive the doom by arbitrary power decreed. Among them, the venerable figure of Count Powlinski stood preeminent, sustained, one scarce knew how, so wasted was his frame; but a stern light gathered in his eye, until these who sat in judgment cowered before the intenseness of a gaze they could not understand, for it was not that of defiance alone, but accompanied by an expression of triumph, that appeared incompatible with the situation in which he was placed

Not long had they proceeded in the roll of doom, when a clashing sound of arms was heard, and immediately a body of Polish militia burst into the hall. "On, to the rescue," shouted a voice, that fell like the music of heaven on the ear of the old Count, for it was the cry of his eldest born. "Strike home for Poland and for liberty," again the clear sound reverberated through the hall. It seemed to rend the mists of age from off that worn and wasted frame. Again his eyes beamed with unnatural brightness, and wresting a sword from one who stood affrighted at his side, the Count lent his voice to the general clamor, and rushed to the thickest of the strife. So general though irregular had been the onset, so unprepared the enemy, that almost every street became the seat of an affray, and bore abundant trophies to the steady valor of the Poles. It was not until the hour of sunset that the sounds of strife ceased, when the flag of Poland waved proudly over the deserted prison walls. The captives were set free, and the glory of the day's conflict belonged to Poland.

In a small apartment, near the principal scene of the affray, in the arms of Urtol, surrounded alike by friends and strangers, laid the stricken form of the noble Count Powlinski.

Rhudolph and Ethel kneeled in reverent sorrow at either side, when Mother Katrine forced her way through the crowd, half sustaining the wounded form of the lad who so long had been her care, and whose aid had proved so efficient in that day's strugglings. Ethel arose as he perceived them approaching, placed his own vigorous arm around the weakened youth, and bore him nearer to the dying Count, whispered in his ear, "It is our brother Thaddeus." Once more those eyes rekindled with that strong spiritual luster, and turned upon the stranger lad one look of recognition and of dying tenderness. The arms were raised to greet him with embrace, but exhausted nature could no longer strive with death. The eye was glazed, the limbs grew rigid, and with a father's blessing on his lips, the spirit passed away.

Sketches of Distinguished Men.

POPE PIUS IX.

BY MRS. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.

The extreme interest, which we, in common with all the inhabitants of Rome, whether native or foreign, have felt in the character and measures of the new Pope, has induced me to gather together all the information, and every anecdote which I have been able to obtain relating to him. Of the latter, it may be, that some have no other foundation than the general character and known disposition of the individual to whom they are attributed; but, even in this point of view, they are valuable, as indicating clearly the opinions entertained of him, the esteem in which he is held, that which is generally believed, and that which is expected of him.

The youngest of the Cardinals in the Conclave, it became his duty to collect the votes and proclaim who had obtained the suffrages of the majority; having reached the number at which his own election became the evident result, he paused, and reminding the Conclave that it was yet time to alter their proceedings, solemnly adjured them to take heed to what they were about to do. This conscientious appeal probably only affected more favorably an assembly, bent principally, at all hazards, upon defeating the election of a most unpopular member, the Cardinal Lambruschini, to achieve whose election no effort of intrigue and intimidation had been spared; and Cardinal Mastai, proceeding in his office, proclaimed himself the object of the preponderating votes. On his first interview with one of his devoted friends, and now one of his most efficient officers, Monsignore Pentini, his first exclamation was: "Vedete, che cosa hanno fatto;" and it was some little time before he became reconciled to the exchange of his habitual cardinal's costume for the Papal habiliments, or his more private apartments for those usually inhabited by the Pope. In one respect, Pius IX. and the people he is called to govern, enjoy a great good fortune in the circumstance of his not belonging to any monkish fraternity, like the last Pope, and most indeed of his predecessors, or having even been bred to the priesthood. His training and education was liberal and general, and his first choice of a career was in favor of a military one, having applied for admission into the Guardia Nobile, which, however, Cardinal Barberini, on whose acceptance it is alone obtained, refused. On the late occasion of the homage of the cardinals to their new sovereign, the Pope reminded his Eminence of this circumstance, when the cardinal, with a happiness that caused some surprise (as he is not generally suspected of much ready wit,) replied, that he had refused the admission to the Guardia Nobile, persuaded that the applicant for it was reserved for infinitely higher things.

One of the earliest proceedings of the new Pope, which obtained currency by public report, was his reformation of his own household, and his unsparing curtailment of its most useless expenses. He immediately suppressed the confectioner's department—an enormous item of expenditure in the former Pope's establishment; and having observed in the accounts which he demanded, and of which he examined himself the details, a most exorbitant daily charge for lemonade, remarked that when he was a private individual, he used to refresh himself at a cafe with lemonade at so much per glass, and requested that he might be furnished with it thenceforward upon the same terms; indeed, he added, that the increase in the value of his sustenance as Pope, compared to what it was as an abbate, appeared to him entirely disproportionate; and that, allowing that a Monsignore required a more costly dinner than an abbate, a cardinal than a Monsignore, and a Pope than a cardinal, he still could not bring the gradually ascending scale to anything like the estimate made for him, and which he therefore requested might be lowered to a more rational one. He has once or twice invited some of his cardinals to dine with him, a thing unknown during the late Pope's reign; who, according indeed to the usual pontifical etiquette, invariably ate alone. Some persons have suggested that this innovation may be merely a measure of security against poison; but it is better accounted for by the liberal and rational character of the Pope, and the corresponding changes both of a lesser, as well as a greater nature, which may be expected from him. He has given, too, a splendid dinner to his Guardia Nobile, during which he presented himself in the room where they were assembled, to greet and bid them welcome.

The measures of public improvement most urgently needed, both for the city and the country, and which were in vain petitioned from the late Pope's timid and tyrannical policy, have obtained the ready sanction of his successor; and gas in the streets of Rome, and railroads in the Roman States, will soon bear witness to a more enlightened spirit; and while the one will tend to the increase of order, comfort, and security in the city, the other will awaken the dormant energies of the inhabitants of the country—affording them means of easy transport for their agricultural produce, bringing markets within reach of supplies, and quickening all the commercial energies of the various cities, hitherto so deplorably stagnant, by opening lines of rapid communication between the inland territory and the coast, from Civita Vecchia to Ancona. On the occasion of the Pope's act of amnesty, his council consisted of six cardinals, of whom one only was in favor of it. Fortunately the Pope's prerogative could, and did, dispense with their concurrence. His mode of receiving the popular enthusiasm on the occasion of that great act of wisdom and mercy was eminently characteristic; he said that the political offenders had in no way sinned against him; that their attempts were directed against the government of Gregory XVI., who might indeed have deserved praise and thanks for pardoning them, whereas he could claim none for forgiving people who had done nothing against him. This modest and magnanimous disclaimer on his part, did not, as may well be imagined, check the enthusiasm of the people. On the occasion of his first driving out, they took the horses from his carriage, and drew him home to the Quirinal—a demonstration, against the repetition of which he, however, entered his most solemn and positive protest. Anagrams of his name are ingeniously made to discover in it the titles of liberator and father, and the very colors on his coat of arms—the tricolor—are held significant of his political tendencies. A curious anecdote was told me the other day, exhibiting the impatient temper of the times and people, and suggesting, as indeed every thing else abundantly does, the enormous difficulty of the present Pope's position, between the excited and exaggerated expectation of impossible changes entertained by his people, and the narrow and shallow scope of his power and possibilities. His arms contain two lions, and an anonymous letter was forwarded to him lately, in which his shield was painted with two tortoises substituted in their stead, a suggestion that he did not proceed rapidly enough with the expected reforms of government. The Pope, it is said, smiled at this illustration, and showing it to somebody, observed, that the tortoise, though very slow, was very sure in its progress.

To supply the immediate and pressing necessities of his government, he levied, soon after his accession, a tax of three scudi upon all monasteries, and borrowed a very considerable sum of money from the Jesuits; a measure of very popular economy, which he adopted at the same time, was the entire suppression of all moneys for the purpose of paying spies, *surveillance*, &c. The rather compulsory nature of the loan thus contracted with the Jesuits is not supposed to have by any means rendered that powerful body more propitious, either to Pius IX. personally, or the policy of his government, and a ludicrous instance was given of the people's apprehension of the ill-will borne their sovereign by the whole order, when, on the occasion of his first visit to the Jesuits, the crowd in the streets ran by the side of his carriage, calling to him, "Santo Padre non prender la cioccolata." ——— told us too of a curious conversation he had overheard among some workmen, employed in some repairs at the Hanoverian minister's house. These men were dilating upon the admirable qualities of their new Pope, and the consequent ill-will borne him by certain of the cardinals, and more especially by all the Jesuits, who are themselves objects of extreme dislike to the Roman people generally. One of the number, alluding to the malignity of the Pope's enemies, said he must take good care, or they would be giving him the "Boccone" (literally "the mouthful"—*i. e.*, poison,) to which the others responded, that if they did so, he would be the last Pope in Rome, as in the event of his so perishing, the people would rise and have no successor to him. So violent, indeed, is the feeling of the people, at present, in favor of the Pope and against all who are supposed to be inimical to him, that the latter are bound to pray day and night for his safety; for if he were to die from a fall from his carriage, or the most undeniably natural death in the world, his end would not fail to be attributed to the macchinations of his enemies, who, in any popular outbreak, sure to follow upon such a catastrophe, would inevitably be made the first victims of the violence of the people. The enthusiasm of all classes (except, indeed, the higher ones,) is not confined to Rome; in Ancona, ——— told us he did not think there was a single house without a bust or engraving of him; in Bologna, the very hearth hitherto of disaffection and disturbance, the same spirit prevails. An unfortunate priest very narrowly escaped annihilation there, who ventured to suggest a doubt as to the wisdom of the act of amnesty. Silk cravats, of alternate stripes of yellow and white (the papal colors,) with "Viva, Pio Nono," embroidered in gold upon their ends, are worn by all the men, and the women fasten their waists with long sashes of the same colors similarly adorned. In Rome, the rejoicing over the acts of the amnesty gave rise to some touching expressions of public feeling, and more than one house, to which father, sons, or brothers

returned, whose untimely burial in political dungeons had covered them with gloom, were hailed and cheered by the assembled multitude, who shared in the joy of their restoration to their homes and families. A ludicrous anecdote was told us, for the truth of which, however, I do not vouch, that Cardinal Lambruschini, finding no other vent for his displeasure at all that was going forward, had caused prayers to be put up in some church under his especial charge, for the enlightening of the Pope by the Holy Spirit; of which rather insolent interest in his well-doing, Pius IX. being apprised, he expressed his entire approval of it, and his own extreme need of the assistance of God's directing and enlightening grace.

A rumor has been current for some time, that he intends to organize something approximating to a representative government, by permitting the various states and towns in his dominion to send up deputies to Rome, properly instructed to represent the grievances and wants of the people. This would, indeed, be an amazing stride forward. It is, moreover, added, that being warned that this and similar innovations would probably induce the people to demand a constitution, the Pope replied, with much tranquillity, that he did not know that it might not be a very good thing to give them one. In the meantime, the hearts of the hitherto most disaffected are all turned toward him, and in all the processions in his honor which succeeded the promulgation of his amnesty, the most prominent personages were the very young men whom the police had especial charge to watch under the former government. He receives, as I have before stated, all petitions presented to him, and an anecdote is told of his having torn a small piece from the cover of one, which particularly attracted his attention, and which, delivering over to the functionary appointed to receive them, until His Holiness had leisure to examine them, was not presented among the rest; he immediately perceived its absence, and demanded it; and it is said to have contained a revelation of malpractices affecting Cardinal Lambruschini, and various other eminent personages. The access which he permits to his presence, on certain days in the week, to all supplicants, has given rise to innumerable stories of his benevolence and kindness, which are eagerly seized on by, and disseminated among, the people. Thus it is told, that he ordered one of his state horses to be given to a poor man, whose sole wealth consisted in his, which had just died. He is, moreover, said to have appointed a small room in the Quirinal, as lodging to a poor old woman, who had been turned out of her own by Cardinal Patrizi, because she was unable to pay the rent. A pretty and I believe authentic anecdote is told of a young lad of about twelve years, the only son of his mother, who was a poor widow, and who had strained every nerve to procure for him a good education. The boy, remarkably intelligent and industrious, was about to forfeit a chance of advancement into some higher school for want of means to purchase the class books required for his studies there. He presented a petition to the Pope, and in due time, to his mother's amazement, received an official summons to the presence of His Holiness, who, having heard his story, put his hand into his pocket, and gave the lad a gold piece, worth something between two and three scudi; the boy, however, returned it, saying, that it was of no use to him, as it was not sufficient to purchase the books he wanted, the cost of which amounted to something more than three scudi. The Pope, much amused and pleased with the boy's intelligence, gave him the requisite sum, and sent assistance to his mother, and his commendation for the training she was bestowing on her child. In the meantime, demonstrations of loyalty and of political activity of an unwonted nature in Rome are betoking imminent change, and filling the souls of all faint-hearted worshipers of present things with dismay.

On the 8th of September, the day of the Pope's triumphant procession to the Santa Maria del Popolo, not only were the inscriptions condemned by the police as of a dangerous and too liberal tendency, merely covered over with silver paper, so that they were distinctly legible through it; but in the evening the crowd, which had poured abroad to see the illumination, actually compelled the carriages to turn out of the Corso, and make a giro, instead of pursuing this way through the narrow thoroughfare, choked up with a dense mass of human beings, who must have run a considerable risk of being crushed under the horses' hoofs and wheels had they persisted in their progress. This unwonted demonstration of popular will struck terror, at the time, to the hearts of all Conservatives; and the groans and hisses by which the dangerous vehicles were alone repelled in their advance, sounded to them as ominous of the downfall of order, and the ruin of society, as the cheers and acclamations with which the people greeted their sovereign on the same morning; the like of which had, it was averred, never been heard in Rome. To an Englishwoman, accustomed to hear the voice of her countrymen expressing heartily and feelingly their public discontent and joy, both sounded faint enough; the Roman people of these days know neither how to groan nor cheer; but if matters do not alter, it will not be long before they learn both from Pius IX. and his faithless opposers.

Another still more portentous event has just taken place in Rome; a public political dinner in honor of the Pope. It was an unfortunate accident, if not an act of deliberate folly, that there was a great ball given the same night at the Palazzo Borghese; some said with a view of withdrawing any of the young men of the higher classes, who might have felt disposed to join the liberalist festival, and others considered it merely as an expression of total indifference on the part of those classes, and especially of the noble house where they met, and which is known to be little friendly to the present government, and completely devoted to the influence of the Jesuits. At the close of the dinner, when the utmost enthusiasm and the utmost order also prevailed, a number of those who had assisted at it, repaired to the piazza in front of the Borghese Palace, and there demanded that lights should be placed in the windows in honor of the Pope. This, however, was not only not complied with, but the blinds were immediately closed, so as to exhibit the most perfect disregard to the popular request—a proceeding which elicited no further mark of displeasure on the part of the crowd than some angry groans and hisses, after which they dispersed. My friend ———, who was among them, reported to me that their behavior was in no respect violent or disorderly, and their demonstrations of resentment such as would have been thought nothing of in any *constitutional* country; while, to show how differently conclusions are drawn, according to people's prejudices, Mr. de ——— went home to his wife as pale as a ghost, and assured her that Metternich would have to interfere immediately to put down the frightful revolutionary spirit of the rabid Roman patriots. Upon the whole, it seems to me a pity that the small token of sympathy demanded on this occasion was withheld; the stream of popular opinion and feeling may be resisted and withstood successfully only to a certain point; and beyond that, those, who would not be overwhelmed by it, must throw themselves upon its surface, and by a timely consent to its direction, in time, perhaps, obtain the direction of it. It is a thousand pities that those whose interests are most at stake in perceiving this, so seldom do, before it is too late. The refusal to illuminate the windows, and the closing of the blinds, at the Palazzo Borghese, are said to have been instigated by the governor of Rome, Monsignor Marini, whose unpopularity was already quite great enough, without this additional score against him in the public memory.

Without, of course, understanding the detail of the political questions which render the measures of the present Papal government so deeply interesting, in one way or other, to the whole of Europe, there is something in the unbounded expectations of Pius the IX.'s own subjects, mixing up, as they undoubtedly do, the idea of his pre-eminent religious sovereignty with that of his political power and capacity, extremely touching to one who perceives the enormous disparity between the two. Surrounded by governments hostile to all liberal reform, and watching with a jealous eye the faintest expression of that spirit in the population of their neighbors' territories, of which they so dread and detest the manifestations in their own—unsupported by the nobles, whose sympathies (as when, except in rare individual cases, were they otherwise? and the instinct is just, for their conservatism is but self-preservation) are all against progress—feared and disliked in his more liberal policy by the generality of his priesthood—mortally hated by that powerful body, the Jesuits, and the vast multitudes who directly or indirectly are influenced by them—unsupported by the more ardent and extreme reformers, whose abhorrence of former tyrannies has led them to adopt republican theories of government, and who, therefore, fear his partial reforms as likely to satisfy the people whom they would fain see carried toward the issues they embrace, and which, of course, the Pope cannot adopt—blindly and enthusiastically worshiped by the middling and lower classes, whose eager desire for change will be as ready to accuse him in their impatience of a moderate and gradual course, as they now are to admire him for the mere promise of reform they find in his first measures—with only one minister of ability, integrity, and personal devotion to him, (the liberal and enlightened Cardinal Gizzi, unfortunately a man of nearly ninety years old)—with an empty exchequer, and finances crippled by deplorable mismanagement of the last administration—such is the present position of Pius IX., upon whose most benevolent and refined countenance few traces are discernible of a spirit capable of engaging single-handed with such difficulties.

The anomaly, as well as the difficulty, of this position strikes me forcibly. I have seen the Roman Catholic religion in the United States, the faith of implicit obedience, and absolute subserviency, encountering the political spirit of unbridled democracy—perhaps the most remarkable of all the social phenomena that wonderful country presents; and the Roman Catholic re-

ligion thrives, and spreads, and flourishes, because it is separated from the political government, and lends itself with that admirable faculty of adaptation—one of its vital merits and chief security for its duration—to the paramount spirit of the institutions, and universal direction of the public mind. The Roman Catholic religion can subsist, and greatly prosper, even in republican America, but it is because it is there a religion and not a government: as religion, it is the most pliant, malleable, insinuating, pervading, and powerful that has yet existed; as government, it is rigid, uncompromising, despotic, and incapable of either receiving or accepting the impulse toward universal freedom, which the world in these latter times seems to obey. The Bishop of Rome may yet be the powerful head of the most powerful sect of Christendom; I doubt if he can ever be the enlightened sovereign of a people with free institutions; therefore it is that the acclamations which precede and follow the present Pope's footsteps seem sad to me, for they seem to me to demand impossibilities, and to foretell disappointments. It may be that his apparent sympathy with the people may grow cold, for Gregory XVI. began his reign too with an amnesty; it may be that, appointed by God to the especial ministry of these times, he may only have opened the flood-gates whence the torrent issuing shall bear him to the ground; if, however, no subsequent acts of his own belie the promise of his present measures, even if the spirit that he evokes is too powerful for him, and he should fall a sacrifice to the results of his own actions, he has earned the love of his people and the sympathy and admiration of the world already, and built himself, with one great act of wisdom and of mercy, a monument of noble memories, round which the blessings of the Roman people will never cease to rise.—[Year of Consolation.

Notes in Natural History.

CORMORANT FISHING IN CHINA.

The most singular of all the methods of catching fish in China is that of training and employing a large species of cormorant for this purpose, generally called the fishing-cormorant. These are certainly wonderful birds. I have frequently met with them on the canals and lakes in the interior, and had I not seen with mine own eyes their extraordinary docility, I should have had great difficulty in bringing my mind to believe what authors have said about them. The first time I saw them was on a canal a few miles from Ning-po. I was then on my way to a celebrated temple in that quarter, where I intended to remain for some time, in order to make collections of objects of natural history in the neighborhood. When the birds came in sight I immediately made my boatmen take in our sail, and we remained stationary for some time to observe their proceedings. There were two small boats, containing one man and about ten or twelve birds in each. The birds were standing perched on the sides of the little boat, and apparently had just arrived at the fishing ground, and were about to commence operations. They were now ordered out of the boats by their masters; and so well trained were they, that they went on the water immediately, scattered themselves over the canals, and began to look for fish. They have a beautiful sea-green eye, and, quick as lightning, they see and dive upon the finny tribe, which, once caught in the sharp-notched bill of the bird, never by any possibility can escape. The cormorant now rises to the surface with the fish in its bill, and the moment he is seen by the Chinaman he is called back to the boat. As docile as a dog, he swims after his master, and allows himself to be pulled into the san-pan, where he disgorges his prey, and again resumes his labors. And what is more wonderful still, if one of the cormorants gets hold of a fish of large size, so large that he would have some difficulty in taking it to the boat, some of the others, seeing his dilemma, hasten to his assistance, and with their efforts united capture the animal and haul him off to the boat. Sometimes a bird seemed to get lazy or playful, and swam about without attending to his business; and then the Chinaman, with a long bamboo, which he also used for propelling the boat, struck the water near where the bird was, without, however, hurting him, calling out to him at the same time in an angry tone. Immediately, like the truant school-boy who neglects his lessons and is found out, the cormorant gives up his play and resumes his labors. A small string is put round the neck of the bird, to prevent him swallowing the fish which he catches; and great care is taken that this string is placed and fastened so that it will not slip farther down upon his neck and choke him, which otherwise it would be very apt to do.

Since I first saw these birds on the Ning-po canal, I have had opportunities of inspecting them and their operations in many other parts of China, more particularly in the country between the towns of Hang-chow-foo and Shanghae. I also saw great numbers of them on the river Min, near Foo-chow-foo. I was most anxious to get some living specimens, that I might take them home to England. Having great difficulty in inducing the Chinese to part with them, or indeed to speak at all on the subject, when I met them in the country, owing to our place of meeting being generally in those parts of the interior where the English are never seen, I applied to her Majesty's consul at Shanghae (captain Balfour,) who very kindly sent one of the Chinese connected with the consulate into the country, and procured two pairs for me. The difficulty was now to provide food for them on the voyage from Shanghae to Hong-Kong. We procured a large quantity of live eels, this being a principal part of their food, and put them into a jar of mud and fresh water. These they eat in a most voracious manner, swallowing them whole, and, in many instances, vomiting them afterward. If one bird was unlucky enough to vomit his eel, he was fortunate indeed if he caught it again, for another, as voracious as himself, would instantly seize it, and swallow it in a moment. Often they would fight stoutly for the fish, and then it either became the property of one, or, as often happened, their sharp bills divided the prey, and each ran off and devoured the half which fell to his share. During the passage down we encountered a heavy gale at sea; and as the vessel was one of those small clipper schooners, she pitched and rolled very much, shipping seas from bow to stern, which set every thing on her decks swimming. I put my head out of the cabin-door when the gale was at its hight, and the first thing I saw was the cormorants devouring the eels, which were seen floating all over the decks. I then knew that the jar must have been turned over or smashed to pieces, and that of course all the eels which escaped the bills of the the cormorants were now swimming in the ocean. After this I was obliged to feed them upon anything on board which I could find; but when I arrived at Hong-Kong they were not in very good condition. Two of them died soon after; and as there was no hope of taking the others home alive, I was obliged to kill them and preserve their skins.

The Chinaman from whom I bought these birds, has a large establishment for fishing and breeding the birds about thirty or forty miles from Shanghae, and between that town and Chapoo. They sell at a high price even among the Chinese themselves—I believe from six to eight dollars per pair, that is from 30s. to 40s. As I was anxious to learn something of their food and habits, Mr. Medhurst, jun., interpreter to the British consulate at Shanghae, kindly undertook to put some questions to the man who brought them, and sent me the following notes connected with this subject: "The fish-catching birds eat small fish, yellow eels, and pulse-jelly. At five P. M. every day each bird will eat six taels (eight ounces) of eels or fish, and a catty of pulse-jelly. They lay eggs after three years, and in about the fourth or fifth month. Hens are used to incubate the eggs. When about to lay, their faces turn red, and then a good hen must be prepared. The date must be clearly written upon the shells of the eggs laid, and they will hatch in twenty-five days. When hatched, take the young and put them upon cotton, spread upon some warm water, and feed them with eel's blood for five days. After five days they can be fed with eel's flesh chopped fine, and great care must be taken in watching them. When fishing, a straw tie must be put upon their necks, to prevent them from swallowing the fish when they catch them. In the eighth or ninth month of the year, they will daily descend into the water at ten o'clock in the morning, and catch fish until five in the evening, when they will come on shore. They will continue to go in this way until the third month, after which time they cannot fish until the eighth month comes round again. The male is easily known from the female, it being generally a larger bird, and in having a darker and more glossy feather, but more particularly in the size of the head, the head of the male being large, and that of the female small." Such are the habits of this extraordinary bird. As the months named in the note just quoted refer to the Chinese calendar, it follows that these birds do not fish in the summer months, but commence in autumn, about October, and end in May—periods agreeing nearly with the eighth and third month of the Chinese year.

[Fortune's Three Years' Wanderings in China.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate upon the young heart like a carless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no after scouring can efface.

I cannot bear to hear old people say, "I am too old to improve." I myself would rather pardon young people saying, "I am too young for that." It is precisely when we are young that our most special endeavors must be to perfect ourselves, and seek by good qualities to compensate for what we loose in point of agreeableness.

[Madame de Sevigne.

Facts and Fancies.

THE SCHOOL-GIRL'S RESOLVE.

Mamma won't let me marry—
It really is a shame—
She says I ought to tarry
Before I change my name.

There's Captain Bombarbastic,
He's really quite a love;
But ma' says, after marriage
He would not be a dove.

Then there's my cousin, Harry—
He'd never play me false—
I wish ma' would let me marry—
I wonder can he waltz?

I hate ma's sermonizing—
It makes my poor head ache—
Ma' dislikes bridal favors,
While I love wedding-cake.

I'm just fifteen next birthday—
My charms begin to fade—
I hope mamma don't mean me
To be a queer old maid.

As ma' won't let me marry,
I think I shall elope
With darling Cousin Harry,
And live on love and hope.

Extraordinary Inland City.—The New Orleans *National*, in its sketches of Col. Doniphan's late remarkable expedition, gives the following: About the time Col. Doniphan made his treaty with Navajos, a division of his command was entirely out of provisions, and the Navajos supplied its wants with liberality. A portion of the command returned to Cuvano. Major Gilpin's command, together with Col. Doniphan, went to the city of the Sumai Indians, living on the Rio Piscow, which is supposed to be a branch of the Geyla, made a treaty of peace between the Sumai and Navajos, and then returned to the Rio del Norte. These Sumais, unlike the Navajos, live in a city, containing probably 6,000 inhabitants, who support themselves entirely by agriculture. This city is one of the most extraordinary in the world. It is divided into four solid squares, having but two streets crossing its center at right angles. All the buildings are two stories high, composed of sun-burnt brick. The first story presents a solid wall to the street, and is so constructed that each house joins, until one-fourth of the city may be said to be one building. The second stories rise from this vast solid structure, so as to designate each house, leaving room to walk upon the roof of the first story between each building. The inhabitants of Sumaï enter the second story of their buildings by ladders, which they draw up at night as a defense against any enemy that may be prowling about. In this city were seen some Albino Indians, who have, no doubt, given rise to the story that there is living in the Rocky Mountains a tribe of white aborigines. The discovery of this city of the Sumai will afford the most curious speculations among those who have so long searched in vain for a city of the Indians who possessed the manners and habits of the Aztecs. No doubt we have here a race living as did that people when Cortez entered Mexico. It is a remarkable fact that the Sumaians have, since the Spaniards left the country, refused to have any intercourse with the modern Mexicans, looking upon them as an inferior people. They have also driven from among them the priests and other dignitaries, who formerly had power over them, and resumed habits and manners of their own; their Great Chief or Governor, being the civil and religious head. The country round the City of Sumai is cultivated with a great deal of care, and affords food not only for the inhabitants, but for large flocks of cattle and sheep.

Interesting Discoveries in the East.—The French Government has had, for several years, a scientific corps engaged in researches in ancient Assyria and Persia, including the exploration at Nineveh and Babylon, and several distinguished scholars from England and Germany are on the same ground, though not under the orders of their Governments, occupied upon the inscriptions and sculptures, of which great numbers have been brought to view. The results of these explorations are of importance, as they throw much light on the ancient history of countries hitherto involved in darkness. At Behistun, midway between Babylon and Ecbatana, is an inscription cut in several large tablets on a rock at the base of a mountain, extending to four hundred lines, in the arrow-headed character. This great work has been fully deciphered by Major Rawlinson, of the British Army, who has employed much of his time during the last ten years in effecting it. Professors Grotefend, Lassen and Westergaard, have also been diligently employed on the same inscription, and have contributed much to its complete decipherment and grammatical translation. It is a memorial of the time of Darius Hystaspis, who lived in the sixth century B. C. the purport of which, to the historian, must be of equal interest with the peculiarities of the language to the philologist.

Diarrhœa.—People need not be long troubled with that disorder so generally prevalent at this season, commonly known as the Summer or Bowel Complaint, when the certain remedy therefor may be found on every man's dinner-table, in the shape of salt and vinegar. Two teaspoonsful of the former dissolved in half a gill of the latter, and swallowed at a draft, will in most cases effect an instant cure. The second dose, if needed, will assuredly accomplish it. We are ready to give our certificate to Dr. Pickle, in the premises; for we witnessed the proof. *Quod erat demonstrandam;* which is as much as to say, in Dutch, "it hasch ben tride." The recipe should be published annually—every summer.

Unbecomingness of Tears.—After an affecting crisis of a new play recently brought out in Paris, a lady who was much affected said to her daughter, who had sat it out dry-eyed: "You really have no heart, Clementine!" "You forget that we have company coming to supper, mamma!"

Rubin.—Thirty years past, at Bergamo, by a singular contrast, the opera company was very mediocre and the chorus excellent. Among the chorus-singers at this period there was a young man, very poor, very modest, and much beloved by his companions. This young man (to aid his aged mother) added to the functions of a chorus-singer the more lucrative one of a tailor. One day, having taken a pair of pantaloons to Nozari, this celebrated singer looked at him earnestly, and said to him, with kindness, "It seems to me, my boy, that I have seen you somewhere?" "That is very probable, sir. You might have seen me at the theater, where I sing in the choruses." "Have you a good voice?" "Not particularly, sir. I ascend with difficulty to G." "Let us see," said Nozari, at the same time approaching the piano; "sing the scale." The chorus-singer obeyed; but having sung G, he stopped quite out of breath. "Sing A: courage; go on." "Indeed, sir, I cannot." "Sing A immediately, I say, unfortunate." The A was sung. "Now sing B." "Really, sir——" "Sing B, I say, at once, or by my——" "Oh, do not be angry, sir, and I will try." G A B C was sung. "You perceive," said Nozari, with a triumphant voice. "And now, my boy, I shall only say to you, if you will work you will become the first tenor of Italy." Nozari was not deceived. The poor chorus-singer was the renowned tenor Rubini, who now possesses a colossal fortune.

A Winter at Spitzbergen.—The interior of Spitzbergen has never been habitable. Last October a party set out from Archangel for this destination. It was composed of fifteen gentlemen, of sound constitutions, accustomed to cold, and excellent huntsmen. They established themselves in the small island of Barents, part of the northern group where no man yet had resided, and which was only frequented by the more valuable of the animals of the country. In a short time, however, six of them, in spite of their precautions and hardy constitutions, died from the intense cold. The remaining nine lately arrived at Archangel with much booty, but not till they had experienced the most intense suffering from various causes, the absence of daylight being one of the principal.

Dependent Order of Matrimony.—The Ark says—"I suppose you are already aware that our M. W. Grand Sire, Thomas Sherlock, has recently been connected, and started a new Lodge of the honorable Order in our neighboring city, Cincinnati."

We were not aware of it. If our respected Grand Sire has "*started a new Lodge*" of that Order, he must have *taken the responsibility*, for we are sure he has not called a council of the Grand Officers.

If some one, who knows, will forward us a *certificate* or *diploma*, stating the fact, we shall, at our earliest convenience, inform the brethren of our great and increasing Order, that they have a Grand Mother.—[Covenant.

The late Rev. Dr. ——, of a certain town in Maine, an eccentric but honest minister, was once preaching on the practical virtues, and having a short time previous bought a load of wood of one the officers of the church, and finding it fell short in measure, took this occasion to speak thus plainly upon the subject: "Any man who will sell seven feet of wood for a cord is no Christian, whether he sits in the gallery, below, or even in the deacon's seat!"

Range of the Beaver in the United States.—In Silliman's Journal for May is a communication from S. B. Buckley, in which he says of the range of the Beaver: In De Kay's Zoology of the State of New York, it is erroneously stated that the most southern limit of the Beaver within the United States is the Northern part of the State of New York. There were beaver living among the mountains of North Carolina in the year 1842, where Mr. B. saw trees newly cut down by them, and he was informed by his guide that he had seen the beaver. This was in Haywood County, a few miles from Waynesville, on the Big Pigeon River—a wild, rough region, abounding in grand scenery and rarely visited by man, being little known even to the hunters.

New Life-Buoy.—A highly interesting experiment has been made at Pourtsmouth, in the presence of Admiral Sir Charles Ogle, and other distinguished officers, of a new life-buoy invented by Lieut. Irvine, R. N. 1813, which, beside its properties as an infallible agent in the saving of life at sea, possesses also the uses of a trunk or sea-chest, in which may be stowed, without the posibility of the approach of wet, such matters as bread or other dry provisions, linen, ammunition, &c.

City Stastistics.—The number of streets, avenues and places which intersects the City of New York, is 375; of Banks, we have 33; Insurance Companies, 100; Periodicals, 50; Newspapers, 98; Miscellaneous Schools, 110; Moral, Benevolent and Literary Associations, 116; Consuls, 41; Churches, 227.

Even to have a bad wife is better than to be a poor, neglected, vile bachelor, who is in all things both the centre and circumference of his own existence.—[Dr. Adam Clarke.

Depravity of the Age.—An itinerant teacher, preaching on this subject, said that little children who could neither speak nor walk were to be seen running about the streets cursing and swearing.

The Profits of Cleanliness.—In Aberdeen, the streets are swept every day, at an annual cost of £1,400, and the refuse brings in £2,000 a-year. In Perth it costs £1,300 per annum, and sells for £1,730.

"How beautiful the face of nature looks after undergoing a shower," said a lady. "Yes, madam, and so would yours after undergoing a similar process," remarked a bystander.

Choice Miscellany.

THE DYING GIRL'S REQUEST.

"Music before I die!
Let me hear those thrilling sounds once more,
Ere I depart to a brighter shore,
To my home on high;
And sing me the strains which thou sang'st before,
With a tearful eye.

"Sing hymns and songs of praise,
For my heart is panting again to hear
Thine own sweet voice, my mother dear,
Ere I hear the lays
Which shall shortly burst on my ravish'd ear,
Where no joy decays.

"Wipe off those bitter tears,
That scorching fall on thy pallid face,
Where anxious watching has left its trace;
For the morn appears,
And I must depart from thy loved embrace
To celestial spheres.

Mother, thine own sweet voice
Is the sweetest music now to me,
For it soothes my soul with its melody,
And makes my heart rejoice;
And to die, with my thoughts fix'd on Heav'n and thee,
Was my heart's first choice!

"We'll meet, my mother, *there;*
We'll meet above in that blessed clime,
Whose glories we cannot know in time;
Nor can words declare
The peace, the joy, and the bliss sublime,
That our hearts will share."

Then ceased the tones so mild!
And the mother her darling sang to rest.
Ere that song was done she was with the blest;
Her beloved child,
With bright gems crown'd, and in white robes dress'd,
Pure and undefiled. (Frazer's Mag. for June.

Family Party on the Nile.—After leaving Mellaws, the wind freshened, and the boat went merrily onwards. The long desire of Charles and Emily to see a crocodile in its native river was gratified in the course of the afternoon. The family had scarcely sat down to dinner before one of the sailors ran to the door of the cabin, crying out, "Timsach! timsach!" Up jumped the young people, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Dalton. On going forward, they saw what appeared to be three trunks of trees, lying on a sandbank fully a mile a-head. Mustapha, who was an excellent shot, was busily loading his gun, while all the other sailors pointed to the distant objects, repeating the cry of "Timsach!" Charles's excellent glass was brought into requisition, and in a short time the crocodiles were plainly discovered. They were basking in the sun, and apparently asleep. The largest could not be less than twelve feet long. Before the boat could get within gun-shot they seemed to become aware of its approach, and quietly glided into the water. This was a disappointment; but Charles was consoled by hearing that they were fifty miles above Minyeh, the lowest part of the Nile that crocodiles frequent, and that scarcely a day would pass now without his seeing some. Mustapha had been so much engaged in preparing to have a shot at the creatures that it was not till they disappeared that he woke up to the fact that the excellent dinner he had sent to table was getting cold. He was too much an enthusiast in his art, to suffer his preparation to be treated with neglect, and his master was amused by the anxiety he showed to see them again placed at the table. From this time "a convoy of crockodiles" was a frequent sight; once as many as sixteen, some of them very large, were discovered on the bank. It was not often that they allowed the vessel to approach near enough to afford the opportunity of a good shot, but now and then they gave Mustapha a chance. He was always on the alert, and most desirous to kill one. The young people felt as anxious, and pleased themselves with the notion of having it stuffed and sent to England. The sailors, too, were much interested in Mustapha's success. They looked forward to some hearty meals on the flesh, which is considered a great delicacy among the Arabs. In the course of the voyage, several were struck by the bullets, which their hard skin easily repelled. Two were wounded, one severely, for it with difficulty crawled into the river; but none were killed. They have doubtless all the tenacity of life possessed by reptiles, and as on any attack, or even alarm, they seek the water, there appears to be no chance of securing one, unless, which is very unusual, they are wounded in a mortal part, and die immediately. The people on the Nile hold them in some dread, but assert that they never attack a man while swimming in deep water, but watch the opportunity when he stands up, and is walking to the shore, to seize him by the leg and draw him under. In this way a boy about twelve years old was killed during our traveler's voyage. Dreading a similar fate, one of the sailor's excused himself from wading after a wild goose that Mustapha shot. His refusal gave the cook great offense, and he was sharply rebuked for his laziness and cowardice, but acted very wisely in not venturing. —[The Boat and the Caravan; a Family tour through Egypt and Syria.

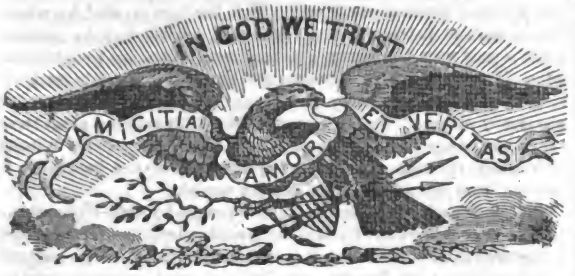
Modern Damascus.—If Cairo recalls the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" to one's memory, Damascus realizes all the Oriental day-dreams that have been conjured up by a heated imagination after pursuing that fascinating book; the houses, the people, the costumes, above all the bazaars (which are the finest in the East after those of Constantinople,) are so thoroughly free from any admixture of Western fashions or ideas! The bazaars are spacious, well lighted, well ventilated, clean, and fragrant with the mingled smells of the damask roses (sold there in profusion,) latakeea, and the aromatic odors emanating from the numerous spice and perfumery shops. The veiled women gliding about, the turbaned men seated upon their carpeted shop-boards, dreamily running their fingers over the beads of their Mecca chaplets, or inhaling the cold fragrance of their bubbling narghiles; the sweetmeat vendors, hawking about their trays of tempting goods, in the shape of rose-leaf tarts, preserved *mishmishes* (apricots,) lumps of delight, consolation to the throat, and a dozen varieties of *halva (bon bons,)* all equally good; the ice-sellers, with little pails of frozen cream, and large water jars with a lump of snow from Lebanon closing the spout—all these, mixed up with wild-looking dervishes and still wilder-looking Bedouins from the neighboring country of the Haouran, form a *tout ensemble* which has not its parallel in any other place. The far-famed blades of Damascus are no longer manufactured here, and are even rarely to be found in the bazaars; but its saddlery is still famous, and it is celebrated for its gold and silver tissues, and the striped silk and cotton stuffs which form so prominent a part in the costume of the Caireens, as well as the inhabitants of Syria. Unset precious stones are also found here in plenty, especially pearls and turquoises; and every sort of gold and silver trimming is to be had better and cheaper in Damascus than in any other place in the East.

I am never weary of rambling through the bazaars, and have found the shops of the silk-mercers very tempting lounges. The shop-keepers here, however, very kindly spare you the fatigue of going to their ware-houses in quest of pretty things; for the moment they are apprized of a traveler's arrival, they hasten to the European hotel, followed by their servants, laden with packages of their best merchandize, which they open out, spread over all the sofas and cushions, and insist upon leaving, that you may judge of the effect they produce by candle-light. There has been such a concourse of these men since our arrival, that the great open recess in the court looks like a complete "Vanity Fair;" and I never return to the house, that I do not find five or six silk merchants and their attendants seated upon the marble pavement, leaning on their bales of goods, and looking as patient as if they had nothing in the world to do but to wait my good will and pleasure to toss over their merchandize. —[Mrs. Romer's Pilgrimage.

What a Merchant Should Be.—A merchant should be an honorable man. Although a man cannot be an honorable man without being an honest man, yet a man may be strictly honest without being honorable. Honesty refers to pecuniary affairs; honor refers to principles and feelings. You may pay your debts punctually, you may defraud no man, and yet you may act dishonorably. You act dishonorably when you give your correspondents a worse opinion of your rivals in trade than you know they deserve. You act dishonorably when you sell your commodities at less than their real value, in order to get away your neighbors' customers. You act dishonorably when you purchase at higher than the market price, in order that you may raise the market upon another buyer. You act dishonorably when you draw accommodation bills, and pass them to your banker for discount, as if they arose out of real transactions. You act dishonorably in every case wherein your external conduct is at variance with you real opinions. You act dishonorably if, when carrying on a prosperous trade, you do not allow your servants and assistants, through whose exertions you obtain your success, to participate in your prosperity. You act dishonorably if, after you have become rich, you are unmindful of the favors you received when poor. In all these cases there may be no intentional fraud. It may not be dishonest, but it is dishonorable conduct.—[Gilbart's Lectures on Ancient Commerce.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."



NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1847.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP AND CHRISTIANITY.

There are many well-meaning and conscientious persons, who imagine a sort of antagonism between Christianity and Odd-Fellowship, and who are prevented from connecting themselves with the Order by the erroneous superstition that attention to its concerns will conflict with their religious duties. It is no part of our purpose to attempt an elevation of Odd-Fellowship to an identity or equality with Christianity; nor will we claim, even, that it is the "handmaid of religion," for, in our judgment, religion is competent to take care of itself without a "handmaid." But we desire, nevertheless, to offer a few suggestons for the special benefit of the class of persons above named.

If we do not greatly err, "feeding the hungry," "clothing the naked," and "visiting the sick," are among the first and highest duties enjoined in the religion of Him of Nazareth. We recollect somewhat distinctly, that one of his eminent disciples says, "Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this: To visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." If these are high and solemn duties, enjoined earnestly in the religion of Christ, it is difficult for us to perceive how a connection with a society, banded together for the purpose of engaging in these "ministries of mercy," can, by any possibility, interfere with the "religious duties" of any man.

It is not unlikely that the same "religious duties" in the minds of some, embrace little more than zeal for a sect, attachment to a party, and labors for the extension of a creed, performed in a spirit that would "damn all parties but its own;" and it may be that the broad and extensive charities of Odd-Fellowship, teaching, as it does, the fraternity of our race, may slightly interfere with such duties. Still, if it be acknowledged that the care of the sick and the relief of the suffering are religious duties, then the question is not one of interference of duties, but of the best and most efficient mode of their performance. The sincere man, truly desirous of knowing truth and duty, will ask, how shall I most effectually serve the interests of my poor, sick, bereaved and suffering fellow-men? Shall I do most by single, isolated, fragmentary effort? or by associated, combined and consentrated effort?

It is generally understood, that an army, well organized and disciplined, is far more efficient than the same, or even double the number of isolated individuals, each, as the phrase is, "fighting upon his own hook." And so one would naturally conclude that combination, concentration, and system of effort in the work of human benefaction, would be far more efficient than the same amount of effort put forth without system or organization. As well might it be said that the organization and discipline of an army would interfere with the duties of the soldier, as that the combination of effort, and systematic organization of Odd-Fellowship, can interfere with the duties of the Christian. If we have been correctly taught in regard to the nature of religion, it has less to do with the outward forms of society, than with the internal spirit of the individual man. It seeks to make a man kind, loving, and charitable, and when it has made men love each other as brethren, it leaves that love to seek out such forms of manifestation and modes of operation as the light of experience, and the circumstances of the age, may indicate as most proper and efficient. If that love manifests itself in a society for sending light and knowledge among the heathen, religion condemns it not. If it shows itself in combinations to save the drunkard from the pit in which he has fallen, religion approves and blesses the work; and if it manifests itself in organized and systematic efforts, for the relief of the poor, the sick, the stranger, the widow, and fatherless, Christianity smiles and promises her benediction upon the work. That all these combinations are the offspring of the truly Christian spirit, the manifestations of that love which is first in the principles of religion; and hence that there neither is or can be any antagonism between the duties of the one and the other, is most evident from a single consideration, not generally, perhaps, understood or appreciated. The power of associated action, as contrasted with individual and solitary effort, is tolerably well understood throughout the world. The pagan, the Mohammedan, the idolator of every grade, associates with his fellow-man for the purpose of augmenting strength, and accomplishing objects that cannot be reached by a single arm, however powerful. But these combinations are for self-aggrandizement, for defense against an enemy, for aggression upon others, for war, spoliation or plunder, and few if any other forms of voluntary association are to be found on earth, except in Christian countries. But no sooner do we come within the influence of Christianity than the scene is changed. Voluntary organizations, widely extended and far-reaching in their schemes, and mighty in power, are all around us, toiling unitedly and hopefully, ay, and successfully, for the elevation of the race and the melioration of every kind and form of human suffering. If these associations are not the outgrowth of the Christian spirit, and the index of its progress, why are they not as numerous without as within the pale of Christianity? And if they are the offspring of Christianity, and the forms in which its spirit is manifested, why should any church frown upon them? or why should the professor, of any name, fear that their requirements should interfere with the least of the duties of that religion in whose spirit they all originate? Let the timid, who fear Odd-Fellowship on the ground first indicated in this article, think of these matters. W.

"LEAKY VESSELS."

We were about to write an article on the subject set forth in in the extract below; but, falling upon this in a number of the Gavel, it seemed to us to say exactly what was needful, and in such a pleasant way, that it might do quite as well as a labored article on the matter. The evil complained of, is doubtless more extensive than is supposed, and we have lately seen some of the evil coming of it, and have wondered that Lodges pass the offense over so indifferently. Doubtless it is what Juvenal would call *commune vitium*, but so much the more need for rebuking it. If it is a common sin, it is quite time the Lodges had looked to it, and quite time to visit the sinner with the just penalty of his offense.

"In, almost, every Lodge, there are some members, who find great difficulty in keeping to themselves, and within the bounds of the Order, the various transactions, of a business nature, of the Lodge to which they belong. They are what Brother Case denominates "leaky vessels." All the knowledge they possess, is sure to leak out, and they seem to be very uneasy, unless they can impart it to those who ought not to be put in possession of it, by reason of the position which they occupy. If an individual is proposed for membership, the next day he is very likely to be asked, what induced him to seek admittance into the Order of Odd-Fellows? by many of his neighbors who do not belong to the Fraternity; for by or through these "leaky vessels," they have been made acquainted with the fact, that he has been proposed for membership. If charges have been preferred against any member, for a breach of Law and Principle, why, it is soon made public, and becomes a subject of common conversation. If any little misunderstanding—any disagreement takes place between any of the brothers, these "leaky vessels" are sure to magnify it into something of great importance; and perhaps they will consult with those, who have no interest, neither any right to know anything about the matter, how a reconciliation, between the disagreeing parties, can be effected. They always go the wrong way to work. If a person has been rejected,

it very frequently happens, that every body, in and out of the Lodge knows it; and why he was rejected, and who voted against him.

"Now, it must be seen, at once, by every reflecting mind, that such procedure, is highly improper; and is a great reproach to all those who justly come under its fearful condemnation. We hesitate not to say, that all guilty of such improprieties, stand convicted of a violation of their obligations as Odd-Fellows, and should be excluded from the Order, as persons very unfit to enter its Temple, and associate with those who know when to speak, and when to keep silence."

THE ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP CONSIDERED.....NO. 3.

AS A BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

It having occurred to us that the initials signed to the two preceding numbers of this series of articles are also the initials of a distinguished member of the sublime branch of our Order, we have dropped them and substituted another signature. This has been done the more readily because of a thought having arisen in our minds, that perhaps that brother—experienced as well as distinguished—might not feel flattered by having imputed to him the lucubrations of one comparatively a tyro, to say nothing of a possible difference of opinion on minor subjects. So much premised explanatory of the change of signature, *nous revenons a nos mouton.*

The genius of Odd-Fellowship is essentially benevolent. This is composed of two qualities. They may be classified as the *pecuniarily benevolent* and the *socially benevolent.*

Looking at Odd-Fellowship in the pecuniarily benevolent point of view, we see in it one of the *facts* of the advancing age: one of those great movements of progressive man developing itself in the character of mutual assurance. This assurance is one of those *methods* of which equalization is the result. This *mutuality*, in the practical forms of assurance on property, lives and health, and of all the other losing and poverty-working contingencies to which men are liable; this it is that will effect to a great extent the equalization of property among men: an event so necessary to dissipate the suffering caused by want throughout the length and breadth of the globe.

In the forms of insurance against losses by fire and by sea perils, it has long existed. In the form of insurance against loss of life, it has existed but a few years. In the form of insurance against losses growing out of the loss of health, practical Odd-Fellowship has but recently introduced the improvement,—this method of improving the condition of men by equalizing the distribution of the world's goods.

Regarded in this light, Odd-Fellowship is one of the improvements wrought by the increasing intelligence of free men, which, in extending and perfecting the forms and character of their business relations, thrills along the electric cord of interest and is felt at the hearth-stones of all conditions, from the millionaire to the humblest artisan. As the satined and bejeweled garment sported by wealth in its hour of pride, has caused the expenditure to furnish poverty with the loaf that appeases its hunger; that fed the various operatives whose labors have been expended during the progress of the vestment, from the spinner's hands to those of the embroiderer.

Business, so called, the various relations of man with man where services, values and equivalents are involved; these relations, as established and fostered by unrestricted commerce and its adjuncts in all branches, in all the forms of mutual intercourse where profit and security for individuals and families are sought and losses avoided; these will thrive. They are practicable, are consistent with the nature of things, and they will flourish and spread, gain breadth and strength, while men possess the power of calculation and the faculty and love of acquisition. Give these powers and affections the proper direction, and through these channels will be accomplished improvements and revolutions that will effect a general melioration of the condition of society. Their variety will increase, and their character will improve with the increase of intelligence: that intelligence that ever follows in the footsteps of Christianity and free government.

Mutual interest developing itself under the practical forms of association that shall not uproot the foundations of the social relations, but instead, will tend to cement and establish more firmly those which Divine Wisdom originally instituted, will render effectual service to the best interests of mankind. No utopian schemes of *association* that call for the change of existing relations and entire subversion of the institutions which constitute the corner-stones of society, will exist save in the speculations of the dreamer. No *ism* seeking to fuse into an ill-assorted mass the portions designed to remain inviolate each within its sacred boundary of domesticity, will serve any other purpose than to afford vent for working off the froth of zealous eccentricity, or to furnish material for exercising the schemings of politics.

Carrying out the pecuniarily benevolent feature of Odd-Fellowship, through the insurance principle, the surplusages of wealth in individual hands will be employed to relieve the deficiencies of the poorer. Not directly in a manner that, calling for no equivalent, and bestowing where no actual want exists, or loss has been sustained, shall promote idleness and tend to relax individual exertion; but, by small assessments from all, from the fund created, by which, actual want or distress, loss of time and health, shall be relieved when it may visit the party who has contributed his proportional mite. This principle of insurance will be extended to embrace a variety of risks, and probably all the contingencies to which men are physically subject. So considered, Odd-Fellowship is a great stride taken by the age in its progress toward the more general diffusion of blessings through the greater equalization of the benefits to be derived from the possession of worldly wealth.

An important feature in the good wrought by Odd-Fellowship is the discouragement to vice and the encouragement to virtue, afforded by the requisition of moral qualifications from all who may seek a participation in its benefits; qualifications without which none can be permitted to enjoy them. That this may be secured in practice, certain modes of recognition, known only to themselves, have been adopted by Odd-Fellows. Against this most judicious and praisworthy precaution has been raised the insane cry of "secret society." But that, like other prejudices grounded in error, is fast disappearing; and the innocent safeguards employed to prevent imposition will soon be regarded with an eye of favor by all save those whose unworthiness may have incapacitated them from a participation in the *horrible* secrets. Other secret societies have existed, and many of them were secret in their objects, as well as in their *work.*

The *object* of Odd-Fellowship is not hidden, but is proclaimed openly, and is triumphantly pointed to as a vindication against the charge of injurious tendency. But these other societies, if secret in their objects, could not long survive impregnable to the powerful light of truth. If their objects were avowed and their technicalities only secret, they have, nevertheless, many of them, died the death or been sorely disabled. But Odd-Fellowship possesses a feature that furnishes it in some sort with a security against the fate of its predecessors. It is to this feature that it is, perhaps, mainly indebted for its vast success. It is the assurance principle exhibited in the feature of dues and benefits that raises the character of our Order above all its predecessors. This practically benevolent feature in Odd-Fellowship, has secured to it in a utilitarian age, a success it could not otherwise have attained. Other societies of the so-called secret order will permanently succeed only so far as they engraft upon their practice this scion from the wide-spreading branches of our Order.

Odd-Fellowship is not a dream of the imagination hoping on the field of some future perfectability to reap beatitudes; but, taking man as he is, it enables him, with his weak, erring human nature clinging to him, to do good and receive benefit while he is improving and improved. Ever honored be Odd-Fellowship for the wisely benevolent organization and practice. *Esto perpetua!* ORION.

THE THREE MONTHS TENURE.

The R. W. Grand Lodge of Alabama, at its Annual Session in April last, passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Grand Lodge, the old tenure of three months ought to be restored.

In desiring to bring the Order back from the important step it has taken in regard to official tenure, our Alabama brethren are certainly overlooking many evils which we have just escaped; and are entirely insensible to the beneficial effects that will result to the Order from the adoption of a longer tenure. While the term remained only three months, the anxiety to "fill the chairs" merely for the purpose of securing "the honors," was very great. Candidates were freely nominated, and their claims and merits urged with something like the warmth visible at political elections. Now, there is an evident change; and the offices seek the brothers. Those whose ambition alone urged them to seek the chairs, were willing to serve *three* months in consideration of the title of P. G.; but could not think of giving six months of their valuable time in exchange for membership in the Grand Lodge. That would be purchasing their "honors" at too high a price! By the six months tenure, then, we are secure against brothers who are not actuated by very honorable motives. Give us brothers for offices who love to attend the meetings of the Lodge, and give their unceasing attention to the promotion of the principles of our lovely Order, and its principles will be more fully carried out. Another objection to the three months tenure is, that brothers are often placed in the chairs who are plainly educated and but little acquainted with parliamentary business.

They do not become very expert in the discharge of their duties in much less time than three months. If they are then cast out and another set of officers elected, who would, perhaps, come into their places with the same inexperience as their predecessors, the Lodge would be the sufferers, and suffer for some time, perhaps, from inexperienced officers; and the officers themselves fail to be benefited in parliamentary lore. Another objection is the rapid increase of the Grand Lodges of each States. The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania now numbers 1500 members—quite too large a number for one organised body; and what would be its number ten years hence at the present rapid rate of increase in the number of Lodges? The Order, in 1845, in the United States, numbered 685 working Lodges under the jurisdiction of the G. L. of the U. S. The returns for 1846 show that there are 992, being an increase of 307 Lodges during the year. At this rate of increase, the Grand Lodges themselves would soon become powerful, and too large and unwieldy to exert any good influence on the Order. Instead of shortening the tenure I would prefer to see it extended to one year. In the government of our country we do not find the term of office less than one year in any case, and in many offices the tenure is much longer; and custom even goes farther, and returns men again and again to the places they had filled. Why then should the body of Odd-Fellows, second to no other organization in the land in numbers and its influence, be convulsed every three or six months by the election of officers?

In my view, a still greater reform should be effected in the government of the Order. The Grand Lodges should be composed only of Representatives from every Lodge subordinate to it, elected by the Lodges annually, and their expenses paid while attending the meetings of the Grand Lodge. Each county in a State sends representatives to the State Assembly. Every Lodge would then have a voice in the proceedings of the Grand Lodges, which, though a privilege all can avail themselves now, is never effected. Hence the Past Grands of the cities and towns in which the Grand Lodges meet have their own way in the government of the Order. Past Grands at a distance will not attend the meetings at their own expense; and not until we select Representatives will each Lodge be fairly represented in the Grand Lodge to which it is subordinate.

As these views may be discussed by some other brother, and as it is my desire to elicit the views of others upon this subject, I will defer any further remarks I may have intended making upon the matter for a future article. F. G. M.

SKETCH OF THE ADDRESS OF JOHN D. KINSMAN, ESQ.

M. W. GRAND MASTER OF THE G. L. OF WISCONSIN,

AT THE ODD-FELLOWS' CELEBRATION AT MILWAUKIE, JUNE 10, 1847.

(Reported for the Golden Rule.)

"When three years since, while located in one of the easternmost cities of our widely-extended Union, I lent my humble services in the formation of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Maine, I little thought of exchanging the sea-girt and rock-bound coast of that Eastern State, for the mild and less cultivated, but richer and more beautiful prairie country of the Far West. I little thought in so short a period, to forsake the city of my birth, where the ocean shines in azure splendor o'er three hundred isles, for the western shore of the magnificent Lake Michigan; and as one of the same Band of Brothers, to be called to preside over, and to address a kindred body, in this your far-famed and enterprising city, which almost without effort, seems to have sprung forth with Herculean strength, and to be advancing with giant strides, to take its position at no far distant day, as the Queen City of the West. But such is Man, and such his lot in these modern days.

"Seemingly aware that his days are few, that he cometh forth as a flower and is soon cut down; he early arms himself for the great 'Battle of Life,' and passes on from change to change, making transitions so rapid and easily that he scarcely notes their consequences."

The speaker then alluded to the improvements of the age, of the power of invention, of the rapid annihilation of space, of the impetuous attempts after objects and results that before had been deemed impossible and of that restless, reckless disregard or forgetfulness of those around us; of duty to our God, or sympathy to our fellowman

He adds: "How necessary then that there should be *breathing-places*, points where we should halt, look back, and reflect whether in our own success we had not ceased to look upon man as 'our brother,' upon God as our creator and benefactor. Foremost among those 'places' stands ODD-FELLOWSHIP."

He proceeded to speak of the objections of those out of the *Order*, to the secrets of those within, and the hackneyed inquiry, "*if your acts are charitable and moral, why keep them so secret?*" He said Odd-Fellows had no secrets, save to recognize a brother; no duty but to protect and aid him when necessary.

"These signs and secrets are no new thing, for every age and almost every class of men have signs by which they are distinguished, of peculiar forms by which to ask protection and assistance. In former days, when Christians were haunted like beasts of the chase over Europe, they found it necessary to have some token by which to know themselves, and often when surrounded by armed bands of ruffians, in the streets of the cities or in the ravines of the mountains, when the bloody axe or glistening bayonet was on its course to drink the blood of the victim, when in all that crowd, no Christian could be seen to save or defend, (for none dare openly wear a badge by which to be known,) he raises his eyes to heaven and says, '*I believe!*' and the pulse ceases to beat, until his ear catches the welcome words from some distant voice, '*in God;*' thus forming a chain by which he is known, bringing to his rescue stout hearts and strong hands to beat aside the murderous weapons and guide him safely from the wondering throng."

In alluding to the growth and prosperity of our Order, he said:

"The slender sapling that eight and-twenty years ago first took root upon American soil, has increased in beauty and strength, until now its wide-spreading branches cover and protect *a hundred thousand* Odd-Fellows; the little brook that then so faintly murmured by, has swollen to a mighty stream, bearing, not destruction in its course, but upon its broad bosom, peace, joy and happiness to all mankind."

After enjoining upon Odd-Fellows their many duties, of their position in society and the jealousy with which they were watched, and hence the necessity of careful and judicious action; he alluded to him who has watched over us in days past; and every word that fell from the lips of the speaker, was but the echo of each heart in that assembly.

"Yet bear with me, my brothers, while I advert for a single moment, to the position we this day occupy. Need I remind you that we are to-day leaving the more immediate care and direction of our R. W. D. D. G. Sire—he who has so long and anxiously watched over and protected the interests of Odd-Fellowship in this far western world. But while we assume the more immediate government of ourselves, we rejoice that he is not to leave us—but that he still remains among us, to aid and befriend us, with his counsel and experience. We rejoice that we are able to send so true and so faithful a Representive to the parent Lodge at its annual session. Long may he continue among us, in the enjoyment of life, health and happiness—and so long as Odd-Fellows shall meet Odd-Fellows, in our noble oak-openings or on our beautiful rolling-prairies, so long will we continue to remember and to cherish with pleasure and with gratitude, the name of WILLIAM DUANE WILSON.

"And seriously, my brothers, it becomes me to remind you, that we are entering upon a new, and I trust through your efforts, a glorious career. The Sons of the Badger State have now with us a name and a government of their own; and have wheeled into the Grand Column, and taken their part in line, with their sister States. It becomes us then as we plant our standard here, and unfurl our Banner to the Western breeze; to see that in our onward and forward course, we so perpetuate our principles, and emblazon them in such living colors, both on our hearts and in our conduct, as that he who runs may read.

"It would be false modesty in me and ungrateful on my part, did I not ackdowledge with the most grateful emotions, the unlooked for kindness, which has assigned me my present elevated position in the Order. Comparatively a stranger among you, I cannot but feel that I have personally no claim for this or any other post.

"And in return for this high confidence, I can only pledge you an earnest zeal in the service of the Order, and that all my humble efforts, of heart and soul, shall be to promote the interests of you and yours. It will now be not only an incumbent duty, but my greatful pleasure, to advise and counsel you, so far as my humble powers will permit, not so much as your Grand Master, but as your friend and brother.

"Nor are the duties and responsibilities of a light and trifling character which devolve on you, my brethren of the Order, and especially on you, my brothers, who are associated with me in the government of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Wisconsin, for the ensuing year. But amid all our duties, under all our perplexities, we will remember the motto of our Order, 'We Trust in God'—and may we each and all of us, in our Subordinate Lodges, so strive together for the mastery in good works, that when we come to leave this Terrestial Lodge, we may, through the mercy of our Heavenly Master, be admitted to the Celestial Lodge above."

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

GRAND LODGE.—A Special Session of the Grand Lodge was held on Saturday evening last, July 17, at National Hall—G. M. JOSEPH R. TAYLOR presiding. Charters were granted for MOUNTAIN LODGE No. 310, to be located at Windham Center, Greene county; and for WAMPANOAG LODGE No 311, at Sacketts Harbor, Jefferson county. Permission was granted to the several Lodges in the District of Oneida to have a public celebration, Addresses, &c. between the 19th and 24th inst. Adjourned.

ADELPHIA LODGE No. 308, was instituted July 16, in the village of Lowville, Lewis county, by PG ISAAC TAPPING, of Utica, Special Deputy, assisted by brothers from Rome, Watertown and Bloomville. There were seven initiations. They will have an excellent Lodge in this place. It is the first Lodge in this county, and we have every reason to believe that the Order will increase rapidly in this section. The following are the officers installed: J. C. Fish, NG; W. E. Morgan, VG; S. P. Mills, Sec; J. P. Doig, Treas. Meets on Mondays.

Extract from a letter dated HOLLAND PATENT, July 13, 1847.

I beg leave to state that our Lodge, though isolated from the thoroughfare of the brotherhood, is in a truly prosperous state. We have weekly acquisitions of members of the right sort, comprising the intelligent, influential and useful of our tradesmen; and notwithstanding the adverse circumstances and feeling which pervaded when our glorious banner was unfurled, we now number some 70 members. I wish you could have been with us at our last installation of officers. We were cheered by the presence of our worthy Bro. D.D.G.M. DIMON, and judging from the enthusiastic feeling then exhibited, our destiny *must be* onward and upward Yours, in haste, in F. L. and T. J. T. T.

DANSVILLE, July 10, 1847.

BRO. WINCHESTER,—The officers of Genesee Encampment No 44 were duly installed by D.D.G.P. GEORGE R. PARBURT, assisted by Patriarchs Graham and Dryer of Geneva Encampment, on Monday evening, July 5, as follows: Jas. L. Boon, C.P.; George Morrison, H.P.; William Hollister, S.W.; P. E. Toles, Scribe; Lewis Brockway, Treas. and Myron Halstead, J.W. The regular meetings are on the 1st and 3d Thursday evenings of each month.

On Friday evening, July 2d, P.G. JOHN A. VANDERLIP installed the officers of Canaseraga Lodge No. 123 as follows: Charles A. Thompson, N.G.; Lewis Brockway, V.G.; A. Byron Miller, Sec.; Charles R. Kern, Per. Sec.; William Ullyett, Treas. The regular meetings are on Friday evenings.

Both branches of the Order in this place are prosperous and flourishing.

Yours fraternally, T.

DISTRICT OF KINGS.

Salem Encampment No. 7—John J. Spowers, C.P.; Thos. Jones, H.P.; Jno. C. Roach, Treas.; S. A. Smith, Scribe.

Mizpeh Encampment No. 25—Geo. C. Hance, C.P.; Daniel Van Voorhis, H.P.; James O. H. Swinborne, S.W.; Benedict Lewis, Jr. Scribe; Samuel N. Burrill, Treas.; Edwin R. Gillespie, J.W.

Bethlehem Encampment No. 32—John C. Jaques, C.P.; Calvin L. Hubbard, H.P.; Lawrence Powers, S.W.; John Bradford, Scribe; Ishmael Strong, Treas. Joel Rockwell, J.W.

Brooklyn Lodge No. 26—Jos. A. Davis, N.G.; John Tassie, Jr. V.G.; John W. Ruggles, Sec; Geo. P. Apgar, Treas.

Nassau Lodge No. 39—Thos. M. Hobbs, N.G.; John J. Green, V.G.; Alex. Gibson, Sec.; L. B. Hawxhurst, Treas.

Kings County Lodge No. 45—D. Strong, N G.; John Skinner, V.G.; Gabriel W. Colt, Sec.; James Gallaudet, Treas.

Atlantic Lodge No 50—Chas. Fisbeck, N.G.; Nicholas W. Van Dyne, V.G.; Robt. S. Craig, Sec.; George W. Kimball, PS; John Willins, Treas.

Crusaders Lodge No. 61—John D. Tenny, N.G.; John L. Everitt, V.G.; A. C. Willmarth, Sec.; Robt. Sealy, Treas.

Long Island Lodge No. 63—Selah H. Brush, N.G.; John A. Whaley, V.G.; Chas. Andrews, Sec; Silas Hollis, Treas.

Fulton Lodge No. 66—Chas. Brewer, N.G.; Alfred Hanabergh, V.G.; T. W. J. Brooks, Sec.; E. G. Triquet, PS; Edward Preston, Treas.

Eagle Lodge No 94—Samuel F. Burdett, N.G.; Isaac Bird, V.G.; Lewis E. Johnson, Sec.; Thomas Cook, PS; Geo. O. Thompson, Treas.

Steuben Lodge No. 133—Jacob Eif, N.G.; H. Terpnerson, V.G.; J. Kriebrel, Sec.; H. Tienchen, Treas.

Montague Lodge No. 153—Thos. S. Eells, N.G; N. D. Morgan, V.G.; H. F. Fairbanks, Sec.; — — Luddington, PS; T. P. Reid, Treas.

Magnolia Lodge No. 166—C. L. Gable, N.G.; John M. Moriarty, V.G.; W. Kemble, Sec.; H. Hawley, PS; Senter M. Giddings, Treas.

Stirling Lodge No. 190—Rev. T. B. Thayer, N.G.; Frederick W. Herring, V.G.; Jonas Winchester, Sec.; Benedict Lewis, Jr. P.S.; John D. Cocks, T.

Myrtle Lodge No. 194—J. A. Hughes, N.G.; J. Humphries, V.G.; A. Davis, Sec.; H. S. Van Orden, Treas.

Grenada Lodge No. 288—J. B. Barney, N.G.; J. B. Shay, V.G.; I. Badau, Sec.; T. B. B. Brown, Treas.

Cornucopia Lodge No. 306—Wm. Vail, NG.; W. B. Lewis, VG.; V. Thompson, Sec.; John Price, Treas.

Franklin Degree Lodge No. 13—DeWitt C. Langdon, N.G.; R. Sharp, Sec.; A. C. Entriken, Treas.

DISTRICT OF ORANGE. NEWBURG, July 19, 1847.

BRO. WINCHESTER: Annexed is a list of the officers of the Lodges of this District, which have been installed for the current term, viz:

Highland Lodge No. 65, *Newburg*—Albert Scott, N.G.; Robert H. McKnne, V.G.; Thos. H. Rice, Sec.; L. W. Gardener, PS; M. D. Washburn, Treas.

Orange County Lodge No. 74, *Newburg*—Elias Pitt, N.G.; James Cornish, V.G.; John M. Haight, Sec.; W. McCutcheon, PS; John Polhamus, Treas.

Middletown Lodge No. 112, *Middletown*—E. M. Madden, N.G.; T. A. Harding, V.G.; A. Sutherland, Sec.; G. B. Crans, Treas.

Chester Lodge No. 138 *Chester*—Ira Olmstead, N.G.; C. A. Dewitt, V.G.; E. A. Olmstead, Sec.; S. M. Kniffin, Treas.

Wawayonda Lodge No. 157, *Goshen*—D. Baillie, N.G.; — Moore, V.G.; H. Vail, Sec.; James Baillie, PS; P. Moore, Treas.

Freemen's Lodge No. 170, *Montgomery*—I. S. Millspaugh, NG.; J. P. Utter, V.G.; G. W. Millspaugh, Sec.; S. M Crawford, Treas.

Beacon Hill Lodge No. 203, *Canterbury*—Caleb L. Wood, N.G.; A. Dan, VG; J. Hargraves, Sec.; T. A. Wiley, Treas.

Hudson River Lodge No 281, *Newburg*—A. Dessendorf, N.G.; S. McClung V.G.; J. J. Whitehead, Sec.; R. D. Kemp, Treas.

Myrtle Degree Lodge No. 20, *Newburg*—G. C. Monnell, N.G.; Orange Gillingham A.N.G; Wm. Atwood, D.A.N.G.; John K. Lawson, V.G.; Joseph Bell, P.G.; E. M. Ruttember, Sec.; Elias Pitts, Treas.

Fraternally yours, A. SAUL, D.D.G.M. District of Orange.

DISTRICT OF RENSSELAER. TROY, July 17, 1847.

BRO. WINCHESTER,—I give you below a list of the officers installed for the present term. "The members of the Order here attach much importance to carrying out the great and benevolent principles of the Institution in visiting the sick and those in distress." They are also great "advocates" of "*law*," and believe that a proper spirit manifested in the proceedings of our G. Lodge, and a *just participation* in those proceedings, will make them better Odd-Fellows, and make the "chief glory of the fraternity" what they consider it should be—*always* free from "crimination and recrimination."

Troy Encampment No. 4, *Troy*—A. Clapp, C.P.; F. P. Baker, H. P.; Wm. Oakey, S.W.; S. Andres, Scribe.

The officers of Olive Branch and Laurel Encampments I am unable to give.

Franklin Lodge No. 24, *Troy*—William J. Ager, N.G.; J. Moore, V.G.; J. E. Hurd, Sec.; M. Dowing, Treas.

Trojan Lodge No. 27, *Troy*—J. G. Gillespie, N.G.; B. Babcock, V.G.; Wm. D. Gilberts, Sec.; J. Frink. Treas.

Star Lodge No. 29, *Lansingburg*—William L. Hanford, N.G.; J. McFarland, V.G., Thomas Saunders, Sec; A. Seamen, Treas.

Rensselaer Lodge No. 53, *Troy*.—R. McDonald, N.G.; J. Allendorph, V.G.; R. H. Laithe, Sec.; R. L. Bogardus, Treas.

Halcyon Lodge No. 56, *Troy*—George Babcock, N.G.; F. J. Suydam, V.G.; C. L. Sill, Sec.; J. Christie. Treas.

Rising Sun Lodge No. 96. *Lansingburg*—Luther Bolles, N.G.; J. G. Smith, V.G.; A. Kirkpatrick, Sec.; D. Sweeney, Treas.

Schaghticoke Lodge No. 216, *Schaghticoke*—S. L. Kenyon, N.G.; W. Johnson, V.G.; S. D. Bennett, Sec.; E. Smith, Treas.

Athenean Lodge No. 268, *Troy*—C. Burns, N.G.; Wm. Oakey, V.G.; H. Harvey, Sec.; A. Clapp, Treas.

During the last term there were 105 brothers relieved in this District, and about twenty-one hundred dollars for the relief of the sick, burying the dead, educating the orphans, &c. paid out.

Yours fraternally, FLOYD P. BAKER, D.D.G.M.

DISTRICT OF ERIE. BUFFALO, July 15, 1847.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—I take the liberty to forward you the results of the elections of the officers in Subordinate Lodges, Degree Lodge and Encampment, in this District.

Niagara Lodge No. 25—E. H. Munger, N.G.; J. G. Misner, V.G.; H. B. Compton. Sec.; J. S. Irwin P.S.; John Cook, Treas.

Buffalo Lodge No. 37—R. S. Foote, N.G.; J. Parker, V.G.; C. O. Poole, Sec.; J. H. H. Wheeler, P.S.; H. T. Gillett, Treas.

Tehoseroron Lodge No. 48—A. L. Bingham, N.G.; W. J. Hull, V.G.; S. W. Rathbone, Sec.; J. Kennon, P.S.; G. L. Hubbard, Treas.

Hesperian Lodge No. 171—S. O. Barnum, N.G.; B. S. Brown, V.G.; J. Reilley, Sec.; C. W. Brown, P.S.; H. Hubbert, Treas.

Walhalla Lodge, No 260—J S. Van Arx, N.G.; J. Greiner, V.G.; Wm. B. Oldes, Sec.; M. Weidrich, P.S.; J. Roos, Treas.

Erie Degree Lodge No. 3—J. Cooke, N.G.; C. S. Chapin, A.N.G.; N. Cooper, D.A.N.G.; J. E. Russell, P.G.; A. L. Bingham, V.G.; J. G. Misner, Sec; T. Parson, Treas.

Mt. Vernon Encampment No. 8—J. Cooke, C.P.; J. R. Morgan, H.P.; C. S. Chapin, S.W.; J. G. Misner, J.W.; J W. Banta, Scribe; J. G. Dodge, Treas.

Yours in F. L. and T. J. W. NEWKIRK.

DISTRICT OF ST. LAWRENCE. CANTON, July 14, 1847.

BRO. WINCHESTER,—In request I send you a list of the officers elected and installed in this District for the current term, viz:

St. Lawrence Lodge No. 220, *Canton*—Z. N. Ellis, N.G.; N. Farnham, V.G.; E. C. Goff, Sec.; A. O. Brown, Treas.

Ogdensburg Lodge No. 273. *Ogdensburg*—T. M. Humphrey NG; H. M. Smith, V.G.; L. C. Campbell, Sec.; Geo. Boyd, Treas.

Mastaqua Lodge No. 274, *Potsdam*—J. C. Gates, N.G.; H. H. Peck, V.G.; W. L. Knowles, Sec.; D. S. Pride, Treas.

Our Lodges in this District are all doing a good business and are in a healthy condition. In F. L. and T. J. R. T.

DISTRICT OF CORTLAND.

Homer Lodge No. 263, *Homer*, meets on Tuesday evening—L. A. Miller, N.G.; George J. J. Barber, V.G.; A. G. Bennett, S.; G. C. Babcock, P.S.; W. L. Sherman, T.; Rev. D. H. Strickland, P.G. Our Lodge is in fine condition. A healthy state of feeling exists among us, and we number about 40 members.

Tioughnioga Lodge No. —, *Cortlandville*, meets Thursday evening—James L. S. Leach, N.G.; John H. Ferguson, V.G.; Lyman Reynolds, S.; C. H. Taylor, P.S.; Seth Haight, T.; Wm. H. Shankland, P.G. Our officers were installed by D.D.G.M. B. F. RUSSELL, of Auburn. A. G. B.

CONNECTICUT.

LAFAYETTE LODGE No. 47, was instituted at Bloomfield on the 15th of June last, by DDGM L. B. ALLYN, assisted by PG Joseph Pratt, Jr. and several brothers from Charter Oak No. 2, Mercantile No. 8, and Hyperian No. 40. The following officers were installed: Hiram B. Case, NG; John M. Maxwell, VG; Levi H. Hamblin, Sec; Henry S. Cadwell, Treas. This Lodge is in a prosperous condition, and will doubtless soon be ranked among the first in the State.

MASSACHUSETTS.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—The Regular Annual Session of the R. W. Grand Encampment will be held at Oasis Hall, Chapman Place, Boston, on Wednesday, the 4th day of August, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

GRAND LODGE.—The Annual Session of the Grand Lodge will be held at Covenant Hall, corner of Essex and Washington streets, Boston, on Thursday, August 5th, at 9 o'clock A. M.

ILLINOIS.

Extract from a letter dated EQUALITY, June 29, 1846.

Our Order is looking up in this State, and I think we will be able to give a better account of it at the next meeting of our Grand Lodge than has ever been given, which meets on the 12th of July. D. P. W.

NEW JERSEY.

ARIEL LODGE No. 56, was instituted at Mauricetown, Cumberland county, Thursday July 8, by D.D.G.M. RUSLING, assisted by P.G. George Bowen of Salem, P.G.M. Read of Mt. Holly, P.G. Bateman of Cedarville, P.Gs. Mulford and McClung of Millville. There were a large number of other brethren present—the Lodge was instituted in the afternoon, officers elected and installed—after which about sixty brethren partook of an excellent dinner prepared by Bro. Dr. BUTCHER, under the shady trees near his residence; a large number also at Bro. COMPTON'S and Bro. BACON'S. About 6 o'clock the brethren assembled at the Lodge room, formed and moved in procession through the principal streets, until they arrived at a place prepared for the address, &c on the bank of the river—here a very large assembly had convened—the "fair" ladies were there in large numbers. After prayer and singing, Rev. Bro. CURRAN, (Presbyterian,) was introduced and delivered an address which was listened to with undivided attention. After singing again, a beautiful Bible was presented to the brethren of No. 56, by P.G.M. READ, on behalf of the ladies, and received by Bro. CURRAN, on behalf of the Lodge. Again the procession was formed and proceeded to the Lodge room, where the services of dedication were attended to. The room was filled, and hundreds could not get in. These services were very interesting, and all retired exceedingly gratified throughout the whole of the ceremonies.

At half past 8 o'clock the Lodge was opened and proceeded to work. FIFTY-THREE candidates were proposed and elected; twenty-two being present were initiated; two joined by card—a number received the several degrees, so that the offices could be filled with degree members. Certainly this Lodge starts with very fair prospects. Their room is beautifully fitted up, and reflects good taste. The services of this day will long be remembered in Mauricetown, and we trust much good will result from the location of this Lodge there. The brethren are determined that this Lodge shall rank among the first in the State. The following officers were installed: Saml. Cobb, N.G.; Chas. Butcher, V.G.; Jos. Butcher, Sec.; Wm. Harris, Ast.Sec.; Chas. Bacon, Treas.

Yours in F. L. and T.

DENNISVILLE LODGE No. 60, was installed at Dennisville, Cape May county, on Wednesday, July 14, by PG. Master SAMUEL READ, assisted by PGs Bateman of No. 48, Mulford of 47, Broguard of 50, and a large number of other brethren were present. The following officers were elected and installed, viz: Samuel Mathews, NG; Maurice Beardsley, VG; William Hooper, Sec; William Sonder, Ast Sec; John Taylor, Treas. There were eleven gentlemen, (whose character and standing perhaps cannot be surpassed in the county,) initiated in the evening, after which the installation of officers took place, so that with the seven petitioners, they start with eighteen members. The prospects of this Lodge are very flattering; there are now quite a number of gentlemen anxious to join. The brothers have determined to be very cautious who they admit among them, as they are sure their future welfare depends upon this, and as they can have the best and the virtuous. This is the first Lodge in this county, and will have the material of a fine healthy part of the State. May they meet with great success. Bro. RUSLING, the officer of this District was prevented from being present, by urgent business at home.

Yours fraternally, R. S....

PENNSYLVANIA.

WILLIAMSPORT, July 19, 1847.

E. WINCHESTER, Esq.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—On Thursday morning last, I left Philadelphia in the cars for Harrisburg, in company with a number of brothers of the Order, for the purpose of spending a few days away from the vexations and cares of a city life. Having little to trouble myself about, and as a portion of the officers of the Grand Encampment were in company for the purpose of instituting the Encampments chartered by the G. E. at its session on the 12th inst., I made up my mind to accompany them, and witness the pleasing ceremonies of opening an Encampment. Arriving at Harrisburg at ¼ before 3 o'clock, we proceeded on our journey in the canal boat to Northumberland, where a private conveyance was provided to take the party to Sunbury, a distance of two miles. Here we found the petitioners anxiously awaiting our arrival, and the officers proceeded forthwith to the pleasing duty of constituting SUNBURY ENCAMPMENT No. 61, and installed the following Patriarchs into the respective offices, viz: J. W. Peale, CP; J. H. Purdy, HP; J. V. Martin, SW; J. P. Persell, JW; D. T. Trites, Scribe; G. B. Youngman, Treas. After which I had the pleasure of seeing a brother initiated in all the degrees, by special dispensation from the Grand Patriarch. Several applications were received and referred to the usual committees, &c.

In the evening we again returned to Northumberland, where we passed the night, and left next morning at 4 o'clock for Jersey Shore, (a distance of 50 miles,) in stage coaches, traveling by land all the way. We arrived at Jersey Shore about 7½ o'clock in the evening, and after we had refreshed ourselves, I again had the pleasure of witnessing the ceremonies of instituting an Encampment by the same officers. LYCOMING ENCAMPMENT No. 59. was organized, and the following brothers were installed into their respective offices, viz: Jas. Gamble, CP; James S. Allen, HP; H. Hepburn, SW; Jno. H. Knox, JW; R. B. Crane, Scribe; W. Hyman, Treas. In this Encampment several applications were also received, and referred to appropriate committees.

Our journey so far has been one of continual traveling and labor. The country looks fine, and we have been greeted every where that we have had the pleasure to visit, with an Odd-Fellows' welcome. We shall spend several days in this county, and visit Danville on Thursday next, for the purpose of joining our brothers at that place in procession. I understand that Bro. HORN R. KNEASS, who accompanies us, is to deliver the Oration. On Friday I expect BLOOMSBURG ENCAMPMENT No. 60, will be constituted with the usual ceremonies, the particulars of which I hope to be able to send you next week. I expect to visit the Lodges here, and I doubt not but they will (as well as ourselves,) be pleased to meet us and to welcome us to their Lodge rooms.

The weather is excessively warm, and were it not for the pure air which is only to be had in the country, I should almost be induced to believe that the city was as cool as it is here.

Yours Fraternally.

WILKESBARRE, July 8th 1847.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—On Monday last, July 5th, I had the pleasure of witnessing the dedication of the Hall of Cambrian Lodge No. 58, in the town of Carbondale, Luzerne county. The following Lodges and Encampments were represented; and the following order of Procession observed, under the direction of P.G ROBERT LOVE, Chief Marshal, assisted by P.G. Thos. H. Dickson, John B. Lewis and Esbon S. Hart:

Clifford Lodge No. 181, Capouse No. 176, Olive Leaf 156, Montrose 151, Freedom 88, Howard 79, Cambrian 58, Wyoming 39; Lackawana Encampment No. 16, Outalissi 39, St. John No. 50.

The procession being formed, moved through the principal streets to the front of the new Hall, where an arbor had been previously erected, when the following exercises took place: 1. Prayer; 2. Ode by the Choir; 3. Address by Rev. A. C. L. Arnold; 4. Ode by the Choir; 5. Benediction. After which, the procession again formed and proceeded to the Mansion House and Railway Hotels, when dinner was served. Ample justice was done the substantials and delicacies beneath which the tables literally "groaned." After dinner, the procession again formed and proceeded to dedicate the Hall, which was conducted in the usual manner, and with the customary ceremonies. The following brethren officiated on the occasion: D.D.G.M. Andrew Yohe, Presiding Officer; D.D.G. M. Thos. P. St. John, Master of Ceremonies; Rev. Bro. A C. L. Arnold, Chaplain; D.D.G.M. W. T. Palmer, P.G. W. J. Morgan, John Love and —— ——, Heralds. He have seldom been present at any dedication when the ceremonies have been more elegantly performed or attentively listened to than in the present, and none where a better feeling of Brotherly Love prevailed. We have been promised a description of the Hall from the Architect, which we may send at some future time.

In F. L. and T. "PAX."

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WASHINGTON, D. C. July 19, 1847.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—I send you this week the list of officers for the current term of our Camps and Lodges. I have obtained them for the Golden Rule from Grand Scribe CHARLES CALVERT and Grand Sec. THOS. C. DONN. Thanks are due also to PG HODGSON.

Bros. CALVERT and DONN have further promised to make out, soon, for your paper, statistical tables of the condition of the Order in this District. Perhaps they may be ready for your next number. These documents must necessarily take up so much of your columns that I shall postpone all remarks on matters and things in general.

Yours in F. L. and T. S. Y. AL.

List of officers of Subordinate Encampments and Lodges for the term commencing July 1, 1847, and by whom installed:

Columbian Encampment No. 1, by P.C.P. S. Yorke AtLee—William Lord, C.P.; M. M. Ward, H P.; William Bond, S.W.; Thomas Donn, Scribe; William W. Moore, Treas.; John P. Boss, J.W.

Mount Pisgah No. 3, by Grand Patriarch Wm. Towers—Wm. Knowles, C.P.; Geo. W. Hopkins, H.P.; Wm. Semmes, S.W.; William Marll, Scribe; William Clabaugh, Treas.; T. A. Newman, J W.

Magenenu No. 4, by P.C.P. William W. Moore—Alexander V. Fraser, C.P.; Martin Johnson, H.P.; M. H. Stevens, S.W.; John D. Lee, Scribe; B. W. Reed, Treas.; Samuel Lewis, J.W.

Ridgely No. 5, by P C.P. Samuel L. Harris—William Dillow, C.P.; John K. Vernor, HP.; Charles J. Wright, SW.; James Wescott, Scribe; Samuel E. Douglass, Treas.; Thomas W. Johnson, J W.

Mount Nebo No. 6, by PC.P. Lawrence A. Gobright—William M. Perry, CP.; James M. Towers, HP.; William H. Baldwin, SW.; John L. Clubb, Scribe; Elijah Edmonston, Treas.; Francis B. Lord, jr., J W.

Central Lodge No. 1, by PG. Cranstoun Laurie—George C. Whiting, NG; Martin Johnson, VG; J. W. Moorehead, Sec.

Washington No. 6, by PG. Frederick D. Stuart—Francis B. Lord, sen., NG; T. W. Howard, VG; J. H. France, Sec.

Eastern No. 7, by PG. Walter Lenox—W. A. Howard, NG; John O. Donnell, VG; B. F. Coster, Sec.

Harmony No. 8, by PGM. John Seasford, jr—John Bohlayer, NG: John Carter, VG; James Burgess, Sec.

Columbia No. 10, by PG. Lawrence A. Gobright—B. B. Edmonston, NG; A. Buckley, VG; W. C. Zentzinger, Sec.

Union No. 11, by DGM. Flodeardo Howard—J. B. Grenwell, NG; John B. Bradley, VG; F. White, Sec.

Friendship No. 12, by PG. Robert J. Roche—John G. Brown, NG; Thomas Smith, VG; W. Dillow, Sec.

Covenant No. 13, by PG. Samuel L. Harris—Robert Ould, NG; George W. Hopkins, VG; Samuel Kelly, Sec.

Beacon No. 15, by PG. William F. Bayly—George W. Venable, NG; M. H. Stevens, VG; G. Harrington, Sec.

Metropolis No. 16, DGM. Flodoardo Howard—E. F. Brown, NG; H. B. Howard, VG; J. W. Eckloff, Sec.

Excelsior No. 17, PG. William Bond—John D. Lee, NG; John H. Goddard, VG; B. K. Morsell, Sec.

Mechanics No. 18, by PGM. John A. Blake—John Garratt, NG; T. W. Crawford, VG; John Donaldson, Sec.

Oriental No. 19, PGM. John A. Blake—Francis W. Fuller, NG; James A. McLaughlin, VG; Thomas Miller, Sec.

ALABAMA.

MOBILE, July 7, 1847.

BRO. WINCHESTER: In compliance with your wishes, I will give you a list of the officers for the present term in our Lodges and Encampment:

MOUNT ARARAT ENCAMPMENT No 1—Robert O. Shaw, CP; Samuel Penny, HP; Edward Chiddey, SW; John C. Morton, JW; PCP William E. Jennings, Scribe; John Steike, Treas.

ALABAMA LODGE No. 1—Meets Tuesday evenings—John M. Walton, NG; S. Davidson, VG pro tem; Charles J. B. Delage, Sec.; B. S. Skaats, Treas.

UNION LODGE No. 13—Meets Monday evenings—Daniel Geary, NG; Aaron Gage, VG; S. L. Neville, Sec; S. Penny, Treas.

Yours truly, S. P.

VERMONT.

VERMONT LODGE No. 2, Monpelier—Officers for the current term: R. Gargin, NG; A. A. Sweetser, VG; J. B. Danforth, Jr. Sec; G. Loveland, Treas.

THE GOLDEN RULE,
AND
ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1847.

☞ Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, NEW YORK, by E. WINCHESTER, Editor and Proprietor, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms $2 a year in advance, or 6¼ per week, delivered by a carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

PHILADELPHIA.—The GOLDEN RULE is published in Philadelphia, by CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North Sixth street, by whom subscriptions will be received and papers delivered in any part of the city. Packages sent to the adjoining towns out of the mails.

BOSTON.—Office of the GOLDEN RULE, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L. WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the RULE sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*To whom it may Concern.*—We particularly desire that immediate notice be given through the P. M. by all subscribers who wish the GOLDEN RULE discontinued, as we have no wish to forward papers to any who do not think it worth the price asked for it.

We also urge upon EVERY BROTHER who has not remitted for his subscription to do so at once. There is much neglect on this point by a large number, to the great detriment of our interests. We hope the remedy will be speedily applied, and our dues be promptly transmitted.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.—This Magnificent Steel Engraving, embodying all the Emblems of the Order, is furnished to ALL SUBSCRIBERS to the GOLDEN RULE for the the trifling sum of *Fifty Cents.* A more beautiful Picture has never been issued, or one more worthy a place in the parlor of every Odd-Fellow. Price to non-subscribers One Dollar. For sale by our Traveling and Local Agents, and at the Offices, 30 Ann-street, 40 Cornhill, Boston, and Odd-Fellows' Hall, Philadelphia.

EDITORIAL NOTES OF A TRIP DOWN EAST—NO. II.

ON Tuesday, 6th inst., we left Boston for Augusta, Me., by the Eastern Railroad, from East Boston. And here we were once again puzzled at the scale of prices for traveling. On making known to the agent at Boston that we wished to go to the terminus of the Railroad in the State of Maine, Portland; and supposing we should there be compelled to take steamboat to go across Casco Bay, and up the Kennebec river to Augusta—he informed us that the fare would be three dollars; but, inadvertently mentioning the place at which we desired to stop, he told us he would carry us to Hallowell, within two miles of Augusta, and some seventy miles farther than Portland, for *two dollars.* We could not see through this paying a traveler a premium of one dollar for traveling an extra seventy miles; but the agent would not explain, so we "pocketed the insult," and took a stand—for there were no places for the passengers to sit—on board the ferry boat, to be carried to South Boston, where the "iron horse" was snorting to depart. The cars on the Eastern Railroads, generally, are super-excellent in all their accommodations, and the ease of riding far greater than on most other roads which we have traveled; but the clouds of pine smoke, and the loads of sparks and ashes deposited upon the clothes and persons of travelers, is an intolerable nuisance, destructive of tempers and eyesight, a perfect destroyer of comfort, and which should be abated at once by the use of the patent "spark catcher." The country through which we passed, is most picturesque and beautiful, equaling any through which we have ever before been. All nature seemed to be clothed in her holiday attire, and wreathed in her sweetest smiles, rendering more pleasant the varied landscape. We passed through many lovely little villages, and larger places, including the city of Portsmouth, N. H., all bearing unmistakable marks of the thrift and industry of their inhabitants; and we more than once caught ourself buried deep in thought of the "olden time," when witches rode upon broom-sticks, and men were "troubled" with spells cast upon them. Our "troubles," on the occasion, were two-fold—the *sparkling* eyes of the beautiful women returning home from the "celebration" in Boston, and the showers of *sparks* from our locomotive, about equally dividing our attention; from which, ever and anon, the shrill whistle heralding our approach to some town, would awaken us to our "sober second thoughts," and to a realizing sense of our forlorn condition.

In due time we reached Portland, Me., and with faces blackened with soot, and ashes, and sparks, and our clothing covered with a plentiful allowance of the same, we went on board the steamboat "Huntress," which was lying at the wharf, with steam up, and half-loaded with passengers, who were more fortunate than ourselves in having clean faces and persons, and ready for dinner. While the passengers by the railroad were engaged below in washing themselves, in a small seven-by-nine room where two persons could not pass each other in safety, the dinner-bell rang: horror was depicted upon the countenances of the unwashed, and the only alternative left was either to go into the presence of ladies and gentlemen rather resembling chimney-sweeps than what we *really were*, or to put up with the doubtful chances of a future table. With a few other gentlemen, we chose the latter, as being the lesser evil and inconvenince, and most promising of comfort and decency.

And here we were again doomed to disappointment; for instead of having a well-provided table, we were compelled to be satisfied with the half-cold pieces of meat which had escaped the well-sharpened appetites of our "illustrious predecessors." We involuntarily revolved in our minds' eye the magnificent style in which such things are done on board the splendid steamers plying between New-York and Stonington, and on the Hudson river; and had half determined to revolt: but what was to be done? We had breakfasted at six in the morning, (and it was three o'clock in the afternoon); we were out in the open sea, the breeze of which in no small manner improved our previously conceived notions that we were hungry, and the question was either cold meat or no meat—and cold meat carried the point. While traveling we expected, as a matter of course, to meet with some "rough places," and be compelled to submit to many inconveniences; but we never for a moment dreamed of being compelled to eat such a miserably prepared, or worse served dinner, or endure insolent servants, and the final attempt to send the passengers away "half-made up," in their appetites, as was the case on board the steamer "Huntress," the day on which we took passage. We hope Capt. BLANCHARD, not only for our sake, but for his patrons generally, and for his own reputation, will remedy this.

Portland Bay is a lovely sheet of water, dotted all over with romantic-looking islands, either barren rock or crowned with heavy pine trees. We crossed it in about two hours, and reached the mouth of Kennebec river. Just beyond the entrance or the river, stands an ancient fort, built of loose stones, and *topped off with brick!* It might have been, at the time of its erection, a good protection from the arrows of the Indians; but at the present day it would not stand before a respectable volley of musketry a moment. On our voyage up we passed quite a number of small villages and settlements; and they all bore the peculiar New England appearance of thriftiness and prosperity. Indeed, the trip up the Kennebec was exceedingly pleasant, and the scenery of a decidedly beautiful and romantic description: all along the banks of this noble river, for miles in extent, lay huge rafts of logs, and every now and then we would meet others coming down the river on their own hook. On expressing our surprise to a fellow-traveler, that so much timber should be left afloat by carelessness, he informed us that it was customary for the "foresters" and settlers on the head waters of the river and its branches, to sell their trees to some speculators, living below, and agree to cut them down, mark them, and throw them into the Kennebec, trusting to fate and the current to carry them to their proper owners. At stated places along the river, these speculators have their depots of lumber, and men with boats and hooks are employed, who go out and examine every log found adrift in the stream; if it has their "mark," it is secured and brought ashore; if not, it is suffered to go on its pilgrimage till it finally reaches its destination. No one has yet been known to secure a log, not his own—an evidence of the honesty of the people highly creditable to themselves, and eminently pattern-worthy.

We reached Hallowell, the head of navigation for the larger boats, about half past seven in the evening, and took coach for Augusta, two miles distant, where, in due time, we were safely delivered at the Augusta House, kept by Bro. ROBINSON, and were received by Bro. WM. R. SMITH, M. W. Grand Master of the G. L. of Maine, for whose attentions we are under the deepest obligations.

Of the sights we saw in and about Augusta, and the courtesies shown us by the noble-hearted brothers there, we shall speak in our next.

J. W.

REV. BRO. CURRAN'S ADDRESS.—The Address of this eloquent divine, who is a member of the Presbyterian communion, delivered at the opening of Ariel Lodge No. 56, at Mauricetown, N. J. on the 8th inst. is in type; but the great crowd upon our columns compels us to omit for one week.

A GOOD OPPORTUNITY.—Subscribers, as well as those brothers wishing to receive the GOLDEN RULE, in this State, will have an excellent opportunity of forwarding their money and names, by their Representatives to the R. W. Grand Lodge at its approaching session. Let it not pass unimproved.

WATERING PLACES.—To escape the intolerable heat, indicated by the mercury being so much higher than *ninety* as scarcely to be discovered with a pocket-telescope, everybody who can, is leaving the cities to seek a "breathing place" in some quiet shady nook, by the sea-shore, where the breezes come with refreshing coolness to reinvigorate the exhausted frame. Saratoga is crowded, and deservedly so—for there *fashion* reigns supreme. But the real comfort is to be found in the cool north, or away toward the region of sunrise. To discover the true 'land of Cockaigne,' take the steamers Oregon or Vanderbilt—and, fanned by the winds from out old ocean's caves, you enjoy such a night of bliss as only the sweltering denizens of our brick and mortar cities can truly appreciate. In the morning, almost before you know it, you are placed in charge of "mine hosts" of the TREMONT in Boston, where a bath and breakfast, under the "deacon's" watchful care, will make you feel younger by many years. It is a capital House, and well deserves its wide celebrity as the best in New England, as its landlords are the most obliging and gentlemanly. All about Boston, are glorious "sights to see." After which, the famed "Nahant," jutting out for miles into the bosom of the "great deep," invites you to her quiet retreats. You will go to DREW's, of course. The grand old Hotel stands as a beacon on the extreme point, seaward, and bids the pilgrim hope for food and rest. The spacious halls, the cool piazzas, of the Nahant House, combined with the dainties of land and sea which Drew places daily upon his tables, will add a pound a day to your weight, avoirdupois. Here stay—days, or weeks; visit the beach, bathe, read the GOLDEN RULE, and be happy. With your wife and children around you, what need to care for the battle of the "bulls" and "bears" on 'Change?

Would you go on? Then follow up the winding and beautiful Kennebec, or the romantic Penobscot, a hundred miles or more into the interior of "down east;" and great will be your surprise at the scenes which will open to your view. Instead of the rocky, sterile country which you may have pictured to your imagination, the most varied and fertile landscape is presented on all sides—checkered all over with fine lakes, and streams, and flourishing villages, and betokening happiness and thrift. Nor do you find the "Yankees" the selfish and sordid money-getters which tradition hints of. A warmer hearted, more generous or hospitable people, are not to be found upon the face of the globe. We have been there, and know what we say. In these lakes and streams, the disciples of old "Izaak" can sport to their heart's content. Little do we, here and at the south, know what a country is New England—the home of the "mighty men of old."

Nearer to our city are many places of resort to which the weary can fly for a day, or a longer period. At New Rochelle, a lovely village on the Sound, to which there is daily access by steamboat, you can enjoy yourself pleasantly:—especially if you take quarters at FULLER'S HOTEL, an excellent house, kept by an estimable Odd Fellow, and under whose care there will be little to desire. Glen Cove is a pretty place, and was formerly much more visited than now; but we know of no well-kept house to which we could recommend visitors to go. We tried it last season, and shall not soon repeat the "experiment." The Fishing Banks offer attractions for all who love sea breezes, and fine sport. Be sure to go in the Highlander. Coney Island, and Bath, and Rockaway—on "old Long Island's sea-girt shore,"—have their troops of visitors; and Long Branch, the Ocean House, Cape May, on the Jersey shore, are places notable in the chronicles of this generation.

Up the HUDSON RIVER, sets an immense tide of travel in the summer season. The boats are of the most magnificent and costly description, and their repute is world-wide. Among these we mention particularly the "Isaac Newton," a new boat, in the fitting up of which the arts of luxury and refinement seem to have expended themselves. She is really superb, and as worthily cammanded by Capt. WM. H. PECK, than whom few know better how to make travelers comfortable. The banks of this noble River, second to none in the world for splendid scenery, are dotted all along with beautiful villages, in any of which, "homes" during the dog days are to be found, both cool and shady, and furnished with every thing to gratify the senses. Beyond are the Springs, Lake Horicon, Ticonderoga, and many lovely villages on the upper waters of the Hudson, worthy the attention of those seeking for health and pleasure.

Reader; go somewhere, if but for a day—you who dwell in cities: take the "children" with you, and for a little season forget the cares and strifes which continually enter like "iron into the soul."

☞ The Odd-Fellowship Department of our paper, as our readers will perceive, is full, rich and complete. We spare no pains in making it what it should be, and are exceedingly gratified to know that our efforts in this direction meet with the universal commendation of our friends and the fraternity.

DEDICATION OF GRENADA LODGE ROOM.—This pleasant affair came off on Friday, the 16th inst. The room was crowded to overflowing, and a large number went away without being able to gain admittance. The exercises began promptly at the hour, which is much to the credit of the officers; for almost always there is a delay of twenty or thirty minutes on such occasions. And another item, which showed good judgment, was the number of parts; which, instead of being multiplied to a tedious extent, were brought down to a reasonable point. Generally the programme is twice too long, and the length of the exercises so great as to weary all present. These items we make special mention of, because we have seen the evils of the opposite. After an opening from the Piano, a very appropriate and devout Prayer was offered by Bro. WHELAN. Then came an excellent Dedication Ode, followed by the "Blind Boy," and "I forget the gay world." After this an Address was delivered by Bro. T. B. THAYER, the subject of which was the "Present and Future of Odd-Fellowship." Of the character of the Address, farther than this, it is not for us to speak.

After the address came three other songs, which were received with much delight and applause by the audience. Altogether the occasion was one of great pleasure to all concerned. The brothers of the Lodge may congratulate themselves on having a very neat, tastefully furnished, and, what is very important, well ventilated room. The carpet, into which are woven nearly all the emblems of the Order, is a very pretty affair, and attracted much attention.

WHICH IS IT?—The last *Odd-Fellow*, in an article noticing the Covenant for July, which is well deserved, has the following ominous paragraph: "According to present appearances, the periodical publications of the Order will be materially reduced. Already some three or four have fallen into the shades, and there are others which cannot sustain themselves." There are but *six* periodicals of the Order now published in the United States, three of them weekly, and three monthly. Of the weeklies, two hail from Boston, and one from New York. Now, we want to know which of these "cannot sustain themselves?" and who it is that the Odd-Fellow is stabbing in the dark? Or, do "coming events cast their shadows before," causing Bro. COCHRANE to speak *feelingly* on the subject of this great mortality among the "periodicals of the Order?" "We pause for a reply."

THE GOLDEN RULE, in the New England States, is every where received with open hearts and arms. They find in it what every intelligent Odd-Fellow looks for in a well conducted periodical of the Order, articles from well-known and talented brethren from all parts of the jurisdiction—full and complete intelligence from the Lodges in the various States, of interest to members, and a Literary Table, surpassed by no other publication in the Union. As an evidence of this we have received about *one hundred and fifty new subscribers* from those States the present week. Subscriptions from other places are equally gratifying, showing that the G. R. possesses the entire confidence of the brotherhood.

☞ We never, or seldom, publish Notices to Correspondents. Articles which are accepted, will always appear at the earliest moment; while rejected communications are destroyed, unless other directions in reference to them are given by their writers.

☞ We should be pleased to receive Original Poetry, Tales, Translations, Sketches, &c., of merit from our Correspondents. We desire to make the GOLDEN RULE, in this as in other respects, equal, if not superior, to any three dollar Magazine in the Country. There is talent enough in the Order to do this without scarcely an effort. Let it be brought out.

STRAWBERRIES.—Over 600,000 baskets of this delicious fruit were brought to the New York market over the New York and Erie Railroad the present season. This immense quantity is equal to 6277 bushels, or 260 tons in weight, and at 3 1-2 cents per basket, was worth $20,000.

HO! FOR THE FISHING BANKS!—The Steamboat Highlander, Capt. HECTOR ARMSTRONG, runs every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday to the Fishing Banks. On one excursion last week, the passengers caught several thousand fish. The best of accommodations for this sport are found on board the Highlander.

A large number of articles are necessarily crowded out. They will appear in due season.

MARRIAGES.

July 5 at Newark, N. J. by Rev. Dr. Scott, Bro. THEODORE THORP, of City Lodge No. 151, of this city, and Miss ELIZA C. daughter of Thomas Simpson, Esq. of Newark.

NATIONAL HOTEL, CORNER of River and Ferry-sts. Troy, N. Y. At the Depot of the Eastern, Western, & Saratoga Railroads, and is a short distance from the Steamboat Landing. OSBORN & McDONALD, Proprietors. Stages for the North and East, leave every morning in front of this house. ap24:tf

A. WHITE'S, CENTRAL HOTEL, UTICA, New York ap24:tf

GENUINE POPULAR MEDICINES.

AT the MAGASIN DE SANTE, (*Magazine of Health*) 130 Washington street, Boston, may be obtained the following articles of Popular Medicine, *pure and genuine:*

BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM, the Great English Remedy for Consumption.

UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY FOR THE PILES—the only positive cure for that troublesome disease.

SANDS' BRISTOL'S and BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, and numerous other popular remedies for Scrofula.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail, at the Proprietor's prices, together with all the Popular Medicines in general use in New England—and a fine assortment of Perfumery and Cosmetics. Jy24:tf

JUNE REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (11 Wall-st.) has issued 131 new Policies during the month of June, 1847—viz: To

Merchants and Traders	48	Clergymen	4	U. S. Officers	3
Clerks	13	Ladies	8	Postmaster	1
Manufactur'rs	3	Agents	9	Editor	1
Mechanics	11	Teachers	3	Servants	5
Lawyers	1	Farmers	6	Artists	
Physicians	4	St. Captains	1	Other occupat.	9
		Engineers	1		

New Policies issued in June, 1847.....131

ROBT. L. PATTERSON, Prest.
BENJ. C. MILLER, Secy.
JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent.
JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner, at the office daily form 2 to 3 o'clock. jel2

PHRENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS,

FOWLERS & WELLS, 131 Nassau-street, Y. Y. The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, Monthly, at $1 per year. my22:3m*

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—Office No. 11 Wall-st. This Institution is distinguished by the following peculiarities:

1st. When the premium is over $50 annually, one-fourth may be paid in cash, and three-fourths in a secured note at 12 months, bearing six per cent. interest, or it may be paid half-yearly, quarterly or monthly.

2d. Parties taking life policies and paying 50 per cent. of premium in cash, and those taking policies for shorter periods and paying 60 per cent. in cash, may give their individual notes for the balance, if satisfactory to the officers.

The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of January, 1847, (20 months) 3007 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a nett capital of nearly $200,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No, 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

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my22:8t* J. L. WAUGH.

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VOL. VII....No. 5 SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1847. WHOLE No. 161.

Original Tales.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

BY MRS. E. M. SEYMOUR.

"LOVE thy neighbor as thyself," was the teaching of our Saviour, not to the Hebrew alone, but to the world; yet the whole world, like the Hebrew, erase from their hearts this law of kindness, and inscribe therefor, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

It is so opposite to the feelings of the human heart, to return good for evil, that many almost deny the possibility of doing so, and but very few make this divine precept the rule of their lives.

A spirit of selfishness and unyielding pride pervades every department of public and social life; and even among those who have taken upon them vows of the Holy One of Israel, how seldom is there exhibited that spirit of forgiveness, which our Saviour taught; and the fulfillment of the command, to "Love one another." The love of gain seems incorporated into the very bones and sinews of a great part of mankind: it becomes the ruling passion and perverts and engages all the others in its service.

The qualifications of a man of business, are too often estimated according to his skill in dissimulation, and his capacity for making "a good bargain," and outwitting his neighbors: this begets a want of confidence in each other; and distrust, dissimulation, treachery and fraud, contend with each other: dishonesty is answered by dishonest words; lie meets lie; deceit smiles upon deceit.

How soon does a young man, on entering business, part with those honest intentions, those principles of justice, and rules of right, he had laid down for himself; how soon is the parting injunction of a good father, and anxious mother—"Always do right, my son;" disregarded, and a new order of morals adopted.

Instead of regarding each other as members of one great family, to whom the rights of brotherhood belong, how often is a man's own family, (and even their rights are not always held sacred,) the circumscribed limit of the exercise of those principles and virtues which should bind together all hearts; how often is a man's character given—as kind, affectionate and indulgent in his family—but treacherous, exacting and overreaching in his dealings with others. How strangely contrasted with such a character, is one who carries his household sympathies into his place of business, and governs all his actions and dealings, by that divine rule which gives to others the same priviliges and rights he claims for himself.

I trust that the characters which the following story portrays, will lose none of their interest, because they are real; and I would hope, that the moral it is intended to convey, will not be without its effect.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a bright, lovely morning in New York; thousands were abroad, threading the great thoroughfares of business. The shops were all open, the fruit and toy stands were arrayed in the streets, the criers were abroad; the craftsmen were at their difierent vocations; the merchants had gaily disposed their chattels in the windows, or hung them fluttering in the breeze. Every thing betokened a day of profit and pleasure; still the store of Mr. Joseph Hartwell, in G——— street, which had for more than twenty years been open at an early hour, on every business day, remained closed, and inquiries rapidly passed among those who had seen him year after year, and day after day, diligent in business.

"He has failed," at last replied one.

"Failed!" exclaimed another, in surprise. "I thought Mr. Hartwell was sure and safe; he is so honest and just."

"But such persons are often most subject to misfortunes," exclaimed another, a keeper of a small store of divers kind of wares; "the best way to get along now-a-days, is to cheat all you can."

"No one doubts your belief in that doctrine," replied another, with a meaning smile; "but how came Hartwell to fail? Through the rascality of somebody. I'll venture."

"Why, he endorsed for a large amount for a friend whom he was anxious to assist," replied the first speaker.

"And so he suffers through his friend's rascality! I thought as much."

"No. Mr. Hartwell attributes no blame to his friend; he was unfortunate, and his own failure inevitable; and a bad

failure it is, too; the creditors were unyielding, and he has given up all his property, except his real estate, and has mortgaged that to raise money to satisfy them."

"The more fool he," exclaimed the advocate of the cheating policy. "He might have managed well enough to keep it. He might have made an assignment to his son. There is no use in one's being so strictly honest in these times, when every third person you deal with is an arrant rascal. I say, pay people in their own coin; there is no other way of getting along now-a-days. Well, when is the sale to be? Ah! here is the sheriff's notice on the door; the 28th; I'll remember that. I've made many a hundred by buying goods at such times: buy cheap, and sell at a good round profit. Who has he mortgaged to?"

"To Owen, the broker."

"Well, he had better keep out of the way of those Wall street chaps; if he gets into their clutches, he'll suffer for it."

"But Owen is an old friend of his, whom he has often assisted years ago."

"But I would like to see the man in Wall street, or any other place, for that matter, that would lose a chance of making a few hundreds, friend or no friend: besides, William Owen's honest days are past; he won't scruple now as to the *means* of getting a few thousands; it is only the opportunity that he watches; a person must mind his Ps and Qs that deals with him."

"Well, I hope he won't take advantage of Mr. Hartwell, at least."

"If it is to turn to his advantage, I tell you he will. I pity Hartwell, but he must play his game better next time. Honesty will do very well for a New England deacon; but if a man chooses to be honest here, he finds, at last, it is all on his own side, and that he is dealing in uncurrent coin."

"You are severe, Morton; I believe there is a good deal of honesty in New York yet; for my part I mean to be honest; I was brought up to be so."

"And so was I; and I'll be honest now with honest folks; I wouldn't cheat such a man as Hartwell; but give me a game with those Wall street chaps, and I'll play as deep as any of them. I tell you, there is as deep gambling carried on there as in any professed gaming-house in Park Row. There are as many different nations congregated there as there was in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, and there is a game for each. They know as well how to catch a grave German as a merry Frenchman, and they have got a noose that will fit John Bull's neck as easy as a Brother Jonathan's."

"Well, they won't catch you, I guess; you seem to know them pretty well."

"Yes, I know Wall street through its length and breadth; and there is a motley kind of business done there, I assure you. There is canal and railroad stock; fire insurance and life insurance; money lenders and money buyers; money, current and uncurrent, above par and below par; there are deeds, bonds and mortgages executed; notes protested; bills exchanged; investments made; dividends declared; fortunes lost and won; failures, fraud, panic, secret plots, deep-laid schemes; and speculations in fire, air, earth and water. I've been bit by them once, but I tell you, I know the bait now, and how to dodge it. But I must go down town now; there was a burglary committed there, last night, I hear; so good morning.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Joseph Hartwell was a thorough bred New Englander, a descendant of one of that holy band of better than royal blood, whose feet, first touching those consecrated shores, made it holy ground, and whose prayers and tears proved like a baptismal blessing to its sons. He had been educated in those principles of strict integrity and sound morality which characterize the New England farmers; and when a spirit of enterprise and a desire for more active life drew him from the quiet calling of his fathers, it did not efface those principles of rectitude and strict probity in which he had been nurtured; and when he left his paternal home, it was with a fixed determination to ever govern his actions by that heavenly rule which marked the conduct and teachings of our Saviour; and amid all the treachery, dishonesty and villainy which had met his path and sought to assail him, he had maintained pure and unsullied, that noble principle. He early secured thereby the confidence of his employers, and was able, in three years after his entrance into the city, to establish himself in a safe business. He then returned to his native village, and bound to his heart a love which had been to him as a guiding star and sure pledge of happiness. Mr. Hartwell and his wife were indeed each like the other's self; for they were alike governed by the same decisive rules of truth, the same Christian principle, and the same trust in Heaven: thus united, they could not and did not fail to exhibit to those around them the fruit of those pious principles, and to shed through their own household its glorious light.

They had two sons; the elder, who early exhibited a taste and fondness for architectural drawing, had been allowed to follow his own inclination, and become a builder: the younger, Mr. Hartwell intended to associate with himself when he should reach a proper age.

Success had ever crowned the efforts of Mr. Hartwell. Industry, economy and honesty had reaped their reward, and he had become one of the most respectable and flourishing merchants in New York; and was known among those who dealt with him, as "the honest merchant." He had ever delighted to assist virtuous poverty and honest effort, and, until the time when my story opens, no serious less or great misfortune had befallen him. A few months previous to this time an old and esteemed friend had applied to him for assistance in a speculation in which he had embarked, and which promised abundant success and profit. Mr. Hartwell approved of his friend's scheme, and cheerfully assisted him in various ways to the extent of his power; but a chain of circumstances unforeseen, and which could not be controlled, had entirely frustrated his plans, and he found himself utterly unable either to extricate himself from difficulty or save his friend; thus the blow fell upon Mr. Hartwell.

He unhesitatingly gave up all his property, except his house, and mortgaged that, to a considerable amount, in order to raise money, to meet the demands of his uncompromising creditors; but he hoped to be able to arrange matters, so that he could go on with his business, and retain his house; but all things seemed to turn against him; his goods were sold at a sacrifice, and when the payment of the mortgage became due, which was given only for a short time, he found himself unable to meet it; but he did not doubt he should be able to arrange matters favorably with Mr. Owen, who had often received favors from him. He accordingly proceeded to his counting-house, and found that Mr. Owen was absent from town, and would not return until the next day. He made his business known to his agent, who promised to arrange the business when Mr. Owen returned, not doubting, he said, but it would terminate favorably for Mr. Hartwell.

When Mr. Owen entered his counting-room on his return, his agent informed him that Mr. Hartwell wished an extension of time on the mortgage of his place, which came due that day. There was now a struggle in Mr. Owen's mind. Duty, and every honorable principle, urged him to endeavor to assist to the extent of his ability, one who had ever been so ready to oblige him, and whose favors he had never before had an opportunity to return. But he was just now desirous of embarking in a new speculation, and he had resolved to appropriate the money due on the mortgage to carry out his purposes. If he granted an extension on the mortgage, he had no funds which he could at present use, and he would be obliged to relinquish an adventure which promised an extensive profit; if he foreclosed the mortgage, it was a good property and would sell well, and he would be able to carry out his plans. Friendship and duty yielded to avarice and self-interest, and Mr. Hartwell's property was exposed to a public sale, and thus all chance of extricating himself from his present difficulty was destroyed.

We need not say that it was painful for Mr. Hartwell and his family to leave their beautiful home, where they had hoped to spend the remainder of their days, and to dispense with the many luxuries to which they had been accustomed; but they did it with a cheerful resignation to His will who had bestowed upon them all their blessings, and who they felt would enable

them to bear affliction. With kind words and pleasant smiles, did Mrs. Hartwell cheer and comfort her husband, whose saddest feelings were caused by the sacrifices and efforts she would be obliged to make, and the many long accustomed comforts of which she would be deprived.

The small and retired house to which they now removed, was fitted up with that air of taste and comfort which woman alone can display, and which she should ever endeavor to exert, to render pleasant and attractive the home of those she loves.

"I declare," said Mr. Hartwell, as they were seated at the tea-table in their little parlor, "this seems quite like old times, when we first went to house-keeping, does it not, Ellen?"

"Yes; and I find I have not quite lost my old skill in cooking; now try my biscuit and tea-cakes, dear, and see if they do not relish."

"Yes, indeed; our old cook whom we prized so highly could not excel them; but it seems so hard for you to become a drudge now, Ellen."

"Oh, it will do me good, I doubt not; it is good exercise for me."

"Oh, Ellen, you have acted admirably through our troubles," and the tears forced themselves into Mr. Hartwell's eyes as he spoke.

"Well," replied Mrs. Hartwell, smiling, "I am old enough now to use some sense and judgment; I hope you did not expect me to behave like some foolish young brides, who are unexpectedly called to exchange magnificent saloons, and splendid pantries, for a cottage and one servant. It should be a consolation to us that we suffer through misfortune, rather than guilt. God has been better to us than our deserts, and we must not murmur when he chooses to afflict us; when we think of the thousands even in this city, infinitely poorer and more unfortunate than ourselves, we should feel that we have no cause of complaint, but abundant reason to thank our Heavenly Father, for his great kindness. I assure you, I regret our loss more on our children's account, than our own. They are old enough now to go in business, and I know it would be a pleasure to you to assist them; and yet it may be better for them te learn to depend upon their own exertions."

"I do not fear for Edwin," replied Mr. Hartwell. "I have had a long conversation with Mr. Barnum respecting him, today, and he assures me that Edwin is now quite indispensible to his business: he says that he depends more upon his skill and taste, than his own, and it is his intention to take him in partnership immediately; but I hoped to have kept George with me, at least until his character is firmly formed, for he has not that decision which characterizes Edwin, and I feel that it is necessary to keep him more directly under my care."

Edwin now came in, to pass the evening, and participate in their arrangements for the future: he felt deeply for his father's misfortunes, and particularly that he should in his advancing age, be deprived of his comfortable home, and he could not help feeling deeply incensed at the ungenerous course of Mr. Owen. He had that day procured a situation for his younger brother, in a mercantile house, and his prospects of success for himself, and ability to assist his father if necessary, were now bright and promising, and he cheerfully offered and insisted upon his father's accepting a few hundred dollars he had saved, to assist him in recommencing business. Edwin had been for a few previous years under the instruction, and at the same time in the employ of an eminent builder in the city. He was an excellent draftsman, and showed such a correct and classic taste in his designs, that he was often intrusted with the most beautiful and difficult tasks; and many models of architectural taste and beauty, which now ornament New York, are the results of his elegant designs.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Hartwell now endeavored to make arrangements to recommence business. Several friends to whom he applied for loans, and whom he had often befriended, were suddenly short of funds, or had large payments to make; for a man without a penny was quite a different person in their eyes from a rich merchant, in a flourishing business; but he found several who were willing to assist him to small sums, and he was about commencing a small business. He was walking down P—— street one morning, in order to complete some arrangements, and had nearly reached the corner of W—— street, when a familiar voice met his ear, exclaiming, "How are you, my old friend?" and looking up he met the friendly gaze and warm grasp of Capt. Goodheart, an old friend who had just returned from a voyage to the East Indies.

Mr. Hartwell and Capt. Goodheart had been play-fellows together in boyhood, and had ever cherished a strong friendship for each other, cemented, no doubt, by kindred dispositions and feelings. Capt. Goodheart was one of those choice specimens of human nature we so often find among sailors, and his fortunes had been as changeful as the skies under which he sailed; but he had ever found Mr. Hartwell as ready to assist him in his need as to rejoice with him in his good fortune. About three years previous to this time, after experiencing many losses by storm and shipwreck, he had fitted out a noble vessel for the East Indies; and to assist him in an adventure of his own which he designed to make, Mr. Hartwell had lent him several thousand dollars and materially assisted him in the purchase of goods which he intended to take out. His voyage had been unusually prosperous, and he had just arrived in port, and was on his way to the custom-house and Mr. Hartwell's store, when they so unexpectedly met in the street.

"Well, how are you, and what is the news?" exclaimed Capt. Goodheart. "I declare it does me good to see your face again; it is always as clear as an Italian sky."

"But there have been some clouds on my fortune, if not on my face, since you left us," replied Mr. Hartwell. He then gave him a brief account of his affairs and present purposes.

"Well," replied Capt. Goodheart, "I've got an opportunity now to return some of your benefits to me: come, stop with me at the custom-house a few minutes, and then we will go down to my vessel and talk the matter over."

The captain's business at the custom-house was soon dispatched, and they went down to the wharf and aboard of the captain's vessel.

"Is she not a noble vessel?" exclaimed Capt. Goodheart; "and she has done good service this time, thank God." He then told Mr. Hartwell about his voyage, and how the little adventure of his own had been attended with unhoped for success; "and," said he, "I can not only let you have all the money I owe you, but a few hundred more, and besides I have got a lot of choice India goods, which I ventured to buy for you without orders; for I had a chance to buy cheap, and you know a Yankee never likes to lose a good bargain; and you shall have every dollar I can spare, my old friend, for you know I've got no wife or children, nor never shall have. I declare, it does me good to have an opportunity to return some of your favors."

With the loans he had previously received, and the assistance so opportunely rendered by Capt. Goodheart, Mr. Hartwell was able to recommence business with cheering prospects.

CHAPTER IV.

Edwin Hartwell was a young man of singular promise; noble and commanding in person, uncommonly winning and prepossessing in manners, he possessed a mind, active, energetic and well balanced; a disposition kind and affectionate in the extreme, with a perfect detestation of every thing mean and unmanly; and the same fixed determination which characterized his father, never to do an unjust act or cherish a revengeful spirit. He had completely won the good-will and confidence of his employer, who had now associated him with himself, in a flourishing and promising business, and entrusted to him the principal management of his affairs; and his knowledge and upright dealings and fine business talents secured the confidence and esteem of all with whom he had dealings. An incident occurred about this time, which, as it gave a coloring to his after life, we will relate.

For several months a bright-eyed, pleasant little boy had been in the habit of coming regularly every morning to their workshop to beg a basket of chips; his intelligence and propriety of

behavior interested Edwin, and he often had a little chat with him, as the child invariable came to him to ask permission to gather them. One morning he did not come as usual, and it was not until toward evening of the following day that he appeared; and then Edwin noticed, as he addressed him as usual, "Please, sir, will you be so kind as to give me a basket of chips?" that he looked very sad, and could hardly keep back the tears that were striving to force themselves into his eyes.

"What is the matter, my little fellow?" inquired Edwin, kindly; "you look sad."

"Oh, sir!" replied the little fellow, bursting into tears, "my dear mother is very sick, and I am afraid she will die, and I shall then have nobody to take care of me, or to love me."

"Don't cry," said Edwin, soothingly; "I hope your mother will not die; but what is the matter with her, and who takes care of her?"

"Oh, sir, she has been sick a long time, and there is nobody to take care of her but me, for mother cannot afford to hire a nurse, and I do as well as I can, but she is worse now, and she says she cannot live long."

"And have you left her alone?" inquired Edwin.

"I did leave her alone," replied the boy, "for our chips were all gone, and mother was very cold, and I told her I would come quick; but I felt very bad to leave her, and as I came out of the door a lady, who was passing, saw me crying, and asked what was the matter, and when I told her, she said she would go in and stay with mother until I came back."

By further inquiries Edwin knew they must be in a destitute condition, and he resolved to go home with the little boy and see if he could not render assistance.

"Go, fill your basket," said he, "and I will go home with you and see your mother."

"Oh, sir! I shall be so glad if you will," eagerly exclaimed the little boy, "for nobody comes to see mother."

The boy conducted Edwin to an obscure street, and up two flight of stairs of a miserable looking building. As they entered the room, the boy flew to the bedside, exclaiming,

"Here, mother, is the gentleman who gives us such nice chips; he has come to see you."

The poor woman extended her emaciated hand to Edwin, exclaiming,

"You have been very kind to us, sir; we must have suffered severely, since I have been ill, had it not been for your kindness."

"I am sorry I did not know you were ill before," replied Edwin. "I should have been glad to assist you, and I hope you will now consider me your friend."

"It is indeed darkest before the dawn," replied the poor woman, her eyes filling with tears. "While I was feeling that I was deserted by all the world, God has provided me with two kind friends, who I feel will not desert me," and she glanced from Edwin to the lady, of whom the little boy had spoken, who was sitting beside the bed; she was young, not more than eighteen, with a face mild and beautiful, and one of those soft, gentle voices, which fall so sweetly on the ear of suffering. She soon rose to go, saying she would send some one to watch through the night, and would call again the next day.

Mrs. D—— was in the last stage of consumption. Her story was one of hundreds, a hundred times told, who wear out their lives in sewing for the shops in New York.

Her husband, who had been an industrious mechanic, had died a few years previous, leaving her with no apparent means of supporting herself and child, but by living inch by inch by the ill paid efforts of her needle; day after day, and night after night, till past the midnight hour, had she been obliged to toil for the bare necessaries of life, without ever hoping to obtain any of its comforts.

While her health lasted she worked cheerfully; but there are but few constitutions of so iron a texture, as to long withstand the necessarily constant and severe efforts one is obliged to make, to gain a bare subsistence by the miserable pittance allowed for female labor.

Oh! will not at last, the pale faces and shrunken forms, and earnest pleadings of thousands of women, and ten thousands of little children, find answer in the hearts of those whose wealth is thus purchased at the price of blood! will not the majesty of justice, which has been so long insulted, be permitted at last to extend her scepter to the thousands who now vainly throng her temple-gates for admission? or will not her whetted sword fall at last upon those who, while they wrest her balance from her hand, laugh to scorn those who weep over her dismantled glory!

Mrs. D——'s health at last gave way, but she dared not own it to herself, while her helpless child was looking to her for bread; and she still worked on; while it seemed that every thread she drew, took so many minutes from her life, for every day's labor must pay for every day's necessaries, and there could be no rest. But the time came at last, when her hands could not perform their accustomed amount of labor; and one thing after another was dispensed with, which had before seemed an absolute necessary. Still they lived; lived without begging, so far; but fall had come on, and the chill air forced itself into their miserable room, and shook the poor woman's wasted form, and chilled her heart; for she could not buy fuel, nor add another garment to her own and her boy's shivering forms.

It was with tears that little Henry was first sent forth to beg for fuel—the poor woman had striven hard to save herself from this last extremity, but it must be done—and the kindness which little Henry met with at the work shop of Mr. Hartwell took from it half its bitterness and seeming disgrace. Morning after morning had he filled his basket with the fuel which lasted them through the day; while the kind words which Edwin addressed to him, and which he always repeated to his mother, gave a feeling of pleasure, when there was none to comfort or sympathize with her; and devoutly did the poor woman thank her Heavenly Father, who had granted her such a friend: still she kept failing. For weeks bolstered up in bed, she would work till her strength was quite exhausted; nor had she quite given out, until the day that little Henry had absented himself from Mr. Hartwell's shop.

Mrs. D——'s relations lived in a distant part of the State, and she had no acquaintances in the city, (for the poor make but few friends,) who could render her any material assistance. Occasionally a neighbor as poor as herself, would steal a few moments of the precious time which earned her bread, to devote to the poor woman, and would stint her own meagre fare to spare a morsel for those more needy than herself. Henry was an extremely kind and affectionate little boy, and he had staid by his mother all the time, doing all he could devise for her comfort, nor did he leave her until their fuel was all exhausted, and he felt his poor mother shivering with the cold, when he hastened on the errand, which brought such unexpected friends to his mother.

Edwin easily detected the absence of the little comforts so necessary in a sick room, and writing a billet to his mother, he sent Henry, with directions to find his father's house, well-knowing that his mother would need no further appeal to induce her to send a basket of the little niceties she had ever ready for the sick. As soon as little Henry returned, Edwin took his leave, assuring Mrs. D—— that she should be no longer neglected, and that he would call again in the morning.

Edwin was an Odd-Fellow; and he determined to lay before his Lodge, which met that evening, a statement of the poor woman's circumstances. He did so, and his brethren ever true to their vow to "relieve the distressesed," appropriated a generous sum for her relief. Oh! how many a cold hearth has been warmed, how many an aching heart has been gladdened by the silent unobtrusive benevolence of these men. Compassed about by the prayers and blessings of widows and orphans, and guided by the light of that divine precept they have inscribed upon their tablets; the shafts of enemies shall fall powerless around them; and the torches intended to light their funeral pile, shall serve only to illumine with greater brilliancy their deeds of love, and make more hatefully apparent the malice of their enemies.

From that time until she died, the poor woman lacked for nothing to make her comfortable; she had constant care and attention; and the young lady, whom we first met there, whose

name was Owen, showed the kindest sympathy and assistance; and what contributed more than aught else to her happiness was the promise of one of the Odd-Fellows to take her boy and bring him up as his own son; but nothing could strengthen the thread of life already worn to its most attenuated fibre, and she died in a short time, imploring the blessing of God upon her child, and upon those who had shown her such kindness;—she died, adding another victim to the thousands already immolated upon the altar of mammon and self-interest.

Will the time never come when a *just* appreciation of the rights of woman shall be felt and exercised; when her voice, low and mournful though it be, shall find that audience it has so long vainly sought? She asks not leave to mingle it with the din of war and shout the triumph of the brave, nor begs one laurel wreath which warrior hands are now binding about their brows; she asks not to be heard in our legislative or judicial halls, nor to raise her voice in the strife of party combat, nor to swell the loud "hurrah!" that clamors at a political victory, or the deafening shout that exults over an opponent's defeat; but, with tearful eyes and a pleading heart, she simply asketh the just reward of her labor, that she may buy bread—*enough*—for herself and her children.

(Conclusion next week.)

Original Poetry.

THE POOR GIRL'S ADDRESS TO HER MOTHER.

Call me early, mother, call me early in the morning,
Before the yellow sun arise;
Before the early dew drop, the verdant leaf adorning,
Parched by its rays, untimely dies.

Wake me early, mother, before the birds awaken,
For I have work like them to do;
Before the midnight damp from their downy wings is shaken,
Let me kneel down and pray with you.

We'll pray together, mother, to be ever true and steady,
To be steady like the constant sun;
At morn, at noon, and night, to be always up and ready,
'Till life's unending task is done.

Let us sing together, mother, like the birds, our voice outpouring,
Our labor will be cheered by song;
And perhaps some hymn we warble with its grateful words upsoaring,
May shut our hearts to thoughts of wrong.

To thoughts of wrong, my mother, that the rich their forms reclining,
On their soft and silken couches lie,
While they have no pitying thought for the cursed poor repining,
At the blight of hunger, as they die.

I am very strong, dear mother, my hands are small but willing,
Sit here and rest your weary feet;
And smile once more upon me, as I go my task fulfilling,
Your smile will make e'en labor sweet.

Then—wake me early, mother, before the birds awaken,
For I have work like them to do;
Before the midnight damp from their downy wings is shaken,
Let me kneel down and pray with you.

South Carolina. Effie.

THE FORESTERS' WELCOME.

Hail, stranger, hail! with friendly hand,
We bid you welcome to our band;
And here, with listening stars above,
We pledge to you our Truth and Love.

Here rest with us; where every breeze
Makes music with the grand old trees,
And Nature, with her sweetest grace,
Unveils her fair and smiling face.

Here rest with us; where virtue dwells,
And health springs up from living wells;
Where Unity, the central sun,
Binds one in all, and all in one.

Where mild Benevolence bestows
Relief from all our wants and woes;
While Concord joys once more to raise
Her hymn of peace, her song of praise.

T. B. T.

Choice Miscellany.

Probable Discovery of the History of a Former Race.—The Lower Sandusky (Ohio) Democrat states that, about two miles from that village, on land known as the "Kerr tract," there is an ancient mound, circular at the base—about 39 feet in diameter, rising ovally to a point, which is surmounted by an oaken stump probably originally two feet in diameter, which is almost totally decayed from age. A few days since, some boys dug into the mound; and nearly under the stump, at the depth of three feet, a skeleton was found, much decayed, but portions of it in a fair degree of preservation. Near the head were found two stone hatchets, an arrow-head, a stone pipe, and—far more singular—a lot of plates, apparently isinglass, which are covered with lines and hieroglyphics of different and beautiful colors. The colors and workmanship betoken a more advanced and entirely different state of the arts than has been heretofore discovered in the remains of Indian tribes. Some of the plates were destroyed, but there are fifteen preserved. They are circular, oval in shape, and about seven by ten inches in size. A pipe-bowl, beautifully finished from stone, was also found, the bowl of which is nearly round, rises from a base, on the bottom of which are the figures "1461." Measures have been taken under the supervision of some intelligent citizens, farther to explore this singular mound. There is little doubt that these plates contain the history of some former race that has inhabited this country, and farther discoveries will be awaited with impatience.

Relative Level of Lake Ontario.—Prof. Dewy, in Silliman's Journal, says: In 1845, from June 1 to December 31, the water of this Lake *fell two feet and three inches*. Observations on the level have been continued through 1846, which show that the water gradually rose from February to June, *fifteen inches*, though it was then fifteen inches lower than in June, 1845. From July it gradually fell to November, when it was *two feet* lower than in June, 1845, while it was about the same level as in November, 1845. Through November, owing to the Fall rains, it gradually rose, but at the end of 1846 it was the same as in December of the previous year, at least two feet lower than in the Summer of the year before. The difference in the quantity of water that falls in snow and rain must account for the fall of the Lake. The water is below the usual level through all the Great Lakes to Lake Superior.

Manufacture of Glass.—It is difficult to foresee to what perfection the manufacture of Glass may be brought, and to what purposes the article may yet be applied. The *balance-spring of a chronometer is now made of glass, as a substitute for steel, and possesses a greater degree of elasticity and a greater power of resisting the alternations of heat and cold.* A chronometer with a glass balance-spring was sent to the *North Sea*, and exposed to a competition with nine other chronometers, and the result of the experiment was a report in favor of the glass-spring one.

Expected Return of the Comet of 1556.—We are indebted to John Taylor, Esq., of Liverpool, for several interesting astronomical notices published by him during the past year in the public prints of that city—but we believe we have not hitherto referred to the approaching expected return of the Comet of 1556, with the discussion of which one of those notices is occupied. As long since as 1751, Mr. Richard Dunthorne, of Cambridge, Eng., on computing the elements of the Comet of 1264, found them so similar to those of the Comet of 1556, that he was led to the conclusion that the two were identical, *and that its return might be expected about* 1848. Subsequent investigations which have been made by different astronomers confirm this conclusion; and there is, therefore, good reason to look for the re-appearance of this Comet during the year 1848, although it would not be surprising if this event should happen even a year ealier or later than this date.

Electric Clock at Manchester.—This ingenious contrivance has been erected at Manchester, and by the application of the electric fluid formed by a battery under ground, a pendulum is set in motion, which, slowly vibrating, becomes the moving power of the whole clock. The works are constructed upon the most simple principle, and by connecting the works with the neighboring clocks, they can be made to keep the same time; and, moreover, by an ingenious combination with the electric telegraph, it is anticipated that the true mean time at Greenwich daily will be communicated to Manchester instantaneously, and hereafter to other railway *termini*, and then preserve one uniform time throughout the whole line of communication.

Cockroach Nuisance.—This being the season when the cockroach, the pest of our kitchens, commences its nocturnal excursions, the following receipe may call forth the grateful acknowledgments of those of our readers who suffer from the presence of this loathsome insect:

Take a sixpenny loaf of wheat bread—the staler the better—reduce it to crumb, (of course after pairing off the crust,) then in a pint of boiling water put two tea spoonfuls of Cayenne pepper, one of pulverized oriseed, half a drachm of saltpetre, the same quantity of white lead, and a wine glass full of extract of hops. Now throw in your crumbs of bread, digest for six hours in a moderate heat; strain through a cloth, add to the liquor 30 drops of tincture of quassia, and let it stand till next day, then bottle it and keep it in a pantry. Some dozen lumps of sugar, saturated with this mixture, and strewed about the kitchen, will remove this pest in a few days.

The Ladies' Page.

TO JULIA M.....T.

WRITTEN FOR THE GOLDEN RULE,
BY MISS E. C. HURLEY.

Dear Julia, the flowers that deck thy parterre,
By Thee are all rival'd, for thou art more fair;
Thy blushes eclipse the bright glow of the rose,
The lily in shade thy pure modesty throws.
Thine eye in its beaming is soft as the dew,
That giveth to blossoms their exquisite hue;
Its lids darkly fring'd, like the rose cloth'd in moss,
And thy hair as of silk, in most delicate floss,
As raven's wing black; ruby lips gem'd with pearl,
With gentle expression when sweetly they curl.
Thy form in its freshness is like to the fawn;
Thy step, as its bound, when it trips o'er the lawn;
Thy smile, as the ray of the sunsetting light—
Calm, holy, serene, hearts to soothe and delight;
And thy words are as pure as the source whence they rise,
From a mind where true feminine loveliness lies;
Nay, turn not aside, when with praise I thus greet,
The act only makes my assertion complete,
Thy brow, cheek, and neck, are suffused with a glow,
When truth holds the mirror thy graces to show.
A sensitive plant, thou might justly be styl'd,
Or flower, that shrinketh by touch, only soil'd.
Dear, chaste, timid lassie, more lovely, more fair,
Than blossoms or buds, in thy fragrant parterre.

New York, June, 1847.

Search for Wives.—Where do men usually discover the women who afterward become their wives? is a question we have occasionally heard discussed; and the result invariably come to is worth mentioning to our young-lady readers. Chance has much to do in the affair; but then there are important governing circumstances. It is certain that few men make a selection from ball-rooms, or any other place of public gaiety; and nearly as few are influenced by what may be called showing off in the streets, or by any allurements of dress. Our conviction is, that ninety-nine hundredths of all the finery with which women decorate, or load their persons, go for nothing, as far as husband-catching is concerned. Where and how, then, do men find their wives? In the quiet homes of their parents or guardians—at the fireside, where the domestic grace and feelings are alone demonstrated. These are the charms which most surely attract the high as well as the humble. Against these, all the finery and airs in the world sink into insignificance. We shall illustrate this by an anecdote, which, though not new, will not be the worse for being again told. In the year 1773, Peter Burrell, Esq., of Beckenham, in Kent, whose health was rapidly declining, was advised by his physician to go to Spa for the recovery of his health. His daughters feared that those who had only motives entirely mercenary would not pay him that attention which he might expect from those who, from duty and affection united, would feel the greatest pleasure in ministering to his ease and comfort: they therefore resolved to accompany him. They proved that it was not a spirit of dissipation and gaiety that led them to Spa, for they were not to be seen in any of the gay and fashionable circles: they were never out of their father's company, and never stirred from home except to attend him, either to take the air, or drink the waters: in a word, they lived a most recluse life in the midst of a town then the resort of the most illustrious and fashionable personages of Europe. This exemplary attention to their father procured these three amiable sisters the admiration of all the English at Spa, and was the cause of their elevation to that rank in life to which their merits gave them so just a title. They all were married to noblemen—one to the Earl of Beverley, another to the Duke of Hamilton, and afterward to the Marquis of Exeter, and a third to the Duke of Northumberland. And it is justice to them to say that they reflected honor on their rank, rather than derived any from it.

The griefs of the selfish find a ready relief in their free communication wherever a sympathising ear will receive them; but the more generous nature locks its sorrows closely in its own breast, and prefers the solitary endurance of its pain to seeking an alleviation at the expense of the bosom it loves; and surely thus to force the careless smile while the heart is sinking in sadness, and to rattle the words of mirth while the soul is steeped in anxious care; surely this is one of the most costly sacrifices that can be offered on the altar of affection.

AN ENIGMA.

BY LORD NUGENT.

The Moon rose high in her majesty,
Over glittering earth, and through deep blue sky,
Reigning in bright tranquillity.
One soft beam looked on a woodland glade—
Two lovers strayed
Down it's close arcade;
And 'twas thus that the Youth bespoke the Maid.
"Dearest, I give my heart to Thee,
Truth, Love, and changeless Constancy,
All, all;— Yet more Thou shalt give to me.
Oh, give me what never yet was thine,
Nor is;—Yet 'tis Thou who must make it mine.
No woman hath that which from Thee I crave,
Or had; No, nor ever could wish to have.
Nor, when given, albeit I pledge Thee now
A true and an everlasting Vow,
Life, Fortune, all, with Thee, whate'er
Is, or ever henceforth may be mine to share
Canst Thou ever or have or share with me
That which now I am craving and claiming from Thee."

SOLUTION.

They were words of the fondest and firmest Truth—
And 'twas thus that the Maiden bespoke the Youth:
"Yes. I take thy true heart and its fealty,
Thy Love, and its changeless constancy:
And yet Thou demandest more from me?
Then take it. I give what I do not crave,
Nor e'er had—no, nor ever could wish to have—
I give thee, unshared, and ungrudged, through life,
A Wife." [People's Journal.

The Miniature Rose.—In botanical catalogues this curious little rose (Rosa Lawrenceana) is said to have been introduced from China in 1810, and botanists have made it a species; but, like the Rose de Meaux, and Pompone, which are dwarf varieties of rosa centifolia, this is undoubtedly nothing but a dwarf seminal variety of the common Chinese rose. Many plants that have been long under cultivation have a tendency to produce, from seed, these pigmy likenesses of themselves. Among these little "Faerie Queens," Caprice des Dames is a pretty morsel of beauty, with vivid rose-colored flowers. Gloire Lawrenceana is one of the prettiest of the tribe—its flowers are of dark crimson. Nigra has flowers of the darkest crimson, and very pretty. Retour du Printemps is different from all the others, its pretty little flowers being surrounded by a leafy calyx, and the whole plant tinged with a reddish coloring matter. These roses are all very impatient of moisture, and in all moist soils require a very dry, warm, raised border. In cold situations it will be advisable to grow them constantly in pots, protecting them in a cold pit or frame until January, and then, if required to bloom early, remove them to warm situations in the green-house, or force them with tea-scented roses. A collection of these little rose bushes, covered with their bright flowers in March and April, will be found one of the most eligible and unique ornaments for the drawing-room.—[Rivers's Rose Amateur's Guide.

What a Wife Should Do.—A wife must learn how to form her husband's happiness; in what direction the secret of his comfort lies: she must not cherish his weaknesses by working upon them; she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices. Her motto must be, never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in man's nature; nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never if possible to have scenes. I doubt much if a real quarrel, even if made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lastingly. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most even a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild as well as stern men are prone to this exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted ever to say any thing sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow such an indulgence if she do. Men frequently forget what they have themselves said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases; for while asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong(!) Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow, to the irritated feeling of your husband.

(The English Matron.

Vain is it for woman when a virtuous love has once entered the breast to attempt to expel the intruder. Once admitted, it is like the key-stone of an arch which force, instead of dislodging, presses more firmly into its place.

A Column for Gentlemen.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE—THE DINNER-TABLE.

There is no test so unfailing by which to prove the breeding of an individual as his deportment at the dinner-table. He may pass through the routine of a morning visit; in the crowd of an evening party, or the glare and excitement of the ball-room, he may escape the prying eye of censure, and the criticism of the initiated; but the dinner-table is the ordeal by which he must prove his title to move in the circle of polite society. The notion that, by arriving late at a dinner-party, you will enhance your consequence, in the opinion of the other guests, is both false and absurd; on the contrary, it approaches very near to an offense both to the company and your hostess. A strict punctuality is therefore indispensible.

In conducting a woman to the dining-room, offer her your arm, and place her on the side next the wall; and always remember, in conducting a lady, to take *yourself* the place of danger.

Do not hurry away to the dining-room as if you were anxious to secure a good place at the table, but allow your seniors and superiors in rank to precede you. In proceeding to the dinner-room do not betray any anxiety as to the fare of which you are going to partake. To express a hope that the dinner will be a good one, or to intimate that you have a keen appetite, is gross in the extreme.

The host or hostess points out the lady you are to conduct to the dining-room, and it will be your duty to sit next her during dinner. Place yourself on her right hand, attend to all her wants (but not obtrusively,) and address your conversation chiefly to her.

When all are placed, which should be done with as little bustle as possible, the soup is served round, of which every one partakes, as a matter of course; if you have an absolute distaste for soup, you should accept it nevertheless, and toy with your spoon, affecting to be engaged with it; for were you to refuse to take soup, as nothing is served with it, you would be obliged to sit staring at the rest of the company, which would have the effect of rendering them very uncomfortable. You must neither take soup nor fish twice, nobody does so; for if you were to require to be helped a second time, then all the guests would be kept waiting for the next course, much to their annoyance and the uneasiness of the lady of the house.

When a plate is sent you by the master or mistress of the house, you should not offer it to any one else, but take it quietly. Formerly the spirit of ceremony was carried to such excess, that a plate of eatables frequently went the round of the table until it became nearly cold. Besides the absurdity of this proceeding, it is paying but a poor compliment to the host in thus reversing his decision, and would probably interfere with his arrangement, leaving some persons unserved whom he supposed attended to.

As soon as your plate is set before you, take up your knife and fork and make preparations for commencing, if you do not actually eat. As soon as one or two others are helped, you should begin, thus avoiding the appearance of greedy haste by beginning before any one else, and also the stiffness of sitting with your plate untouched till every one at the table is served.

Observe, soup is taken with a spoon, fish with a fork, aided with a crust cut from your bread; no one uses a knife with fish, unless silver knives be provided. Never raise the knife to your mouth, nor sop bread in your gravy. Although it is unseemly to leave bits of scraps upon your plate, yet it is by no means imperative that you should empty it if you have been helped too plentifully, or if you have something on it you do not approve.

Never bite nor cut your bread, but break it.

Never ask a gentleman to help you to anything out of your reach, nor reach over for it, but apply to the servant.

On receiving anything from servants, say "Thank you," or acknowledge it by a gentle inclination of the head.

Be very careful in masticating your food, that you produce no noise by smacking your lips nor breathing hard. Do not fill your mouth so full that you cannot answer if you are addressed; nor open your mouth so wide during the process of chewing, that your opposite neighbor may see the semi-chewed viands, which, if she be a delicate lady, might destroy her appetite altogether.

Do not convey the food to your mouth in so careless a manner that some particles drop again into your plate; nor eat it so fast as to lead people to suppose you are eating for a wager.

There cannot be much general conversation during pinner; but to keep your attention fixed solely on your plate, and devour the viands in solemn silence, would be investing the ceremony with too much impartance.

Do not be loud in praise of the dinner, neither refuse commendation if your host appears to expect it; in the former case people would think you only attended for the sake of a good dinner, and in the latter you would inflict pain and disappointment on one who had desired to gratify you.

Never pick your teeth at table, it is a disgusting practice; nor cleanse your fingers or wipe your mouth with your handkerchief or the tablecloth; a napkin will be placed beside your plate, which you must use for that purpose.

When the desert is placed on the table, do not make a point of choosing the rarest and choicest among the fruits, but press those on the acceptance of the lady by whom you are seated.

If a lady request you to pare an apple for her, be careful to use a fork to hold it. Never hand her a dish of fruit to help herself from, but select some yourself with a spoon.

On the ladies retiring to the drawing-room, the gentlemen all rise from their seats: if there be a servant waiting, he will open the dining-room door, if not, the gentleman nearest the door is expected to perform that duty.

Amusement.

Mean Men.—"I've known some mean men in my time. There was Deacon Overreach, now; he was so mean he always carried a hen in his gig-box when he traveled to pick up the oats his horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning. And then there was Hugo Himmelman, who made his wife dig potatoes to pay for the marriage license. Lawyer," he continued, addressing himself to Barclay, "I must tell you that story of Hugo, for it's not a bad one; and, good stories, like potatoes, ain't as plenty as they used to be when I was a boy. Hugo is a neighbor of mine, though considerable older than I be; and a mean neighbor he is, too. Well, when he was going to get married to Gretchen Kolp, he goes down to Parson Rogers at Digby to get a license.

"'Parson,' says he, 'what's the price of a license?'

"'Six dollars,' says he.

"'Six dollars,' says Hugo. 'That's a dreadful sight of money! Couldn't you take less?'

"'No,' says he. 'That's what they cost me to the secretary's office at Halifax.'

"'Well, how much do you ax for publishing in church, then?'

"'Nothing,' says parson.

"'Well,' says Hugh, 'that's so cheap I can't expect you to give no change back. I think I'll be published. How long does it take?'

"'Three Sundays.'

"'Three Sundays!' says Hugo. 'Well, that's a long time, too. But three Sundays only make a fortnight, after all; two for the covers and one for the inside like: and six dollars is a great sum of money for a poor man to throw away. I must wait.'

"So off he went a-jogging toward home, and a-looking about as mean as a new-sheared sheep, when all at once a bright thought came into his head, and back he went as hard as his horse could carry him.

"'Parson,' says he, 'I've changed my mind. Here's the six dollars. I'll tie the knot to-night with my tongue that I can't undo with my teeth.'

"'Why, what in nature is the meaning of all this?' says parson.

"'Why,' says Hugo, 'I've been ciphering it out in my head, and it's cheaper than publishing bands, after all. You see, sir, it's potato-digging time; and if I wait to be called in church, her father will have her work for nothing; and as hands are scarce and wages high, if I marry her to-night she can begin to dig our own to-morrow; and that will pay for the license, and just seven shillings over: for there ain't a man in all Clements that can dig and carry as many bushels in a day as Gretchen can. And besides, fresh wives, like fresh servants, work like smoke at first, but they get sarcy and lazy after a while."—[Life in a Colony, by Sam Slick.

The Power of a Gong.—On the day of the opening of the New-England House, the harsh thunder of a Chinese gong for the first time mingled its war with the busy din of the city. It so happened that at the time the gong went off, there was a band of lately imported Hibernians busily at work in front of the house, with pick-axe, shovel and wheelbarrow. And didn't every mother's son of them disappear, even as though a Mexican bomb were about to explode in their midst? One poor fellow was trundling a vast pile of earth, and taking fright at the noise, he ran furiously down the hill with his loaded barrow, smashed it to flinders against a pile of grindstones, precipitated himself into the river, swam to the opposite shore and has not since been seen. The last words he spoke as he rushed off the dock, were, "Starvation at home and devil in Amiriky!" They say this was so.—[Cleveland (Ohio) Herald.

A Ruse.—One of our Secretaries of State for the United States, struck out a good mode of getting rid of an intruder in a particular case. It appears that the door-keeper of the secretary's office was remarkably obliging, which proved quite the thing for a rapid office-seeker, who managed to get in every day and bother the secretary. When the annoyance had continued three or four days, the secretary stepped up one morning to the door-keeper, and asked whether he knew what that man came after daily. "Yes," replied the functionary—"an office, I suppose." "True; but do you know what office?" "No." "Well, then, I'll tell you; he only wants your place!" The meeting, next morning, between the office-seeker and the polite door-keeper, is said to have been rich, from the peculiar manner in which the intruder was informed, "the secretary is not at home!"

Anecdote of the Giraffe.—The New Orleans Sun relates a humorous story of a very well-dressed and genteel-looking person, who was curious to see the giraffe, and who stepped up to "the man wot receives the money," with, "Is the giraffe to be seen here?" "Yes, sir." "I want to see him." "Very well, sir." "It is fifty cents, isn't it?" "One dollar, sir; fifty cents for servants." "Well, I'm a servant." "You a servant!" "Yes, sir." "The ——! Whose?" "Yours, sir—*your humble servant.*" "Walk in, and take a seat. The joke is worth the price of admission."

Comfort.—"Is there any danger of the boa constrictor biting me?" asked a visitor at the Zoological gardens.

"Not the least, marm," replied the showman, "he never bites—he swallows his *wittles* whole!"

If poverty be the "fruitful parent of crime," and "money the root of all evil," what is the financial standard to secure morality

The Legendary.

A TALE OF THE STARS.

A LEGEND OF NORTH WALES.

I NEED not inform the explorer of Welsh scenery that the small town of Flint stands upon a gentle acclivity, the shores of which are washed by the waves of the sea. Passing onward to the left, in the direction of Halkin, the traveler ascends an oblique and precipitous path, known as "The Nant." It is a rugged and uneven tract; and in wet and stormy weather presents nothing but one vast lake of stagnant waters, and miniature hills of congregated mud. I have traveled this mountainous path; and can say, in all sincerity, God help him who pursues the rout advisedly! In near proximity to "The Nant" stands "The Devil's Wood," as it is called, but for what reason I know not, unless deriving its name from the story I am about to relate.

In the year 1643 there stood a small mansion, the gable-end of which abutted on the western side of the wood already named. Its owner was named Marmaduke Mostyn, a gentleman of small fortune, who had spent the prime of his youth in camp and field. He was a somewhat stern man, cold, imperious, and uncommunicative; but there were times when his constitutional temperament would soften, and when something like a kindness and affection would beam upon his bronzed countenance.

He and his daughter Phillis sat alone in the library.

"Phillis, love," said the veteran, as he drew his daughter nearer to his side, "I feel, in good truth, that within this body of mine the lamp of life is nigh exhausted. Nay, do not interrupt me, but listen. I have been running over in my mind the number and qualities of the gay gallants who visit this poor mansion, and pay courtly favor to thy beauty, maiden-mine, but can find no *one* fit to be thy chosen mate. What say you to Edwin Calcott?" (Phillis shook her head faintly and mournfully.) "Or Herbert Williams?" (The maiden blushed, but shook not her head again.) "Ha, Phillis! thou hast not, like a cunning slut, been making love to this youth unknown to me? because, if so, be assured I shall inflict appropriate penance for this same offense."

The maiden piteously approached her father, and falling weeping upon his shoulder, prayed gently for forgiveness.

"Nay, nay, Phillis," answered Marmaduke, "thou shalt not thus take by storm the citadel of my heart. I shall punish thee—severely punish thee; yes, I shall—*marry thee* to this same Herbert Williams. What say'st thou, Phillis, to the penance imposed?" And the old veteran fairly laughed outright at the happy bewilderment the looks of his daughter bespoke.

And Marmaduke Mostyn was as good as his word. Negociations were immediately entered into between him and the father of Herbert Williams; and few days elapsed before the essential preliminaries were arranged, and the marriage-day of Herbert and Phillis finally appointed.

Let me, however, pass over all matters of a minor description, and come, as speedily as may be, to the gist of my story. Phillis and Herbert were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony; and great were the rejoicings in the neighborhood of "The Nant," and within the mansion of Marmaduke Mostyn. Desirous of escaping for a moment from the din and merriment which pervaded within her father's dwelling, Phillis, having made fitting excuse, stole from the side of her newly-made bridegroom, to enjoy, once more, the gentle breeze of heaven. Not far had she rambled ere she encountered a tall and strange-looking being, his countenance deeply bronzed by exposure to the sun, and his glossy black hair hanging in matted locks around his shoulders. He asked for alms. Phillis handed to the vagrant an inconsiderable coin, and was passing on.

"Lady," said the gipsy, "multiply by threefold the amount of your charity, and for you will I read what is written in the canopy above.

Phillis paused. She was profoundly superstitious, and a believer, moreover, in the mysteries of judicial astrology. "Can you," said she, as she emptied the contents of her purse into the gipsy's hand, "read to me what will follow upon this my marriage-day? Does your skill reach so far as to divine whether our love for each other—that is, the love between Herbert and I—shall continue through life, or insensibly diminish as time advances?"

"Ah, lady," answered the gipsy, "this can I do, and much more for the truant children of men. People laugh at our mysteries and our knowledge; but my fathers practised these things in the plains of Judah, and in the deserts of Arabia. But the children of light, who have penetrated the *cabala* of the heavens, are scattered now, else had I not been here a wanderer among a strange and alien people. But, lady, for thee, and because of thy munificent gift, will I this night, read the stars of the firmament; and be assured, that which I gather there shall I convey to thine ear. Look, lady: observe that thy left foot reposes upon a stone. Early to-morrow morning, repair again to this same spot; and beneath that stone shalt thou find what thy heart desireth." So speaking, the gipsy stalked proudly away.

Phillis returned to the hall, but not a word spake she of her encounter with the gipsy.

And the morning again saw Phillis standing on the spot where she had held converse with the gipsy. Hastily removing the stone, she drew from underneath a scroll, the words on which ran thus:

> The stars, oh, lady! which range throughout the vault above,
> Speak thus: Eternal 'tween thee and thine shall be thy love!
> And yet there's writ, in words of living, mystic fire,
> A deed that's fierce and sinful—terrible and dire!
> Lady! pray to all the gods! for thus the stars I've read—
> You're doomed to murder him who shares thy marriage bed!

A scream, loud, shrill, and prolonged, burst from the lips of Phillis, as she rushed wildly, recklessly onward. That scream was heard afar off. It alarmed all within the mansion of Marmaduke Mostyn; and the absence of Phillis having been ascertained, a general rush was made from the house. Some two hours afterward the unhappy wife was discovered lying in a state of insensibility within the "Devil's Wood."

For many months did Phillis lie on a bed of sickness, wild and delirious; raving incoherently of murder, stars, Herbert, and the gipsy, but all so confusedly that no tangible conclusion could be arrived at as to the cause of her shattered intellect. At length time, skill, and careful attendance, had their effect; and Phillis was able to rise from her bed. Her husband entered to congratulate her upon her recovery; but the moment he presented himself a frightful spasm crossed her face, and she again relapsed into her former delirium. By and by her disease assumed a new phase. She became calm, collected, and deliberate in her speech; eyed every one who approached her with suspicion, and invariably addressed them as the gipsy, offering gold if they would but consent to read the stars. Finding that her repeated requests on this head were treated with neglect, she became occasionally excited, and vowed vengeance upon them whom she addressed as the gipsy. One night she crept stealthily from her chamber, unnoticed by her slumbering nurses, and, entering her father's library, armed herself with a Spanish rapier which was accustomed to hang from the wall. From thence she proceeded noiselessly to an opposite room, and stood calmly but threateningly before a couch.

"Who's there?" exclaimed the occupant, starting up.

"Vengeance!" shrieked the maddened Phillis, as she pierced the steel through the breast of the newly-awakened sleeper, who fell back on the couch with a groan of anguish. "Herbert is safe now," screamed Phillis, with a loud hysterical laugh, "and the gipsy is slain!"

A dozen lights now illumined the room; but who can paint the horror of Marmaduke Mostyn! There stood his daughter, triumphing, as it were, in the deed she had performed. The gipsy's prophecy had, indeed, been fulfilled. She had murdered him who should "have shared her marriage-bed."

I need not prolong this story. I give the legend as I received it from the lips of one who was convinced of its authenticity; and I need not, by way of conclusion, direct the attention of the reader to the palpable cause which produced this tragedy. But the denizens of the mountains of Halkin will not have this legend thus cavalierly disposed of. They look upon it as incontestibly proving the truth of astrology. Let me hope that the "schoolmaster" will, by and by, eradicate from their minds all such superstition and folly.—[People's Journal.

THE SALT AND SALT LAKES OF ALGERIA.—M. Fournell, of Paris, has presented an extended memoir, in which are given many interesting details and important deductions with regard to the salt deposits of Algeria. Salt lakes or marshes and streams appear to be innumerable; and beside these, banks and even mountains of salt are met with. The salt is associated with gypsum. The most important deposit is that of the salt mountain near Biskra, where the salt is imbedded in the cretaceous formation. The mines five leagues West of Milah are represented as inexhaustible. The lake Zages, which is at least twelve leagues long and two broad, was covered throughout, in April, 1844, with a crust of salt having a glistening surface and looking like ice. The crust, which is quite thin in some seasons, increases to a foot and finally to more than two feet, toward the middle of the lake. The salt is perfectly white and pure, and of good quality, and the quantity not less than 127 millions of [French] cubic metres. There is a mountain of salt near this lake. Lake *el Melah*, in the province of Oran, is another of the same kind, but less extensive.

BY taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but, in passing it over, he is superior.

THE time was when industry was fashionable, and none were ashamed to practice it.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1847.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP AND WIVES.

We had occasion, in a recent number, to speak some words of plain truth in reference to Odd-Fellowship and husbands. The evil complained of was admitted to exist to some extent; and was allowed to be an accusation, not against the Institution itself, but against those who, bearing its name, nevertheless, set at naught its obligations.

It is undoubtedly true, that some make Lodge and Camp meetings an apology for absence from home, when they are not present at such meetings; and other some when, though present, they ought to be in the bosom of their families, obedient to the obligations they owe to their wives and children. But such things are not the fruit of Odd-Fellowship, but of a neglect of its teachings, which do not in any way conflict with the exalted duties which we owe to our God, our country, our families or ourselves. Such indifference to domestic ties and duties is an abuse of Odd-Fellowship; which, still, does not constitute a charge against the Institution itself; any more than the abuse of Christianity to unholy uses, and the neglect of its precepts by its followers, constitute a charge against *it*—or than the violation of the pledge by a professed Temperance man, is an argument against Temperance itself.

These points should be kept entirely distinct; and while the offender is rebuked for his wrong, as he should be; let not the Institution, against whom he has offended, suffer for the offense. This would be truly unjust; and the principle once allowed, every good thing on earth would be accused; for there is no good that has not been abused or sinned against.

But our object in writing this article, is to show that every argument has two sides; and that while some wives may justly complain as aforesaid, yet there are others who have reason to thank God most sincerely for the existence of Odd-Fellowship—nay, that possibly these very wives who complain now, may some day be thrown into circumstances which will show the excellencies of the Order; and bring them to grateful acknowledgment that it is engaged in a holy and merciful mission.

A correspondence has been put into our hands, which presents one of those touching incidents that are daily coming up in the history of Odd-Fellowship; showing the need of such an Institution, and the silent and beautiful work which it is doing in the obscure places of the earth.

A brother of Mariners' Lodge No. 23, of this city, sailed early last spring for New Orleans. A wife and five children accompanied him. On his way up the river he was taken sick, and, as it proved, fatally sick. He reached the city, where he was a perfect stranger, and helpless through disease. It would seem that his means, which were limited, were speedily exhausted; and, unable to pursue his business or employment, they could not be renewed. What a situation! In a distant land, without friends, without money, prostrate on the bed of death, a wife and five children destitute, and the agonizing question at his heart, What will become of them? Will the world—will the churches—will some charitable society, take care of them? Alas! they are strangers—there is no hope of this. A burial in the Potters' Field, for the husband and father, and the Poor House for the widow and orphans—this is the end!

But he is an Odd-Fellow! God be praised—then he will be cared for, and the wife and children. Yes, thank Heaven, they that seemed lost are found. He remembers the sacred signs and tokens of his beloved Order. The golden chord of *Friendship, Love and Truth* is touched with a trembling hand, and instantly its vibrations thrill through a hundred hearts. They are about him, his brothers; strangers according to the social law, but brothers in the mystic tie. His wants are inquired into, his situation changed at once, and all around is brightened by the gentle ministries of fraternal sympathy and love.

For two weary weeks of suffering these brothers are at his bed-side by day and by night. And at last, when disease has done its fatal work, he sinks to sleep, his last moments soothed with the sweet assurance, that his dear wife and children will be sheltered from all danger and evil, by the same hands that have so kindly and tenderly ministered to him. The death scene over, he is carried to his resting place, followed by his brothers; who, with quiet and delicate attention, beautify his grave, and lead back the widow and orphans to their own homes.

This work of love finished, the brothers of Washington Lodge No. 3, of New Orleans, who received the sufferers, and with such fidelity watched over them, immediately set to work, and collected from their own, Union, Crescent, Howard, Louisiana and Commercial Lodges, the sum of *one hundred and seventy-five dollars*, paid the passage of the widow, her five children, and a servant; and sent them back again among their friends, to their old home!

Such is the holy and blessed work which Odd-Fellowship is quietly doing all over the land. We have brought this case to the light, that our female friends may see how much they are indebted to it; and that though Odd-Fellowship is sometimes, perhaps, associated with husbands in the way of just complaint, it is much oftener associated with wives in the way of grateful praise and acknowledgment.

And we would beg to commend this view of the matter, as well as that presented in the previous article, to the consideration of our friend "Louise," and her companions "Ella" and her mother. No human institution, no human being, can be perfect. Evil and good seem always, and as if by an established law, to be mingled in this world. Even the rainbow, that child of beauty, the token of hope and promise, is born of the sunshine and the showers, of Nature's smiles and tears. And would "Louise," would any wife, be willing to abolish an Institution, and the blessed work of mercy it is doing in such cases as the above, because here and there a husband fails in his duty? Not that we would sanction the wrong or neglect, or take back one word which we uttered in the previous article. So far from this, we intend to add to that, and speak as plainly on some other particulars, in due time. But granting the truth of all the complaints in question—still, is there not another side to the picture? And when the hundreds of examples like the above which occur yearly, when the distress and destitution relieved, the stranger protected, the sick visited, the dead buried, and the widows and orphans sheltered from harm and provided for—when all this is considered, which is only one portion of its noble work, is it not enough to outweigh a thousand times the evils complained of? And ought not every woman, whether wife, sister or daughter, to bid such an Institution God-speed in its beneficent and holy mission? We believe so, most sincerely.

☞ The Annual Session of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of this State are to be held in this city next week. The question of a new Constitution and other matters of Reform, come before the Grand Lodge for consideration, and from the interest manifested for the past year in all parts of the jurisdiction, it is expected the attendance will be unusually large. It is universally admitted that the present Constitution fails to meet the present wants of the Order in this juridiction, and that a new one, more suitable to fulfil the purposes of Odd-Fellowship, should be adopted. We believe there is a general feeling in favor of reform, differing only in detail; and a compromise of these differences, offered in the spirit of the Institution, might be easily effected, and we hope to see it accomplished. We earnestly trust that every P. G. who has the good of the Order at heart, will be here to give his voice and influence for the greatest good of the greatest number.

ADDRESS OF REV. RICHARD CURRAN,

AT THE OPENING OF ARIEL LODGE No. 56, MAURICETOWN, N. J., ON THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1847.

(Reported for the Golden Rule.)

Fellow-Citizens and Brethren,—I arise to address you, on this occasion, with a degree of embarrassment, to which I am unaccustomed. It is but a few months since I became a member of this Order; I have had but little time to reflect upon and investigate the great principles upon which this beautiful structure has been reared. On this account, the duty you have assigned me might better have been allotted to another more competent to the task, and better calculated to reflect honor upon the brotherhood on this occasion. Still, it is a duty from which I have not felt free to shrink, knowing that all due allowance will be made for the imperfections that may characterize this performance.

It is, comparatively, recently that this Order has sprung up in New Jersey; yet it has just claims to antiquity. It might be interesting here, did our time permit, to trace the history of its rise and progress. It might be shown, though many regard it as an institution of yesterday, that in fact, if not in form, it may date its origin from a very early period of the world; the principles, which are the foundation of this Order, were, to say the least, coeval with man. This may be gathered from the fact that God gave to Adam dominion over the earth and all that therein is, and over the sea and all that therein is; "over the fowl of the air, and every thing that liveth and moveth upon the earth;" and commanded him to "subdue" all these things, and cause them to contribute to the well-being of his race. The principles which we hold, and which are fundamental with us, were then loved and cherished; they began to evince themselves in the exercise of dominion, on the part of Adam, over all that tended to prevent his attaining the high end which had been destined for him and his posterity. Age after age they struggled for existence; one while developing themselves in one form, and another while in another, until at length we have them embodied in the I. O. of O. F.

There are those, probably, who lightly esteem this institution because of its name, with which they associate something ludicrous. Another name, it is true, might have been chosen at the first; and one that might have been more in accordance with the taste of many' and better calculated to express the design of this institution. But this end we have attained in the selection of our beautiful and significant motto, "Friendship, Love and Truth." These cardinal virtues cement our hearts together, and prompt us to such acts of kindness and mercy as evince that we are allied firmly to the human family, and that we regard ourselves as fulfilling our high destiny, when we look not only to our own interest but also that of others.

It is the few only who seem to understand what man is yet to be. Though last of the works of God, he is not the least: hence, at his birth, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy." Thus was the pre-eminence given to him at his creation; and, though he lost his position by the fall, he still struggles with obstacles, that he may "subdue" all to himself, and finally attain the end in the present life, as also the future, to which he was destined. That he may be enabled to accomplish this object he seeks an alliance where he understands his interest with his fellow-man; he seeks to accomplish, by a union of effort and interest, what he could not accomplish alone.

All things given to man to subserve his useful purposes at the first, have, since his fall, revolted from him, and oppose his happiness. At every step in his onward progress, his energies are taxed, and sometimes to the very uttermost, in making his way against the tide of opposition. The success of his efforts to advance his own interest and that of others is doubtful; the prospect is dark, and his hope as if suspended upon the spider's web. He has often been disappointed by the apathy of men, to whom he had looked as coadjutors in this work: he has often sickened as the man, supremely selfish, upon whose aid he had calculated, forsook him when sacrifices were to be made in order to advance the general good of the human family: he has died, leaving to others the accomplishment of plans which he had laid and hoped to execute. On this account every work of reformation, and every plan for relieving human misery, advances slowly; yet some real advances have been made. The condition of man has improved and is improving. Contention, and strife, and anarchy, and blood-shed sometimes stretch their gloomy shadows over the present; but, brethren, is not the future still bright with hope? The prophecies of God's word assure us that a day will yet dawn upon the earth when man shall no longer be what he now is—when his evil tempers and angry passions shall be subdued, and "when there shall be nothing to hurt or to destroy." I do not say that Odd-Fellowship will accomplish this; but I do say that she will not interfere to prevent it; nay, I say more; she will labor in her appropriate way for the attainment of an end so desirable, and when it shall have been attained, the universal band of brothers will be loud in the shout of victory.

But some one may be anxious to inquire, What is Odd-Fellowship? It is what it professes to be; a remedy for some of the ills of human life—an antidote for some of the miseries that afflict the family of man. It recognizes as bounden duties all those obligations that arise out of the relation which we sustain to God, our Creator and Preserver; yet it has no religious creed, as such, and of consequence it is not offered to you as a substitute for the Church or the Christian religion. It recognizes, inculcates and enforces all those duties that man owes to his fellow-man; and with these especially it is versant. The golden rule teaches us the proper manner in which to conduct ourselves toward others, viz: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them:" with the requisitions of this law we labor to comply.

The object of this Order, then, is to mitigate the sufferings of man—to raise him as much as possible and as near as may be to his proper place in the scale of being. This we conceive to be our duty, and the duty of every man. It is for these benevolent purposes we have associated ourselves together.

We profess not to have made any new discovery in relation to the duties which we owe each other, when we obligate ourselves to sympathize with and aid suffering humanity: no; the principle which prompts us to this was coeval with man. It has been fighting its way from the first against the depravity of man; against ignorance and prejudice. It is matter of wonder, all things considered, that any thing has been done toward the attainment of this end, since man, for the most part, regards himself as the rival of his fellow-man. But we rejoice to say to you, to-day, that some real advances have been made: the condition of the human family is improving. This will be obvious if we compare its present with its past condition. The human family has greatly multiplied, which indicates its prosperity: year after year it encroaches in its onward march upon the hindrances to its happiness. The lodge of the red man has given place to the well constructed and stately mansion; the forests have been felled by the well directed energies of the woodsman; the thistle and the thorn have been subdued, and in their stead the golden harvest presents itself, promising subsistence for man and beast; the desert has blossomed as the rose. The rivers, and lakes, and seas, are no longer the boundaries of man's peregrinations: no; they have become the highway of man; ever and anon you find them studded with floating palaces, teeming with life and energy; they now serve as a medium of communication between nations. Thus also is the diffusion of knowledge facilitated, a knowledge of the arts and of the sciences communicated, and the happiness and well-being of man is promoted.

The means employed for improving the external condition of man have been various; they have varied with every age. But it has been ascertained that those efforts have been most successful, which have been combined and organized. No single individual, however powerful, could have overcome the difficulties that lie in the way of man's present comfort, and which have already fled before his efforts. In every age men of powerful intellect have led the way in the work of reformation, and in alleviating the sorrows of man; but these have been successful, not by an exercise of individual power, but by giving to the power and energies of others a proper direction. From combined effort, if well directed, men may look for success in almost any reasonable undertaking.

The obstacles in the way of man's happiness and comfort here are not altogether external: he must strive to obtain a victory over himself. His own tumultuous passions and evil tempers lead him to ruin; these must be restrained or he cannot be happy. Now it is the design of this institution to serve as a check at least upon the passions of men; it throws many restraints around them of which the uninitiated know nothing. There is a tribunal to which every Odd-Fellow feels himself bound to answer for his conduct; every member of this Order is regarded in some measure as a representative of the whole: hence the several Lodges search diligently into the conduct and character of those who seek to enter this band of brotherhood, and exercise vigilance in ascertaining the worth of those who pass to and fro through the country bearing our name.

"Know Thyself," was Solon's maxim, and every Odd-Fellow would do well to make it his. Then he would know how to guard against those things that cause him to swerve from the path of duty, and which bring misery and ruin in their train. Through the blindness of his mind man sometimes is led to regard his fellow-man as his greatest enemy: hence the struggle for dominion which we sometimes see going on in the earth. Owing to this misdirected energy and zeal, man's present interest has been retarded, and the history of our race is, in many instances, a history of oppression, written in letters of blood! The shout of victory ascends, not because some brilliant discovery has been made in the arts, or in the sciences, which will contribute greatly to the well-being of man, but too often because man has triumphed over his fellow in the deadly encounter;—because thousands have fallen in the day of battle. Oh, how far have we fallen from our primitive state! Man, alas! has forgotten that he is allied by blood to every other man. By this means he has limited the dominion which he was destined to exercise in the earth; he has paralyzed his energies, he has exhausted his strength, and, therefore, his advances are but slow against the tide of opposition that sets in against him when he labors to subdue all things that conflict with his present interest.

The advances that have already been made in the arts and sciences have given him a partial victory over the elements. All, however, has not been accomplished in this respect for which we may hope. Some towering genius may yet arise, and by availing himself of what has already been achieved, may so nearly annihilate space that we shall stand linked together, hand in hand, with other nations in distant climes, a universal brotherhood, bound together by our sublime principles—Friendship, Love and Truth.

But this great work in which we are engaged is to be promoted by united effort. Hence we have associated ourselves together, believing that in union there is strength. This society ought of right to be regarded as useful; its expressed intentions are to promote the temporal interests of man. It increases human power, and concentrates it in this important undertaking. In combining together for this purpose we conceive that we have acted wisely: by so doing we have strengthened our hands for the work we have undertaken; we have also acted in accordance with the examples long since set us. The religious world is organized into various societies; but little advance could be made without organization in attempting to spread the gospel. By proper organization and direction of the energies of

the Church, under the blessing of God, she hopes yet to evangelize the world. By organization, also, the friends of temperance hope to accomplish their object; by this means they have already stayed the progress of the destroyer. Individual effort in this cause accomplished but little; and so it will be found in almost every great undertaking.

I have already said that the object of Odd-Fellowship is to elevate the condition of man, and to relieve his present miseries and sorrows. We do not, nor have we offered it to you, as a substitute for the gospel, or for the religion of Jesus Christ, or for the Church. No; to the gospel and to true religion we give the pre-eminence over all the plans which man's wisdom can devise. Our object is to protect ourselves from temporal evils, and to aid each other under the ills and sorrows to which we are here exposed. Making no higher pretensions for Odd-Fellowship than this, we offer it to your candid consideration.

It is our aim to strengthen the bonds of brotherhood among men; to ally the human family as closely as possible together; to give unity of effort and interest to an extent to which it is not given by any other form of social organization. Thus we hope to remove, in some measure, the evils which waste the energies of man, and which crush the feeble into the very dust. And, in this important work, we seek to unite men without distinction of creed, whether political or religious.

It is in seasons of adversity and affliction that the excellency of Odd-Fellowship is seen. She extends her hand to the stranger, and he receives a hearty welcome; she extends her hand to the sick and afflicted. But these are considerations which have but little influence upon men in time of health and prosperity; for such an hour it is not usual with men to make the provision which they ought. How often are men, in the word of God, admonished of the fact that they are perishing creatures in their best estate. To-day we may be in the bloom of youth, and in all the vigor of health; but to-morrow, alas! a perfect wreck, quailing before the last enemy of the human race. Oh, how trying the bed of death even when surrounded by kind and sympathizing friends, and with all that is calculated to administer to our comfort and relieve our sufferings! But what must it be to be invaded by disease, and to struggle with death, far from the friends that love and cherish us, where there is no kind hand to smoothe the dying pillow, or to wipe the cold, the dewy perspiration from the brow; where man must lie neglected, and, perhaps, perish, because he may be penniless. Ah! then the stoutest heart fails. But under these circumstances, Odd-Fellowship presents herself as an angel of mercy; she stands, night and day, around the couch of the sick, relieving his sufferings and supplying all present wants; with words of comfort she soothes the aching heart, and with her kind hand smoothes the pathway of the weary sufferer to the tomb; and when she commits the lifeless tabernacle to the dust she drops her tears of sorrow for the dead, and then hastens elsewhere on her errand of mercy.

The poor man who is dependent upon his daily labor for his daily bread, in seasons of affliction, needs both the sympathy of friends, and the comforts which pecuniary aid alone can give; he needs, too, some assurance that if he die there are those who will care for his widow and the babes written fatherless. This exigency Odd-Fellowship meets; it gives the assurance desired. To care for the widow and the orphan we have obligated ourselves. If, then, we cannot drive disease away, we can, nevertheless, relieve and comfort man in his afflictions. To offer spiritual consolation in affliction is not the office of Odd-Fellowship; this belongs to the religion of Jesus Christ. But surely to administer to the present wants of the sick and the dying are important duties; this cannot fail to render them more calm and composed as they approach "the dark valley." The assurance that the wife of his bosom and his children are to be cared for when he shall be numbered with the dead, is a great comfort to the dying father. Many a true believer, in health and at death, has experienced much anxiety in regard to the wife and the children which he is about to leave behind him. Who shall protect the one and shield the other? Who shall aid them in battling with a world so hostile to their interests? Who shall care for these little innocents when this fond heart shall cease to beat, and when this purple fluid shall cease to course these veins? These are questions which often press upon the dying man, and disturbs the serenity of his soul. But oh! what a cordial, at such a moment, to know that even though he cannot leave them an estate, he leaves them what is better, and what gold could not purchase, the pledged Friendship and Love of a vast band of brothers. He leaves them to an institution which will not fail to throw her protecting arms around them; he leaves them, not to the charities of the world, nor yet to the charities of this institution, but as claimants for care, for protection, for support and education, from an institution which acknowledges herself indebted to them.

This, then, is the legacy that every Odd-Fellow leaves his wife and children. Far better that our widows and children should inherit the pledged Friendship and Love of one hundred thousand hearts, than all the glittering wealth we may be able to leave behind us. Gold is but dust and vanity; but Friendship and Love cannot perish while there are true hearted men in this Order.

But all this you say is beautiful in theory; it is a pleasant dream. This Institution, you suppose, has not sufficient resources to justify such confidence. I am ready to admit that Odd-Fellowship is yet in her infancy; but she, even now, possesses the strength of a giant. The present year she will gather into her treasury, for her charitable purposes, more than one million of dollars; she has now an army in the field of her benevolent operations more than one hundred thousand strong. She has already accomplished much; but all that she has yet done is as the hidings of her power, and the concealing of her resources. But her efficiency has already been so far tested as to induce the belief that she is competent to meet most if not all the present wants of man.

Our difficulties in aiming to promote our present comfort, and also that of others, result from that supreme selfishness which isolates every man, and which leads him to look with an evil and jealous eye upon every other man; he seems to regard himself as having no interest in common with other men, and regards every advance on the part of others as a loss to himself. To this is owing the competition among men; in this contest the weak are crushed into the dust, while the powerful are rendered still more so. Hence it is that the few grasp the wealth, and the mass are left to grapple with poverty and ignorance. All this is to be attributed to the fact that there is no bond of brotherhood among men. Many men have yet to learn that the prosperity of a country consists in the prosperity of those that inhabit it; that the whole is made up of individuals, and that, in order to the prosperity and happiness of the whole, it is necessary that each should be prosperous and happy. Hence the truly philanthropic man rests not satisfied until he has extended his acts of kindness to all that are needy; he endeavors to make every other man as prosperous and happy as he himself is. The man who will consult his Bible, cannot fail to discover that it never was the design of his Creator that he should live for himself alone.

Many experiments have been made to ascertain whether a social organization is not possible, which is capable of securing every one against the evils that prey upon humanity. The history of these experiments shows that, in most cases, they have failed, and even where they have not, the prospect of their final success is indeed dark. But to-day we may point you to Odd-Fellowship as embodying the true idea of such a plan—as capable of solving the problem. She speaks to the world, not with uncertain, hesitating voice: no; she speaks with all the power of actual demonstration, because she speaks from experience. She points to-day to a living army more than one hundred thousand strong, and her revenue of more than a million per annum, and both the one and the other increasing with tremendous rapidity as a guaranty for the accomplishment of her purposes. She challenges the world to point to a single instance in which the orphan has been left to weep to the winds, or the widow to sigh, unheard, to the passing gale. She pledges herself that as the past has been, so the future shall be; that she will still continue to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, enlighten the ignorant, protect and educate the orphan, and bury the dead.

Odd-Fellowship might profess more than she does; for she now accomplishes more than she professes. Her own children are not the only ones who are recipients of her benevolence: no; in pressing circumstances she makes no distinction; her coffers are open to supply bread to the perishing who have no connexion with her or claim upon her. She has then fully redeemed her pledge; she has met the expectation of her friends, and outlived the predictions of her enemies.

The secret of our success is our unity of effort. With us even the child is strong, and every man a host. The infant of to-day, if an orphan, is loved and cherished by a hundred thousand hearts; a hundred thousand hands are extended to protect it, and lead it on to victory over every obstacle in its way; if needy, the coffers of the Order pour its treasures in its lap. Let him that would wrong the widow or the fatherless beware; they belong now to an institution, vast and powerful, which will feel the more for them, since they are without an earthly protector.

Tell me, then, kind father, and you, too, fond mother, is not this a desirable institution? When that beloved son, around whom the fond affections of your hearts have long clustered, is about to leave the paternal roof, to wander far into a strange land, where there are none to counsel, none to advise, none to protect him from insult, injury, or violence, is it not an hour of darkness, of distressing anxiety to you? Ah! you say it is even so. And to what is this owing? "Alas!" say you, "by melancholy experience I have found the world to be selfish. I know that men, for the most part, seek their own interest, and in many instances build up their fortunes out of the ruins of others." But how different the case under the fostering care and protection of this Order. He goes forth, not the lonely, friendless boy we before contemplated: nay; he has more than one hundred thousand brethren scattered throughout this vast Republic, with strong arms to protect him, and true hearts to love and cherish him. If destitute, they will supply his need; if sick, they will visit him, and if death ensue, they will lay him in his grave, not in some lone corner in the potter's field, but where a brother should lie; and these last sad offices they will perform not with feigned but heart-felt sorrow.

Odd-Fellowship ought to be loved for the good she has already done; she ought to be encouraged that she may accomplish still more. She sheds light upon the social destiny of man; she binds men together in the bonds of love; she concentrates the powers of men upon important undertakings, and thus promotes their well-being; in adversity she stretches out her hand to help; in affliction she watches by the weary couch; in death she forsakes not, but pays, with sorrow, the last tribute to human nature.

As a remedy then for many of the ills of human life, we offer Odd-Fellowship to you, and that you may avail yourselves of its benefits we establish it in your village, in the confident belief that it will meet all your expectations, and that it will grow in your estimation if you judge it by its fruits.

☞ The readers of the Boston Odd-Fellow must feel complimented, when the editor explains the "vulgarity of his style," by saying that he "adapts his articles to the circumstances and *persons* of the case." "If he had been wise, he would have pocketed" our "rebuke, and let the diminutive matter rest."

PRESENTATION OF REGALIA.

Iroquois Lodge No. 32, of Jersey City.—At the regular meeting of this Lodge, at their Hall in Montgomery street, Jersey City, held Thursday, 22d inst., after the usual business was transacted, a recess was declared for the purpose of presenting P. G. James Narine with a beautiful regalia from the brothers as testimony of respect and esteem for him as a friend and a brother. It was done in this form for the purpose of taking the brother by surprise, as it had not been intimated to him by any one, nor had he any knowledge of what was going to take place. The P. G.'s chair was occupied by P. G. Wm. T. Leitch, supported by P. G. Joshua T. Gilbert and N. G. David Gould. P.G. Leitch, in presenting the Regalia, said:

Brother Past Grand James Narine: In behalf of a large number of the brothers of Iroquois Lodge, I now address you. Those brothers have long entertained for you the most lively friendship and esteem. You are one of the founders of Iroquois Lodge, and have ever since shown your zeal in her behalf by holding important as well as subordinate offices, the duties of which, though often irksome, have been cheerfully and faithfully attended to. You have been one of the most active members of the Building Committee; a committee which, by its industry, taste and ability, has given us the comforts and elegancies we now enjoy in this Hall. The duties of that committee, of which you were Chairman, as well as that of Ways and Means, of which you were also Chairman, have occupied a great portion of your time, and we feel under the greatest obligations for your attention thereto. In addition, however, we feel indebted to you for the example you have given us all of the virtues which should belong to every true Odd-Fellow. In your private life, these virtues are your every day practice; and as a sincere friend, good citizen, and honest man, you adorn the Order; for it is to examples such as yours that we look for the advancement of our beloved Order. We therefore trust that at no distant day the sphere of your exertions may be enlarged, for we feel assured by your past course, that you only need opportunity to exhibit a more extended usefulness. We have a small testimonial to present to you; it is the Regalia of a Past Grand. Our brothers desire your acceptance of it, and trust you will receive it as a memento of their friendship and a mark of their admiration of you as a man and esteem as a brother.

P.G. Narine replied as follows:

This, sir, is certainly taking me by surprise; and so unexpected is it to me, that I am wholly unprepared to return the compliment paid me. If, however, I have done any thing to merit this beautiful present, more than those who were associated with me, or have been more faithful in the discharge of duty than others would have been, placed in the same situation, I was not aware of it.

I was appointed, with others, a committee, to superintend the fitting up of the new Lodge-room; and having, according to the best of my ability, aided the committee in the discharge of the arduous, though pleasing duty assigned us,—it is glory and honor enough to have the brothers approve of *our* course, and be satisfied with our labors.

It would be with some degree of reluctance that I should even accept of this gift, if I was not satisfied that those who aided and assisted me assented thereto; and I feel assured, from the courtesy and respect always shown me by the members of the two committees named by you, that they will cordially approve and cheerfully agree to my receiving it.

It is, therefore, sir, under these considerations, with feelings of the greatest pleasure, that I receive from you, in behalf of the brothers of Iroquois Lodge, this beautiful Regalia; and, with all my heart, I tender to you, and those brothers who have so much interested themselves in my behalf, and whom you represent, my grateful thanks for the honor conferred upon me. When I clothe myself with it, while at my own or visiting other Lodges, it will remind me of the importance of attending faithfully to discharge all duties that may be entrusted to me, whether as an officer of the Lodge or as a member of a committee. It will be with a great deal of pride that I shall wear it, on account of the pleasing idea that it is given to me by my most intimate and warmest friends, who are brothers and members of the same Lodge; a Lodge that I have always, from its first organization, been strongly attached to, and have taken a deep interest in its welfare and prosperity; and by the persevering aid and assistance of those brothers I see assembled here, I am proud to say it has gained a name and reputation, second to no other Lodge in the Union; and this Hall or Lodge-room (without boasting) is equal, if not superior, to any other in the country.

This testimony of respect I shall ever appreciate, and will always remember the event of this evening with pleasure and delight.

You, sir, and the brothers present, will please accept my sincere thanks for the favor and partiality shown me on this, as well as on all former occasions, and my best wishes for your welfare and prosperity. May pure brotherly love, true friendship, and good feeling always exist between us; and when we shall separate and "depart from this Terestial Lodge below, may it be to meet again in the Celestial Lodge above."

This Lodge numbers about seventy-five members, comprising some of the most talented and respectable class of citizens in the place, including the Mayor of the city. They meet on Thursday evening of each week, and have a most beautiful Hall, 48 feet long by 38 feet wide, and 23 feet high, with sufficient ante-rooms, and *well ventilated.* The officers for the present term are, David Gould, N.G.; Henry A. Green, V.G.; Isaac S. Miller, T.; William Gilchrist, S.; —— Van Hurler, A.S.

LETTER FROM AN ODD-FELLOW'S WIFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

Sir,—For the last two years I have read the Golden Rule with pleasure and profit, my husband being a subscriber; but in my opinion no article has appeared containing more wholesome truths, or calculated to do more good for the Order, than your Editorial of the 3d inst.; not that one word applies to my husband, but I know several, and I fear that there are a *great many* that the cap will fit, and if you can only succeed in breaking down the "ancient custom" of *oyster suppers, &c. &c.* you will not only gain the good wishes of *numerous* wives, but will also remove the *principal* objection raised against husbands joining, thereby increase the Brotherhood, and raise them in the estimation of the world at large.

What wife would object to dispense with her husband's company one night in the week, nay, even sometimes two, if she could insure his return at 10 o'clock? and no family man ought to be from home alone after that hour, unless he is ministering to the wants of his fellow-men, or performing the duties of an Odd-Fellow. The love I bear the Order has induced me to trouble you with these remarks, and hope you will "keep the subject before the people" until you have produced the necessary reform. Yours in F. L. and T. s.a.w.

LETTER FROM REV. BRO. CASE—THE COVENANT.

Worcester, July 27, 1847.

To the Editor of the Golden Rule—*Dear Sir and Bro:* I see by an article in the Odd-Fellow, that you desire Bro. Cochrane to give a little light on some statement about the probable failure of some of the organs of the Order. Bro. Cochrane hesitates to do so.

I don't know but the statement has a squinting toward the Covenant, published by the Widow of one of the early members of the Order. I hope, however, that it has not, and that if it has, the members of the fraternity will come to the rescue, and not allow the only means by which Mrs. Neilson has to support her family, to fail.

There is a lage amount due that establishment from subscribers, and unless they will pay, the fate of the Covenant will soon be sealed, and the Widow be left without the means of support for herself and children.

I have been engaged as Editor of the Covenant since the G. L. U. S. relinquished it. I have done a great amount of labor for it, in my poor way, for nearly three years; for which I have received no remuneration. I have done it in hope, sometime, to be paid something—and because I saw the necessity of continuing that magazine for the benefit of the family of the lamented Bro. Neilson. I have done it because I was fully satisfied that the Order was very much indebted to the publisher of the first organ of Odd-Fellowship in this country, and would cheerfully cancel that indebtedness by aiding the widow and the children bereft of the husband and father. Many brothers have encouraged Mrs. Neilson to proceed with the Covenant, by subscribing for it; and now when she has obtained credit on the strength of what they promised to pay her, and has served them with faithfulness, she laments their inattention to her wants, and their neglect to pay what they owe her.

It would be no sacrifice on the part of the patrons of the Covenant, were they to pay the subscription; it is but just and right they should do so. It is, and has been, a great sacrifice of time and labor, on my part, to continue the editorial management of the magazine.

It seems to me that the brethren should be co-workers in behalf of that family; and that not on the labors of so humble an individual as myself, alone, should the publication depend. If brethren that have received it, would pay their bills, then I could be remunerated in part; and if brethren of the Order would aid the widowed family, by subscribing and paying still more, the hopes of the widow would be realized.

I have done for the magazine what, had I done it for the Rule, would doubtless have brought me a thousand dollars or more; and yet I have not received more than the expense I have paid out for the Covenant. It is time that the brethren should speak out, if they will help to sustain the widow. It is time those in arrears should pay her. She needs it, and will not be able to continue the magazine without she can realize a part of it.

Yours truly. Albert Case, Editor Covenant.

Health of the City.—The number of deaths in this city for the week ending July 24, was 528—a larger number than ever before occurred in the same time in the absence of any epidemic. The principle diseases were—apoplexy 15, cholera infantum 88, consumption 40, convulsions 52, debility 21, diarrhœa 36, dysentery 31, typhoid fever 18, typhus fever 28, marasmus 25, fifty-five other diseases 174—total 528. Of this number, 187 were one year of age, and 290 under five years. The general health of the city is good.

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

District of Kings.—Through the politeness of D.D.G.M. D. P. Barnard, we are enabled to present the following statement of the progress of the Order in the District of Kings during the year commencing July 1, 1846, and ending June 30, 1847. It gives a most flattering view of the condition of Odd-Fellowship in that flourishing District, and shows that the brethren there have not been idle. As as early a day as possible, we intend to give similar statements from all the Districts in the State:

Lodges.	Location.	Night.	Admitted by Initiation.	Card.	Withdrawn.	Members.	Lodge Receipts
26 Brooklyn	Brooklyn	Tu	55	9	26	401	2460 20
30 Nassau	do	Th	33	0	3	190	1044 49
45 Kings County	Williamsb'g.	W	24	4	3	189	1254 83
50 Atlantic	Brooklyn	M	38	4	5	192	1303 34
61 Crusaders	Williamsbg.	Tu	13	1	2	55	369 78
63 Long Island	Brooklyn	Tu	25	1	6	178	1044 55
66 Fulton	Brooklyn	W	12	1	6	129	745 46
94 Eagle	do	M	41	9	6	183	1193 26
133 Steuben	do	W	23	1	2	82	642 69
153 Montague	do	Tu	19	2	19	86	913 79
165 Magnolia	do	Tu	52	4	9	139	1459 92
199 Stirling	do	M	9	3	2	46	454 78
194 Myrtle	do	Th	41	2	21	61	780 89
288 Grenada	do	M	25	29		54	366 60
306 Cornucopia	do	W		27		27	
			411	97	110	2012	14031 58

The Suspensions in the District have been 42, and the Reinstatements 6; Expulsions *two;* Rejections 41; Deaths 9. The per centage paid to the Grand Lodge $275.22.

District of Saratoga.

Saratoga Lodge No. 98, *Saratoga Springs*—Charles B. Fox, N.G.; Walter J. Hendrick, V.G; William M. Searing, Sec.; John L. Perry, Treas.

Kayaderosseras Lodge No. 102, *Ballston Spa.*—Spencer Twichell, N.G.; James Ashman, V.G.; John J. Lee, Sec.; James W. Morris, Treas.

Waverly Lodge No. 110, *Waterford*—Rensselaer Carrier, N.G.; William W. Day, V.G.; John Hinde, Sec.; George Gage, Treas.

Monticello Lodge No. 168, *Schuylerville*—Archibald Wing, N.G.; W. Barlingham, V.G.; Benjamin Kelsey, Sec.; John B. Swaartwout, Treas.

North Star Lodge No. 174, *Mechanicville*—Nicholas Badgley, N.G.; Royal H. Cunningham, V.G.; Edward R. Silliman Sec.; R. W. Chuback, Treas.

Mohegan Encampment No. 27, *Saratoga Springs*—C. B. Fox, C.P.; John L. Berry, H.P.; W. J. Hendrick, S.W.; Jos. McCormick, Scribe; Hiram Moore, Treas.; Marcus Child, J.W.

District of Greene.

Kempton Lodge No. 187, *Coxsackie*—Meets Tuesdays—Ambrose Baker, N.G.; A. Reed, V.G.; G. Raymond, Sec.; S. Austin, Treas.

Hendrick Hudson Lodge No. 189, *Catskill*—Meets Wednesdays—Peter Hamlin, N.G.; Joshua A. Cooke, V.G.; David Ely, Sec.; Henry G. Johnson, T.

Prattsville Lodge No. 246, *Prattsville*—Meets Mondays—Daniel C. Scudder, N.G.; John Whiteom, V.G.; H. D. H. Snyder, Sec.; Bethuel Sutherland, T.

Mountain Lodge No. 310, *Windham Center*—Meets Thursdays—B. O. Stone, N.G.; J. F. Mathews, V.G.; H. H. Hunt, S.; A. W. Rowley, P.S; N. P. Cowles Treas.

Ossinsin Lodge No. 97, *Sing Sing*—Hiram P. Rowel, N.G.; J. Russell, V.G.; Wm. Mattocks, Sec; Martin Marcley, P.S.; Fred. R. Vredenburgh, Treas.

Madison Lodge No. 142, *Canastota*—B. F. Chapman, N.G.; G. S. Sayles, V.G.; D. S. Peckham, Sec.; Wm. F. Dunham, P.S.; Jas. Moore, Treas.

Schayler Lodge No. 147, *Utica*—A. Walker, N.G.; C. D. Mills, V.G.; G. W. Bagg, Sec.; J. Vanderheyden, Treas.

Jennesqua Lodge No. 160, *Ovid*—Jacob Miller, N G.; Elijah C. Howell, V.G.; Henry D. Cowles, Sec.; Wm. H. Ely, P.S.; Nelson Harris, Treas.

Delphian Lodge No. 169, *Waterloo*—Levi Fatzinger, N.G.; Wm. S. Brooks, V.G.; Jas. McLean, Sec.; P.G. Wm. H. Seely, P.S.; P.G. Sidney Warner, Treas.

De Ruyter Lodge, No 299, *De Ruyter*—Ira Gage Barnes, N.G.; Geo. W. Sutton, V.G.; Chas. H. Maxson, Sec.; Ira Spencer, Treas.

Nepperhan Lodge No. 181, *Yonkers*—Horatio S. Gates, NG; Wm. P. Revieu, V.G.; Thaddeus R. Paddock, Sec.; Jacob Read, Treas.

Washington Encampment No. 52. *Sing Sing*—Hiram P. Rowel, C.P.; Saml. F. Reynolds, H.P.: Wm. Mattocks, S.W.; Martin Marcley, Scribe; A. J. Packard, Treas.; Edward P. Agate, J.W.

Eden Encampment No. 40, *Penn Yan*—Meets 1st and 3d Friday evenings—John L. Lewis, Jr. C.P.; Charles Lee, H.P.; Wm. H. Goodwin, S.W.; Levi O. Dunning, Scribe; Charles G. Judd, F.S.; George P. Monell, Treas.; Lewis S. Ayers, J.W.

Covenant Degree Lodge No. 26, *Penn Yan*—Meets 1st Thursday evenings—Charles Lee, N.G.; Josiah Elliott, A.N.G.; William H. Goodwin, V.G.; William H. Seymour, D.A.N.G.; John L. Lewis Jr. P.G.; Ludlow E. Lapham Sec.; Geo. P. Monell, Treas.

Keuka Lodge No. 149, *Penn Yan*—Meets Tuesdays—Thomas H. Locke, N.G.; Theodore F. Sharpe, N.G.; Anson C. Gillett, Sec.; Ludlow E. Lapham, P.S.; Levi O. Dunning, Treas. L.

Tuckahannock Lodge No. 132, *Trumansburg*—Schuyler C. Reynolds, N.G.; John Herald, V.G.; James T. Glasier, S.; Eber Lovell, P.S.; Delancy King, T.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Springfield, July 3, 1847.

E. Winchester—*Dear Sir:* The new officers of Hampden Lodge No. 27, were duly installed into their respective offices, this evening, viz: R. Chandler, N.G.; Harvey Danks, V.G.; Apollos Munn, Sec.; Erskine S. Allen, P.S.; Moses Lyman, Treas. The Lodge now numbers about 290 members, and is in a very flourishing condition. It is one of the Pillars of the Order in the Old Bay State. They expended over seven hundred dollars last term for benefits to sick members. The receipts for initiations and degrees amounted to seven hundred and seventeen dollars, exclusive of dues, so that Willis and his contemptible crew have not yet annihilated us, but like good metal, we grow better and brighter, by the purifying process to which we are subjected.

Agawam Encampment No. 25, meets at Odd-Fellows' Hall every 2d and 4th Fridays of the month—not a night passes on which we do not have some initiations. We now number over 50 members, with several proposals now before the Encampment. The officers for the present term are. Wm. Hankerson, C.P. Samuel Dwight Holman, H.P.; Henry F. Gardner, S.W.; Benj. K. Bliss, J.W.; George Smith, Scribe; James Wilson, Treas. All good men and true, who will do their duty faithfully, and maintain the interests of the Order at all times. That truly beautiful certificate of yours, is circulating among the members, and in spite of all opposition, (which was at first so plentiful, from prejudice, and fear of the G. L. U. S.) it will soon, I think, be pretty generally used, every one admires it, that has seen it. Wishing you all prosperity in your laudible undertakings, I remain yours, Fraternally, A. W.

CONNECTICUT.

The G. L. of this State held its Annual Session at New Haven on Wednesday, the 14th of July. The following is a list of its officers elected for the following year:

John Greenwood, Jr. of	Lodge No. 29,	Bethel,	R.W.G. Master.
Rev. Junius M. Willey,	"	26, Stonington,	R.W.D.G. Master.
Allen S. Wightman,	"	9, New London,	R.W.G. Warden.
Lucius G. Peck,	"	5, New Haven,	R.W.G. Sec.
Samuel Bishop,	"	1, "	R.W.G. Treas.
Prelate Demick,	"	1, "	R.W.G. Rep.
Ezra Clark, Jr.	"	40, Hartford.	R.W.G. Rep.
Jared B. Flagg,	"	40, "	R.W.G. Chaplain.
Ethel T. Farnam,	"	29, Bethel,	R.W.G. Marshal.
John B. Eldridge,	"	40, Hartford,	R.W.G. Conductor.
Jasper H. Bolton,	"	32, Stafford,	R.W.G. Guardian.

At the Annual Meeting of the Grand Encampment, held July 15, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Munson A. Shepard, of	Camp No. 5,	Bethel,	M.W.G.Patriarch.
Rev. Townsend P. Abell,	"	6, Middletown,	M.E.G.H.P.
Rev. Junius M. Willey,	"	2, Hartford,	R.W.G.S.Warden.
Cholwell J. Gruman,	"	9, Norwalk,	R.W.G.J.W.
Lucius A. Thomas,	"	1, New Haven,	G. Scribe.
Samuel Bishop,	"	1, "	G. Treas.
William L. Brewer,	"	3, Norwich,	G. Rep.

Litchfield, June 30, 1847.

Bro. Winchester,—Excuse the liberty I take to inform you of the state of the Order in this place. I think it is not saying too much when I tell you we have one of the best Lodges in the State. Dating from our first installation, which was the 10th of December last, we have been growing steadily and firmly. Our Lodge embraces some of the best citizens in the town. Bro. Greenwood, Jr. installed our new officers last Friday evening, on which occasion each brother enjoyed himself a full measure of good feeling. All felt as if they were at home. Here let me say a word of Bro. Greenwood: I think that he is one of the best Odd-Fellows I ever met with; every way a gentleman, easy in his manners, mild and unassuming. If I had time, I should like to say a great many clever things of him, but I presume you are as well acquainted with him as I am. The following are the names of the officers installed: Francis Bawa, N.G.; Dr. George Seymor, V.G.; Frederick D. Beeman, Sec.; Leonard Carington, P.Sec.; Daniel C. Bulkley, Treas. Yours in F. L. and T.

Thames Lodge No. 9, *New London*—Charles C. Culver, N.G.; Artemas G. Douglass, V.G.; Henry Champlain, Sec.; Samuel Barry, Treas.

Unity Encampment No. 4, *New London*—Samuel Barry, C.P.; Orlando P. Gorton, H.P.; Lewis D. Allen, Scribe; Robt. B. Jackson, Treas.; Thomas J. Greenwood, S.W.; Charles E. Hewitt, J.W.

NEW JERSEY.

Mizpah Lodge No. 61, was instituted at Eatontown, on Friday, July 2, by D.D.G.M. Wm. D. Newell, assisted by several P.Gs. and brothers of Monmouth Lodge No. 20, P.G. John Border, Esq. and V.G. Michael Taylor of Nevesink Lodge No. 39. The officers are, Samuel T. Sleeper, N.G.; Harry Finch, V.G.; John A. Lewis, Sec.; James Anderson, P.Sec.; Garnett Staut, Treas.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, July 27, 1847.

E. Winchester, Esq.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—On Monday the 19th inst. D. D.G.M. Ruple, assisted by brothers from National Lodge No. 81, opened and constituted Peters Creek Lodge No. 248, at Finleysville, Washington county, and installed the following officers, viz: Wm. Gaston, N.G.; W. B. Lank, V.G.; Thos. Storer, Sec.; Isaac Lytle, Ast. Sec.; Wm. Vanney, Treas. This Lodge will be, judging from what we hear of the petitioners, one that will give the G. L. no cause to regret having given it existence.

On Friday, the 23d inst., Berwick Lodge No. 246, was duly constituted, at Berwick, Columbia county, and the following officers installed, viz: Isaiah Bahl, N.G.; O. P. H. Kitchen, V.G.; A. J. Deitrick, Sec.; B. S. Gilmore, Ast. Sec.; J. S. Campbell, Treas. In the evening, three persons were initiated into the mysteries of our Order, and I have no hesitation in saying that this Lodge will also do well, and prove useful to the brotherhood. Yours Fraternally.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, D. C. July 26, 1847.

Dear Sir and Bro.—There was an error in the District list published in the last Golden Rule. Patriarch R. Finley Hunt was installed J W. of Magenenu Encampment, and not Samuel Lewis. You are not to blame for this. The list handed to me was so written, and, as I had to copy it in haste, that it might be in season for the mail, I did not notice the mistake.

The G. L. meets to-night for the purpose of consummating action on the revised Constitution. I hope this may be the final effort in this matter. The vacancy in the office of Grand Representative by the late decease of P.G.M. Beardsley is to be filled at a special session of the G. Lodge appointed on the second Monday in August next.

The Annual Session of the Grand Encampment of the District takes place tomorrow evening. The election of Grand Officers will then be held, but the result cannot be transmitted in time for publication it your present number.

Yours in F. L. and T. S. Y. AL.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1847.

☞ Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, Editor and Proprietor, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms $2 a year in advance, or 6¼ per week, delivered by a carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Golden Rule is published in Philadelphia, by CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North Sixth street, by whom subscriptions will be received and papers delivered in any part of the city. Packages sent to the adjoining towns out of the mails.

BOSTON.—Office of the Golden Rule, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L. WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the Rule sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

TRAVELING AGENTS.—Bro. WM. R. HOYT is our General Agent for Pennsylvania. Our friends, in aiding him, will greatly serve and oblige us.

Bro. J. H. WHITNEY is traveling in Western New York, and will visit the Lodges and brotherhood west of Auburn. He is a worthy Odd-Fellow, and possesses our fullest confidence.

EDITORIAL NOTES OF A TRIP DOWN EAST—NO. III.

The City of Augusta—the capital of the State of Maine—is most beautifully situated upon the gentle slope of a picturesque hill, forming one of the banks of the Kennebec river, and has a decidedly business-like air, and that physiognomy of industry, so universally pervading the whole Eastern country, displayed in a remarkable degree. The inhabitants, generally, are a plain and substantial people, deeply imbued with the principles of morality, and with their hearts in their open hands freely offered to all deserving, whether strangers or not. Indeed, the liberal spirit of hospitality, which is so very characteristic of the Eastern portion of our Union through which we traveled, is, to our mind, one of the great causes of the prosperity of the people. In no place that we have ever visited, have we ever been more kindly treated, and made to feel more "at home," than we were at Augusta, by the noble-hearted band of brothers whose guests we were; and although our stay with them was necessarily short, on account of urgent and pressing business calls from home, we never shall forget the kind reception and princely entertainment which we met with at the hands of our brothers of Augusta, and the event will be one of the most happily treasured of the bright and pleasant spots in our dark sea of trouble in this life. Our thanks are more particularly due to Grand Master W. R. Smith, Bros. Issachar Snell, jr., E. B. French, T. Robinson, —— Hedges, and Rev. Bro. Drew, for the courtesies extended to us.

Early on the morning after our arrival, we took a stroll in and about the city, and in the course of our walk saw a fine fresh salmon, weighing 24 pounds, which had just been caught out of the river opposite the city.

After breakfast, through the courtesy of Bro. Robinson, our "host" of the Augusta Hotel, we were furnished with a carriage, to expedite our sight-seeing, and save some of the arduous labor in climbing the hills, which plentifully besprinkle the country. The first place which we visited was the cotton factory, which had just been erected, at the upper end of the city. The machinery is not yet all put in, but that which we saw in operation was of the latest improvement, and of the most perfect working qualities. At present there are but 184 looms in operation, but when completed, it will contain upwards of three hundred; besides which it has all the other necessary apparatus for preparing the raw material for the looms, from the "picker and carder" up to the "warping" machine. The machine for "sizing" the warping, was the most interesting to us for the simplicity and ingeniousness of its construction and operation, as well as the exceedingly neat and effectual manner in which it performed its part of the labor. The warping is wound upon a cylinder at one end of the machine, and passes between two smaller cylinders that revolve in a fountain filled with a starchy substance, which saturates the threads; then, while being carried to the receiving cylinder at the opposite end of the machine, it is met by a brush reaching across the warp, and the sizing made even by its action upon it. To obviate the necessity of the thread being either hung up to dry, or wound up in a wet state, there is a revolving fan placed directly underneath, which throws a current of warm air against the threads of the warp, and thoroughly dries them before reaching the opposite end of the machine, which is only about twelve feet in length. The girls employed in this factory were neatly dressed, handsome, and possessed of intelligent features, and appeared modest and lady-like. Indeed, we have seldom seen a finer looking "lot" of girls, congregated in such large numbers; and while passing up and down the several avenues of looms, we heard more than one joke cracked by some mischievous witches, at the expense of some unfortunate one, who imagined her hair was not exactly "slick" enough; and they were accused of having a design upon us, to catch us for "beaux." Alas! poor things, if they had only known our real situation, they would have spared themselves the trouble! But, we must say, soberly, that there is an air and pride of neatness and modesty of deportment observable among these "factory girls," that would do no small credit to some of our drawing-rooms.

The State Arsenal next claimed our attention. It is a fine, large building, situated on the opposite side of the river from the city, is built of large blocks of granite, and is not yet finished. The whole of the grounds are enclosed with a neat and substantial iron railing, and are kept in the best manner. Through the courtesy of the Commissary General, we were shown through the building containing the arms. We saw no cannon; the arrangement of the "small arms" was admirable, and every one of the 38,240 muskets were in perfect condition, and ready for instant service. In the vault of the building there was a plentiful supply of cannon balls, and many tons of pig-lead, ready to be cast into bullets, when wanted for service. The establishment is an honor to the State.

The Insane Asylum, an institution founded and patronized by the State, is just beyond the Arsenal, and we determined to visit it. The Superintending Physician, Dr. Bates, received us very politely, and kindly escorted us through the building, which displayed in all its appointments, exceedingly good taste, neatness and cleanliness. We there saw evidences of the pitiable state which human mind may be reduced to, that will never be effaced from our memory; and in passing through the female department, a tear started unbidden to our eye, while contemplating the sad condition of some of its most interesting inmates. We could paint a scene we saw, that would elicit the heart-felt sympathy of the most obdurate hearted;—but it would not be proper. Suffice it to say, however, that we left the Asylum with saddened and chastened hearts.

Through the kindness of Bro. Drew, and E. B. French, Esq., Secretary of State, we were shown through the State House. It contains a large and very choice library, an extensive mineralogical and geological cabinet, showing the resources of the State, and a valuable collection of French works and maps received from the French Government, through the hands of M. Vattemare, in exchange for works presented by the State of Maine. We visited both the Representative and Senate halls of the Legislature, then in session; but the business, to us, was uninteresting, and we had no time left us to remain and form any correct opinion as to the calibre of the Solons of the State. In the course of our perambulations about the State House, we were shown into the Governor's Room, and were there made acquainted with Judge Emory, a fine, intellectual old gentleman of excellent companionable qualities, and one of the old-fashioned, substantial gentlemen of the "olden time."

The period allotted us for our stay, had nearly expired, "dinner time" had come before we got through with our examination of the Capitol, and we repaired to our Hotel to prepare for our journey home, the particulars of which we will give next week. J. W.

HINTS FOR TRAVELERS—STEAMBOATS, RAILROADS, &c.

The Isaac Newton.—At the time this Steamer was placed upon the Hudson river, the papers were full of her praises, and her qualities were set forth in language which, to those who had never been on board of her, seemed a little extravagant. Until recently, we belonged to this class; but subsequent experience has convinced us that she has not been over-rated or over-praised. The Isaac Newton is indeed a magnificent specimen of the perfection of steamboat architecture. We cannot describe her—when we say that she is *perfect*, it seems to us that nothing more can be said. Spacious, airy, elegant—her accommodations are unsurpassed. Her Commander is Capt. Wm. H. Peck—a gentleman who is widely known in his profession, and every way worthy to command such a boat. Need we say more to induce all who leave the city for the North on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, to go in the Isaac Newton?

The Empire, of Troy.—This is another fine boat though not so highly finished as the "I. N." She is a most comfortable craft, and has long been a decided favorite with the traveling community. Capt. Macy is an experienced navigator, and commands not only an excellent and commodious Steamer, but what is more and better, the entire confidence of the public. His boat leaves the foot of Cortland street, New York, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday even-

ings; and our friends, and all others, cannot do better than to place themselves under the charge of Capt. M. and his polite clerk, in preference to any other boat leaving at the same hour. She is a quiet boat, and in her airy state-rooms the most nervous cannot fail to enjoy a night of sweet repose.

TROY AND SARATOGA RAILROAD.—This appears to be the most popular route to the Saratoga Springs, if we are to form an opinion from the number of passengers traversing it. The road is not the best in the world; yet it is not greatly behind any road in this State. No accidents have occurred upon it, nor are any likely to occur, at least through the fault of the managers. It is a pleasant route, passing for a portion of the distance within sight of the Hudson river, and through several flourishing villages. We are glad to hear that it is the intention of the Company to relay the track with the T or H rail at as early a period as possible. We commend the Troy route to those of our friends who are about visiting the Springs.

SARATOGA LAKE.—During a recent trip to Saratoga Springs, we made a visit to this Lake. It forms one of the most delightful ful excursions that can be found in the vicinity of the Springs. A drive of about four miles, over a fine road, along highly cultivated fields, brings you to the foot of as beautiful a sheet of water as you would desire to see. Here a fairy little pleasure Steamer, the W. H. COLEMAN, under the command of Bro. E. YOUNG, lies ready to receive you, and away you are wafted over the ripling water. The scenery surrounding the lake is of the most enchanting description. Smiling fields of waving grain, orchards of fruit, green pastures sloping to the margin of the water, and groves of forest trees, are beautifully interspersed along either shore. Among the most conspicuous objects to the east, is Snake Hill, a conical eminence rising from, and jutting into, the water. A pleasant sail of thirty-five or forty minutes brings you to the southern end, or head of the lake, a distance of some half a dozen miles. Here is a White Sulphur Spring, said to be equal to the celebrated Virginia Springs. A bathing-house, and a large hôtel, for the accommodation of visitors and invalids, have been erected—owned, we believe, by Bro. MARVIN of the U. S. Hotel, Saratoga Springs. Here a ramble of three-quarters of an hour, and the bell summons you to be "aboard," and in the course of an hour and a half, you have accomplished the return voyage, and find yourself again at Saratoga Springs—both delighted and invigorated by the excursion. We know of no manner in which a visitor at the Springs can spend a more delightful afternoon, than in a visit to the Lake, and a sail over its quiet waters.

☞ Persons visiting the Saratoga Springs, and who like to be quiet, will find excellent accommodations at the residence of Bro. J. A. ASPINWALL. His house is in the suburbs of the village, and at not an inconvenient distance from the principal spring.

NEW YORK AND STONINGTON STEAMBOAT AND RAILROAD LINE.—The route to Boston, via Stonington, is the most comfortable, pleasant and safe; and the boats which run up the Sound and connect with the Railroad—the *Oregon* and *C. Vanderbilt*—are of the largest class, the swiftest speed, and most complete in all their arrangements and accommodations. Capt. THAYER, of the *oregon*, and Capt. POTTER, of the *C. Vanderbilt*, are gentlemen well known to the traveling community as being experienced and able commanders, and we believe no accident has ever happened to boats under their charge. The clerks of the boats, Messrs. FAIRCHILD and WALKER, are well qualified for the responsible posts which they fill, and are eminently worthy of the almost universal commendations bestowed upon them by passengers. R. E. LOCKWOOD, Esq., the Secretary of the Company, fills his part to the entire satisfaction of all who have business with him—and to his courtesies, on a recent occasion, we are greatly indebted. Indeed, there seems to be nothing wanting to stamp this route with the fullest degree of public confidence.

☞ The last "Odd-Fellow" offers to its readers the following apology for the exceeding dullness which pervades its columns. Verily, the "hot weather" has many sins to bear! We wonder the mercury continues to *rise* under the load which Bro. COCHRANE has put upon it!

AN APOLOGY.—Our writing machine has got so much out of order this hot weather, that it won't turn off two well connected ideas, even to save our reputation. We have thrown into the hopper several excellent subjects, but like the old lady's churning, the cream all turns to *ile* before the butter comes. Well, it's no use to cry over it. If our readers have any fault to find with the lack of editorial in this number, they must lay it all to the hot weather.

☞ "EFFIE" is heartily welcomed to the columns of the Golden Rule. She writes in the true vein.

Notices of New Publications.

LIFE AND RELIGIOUS OPINIONS and Experience of Madame De La Mothe Guyon; Together with some account of the Personal History and Religious Opinions of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray. By Thomas C. Upham. 2 Vols. Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-st.

This is the title of a work which cannot fail to interest and profit a large class of the religious community. It is the history of the thoughts and experience, of the deeds and writings, of an extraordinary woman, and one who created a great sensation in France, insomuch that even the great Louis XIV. condescended to become a petty persecutor. Beside this, the work enters at considerable length into the history of Fenelon, one of the best men, one of the truest Christians that the world has ever known. The fact that Professor Upham is the author of these volumes, is proof enough that they are worthy a perusal—for he never writes but to some purpose.

THE ANGLER'S GUIDE. New York: J. J. Brown, 122 Fulton-st.

This is the title of a neat little hand-book for the sportsman, and is an indispensable companion and adviser on piscatory excursions. It gives minute and complete directions upon the size of hooks, line, sinker and rod for all the different kinds of fishing, and informs one of "killing baits," which never would be dreamed of by a novice. And here it may not, perhaps, be improper to remark, that Bro. Brown has just introduced a new style of hook, which never fails of taking the fish, if he touches the hook. Call and see it. Those who are now going to the Fishing Banks, can be furnished at a moment's notice, with the proper tackling.

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH AND THE COURT OF FRANCE IN THE SEVENTEETH CENTURY. By Miss Pardoe, author of the City of the Sultan, &c. New York: Harper and Brothers.

We cannot do justice to this interesting work in a better manner, than by adopting the following critical notice from the *London Atheneum:*

Miss Pardoe has here produced two delightful volumes—uniting the lively and graphic spirit of a French memoir with much of the reflection and thoughtfulness of an English history. She has been fortunate in the choice of her subject: the reign of Louis XIV. may be said to include all that was interesting in the seventeenth century. Frederic the Great, in sober earnestness, declared that the "*petticoat* history of the seventeenth century remained to be written." We rejoice that the task has been undertaken by a lady; since to a feminine mind alone could the mysterious motives and agencies engaged be at all intelligible.

The work is to be completed in six parts, at 50 cents each. Two have already appeared. There are finely illustrated.

THE UNION MAGAZINE. Israel Post, 140 Nassau street.

The August number, just issued, is a marked improvement upon the preceding, and, taken altogether, may be fairly considered as a *model* for the species of Magazines to which it belongs. This is number two of the work, and yet it would be difficult to suggest any material improvement. The external appearance is quite tasteful, and the internal mechanical arrangement is even better. The paper is really superb—far superior to that employed in any of our periodicals—the type, &c. very neat—and the embellishments not only costly but unusually numerous. There are, for example, a magnificent mezzotint, by Sadd; a clear line engraving by McRae; a fashion-plate richly colored; and no less than five exquisite and well-printed wood-cuts. These embellishments are all (excepting the fashion-plate) from original designs by Matteson. There are also two pages of original music by Mrs. C. L. Hull. Of the literary matter we have left ourselves room to speak only in brief—but the names of the chief contributors will speak more fully for themselves. There are papers from Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Kirkland, (the editor) Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Orr, Miss Gould, Miss Hunter, Miss Russell, Tuckerman, Benjamin, Hoffmann, Briggs and Arthur. A stronger array of Magazine talent has rarely been seen. Of the full success of the work there can be no doubt whatever.

REMINISCENCES OF COLERIDGE AND SOUTHEY. By Joseph Cottle. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 12mo. pp. 378.

We suppose the Publishers do not think much of this work, as they put it up in *paper* covers. Still the book is one of interest, and contains some things respecting these two great men, never revealed before; as the confessions of Coleridge respecting his opium habits, and his wish they should be made public as a warning to others. If this edition sells well, we believe the Publishers intend binding the next.

☞ "THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL," for August, has been issued by Messrs. Fowler and Wells, 131 Nassau street. It contains many articles of interest, developing the sciences of Phrenology and Physiology, with likenesses of Dr. Alexander Campbell the Theologian, and Vincent Priesnitz the founder of Hydropathy. This Journal enjoys the deserved confidence of the believers in Phrenology, and has a large circulation.

"THE BROADWAY JOURNAL," is the title of a new folio weekly, published by BUFORD & Co. 2 Astor House. It is designed as a guide to strangers, and as such it possesses considerable value. The number before us contains a map of the city, (worth the price of the paper,) list of Hotels, Steamboats, Railroads, &c. &c. $2 a year, or 6¼ cents single.

MARRIAGES.

July 25, by Rev. R. C. P. Parker of the Flushing chapel, Bro. BOBERT F. T. HARRISON, of Warren Lodge No. 253, and Miss ELIZABETH WICKES, of Norfolk. Eng. N. J. papers please copy.

July 15, at Seneca Falls, by Rev. E. Wheeler, Mr. GEO. H. WELLS, of this city, and Miss MARIA C. WHEELER, of Waterloo.

DEATHS.

July 16, at Washington, D.C. GEORGE FRANCIS TOWERS, son of Wm. Towers, G.P. of the District of Columbia, aged 14 months.

July 25, at Montgomery, Orange county, N. Y. Bro. JOHN H. M'CUTCHAN, of Freemen's Lodge No. 170, aged 31 years. Characterized by the virtue of integrity and honor, he lived respected, and died lamented.

HUDSON DEGREE LODGE ROOM.

THE Coolest Lodge Room in the City, is at corner of Hudson and Grove streets, where Hudson Degree Lodge No. 4, continues to give the five Subordinate Degrees, every Saturday Evening. jy31:3t*

GEORGE JARDINE,

CHURCH, LODGE AND ORGAN MANUFACTORY, 83 Anthony street, New York. Established twelve years. Finger Organs with Barrel Attachments, made expressly for Lodge Rooms. The patronage of the Order, and especially the Board of Managers of the New Hall, is respectfully solicited. jy31:6m

NATIONAL HOTEL,

CORNER of River and Ferry-sts. Troy, N. Y. At the Depot of the Eastern, Western, & Saratoga Railroads, and is a short distance from the Steamboat Landing. OSBORN & McDONALD, Proprietors. Stages for the North and East, leave every morning in front of this house. ap24:tf

A. WHITE'S, CENTRAL HOTEL, UTICA, New York ap24:tf

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AT the MAGASIN DE SANTE, (*Magazine of Health*) 130 Washington street, Boston, may be obtained the following articles of Popular Medicine, *pure and genuine:*

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PHRENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS,

FOWLERS & WELLS, 131 Nassau-street, Y. Y. The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, Monthly, at $1 per year. my22:3m*

NATIONAL LOAN FUND

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF LONDON. "A Savings Bank for the benefit of the Widow and Orphan. (Empowered by Act of Parliament.) Capital £500,000 sterling, or $2,500,000. Besides a reserve fund (from surplus premiums) of about $185,000, (part of the capital is invested in the United States.)

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Pamphlets, blank forms, table of rates, lists of Agents, &c. &c., obtained at the chief office, 74 Wall street, 134 Bowery, or from either of the agents throughout the United States and British North American Colonies. J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent for the United States

je19:3m and B. N. A. Col's.

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1st. When the premium is over $50 annually, one-fourth may be paid in cash, and three-fourths in a secured note at 12 months, bearing six per cent. interest, or it may be paid half-yearly, quarterly or monthly.

2d. Parties taking life policies and paying 50 per cent. of premium in cash, and those taking policies for shorter periods and paying 60 per cent. in cash, may give their individual notes for the balance, if satisfactory to the officers.

The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of January, 1847, (20 months) 3007 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a nett capital of nearly $200,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No, 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

DIRECTORS.—Seth Low, Wm. A. F. Pentz, Henry McFarlan. Chas. S. Macknett, John A. Underwood, Wm. H. Mott, Robt. L. Patterson, Andrew S. Snelling, Thomas B. Segur, Edward Anthony, Wm. M. Simpson, Lewis C. Grover.

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JAMES STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock.

VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.,

JAS. VAN RENSSALAER, M. D.,

mar6:tf Medical Board of Consultation.

A. R. CAMPBELL'S

TEMPERANCE REFRESHMENT ROOMS, Nos. 7 and 8 Wilson's Lane, BOSTON. Meals served up at all hours of the day—Sundays excepted. Ladies can visit these Rooms, in company with Gentlemen, with perfect propriety, as such is the custom of the place. ap10:tf

JOHN OSBORNE,

REGALIA Manufacturer, No. 99 Madison street, New York, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Bretherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New Work

REGALIA.

M. I. DRUMMOND, 309 Grand-st. N. Y. has on hand at all times Camp, P. G. and Scarlet Member's dress Regalia, cheap; Lodges and Encampments furnished, at short notice and first rate style, Stars, Fringes, Gold and Silver Laces, at Importers' prices. je12:tf

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds, and every other article required in a Lodge or Encampment I. O. O. F. furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. feb13:tf T. PARSON, 270 Main-st.

ENCAMPMENT AND LODGE REGALIA.

TENTS, Crooks, Cushions, Emblems, Costumes, & every other accoutrement for the Work of the Order supplied at the shortest notice and in the best possible manner, by JOHN G. TAYLOR, Costumer, 58 Prince-st. N. Y.

☞ Letters immediately attended to. jan2:3m

ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA, PHILAD'A.

J. W. & E. D STOKES, 194 Market street, Philadelphia, Manufacturers of REGALIA, SASHES, ROBES, &c., for Lodges and Encampments. The members of the Order, Lodges and Encampments, wishing to purchase a *SPLENDID ARTICLE of REGALIA*, at a very low price, can be accommodated by calling at the store, where they will find a great variety, adapted to the different degrees and ranks in the Order. Orders from a distance attended to with punctuality and despatch. oct10:tf

REGALIA.

THE Subscriber Manufactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of GILT AND SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. E. VAN SCHAACK,

Jan2:tf 385 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

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MANUFACTORY, Utica, N. Y. Every article for Subordinates and Encampments furnished. Charges very reasonable. Orders solicited.

de5:3m Address ISAAC TAPPING.

LODGE JEWELS.

E. AYRES, Manufacturer of LODGE JEWELS, 98 Nassau-st. Jewels for Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. always on hand. N.B Seals cut at the shortest possible notice. my15: tf

F. W. & W. F. GILLEY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRY GOODS MERCHANTS, 430 Grand-st. Material for REGALIA and DRAPERY, the best assortment in the United States. feb27:tf

CARPETING FOR LODGE ROOMS.

ALDRICH BARSTOW & Co. 440 Pearl-st. N. Y. are now manufacturing a style of Carpeting peculiarly adapted for the use of Lodge-rooms, to which they would invite the especial attention of those of the Order purchasing Carpets.

Also, a great variety of Carpeting, Floor Oil Cloths, &c. for general use. my:813t*

REGALIA.

ELIAS COMBS, 260 Grand-st. N. Y., continues the Manufacture of Regalia of every description. Lodges and Encampments furnished at short notice. Orders from city or country thankfully received, and no pains spared to give satisfaction. Stars, Tassels, &c. for sale je26:tf

ODD-FELLOWS DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

CURTIS and NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows Hall, North Sixth street, below Race, Philadelphia. THE GOLDEN RULE, and other publications, together with all kinds of Books, Regalia, and all necessary articles used in furnishing Lodges and Encampments. Also on hand, a general assortment of miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Varieties, &c.

BANNERS AND FLAGS PAINTED

OR EMBROIDERED, and furnished complete by H. LIEBENAU, Military Standard and Banner Painter, 491 Pearl-st. Societies and Lodges supplied with official insignia, such as gavils, pens keys, rods, &c. in sets, gilt and trimmed with velvet in the first style. Je5:6m

T. C. MOORE.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Chicago, Illinois. Will attend to Securing and Collecting Claims, in any part of Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana. Business from a distance attended to. References if required. mar13:tf

Cheap Book-Bindery,

106 CHATHAM-ST., cor. of Pearl.—The subscriber respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to do every description of Book Binding in the best manner, and in every variety of style, low for cash. Harper's Bible handsomely bound, at various prices. Blank Books ruled and made to order. Music, Periodicals, and Books of every description, bound cheap, and at the shortest notice.

o17 OWEN C. OWENS.

FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.

THOSE who wish to purchase GOLD or SILVER WATCHES, will find it greatly to their advatage to call on the subscriber, who is selling all descriptions of fine Gold or Silver Watches, at retail, lower than any other house in th city.

Fine Gold and Silver English Patent Lever Watches
do do do Detatched Lever do
do do do Lepine do
Ladies' and Gentlemen's fine Gold Guard Chains.
do do Breast Pins
Ladies' Bracelets. Gold Pencils.
Gold Watches as low as $20 to $25 each.

Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought. All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and retail, 51 Wall-st, jan2:tf (late 30) corner of William-st, up stairs.

SAMUEL HAMMOND & Co.

IMPORTERS of FINE WATCHES, No. 44 Merchants' Exchange, 1st door in William street, have constantly on hand a large and valuable assortment of Fine Watche of their own importation, which they are now selling at lower prices (when quality is compared,) than can be purchased of any dealer in New York. A written warrantee, in all cases, will be given to the purchaser.

S. Hammond having attended solely to the repairing of Chronometer, Duplex, and other fine Watches, in the late firm of Benedict & Hammond, will continue to give his undivided attention to that branch of the business, in connection with his present partner, whose reputation has long been established, having worked for the last ten years for the trade in this city. m23:tt

J. M. DUBOIS,

MANUFACTURER OF SILVER SPOONS, FORKS, &c. of the newest patterns and finish, the Silver warranted equal to coin. All orders attended to punctually, at 47 Dey-st. N. Y. je19:tf

JUNE REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (11 Wall-st.) has issued 131 new Policies during the month of June, 1847—viz: To

Merchants and Traders	48	Clergymen	4	U. S. Officers	3
Clerks	13	Ladies	8	Postmaster	1
Manufactur'rs	3	Agents	9	Editor	1
Mechanics	11	Teachers	3	Servants	5
Lawyers	1	Farmers	6	Artists	
Physicians	4	St. Captains	1	Other occupat.	9
		Engineers	1		

New Policies issued in June, 1847.....131

ROBT. L. PATTERSON, Prest.

BENJ. C. MILLER, Secy.

JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent.

JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner, at the office daily form 2 to 3 o'clock. je12

☞ MERCER'S ☜

BREAKFAST AND DINING ROOMS,

ARE AT THE

COR. NASSAU AND ANN-STS. NEW YORK.

Where every luxury is served during its season at reasonable charges.

☞ Private entrance to Ladies' Dining Room, (attended by Mrs. Mercer,) 21 Ann-st. for the accommodation of Ladies or Families whose business may call them in this section of the city. jan16;tf

HIGHLAND EATING HOUSE.

C. M. HAGGINS, L. LESLIE, 10, Lindall street, BOSTON. ap10:tf

JOHN KNIGHT,

CARVER AND GILDER, LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTURER No. 205 Chrystie, cor. of Stanton-st., New York. Ornamental, plain and fancy wood Frames, of every description, made to order. N. B. All orders from the Country punctually attended to. The new and elegant CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP I. O. of O. F. framed in every style. Orders solicited. mar20:6m

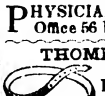
REMOVAL.

D. P. BARNARD'S Law Office has been removed to 16 Wall-st. 3d story, back room, where his friends will hereafter find him. mar13:6m

DR. E. W. OWEN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 330 Bowery.—Office 56 Bond-street, N. Y. feb27:tf

THOMPSON'S PREMIUM TRUSS,



Improved by J. R. BENJAMIN, 13 Beekman-st., is universally approved of by the Medical Faculty, and all who use them, as the pressure can be graduated from one to fifty pounds on the rupture without a back pad, which does so much injury to the spine, causing weakness and pain in the back and sides, and often permanent spinal disease. Six days trial given and if not perfectly satisfactory, money returned. Those sending for this Truss, need only mention the side ruptured, and the measure round the hips. jy10:tf

CONSTITUTIONS, By-Laws, Blanks, etc., for Lodges and Encampments, printed at short notice, at this Office.

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VOL. VII....No. 6. SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1847. WHOLE No. 162..

Original Poetry.

THE LOVER AND THE FAITHLESS.

BY KATE DASHWOOD.

And thus I've sought thee—land of Poet's song!
With Hope still fondly round my spirit clinging,
Amid the idle pageantry and throng
Of restless fancies, ever to me bringing
The light of other days—when dreams by night
Made beautiful this glorious world of ours;
And Fancy wreath'd her fairy hues of light,
And Time threw roses o'er the winged Hours.

Those hours have passed away—ay, past for ever!
With the fond heart I deem'd so true to mine,
The mutual vow—"Death only shall us sever!"
We murmur'd, kneeling at the ruined shrine.
I little deem'd 'mid old cathedral aisles—
The moonbeams o'er the marble columns sleeping—
Would wake again the memory of smiles
And tears—faithless, as shadows creeping
O'er the strange figures of yon altar, where
The moonlight falls through many a gorgeous pane,
With strange, unearthly light; and sighing there
Come night-winds—stealing like a sad, sweet strain
Of music we would fain forget. In vain
I've sought Italia's sunny vales and skies,
I linger sadly in her fadeless bowers;
In vain Hispania's glowing cliffs arise,
For me, no rapture marks the land of flowers.

I would not have the gloomy cypress wave
Above me on a foreign shore, when I
Shall rest in dreamless sleep—the quiet grave
Shall still this beating heart; oh, I would die
Amid the voices of my own loved land!
Oh! for one look upon that melting eye—
So full of woman's tenderness; the hand—
Whose slightest pressure thrilled through every vein,
In pity may be laid upon my brow,
And I may *feel* that Angel smile again—
Which made my heart the grave of silent vow;
Ah, vain, vain hope—e'en now the tide of life
Flows swiftly to the dark and silent shore
Where the frail bark shall rest, and scenes of strife
Shall chain the wearied spirit's flight no more.

Original Tales.

GOOD FOR EVIL.*

BY MRS. E. M. SEYMOUR.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. William Owen was one of those whom we may every where meet; in whom the love of money is a ruling passion, and who often sacrifice all the noble feelings of their nature at its mercenary shrine. He had come to New York with a fixed determination to be rich. He had noble, generous feelings, and a manly disposition, and would then have shrunk from the idea of wronging or defrauding any one; but he had not that fixed determination *always to do right* which characterized Mr. Hartwell, and while he gained the confidence of his employers, he at the same time detected the means they often used to insure a good bargain, and determined to profit by the information. Being both New Englanders, he and Mr. Hartwell became acquainted, and at the time of his establishing himself in business, Mr. Hartwell, who had then became well settled, loaned him several thousand dollars, and materially assisted him in various ways.

As is usual, the desire for wealth increased with its accumulation, and the accumulation, which was rapid and constant, brought at last the realization of his long cherished desire—he was a millionaire.

Mr. Owen married, in early life, one to whom he had been attached from his earliest childhood. She was a woman of strong mind, and great good sense, whom all the allurements of wealth and fashion, could not swerve from duty, or blunt those feelings of kindness and benevolence which were a part of her nature. They had but one child—a daughter—who inherited her mother's excellent qualities, and from her received the most careful training; and while she received every necessary accomplishment that wealth could purchase; every virtue which could add to her own or others happiness, was carefully cultivated, and she was taught to remember, that, while she enjoyed the luxuries of life, there were thousands in her own city, destitute of even its necessaries, to whose comfort and happiness she could contribute. She was instructed to feel an interest in the bene-

* Concluded from page 69.

volent operations of the day, and to visit and console those who were suffering from sickness and want, in the miserable hovel.

Mr. Owen loved his wife and daughter, and in his heart admired their firm and religious principles, but he would have loved also to see them the center of the gay circle, and leaders in the giddy maze of fashionable life. But while they possessed every quality, which could win admiration, and performed with ease and elegance the graceful courtesies of life, they kept themselves ever free from those fetters which fashion casts around her votaries, and neglected not the gentle ministries of love and charity. It was while she was out on one of her embassies of love and mercy, that Lucy Owen had met with little Henry D——, and true to her nature hastened to alleviate suffering and impart assistance.

Edwin Hartwell and Lucy Owen had several times casually met each other in their visits to the sick woman, and if we say that those meetings were loved by both, we shall only be anticipating the subsequent acknowledgment of each.

The circumstances under which they first met, were such as exhibited, to each other, the qualities they best loved, without any affectation of feeling, or exhibition of sympathy for effect. Each became, therefore, insensibly interested in the other, without any farther knowledge of each other's circumstances and character, than what they saw exhibited in the chamber of sickness and poverty; but few words had then passed between them, and when Mrs. D—— died, all opportunity for a further acquaintance seemed cut off; yet did Edwin often indulge the hope of again meeting one who so sweetly exhibited those qualities, which he had ever considered the brightest jewel in woman's crown of loveliness; and while the senseless flatteries, ever paid to wealth and beauty, were being bestowed upon Lucy Owen, by those senseless fops who crowd the saloons of fashion, would she find herself contrasting them with the noble and generous qualities of Mr. Hartwell, and feel that those qualities alone had power to touch her heart, and she would indulge in a wondering thought if they should ever meet again; and if he sometimes thought of her; and we will leave her in this thoughtful mood, while we relate some incidents which eventually satisfied her curiosity on this point.

CHAPTER VI.

Among the widows under the care of the Lodge to which Edwin Hartwell belonged, was a Mrs. Lewis, the widow of a worthy member of the Order, who had died leaving her quite destitute. The members of the Lodge had shown the utmost kindness and sympathy for her, and had raised a sufficient sum for her to commence a small millinery and dress-making business, which she pursued with such activity and display of good taste, as to insure a respectable and profitable business.

Among Mrs. Lewis' regular customers, was Mrs. Owen and Lucy; who, from a former acquaintance in the country, and from peculiar circumstances, felt a strong interest in her welfare and family, and they had always been in the habit when calling on business, of sitting and chatting awhile with her, for she was an agreeable and sensible woman, and had in their eyes lost none of her good qualities, by having experienced many changes of fortune.

A few months after the death of poor Mrs. D——, Lucy had gone to Mrs. Lewis's to give some directions concerning a dress, and to discuss with her a little plan, which she and her mother had been arranging for her benefit; and while they were conversing together, Mrs. Lewis's son, a boy about sixteen, entered the room exclaiming:

"Mother, I have just seen Mr. Hartwell, and he says I am old enough now to commence my trade, and he is coming by and by, to talk with you about it."

At the mention of Mr. Hartwell's name, Lucy felt an unwonted beating of the heart, while Mrs. Lewis said:

"I believe I told you, Lucy, some time ago, that one of the Odd-Fellows was going to take Charles to learn him a trade. I regret to part with him, he is so much assistance to me, but I am confident he will be much better off, under Mr. Hartwell's care than my own."

"And pray, who is Mr. Hartwell?" inquired Lucy, more interested in the answer, than Mrs. Lewis could possibly dream she would be.

"Why, he is an extensive builder, who at the time of my husband's death, promised to take Charles under his care, as soon as he was old enough to learn a trade. He belongs to the same Lodge of which Mr. Lewis was a member, and has been one of my warmest friends; indeed he is a friend to every one in trouble; just like you, Lucy; and I wish you could become acquainted with him; indeed you must see him, for I want you to confirm my opinion of him, for I think him one of the most noble, manly and generous hearted men, I ever knew; and if you want a good husband, Lucy, just set your cap for Mr Hartwell."

"And supposing it should not fit?" said Lucy smiling. "I should then be in an awkward situation."

"Oh, no fear of that, I am sure," replied Mrs. Lewis, "for you are just fitted for each other."

Whether it was a mere feeling of curiosity, to know whether this paragon of Mrs. Lewis's was the same person who had so often haunted her dreams, or, whether feeling sure, she wished to avail herself of this opportunity for an introduction to one who had so favorably impressed her heart, or whether she had in reality further urgent business with Mrs. Lewis, that induced her to prolong her call, I will leave my readers to judge. She had not waited long, however, when Mr. Hartwell was announced.

A glance of surprise, and half-recognition, was visible in the countenance of Edwin, as he observed Lucy, while at the same time, Mrs. Lewis gave a formal introduction.

"I am happy to meet you again, Miss Owen," he said, "under less melancholy circumstances than we first met."

After conversing awhile with Mrs. Lewis in regard to her son, he again turned to Lucy, and commenced a conversation which so interested her, that she quite forgot it was growing toward dusk, and suddenly observing it, she arose to go, saying to Mrs. Lewis that she had staid longer than she ought.

Edwin noticed the unconsciously half alarmed look which passed over her face; and rising he politely asked permission to attend her home; saying, that it might be dark before she would reach there.

It so happened that Edwin had not learned Lucy's name until her introduction by Mrs. Lewis, and he had been revolving in his mind, whether she could possibly be the daughter of William Owen, when at last all doubt was removed by her informing him that her home was in —— Place, the well known residence of Mr. Owen; and a sort of painful feeling came over him, as he thought of her being the daughter of one whom he felt had acted so ungenerous a part toward his father. He knew too, that her father considered as infinitely below his own station one engaged in mechanical pursuits, and a shadow seemed passing over certain bright visions he had been indulging; but he felt sure that Lucy must be wholly unlike her father, and when they reached the door of their beautiful mansion, he had no desire to refuse the gentle voice which invited him to enter.

Confident of his own integrity and lofty principle, and feeling sure that Lucy did not regard him with indifference, Edwin resolved to continue his visits, notwithstanding the anticipated disapproval of Mr. Owen; though he felt confident that every successive visit, was making it more difficult to relinquish his fond hopes, should he be obliged to do so; and Lucy if she had been taught to look with disdain upon mechanics, had either forgotten or quite disregarded the lesson; for while all the fine flatteries and tender avowals of the numerous titled and untitled sons of wealth who courted her favor fell unheeded upon her ear; every word and look of Edwin Hartwell's was treasured in her inmost soul.

The human heart is indeed an inexplicable mystery; unfathomable alike to ourselves and others. Within its depths lie all the passions, the affections, that afflict, or bless mankind. Cold and passive they may have lain in the still waters—but they are there, ready to leap forth at the call of responsive spirits.

To Lucy Owen, the sweet dreams of the past were now real-

ized. She had dreamed of a spirit that could echo back the tones of hers; of a heart that beat responsive to her own; of a soul that would return her fond idolatry and shrine her feelings in its holy urn. That dream was realized in Edwin Hartwell; upon her heart his sweet tones had fallen, and they had sent strange music through her soul.

Mr. Owen had for the last few years been entirely ignorant of Mr. Hartwell's family, and though Edwin was known to him by reputation as a builder, he was unaware of his being the son of his old friend. Had he known this, he might not have approved his daughter's inclination; for many a time in his thoughtful moments, had he regretted the course he had pursued with Mr. Hartwell; and he might have felt that he could in this way somewhat atone for his former conduct, or at least manifest something of his early friendship. He had heard Edwin warmly praised by those who had dealings with him, as a man of sterling worth; and he had more than once in conversation with him at his house, felt himself rebuked by the unflinching integrity of principle he discovered, while conversing upon business operations, and he knew that such a character would more surely win the heart of his daughter, than all the allurements that mere wealth or station could offer.

But there were many who visited his house, drawn there by the gentle virtues and moral loveliness of his daughter, as well as his station in society, whose worth, united with wealth and rank, he thought she might appreciate; and he wished her choice to fall upon one of those, rather than upon one who, though he might be equally heart-worthy, he felt would pursue a less brilliant career; and he said much to his daughter to dissuade her from fixing her affections upon him.

Edwin, who had now given and received the sweet promise of undying love, resolved therefore, with the advice of Mrs. Owen, who warmly approved her daughter's choice, to defer for the present making any proposals to Mr. Owen, and to wait a more favorable opportunity; and Mr. Owen, unaware of any engagement, thought the impression would soon wear away; and in the increasing engrossment of business, he seldom saw Edwin, and for a while thought no more of it.

CHAPTER VII.

"Time, which brings some change to all," did not pass silently by the characters of my story. Mr. Hartwell had recommenced business near his old stand in G——— street, and his established reputation for integrity and honest dealing insured to him his old customers, and gained many new ones. Success had crowned his efforts; and although he had not regained the amount of property he before possessed, he had enough to amply supply his own wants, and to assist the needy and unfortunate; for his own misfortunes, caused by assisting others, had not made him grow more selfish or less mindful of the well-being of others.

How much good which would eventually return doubly blessed into their own hearts, might be effected by those who have the means of assisting indigent worth and ambitious poverty. In our own country, where every one rises by his own exertions, what an encouragement and incentive to effort is a little assistance at the commencement of a young man's career, when often the only bright spot in his horizon is the beaming star of Hope, which becomes the incentive to that indomitable spirit of enterprise and perseverance which characterizes the young men of our country. It may be said that a young man eventually succeeds better when left entirely to his own resources! There are some men who seem to have the faculty of turning every thing they touch into money; who would get rich upon an iceberg! Let such plod on—they need no help. But there are others—thousands of noble-hearted, promising young men, in all professions and trades, who, though they may lack the creative power to make money out of nothing, would make fortunes out of a little money, if that little were to be had. There are many pursuing the different trades, who have no desire or capability to engage in business on their own responsibility; but to an ambitious mind, it is a long time to look forward to the slow accumulation of weekly wages, saved from necessary expenditure, to swell to a sufficient amount to commence business for themselves; and in many trades it would be a thing quite impossible, in this way, to raise a sufficient amount. Many a young man enters a profession, poor in all but the rich gifts of mind and heart, with his soul bent on future success and distinction. He toils and delves through the interim of study hours, and is often obliged to shorten those hours, so precious and so necessary, too, in order to defray the necessary expense of keeping body and soul together, and often passes sleepless nights, in study or hard work, or in contriving some way to obtain an absolute necessary—or to pay a bill—or to reduce his already doubly curtailed expenses. Well! all this he can endure; it will do him good, perhaps—for it is the means of discovering hidden and unknown resources within himself; of awakening slumbering energies and unsuspected capabilities; of arousing dormant faculties, and training them for future conflict and warfare: but when this struggle is gloriously gone through, and the ordeal, which decides the requisite ability, is passed, it is then that he absolutely needs, and is entitled to, assistance. He must then look to others, in a great measure, for an oportunity to test those energies he has been training for service. Yet how seldom is it that young men in either profession, unless it be the ministry, except by some accident or wonderful good fortunes, are able, for a few years at least, to pay even their own necessary expenses. What heart strugglings come then! what trials undreamed of in the days when every thing was borne in anticipation of brighter days, whose terrible experience eclipses the deepest gloom of the past. How does he then need encouragement and assistance; yet all stand aloof from employing untested powers, and will give employment to those rolling in wealth, rather than to those who would task every power to serve them, and whose first effort might secure their fame and fortune. And how would a small sum (well spared) from burdened coffers, give relief to agonized feelings, and continued impulse to disheartened effort! and yet there are but a few who are willing to lend to a young man in most circumstances, who, though poor, could give that best of all securities—an omnipotent resolution, and unconquerable perseverance.

Mr. Hartwell was ever ready to assist with his counsels, his influence, and his purse, those deserving of either; and many a man of wealth and fame, now in New York, can attribute their success to his generous assistance in their first efforts and struggles. Mr. Hartwell had associated his youngest son with himself. Fortune had showered golden smiles upon Edwin; his business had been flourishing, and common fame reported him a wealthy man: while the changeful tide of speculation, the fitful rise and fall of stocks, with many another cause which often come in troops, seemed all combined to work the ruin of Mr Owen; and while he made every effort to extricate himself from increasing difficulties, he seemed to plunge the deeper into trouble, and he almost despaired of saving himself from entire ruin.

He now deeply regretted that he had not complied with the desire of his wife and daughter, and his own previous intentions, to retire from business while an ample fortune was in his possession. But the desire for more wealth had been constantly increasing upon him, until he could find no limit to his once prescribed desires.

What unsatisfying dreams are for ever pursuing man's goalless chase for wealth. The little cottage, with the pleasant garden, which once bounded his desires, changes successively to broader lands, and statelier mansions, till at length naught can satisfy his desires but the crown-royal of opulence and grandeur; and he goes on piling up gold to reach the summit of his ever heaping desires, where he expects to rest at last upon the summit of his golden Alps, and inhabit some enchanted castle of his dreams, whence some magic wand shall dispel all sad realities, and people it with visions of unwasted beauty; and he may pursue even with the tottering step of age, the glittering phantom of his chase, till he reaches the length of that cord which bounds his earthly steps, and be buried at last outside the city of his hopes.

Unlooked for misfortunes had shattered the fabric of Mr. Owen's lofty hopes, and he now determined, if he could release

himself from his present embarrassment, he would be content with the property he still possessed; which, if made available, would be enough to furnish all the comforts of life in some pleasant country home, which had ever been the hoped-for retreat of his wife and daughter. But now came a new difficulty; he had, a short time previous, in order to satisfy present demands, mortgaged his real estate, for a short time only, not in the least doubting he would be able to meet the payment when it became due. The mortgage was now nearly due, and, contrary to his expectations, he found himself unable to meet the payment of it. As long as he could preserve his credit, he had no fear of being able to arrange his affairs favorably, and save a handsome sum; but he knew the disposition of his mortgagee, and feared an immediate foreclosure; and he well knew that the public sale of his property would destroy his credit, and thus render his ruin unavoidable. Then came the thought of leaving his beautiful home—of descending from the elevated station in society which his family had so long enjoyed—of poverty—hopeless poverty for his wife and children, whom he tenderly loved, and which he might have avoided had he more moderately bounded his desires—and the thought was agony—and he cursed himself for his mad ambition.

Then, too, came the thoughts of the friend who had always so readily assisted him in former years. The sense of his own ungenerous conduct toward Mr. Hartwell, had made him avoid him since that time; but he knew that he had become re-established in business, and was able, and he doubted not would be willing, to assist him; but he dared not—was ashamed to apply to him for help.

Nothing could now save him but some favorable arrangement with his mortgagee, which he almost despaired of effecting. He had now sent his lawyer to him to see what could be done, and while he is walking his room in a state of fearful and agonizing suspense awaiting his return, we will listen to a conversation being carried on in Mr. Hartwell's counting-room.

"But are you sure, Edwin, that Mr. Owen's affairs are in so bad a state?"

"Yes, it must be so, or he would not be obliged to mortgage his real estate."

"Is it possible that William Owen has mortgaged his place?"

"Yes, I am sure it is so; for I have the mortgage now in my own hands. I took it to-day as payment in part for the row of buildings I have been putting up on B——— street. It was the first I knew of his embarrassment, and I made immediate inquiries, and found his affairs are in a very critical state."

"And does Lucy know nothing of it?"

"I think not; for she told me a few days ago her father had been very much depressed lately, but avoided giving any reason for it."

"Poor Owen! he dreads the disclosure to his wife and daughter; and I can appreciate his feelings; and is there no way to help him? Now is the time, Edwin, to put our principle in practice."

"Yes; and assistance will not come ill-timed now, either; for Brown assured me that if he kept the mortgage himself, he should make a foreclosure, if Owen could not pay immediately, for he has a spite against him, and does not care to accommodate him. He gave me the choice of accepting that or waiting for the money. I eagerly accepted the mortgage, knowing that a foreclosure now would ruin Owen, and determined to let you have it to dispose of as you choose. You have now the same power over Owen he once had over you; and there will have to be a disposal of it soon, for it comes due in a couple of days."

"Yes; and I will have my revenge now," said Mr. Hartwell, smiling. "I will buy the mortgage of you; if you are in want of ready money, I can pay you down half now, and the remainder in a few weeks."

"I am not in want of it at present," replied Edwin; "it is yours to do as you choose;" so saying, he handed him the paper and left the store. He had but just stepped into the street, when he met Mr. Owen's lawyer, who stopped him, saying he wished to make some arrangement concerning a mortgage on Mr. Owen's estate, which he understood was now in his possession.

"I have just disposed of it to my father, Mr. Joseph Hartwell," replied Edwin. "You will find him in his counting-room."

The lawyer then entered Mr. Hartwell's store, and made known his business to him; saying that Mr. Owen was unable to meet the payment now, and would be glad of an extension of time.

"I shall be happy to make any arrangement favorable to Mr. Owen," replied Mr. Hartwell; "please be seated, sir, a few minutes, and I will myself write a note to Mr. Owen."

In a few minutes he handed a note to the lawyer, begging him to hand it to Mr. Owen, as that would settle the matter.

"Well, what have you done?" inquired Mr. Owen of his agent as he entered his room, almost dreading his reply.

"Nothing with Brown," replied the lawyer; "the mortgage has passed out of his hands"

"To whom?" asked Mr. Owen, quickly, a ray of hope darting into his soul.

"To a Mr. Hartwell."

"Hartwell! what Hartwell?" exclaimed Mr. Owen, with undefinable emotion.

"Mr. Joseph Hartwell, the merchant, has it now," replied the agent.

"Joseph Hartwell! can it be possible! have you seen him?" exclaimed Mr. Owen, trembling with emotion.

"I have called on him, and here is a note he desired me to give you, which he said would settle the matter. I have not dined yet, and will see you again in an hour." So saying, the agent handed Mr. Owen the note, and left the house.

Trembling with emotion, Mr. Owen hastily broke the seal, and read as follows:

"Dear Sir: In a life subject to such constant changes as ours, there are but very few who escape the common accidents and ills of life, and who do not, some time in the course of their lives, need assistance from others. It has always been a rule with me from my childhood, and one, thank God, which I have never violated, always to act toward others as I would wish them to act toward me. I have in my hands a mortgage on your estate, which comes due on the twenty-eighth of this month. Understanding that you are at present somewhat embarrassed in business, I beg that you will not give yourself the least uneasiness regarding it. You are at liberty to take your own time for paying it, and any assistance which I can render you in any way, will be most cheerfully given.

"Imploring the blessing of God upon yourself and family, I remain as ever your friend. Joseph Hartwell."

Surprise, joy, thankfulness, remorse, and a thousand varied emotions, swelled the breast of Mr. Owen as he read the note, and bursting into tears he wept like a child.

As soon as his emotion had subsided, he seized his hat and hastened to Mr. Hartwell's store; not finding him there, he went to his house, and found him alone in his library. Clasping his hands, he exclaimed:

"Good God, Mr. Hartwell, you have saved me from ruin; me! who have so deeply injured you! What can I say?"

"Say nothing," replied Mr. Hartwell, his own eyes filling with tears; "I have only done toward you as I would have others do to me."

"Oh! if I had obeyed that rule, I should not now suffer such bitter reproaches of conscience; but I deserve it for my base conduct toward one who was ever my best friend. You have saved me from ruin which would have been unavoidable had it not been for your kindness. How can I thank you? What can I do to show my gratitude?"

"I wish no reward, Mr. Owen; it is sufficient for me to know that I have done my duty. But here comes a son of mine, who would perhaps like to ask a favor," said he, as Edwin just then entered the room.

Mr. Owen turned toward Edwin, and exclaimed in surprise:

"Mr. Hartwell! is it possible you are the son of my old friend? and yet I might have known it had I made one inquiry; but having ambitious views for my daughter, I endeavored to dissuade her from thinking of you, without knowing anything further than that you were a mechanic; and I supposed, until

quite recently, that she had forgotten you. Forgive me for treating you so indifferently. I can guess what you would ask; and I assure you I do not now fear to trust my daughter with the son of Joseph Hartwell; and she is worthy of you."

"Come, Lucy," said Mr. Owen the next morning, "go down with me and select your bridal dress, and tell Mrs. Lewis to have it ready in three weeks."

"In three weeks, father—why, ——"

"Yes, in three weeks; Mr. Hartwell is ready, and you don't need any longer time to prepare. You have waited long enough for my consent, and I am now as anxious you should marry Edwin Hartwell as I was before unwilling."

Mrs. Lewis declared her willingness to do all in her power to hasten the union of two hearts which she was sure were made for each other. The bridal dress was ready, and at the appointed time a few friends witnessed the marriage of Edwin Hartwell and Lucy Owen.

Four years have passed away since this event. Edwin Hartwell is still pursuing his business in New York, cheered and made happy by the affection of his lovely wife; but neither their perfect happiness in each other, nor the duties of their own family, can make them forget or neglect the sufferings and necessities of the needy and unfortunate around them, who ever find in them ready assistance and sympathy.

Mr. Owen has been made a better man by his experience. Owing to the forgiving spirit of Mr. Hartwell, he was able, by his assistance, to affect such an arrangement in his business as enabled him to retire with a handsome income to a pleasant seat a few miles from the city, where he is endeavoring to cultivate anew those virtues which had been well nigh rooted from his heart.

Mr. Joseph Hartwell has transferred his business to his youngest son, and sought that retirement so congenial with declining years, with the consciousness of a well-spent life, and increasing love to God and man enhances all his other enjoyments.

My reader, do you wish to be rich? Has your eye caught a golden bauble which you are bent upon securing? Do not, in your giddy chase, trample upon those sweet flowers of virtue which would fain blossom in your pathway, and preserve you from the corrupting influence which breathes around. Barter not those manly principles, noble feelings, and virtuous aspirations, which are struggling for life within thee, and which are to thee a truer glory than all the jewels that ever sparkled in a kingly crown. Your own self-respect and approving conscience will be to you a far greater treasure than the extra thousands you might have purchased at the sacrifice of these priceless gems.

Has any one injured you? and is the desire for revenge rankling in your bosom, burning to be satisfied?

Would you seek such revenge as will come down with the heaviest curse upon your enemy, and burn like heaping coals of fire upon his head, while it sweetly satisfies your own soul? there is no surer way to effect this than to kindly return GOOD FOR EVIL.

A contributor to the the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press, thus apostrophizes the prairies:

Great western waste of bottom land,
  Flat as a pancake, rich as grease!
Where gnats are full as big as toads,
  And 'skeeters are as big as geese!
O, lonesome, windy, grassy place,
  Where buffaloes and snakes prevail;
The first with dreadful looking face,
  The last with dreadful sounding tail!
I'd rather live on camel's rump,
  And be a yankee doodle beggar,
Than where they never see a stump,
  And shake to death with fever n'ager!

EPIGRAM.

Why should all girls, a wit exclaimed,
  Surprising *farmers* be?
Because they're always studying
  The art of *husbandry*.

"Tell your mistress that I have torn the curtain," said a gentleman to a punning domestic of his lodging-house. "Very well, sir; mistress will put it down as *rent*."

Romance of History.

PRESCOTT'S CONQUEST OF PERU.*

[THE reader will find the following able review of Prescott's recent history of the Conquest of Peru intensely interesting—more so than any story with which we could fill the same space. It is from Blackwood's Magazine for July.]

THE world's history contains no chapter more striking and attractive than that comprising the narrative of Spanish conquest in the Americas. Teeming with interest to the historian and philosopher, to the lover of daring enterprise and marvelous adventure, it is full of fascination. On the vast importance of the discovery of a western hemisphere, vying in size, as it one day, perhaps, may compete in civilization and power, with its eastern rival, it were idle to expatiate. But the manner of its conquest commands unceasing admiration. It needs the concurring testimony of a host of chroniclers and eye-witnesses to convince succeeding generations that the hardships endured, the perils surmounted, the victories obtained, by the old Conquistadores of Mexico and Peru, were as real as their record is astounding. The subjugation of vast and populous empires by petty detachments of adventurers, often scantily provided and ignorantly led—the extraordinary daring with which they risked themselves, a few score strong, into the heart of unknown countries, and in the midst of hostile millions, require strong confirmation to obtain credence. Exploits so romantic go near to realize the feats of those fabulous paladins who, cased in impervious steel and wielding enchanted lance, overthrow armies as a Quixote scattered merinos. Hardly, when the tale is put before us in the quaint and garrulous chronicle of an Oviedo or a Zarate, can we bring ourselves to accept it as history, not as the wild invention of imaginative monks, beguiling conventual leisure by the composition of fantastical romance. And the man who undertakes, at the present day, to narrate in all their details the exploits and triumphs of a Cortes or a Pizarro, allots himself no slight task. A clear head and a sound judgment, great industry and a skilful pen, are needed to do justice to the subject; to extract and combine the scraps of truth buried under mountains of fiction and misrepresentation, to sift facts from the partial accounts of Spanish jurists and officials, and to correct the boastful misrepresentations of insolent conquerors. The necessary qualities have been found united in the person of an accomplished American author. Already favorably known by his histories of the eventful and chivalrous reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of the exploits of the Great Marquis and his iron followers, Mr. Prescott has added to his well-merited reputation by his narrative of the Conquest of Peru. In its compilation he has spared no pains. Private collections and public libraries, the archives of Madrid and the manuscripts of the Escurial, he has ransacked and collated. And he has been so scrupulously conscientious as to send to Lima for a copy of the portrait whose engraving faces his title-page. But although his materials had to be procured from many and distant countries, their collection appears to have occasioned him less trouble than their abundance.

The comrades and contemporaries of Pizarro were afflicted with a scribbling mania. They have left masses of correspondence, of memoranda and personal diaries, contradictory of each other, often absurd in their exaggerations and childish in their triviality. From this farrago has Mr. Prescott had to cull—a labor of no trifling magnitude, whose result is most creditable to him. And to our admiration of his talents are added feelings of strong sympathy, when we read his manly and affecting account of the painful circumstances under which the work was done. Deprived by an accident of the sight of one eye, the other has for years been so weak as at times to be useless to him for all purposes of reading or writing. At intervals he was able to read print several hours a day, but manuscript was far more trying to his impaired vision, and writing was only possible through those aids by which even the stone-blind may accomplish it. But when he could read, although only by daylight, he felt, he says, satisfied with being raised so nearly to a level with the rest of his species, unfortunately the evil increases. "The sight of my eye has become gradually dimmed, while the sensibility of the nerve has been so far increased, that for several weeks of the last year I have not opened a volume, and through the whole time I have not had the use of it, on an average, for more than an hour a day." Sustained by love of letters, and assisted by readers and amanuenses, the student and scholar has triumphed over these cruel disadvantages, surmounted all obstacles, and produced three long and important historical

* HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF PERU: With a Preliminary View of the Civilization of the Incas. By William Prescott, author of a "History of the Conquest of Mexico," &c. New York: Harper and Brothers, Publishers.

works, conspicuous by their impartiality, research and elegance; entitling him to an exceedingly honorable position among writers in the English tongue, and to one of the very loftiest places in the as yet scantily filled gallery of American men of letters. The last of these works, of which Pizarro is the hero and Peru the scene, yields nothing in merit or interest to its predecessors.

The discovery of America infected Europe with a fever of exploration. Scarce a country was there, possessing a sea-frontier, whence expeditions did not proceed with a view to appropriate a share of the spoils and territory of the new-found "El Dorado." In these ventures, Spain, fresh from her long and bloody struggle with the Moor and abounding in fierce unsettled spirits, eager for action and adventure, took a prominent part. The conquest of Cortes followed hard upon the discoveries of Columbus: Dutch, English and Portuguese pushed their investigations in all directions; and, in less than thirty years from its first discovery, the whole eastern coast of both Americas was explored from north to south. The vast empire of Mexico was added to the Spanish crown, and the mother country was glutted and intoxicated by the Pactolus that flowed from this new possession. But enterprize was not yet exhausted, or thirst of gold satiated, and Balboa's discovery of the Pacific gave fresh stimulus to both. Rumor had long spoken of lands, as yet untrodden by European foot, where the precious metals were abundant and worthless as the sand upon the sea-beach. Years elapsed before any well directed attempt was made to reach these golden shores. With a view to discovery and traffic in the Pacific, a settlement was made on the southern side of the Isthmus of Darien, and the town of Panama was built. But the armaments that were fitted out took a westerly direction, in hopes to realize a fixed idea of the Spanish government relative to an imaginary strait intersecting the Isthmus. At last an expedition sailed southward, but soon returned, owing to the bad health of its commander. This was in 1522. The moment and the man had not yet arrived. They came, two years later; Pizarro appeared, ond Peru was discovered.

But the discovery was comparatively a trifling matter. There lay the long line of coast, stretching south-eastward from Panama; the navigator disposed to explore it, had but to spread his sails, keep the land in sight, and take the risk of the hidden shoals and reefs that might lie in his course. The seas to be crossed were often tempestuous: the country intervening between St. Michael's Gulf and the southern empire, whose rumored wealth and civilization wrought so potently upon Spanish imagination, was peopled by fierce and war-like tribes. Shipwreck was to be dreaded, and a landing might for weeks or months be unsafe, if not impracticable. But what were such secondary dangers contrasted with the perils, doubly terrible from their unknown and mysterious nature, incurred by the sanguine Genoese and his bold companions, when they turned their brigantine's prow westward from Europe, and sailed—they know not whither? Here the path was comparatively plain, and the goal ascertained; and although risks must be dared, reward was tolerably certain: for further tidings of the Peruvian empire had reached the ears of the Spaniards, less shadowy and incomplete than the vague hints received by Balboa from an Indian chief. Andagoya, the officer whom illness had compelled to abandon an expedition when it was scarcely commenced, had brought back intelligence far more explicit, obtained from Indian traders who had penetrated by land into the empire of the Incas, as far (so he says in his own manuscript, comprised in Navarrete's collection) as its capital city of Cuzco. They spoke of a pagan but civilized land, opulent and flourishing; they described the divisions of its provinces, the wealth of its cities, the manners and usages of its inhabitants. But had their description been far more minute and glowing, the imagination of those who received the accounts would still have outstripped reality and possibility. Those were the days of golden visions and chimerical day-dreams.

In the fancy of the greedy and credulous Spaniards, each corner of the New World contained treasures, compared to which the golden trees and jewelled fruits of Aladdin's garden were paste and tinsel. The exaggerated reports of those adventurers who returned wealth-laden to Spain, were swollen by repetition to dimensions which enchantment only could have realized. No marvels were too monstrous and unwieldly for the craving gullet of popular credulity. "They listened with attentive ears to tales of Amazons, which seemed to revive the classic legends of antiquity, to stories of Patagonian giants, to flaming pictures of an *El Dorado*, where the sands sparkled with gems, and golden pebbles as large as birds' eggs were dragged in nets out of the rivers." And expeditions were actually undertaken in search of a magical Fountain of Health, of golden sepulchres and temples. The Amazons and the water of life are still to be discovered; but as to golden temples and jewelled sands, their equivalents, at least, were forthcoming—not for the many, but for a chosen and lucky few. Of the fortunes of these the record is preserved; of the misfortunes of those comparatively little is told us. We hear of the thousands of golden "castellanos that fell to the lot of men, who a moment previously, were without a maravedi in their tattered pouches; we find no catalogue of the fever-stricken victims who left their bones in the noxious districts of Panama and Castillo de Oro. And those who achieved riches, earned them hardly by peril and privation, although, in the magnificence of the plunder, past sufferings were quickly forgotten. Thrice did Pizarro and his daring companions sail southward; countless were their hardships, bitter their disappointments, before the sunshine of success rewarded their toils, revealing to them treasures that must in some degree have appeased even their appetite for lucre. They came suddenly upon a town whose inhabitants, taken by surprise, fled in consternation, abandoning their property to the invaders.

It was the emerald region, and great store of the gems fell into the hands of the Spaniards. Pizarro had one as large as a pigeon's egg. A quantity of crowns and other ornaments, clumsily fashioned, but of pure gold and silver, were more to the taste of the ignorant conquerors, who were sceptical as to the value of the jewels. "Many of them," says Pedro Pizarro, whose rough, straightforward account of the discovery and conquest of Peru is frequently quoted by Mr. Prescott, "had emeralds of great value; some tried them upon anvils, striking them with hammers, saying, that if they were genuine, they would not break; others despised them, and affirmed that they were glass." A cunning monk, one of the missionaries whom Pizarro had been ordered by the Spanish government to take out in his ships, encouraged this opinion, in order to buy up the emeralds as their market value declined. The specie, however, was of immense amount, if the authority just quoted may be depended upon. He talks of two hundred thousand castellanos, the commercial value of which was equivalent to more than half a million sterling. This from one village, of no great size or importance. It was a handsome earnest of future spoils, and of the mountain of gold which, as an Inca's ransom, awaited the Spaniards at Cuzco.

In these days, when the rumored existence of a land previously unknown provokes expeditions authorized and fitted out by half the maritime powers of Europe, and when great nations risk the peace of the world for the possession of a paltry Pacific islet, the small degree of vigor shown by the Spanish crown in pushing its American discoveries fills us with surprise. Take Peru as an instance.

The Isthmus of Darien was colonized by Spaniards; Mexico was theirs, and the armaments sent by Pedrarias from Panama to explore in a north-westerly direction, had met at Honduras the conquerors of the Aztecs, the brave and fortunate companions of Hernan Cortes. One empire had received the Spanish yoke; at Panama the foot of the European was on the threshold of another; but there it paused, desirous, yet fearing, to proceed. No aid or encouragement to enterprise was afforded from Spain; it was left to private capital and individual daring further to extend colonies already so vast. A priest found the money; two veteran soldiers, of low extraction, desperate fortunes, and brave spirit, undertook the risk. The most remarkable of the three men who thus formed a partnership for the conquest of kingdoms, could neither read nor write, was illegitimate, and a foundling. "He was born in Truxillo," says Gomara, in his 'Historia de las Indias;' "was left at the door of a church, and for a certain number of days he sucked a sow, none being willing to give him milk." Young Pizarro subsequently requited this porcine nourishment by taking care of his foster-mother's relatives. The chief occupation of his youth was that of a swineherd. Gomara's account of his birth, however, is only one of many, various and contradictory in their details. The fact is that very little is known of the early years of Francisco Pizarro. His valor and soldierly qualities he doubtless inherited from his father, a Spanish colonel of infantry, who served with distinction in Italy and Navarre. Neither from him nor from his mother, a person of low condition, did he receive much parental attention. Even the date of his birth is a matter of doubt, and has been differently stated by different chroniclers. He cannot, however, have been far from fifty when he started on his Peruvian expedition. During the fourteen previous years he had followed the fortunes of Ojeda, Balboa, and other Spanish-American adventurers, until at last the opportunity offered for himself to assume a command to which he proved in every way competent. His rank was that of captain, and the number of men under his orders made but a slender company, when, in the month of November, 1524, he left the port of Panama, on board a small vessel, indifferently provided, and of no great seaworthiness. About a hundred adventurers (some accounts say eighty, others a hundred and twenty,) stalwart, stout-hearted fellows, for the most part of no very reputable description, composed the powerful army destined to invade a populous empire. They started under many disadvantages. Almagro, Pizarro's partner

in the undertaking, who was to follow in another ship, as soon as it could be got ready, had had the victualing of that on which his colleague embarked, and he had performed the duty in a slovenly manner, reckoning that, upon a coasting voyage, supplies might be obtained from shore. Landing for this purpose, a few leagues south of the river Biru, Pizarro could procure nothing beside wood and water. A tremendous storm came on; for ten days the ship was in imminent danger, tossed by the furious waves; rations ran short, and two ears of Indian corn were each man's daily allowance. Thus poorly nourished, and in a crazy ship, they struggled with desperate energy against the fury of the tropical tempest. Only a miracle, as it seemed, could have saved them, and yet they escaped. The vessel bore Pizarro and his fortunes.

This first expedition, however, resulted in nothing, except much suffering and discontent. On landing, after the storm, the voyagers found themselves in a desolate and unproductive country, covered with tangled forests, untenanted even by beasts or birds. No living creatures were visible except noxious insects—no food was obtainable, save herbs and berries, unpalatable, and often poisonous.

The men desponded, and would fain have returned to Panama; but Pizarro, with much difficulty, appeased their murmurs, and sending back the ship to the Isle of Pearls for provisions, attempted to explore the country. On all sides stretched gloomy forests, matted with creepers, and penetrable only with axe in hand; habitations there were none; the bitter buds of the palm, and an occasional stranded shell-fish, were the best entertainment offered by that inhospitable region to the weary and disheartened wanders, some of whom actually perished by famine. At last, after many weeks' misery, an Indian village was discovered. The Spaniards rushed upon it like starving wolves upon a sheep-fold, and got a small supply of food, chiefly maize and cocoa nuts. Here, also, they received further tidings of the golden southern realm that had lured them on this luckless voyage. "Ten day's journey across the mountains," the Indians told Pizarro, "there dwelt a mighty monarch, whose dominions had been invaded by one still more powerful—the Child of the Sun." They referred to the kingdom of Quito, which the warlike Inca, Huayna Capaca, had added, some thirty years previously, to the empire of Peru.

Six long weeks of hunger and misery had elapsed, when the ship returned with a good store of provision. Revived by the seasonable supply, the adventurers were now as eager to prosecute their voyage as they shortly before had been to abandon it; and leaving Famine Port, the name given by Pizarro to the scene of their sufferings, they again sailed southward. When next they landed, it was to plunder an Indian village of its provisions and gold. Here they found traces of cannibalism. "In the pots for the dinner, which stood upon the fire," says Herera, in his "Historia General de las Indias," "among the flesh which they took out, were feet and hands of men, whence they knew that those Indians were Caribs,"—the Caribs being the only cannibals as yet known in that part of the New World. This discovery drove the horrified Spaniards to their ships, from which they again landed at Punto Quemado, the limit of their first expedition. The sturdy resistance they there met from some warlike savages, in a skirmish, with whom they had two men killed and many wounded (Pizarro himself receiving seven wounds,) made them reflect on the temerity of proceeding further with such a scanty force. Their ship, too, was in a crippled state, and in a council of war it was decided to return to Panama, and seek the countenance and assistance of the governor for the further prosecution of the enterprise.

Without attempting to follow Mr. Prescott through his detailed and interesting account of Pizarro's difficulties, struggles, and adventures, during the six years that intervened between his first departure from Panama, and his commencement of the conquest of Peru, we will glance at the character and deeds of a few of his comrades. The principle of these was Diego de Almagro, a brave and honorable soldier, who placed a confidence in his leader which the sequel shows was scarcely merited. A foundling like Pizarro, like him he was uneducated, and unable to sign his name to the singular covenant by which the two, in concert with Father Luke (the Spanish ecclesiastic, who found the funds for the expedition,) agreed, upon oath, and in the name of God and the Holy Evangelists, to divide among them in equal shares, all the lands, treasures, gold, silver, precious stones, and other property, that might accrue as the result of their enterprise. For in such terms "three obscure individuals coolly carved out, and partitioned among themselves, an empire of whose extent, power, and resources, of whose situation, of whose existence even they had no sure and precise knowledge." Contented at first with the post of second in command, it does not appear whether it was on his own solicitation hat Almagro was named by the governor of Panama Pizarro's tqual in the second expedition. This domination greatly mortified Pizarro, who suspected Almagro of having sought it, and did not neglect, when the opportunity offered, on his visit to the Court of Charles the Fifth, to repay him in kind. As far as can be gathered from the mass of conflicting evidence, Almagro was frank in disposition and straightforward in his dealings, but hasty in temper, and of ungovernable passions. When he had dispatched Pizarro on the first voyage, he lost the least possible time in following him, tracing his progress by the concerted signal of notches on the trees. In this manner he descended the coast of Punto Quemado, and in his turn, had a fight with the natives, whose village he burned, and drove them into the woods. In this affair he lost an eye by a javelin wound. Passing Pizarro's vessel without observing it, he pushed on to the mouth of the river San Juan, whence he returned to Panama, having gone further, suffered less, and collected more gold than his friend. At this time, however, great amity and mutual reliance existed between them; although not long afterward we find them quarreling fiercely, and only prevented by the interposition of their subordinates from settling their differences sabre in hand.

Bartholomew Ruiz, an Andalusian pilot, a native of that village of Moguer which supplied Columbus with many seamen for his first voyage, also played an important part in the earlier researches of the discoveries of Peru. Upon the second voyage, when the two ships had reached the river of San Juan, he was detached in one of them to explore the coast, and soon made the little island of Gallo, in two degrees of north latitude. The hostile demonstration of the natives prevented his landing, and he continued his course southward, along a coast crowded with spectators.

"They stood gazing on the vessel of the white man, as it glided smoothly into the crystal waters of the bay, fancying it, says an old writer, some mysterious being descended from the skies."

The occount of Ruiz's voyage, although it occupied but a few weeks, and was comparatively devoid of adventure, has a romantic and peculiar charm. The first European, who, sailing in that direction on the Pacific crossed the equinoctial line, he was also the first who obtained occular proof of Peruvian civilization. He fell in with a "balsa," or native raft, consisting of beams lashed together, floored with reeds, guided by a rude rudder and rigged with a cotton square sail.

On board this primitive craft, still in use on the rivers and coast of South America—were several Indians, whose dresses and ornaments, showing a great ingenuity and progress in manufacturing art, excited his surprise and admiration.

"Mirrors mounted in silver," says a Spanish narrator of Ruiz's cruise, "and cups and other drinking vessels, blankets of cotton and wool, and shirts, and vests, and many other garments, embroidered for the most part with very rich embroideries of scarlet, and crimson, and blue, and yellow, and other colors, in various designs and figures of birds, and animals, and fishes, and trees; and they had small scales in the fashion of a steelyard, for weighing gold, and many other things."

Right musical to the ears of the Spaniards were the tales these Indians told of the abundance of the precious metals in the palaces of their king. Wood, according to their report, was scarcely more plentiful than silver and gold. And they enlarged upon the subject, until their auditors hardly dared credit the flattering accounts which, as they were soon to find, little exceeded the truth. Detaining a few of the Indians, that they might repeat their tale to Pizarro, and serve as interpreters, after they should have acquired the Spanish tongue, Ruiz prosecuted his voyage to about half a degree south of the line, and then returned to the place where his commander and comrades anxiously awaited him.

As pilot and navigator, old Ruiz rendered eminent services, and his courage and fidelity were equal to his nautical skill. In the former qualities another of Pizarro's little band, Pedro de Candia, a Greek cavalier, was no way his inferior, though his talents were rather of a military than a maritime caste. Soon after the return of Ruiz to the river San Juan, Almagro, who had been to Panama for reinforcements, made his appearance with recruits and stores. The pilot's report inspired all with enthusiasm, and "Southward ho!" was again the cry.

They reached the shores of Quito, and anchored off the port of Tacainez. Before them lay a large and rich town, whose population glittered with gold and jewels. Instead of the dark swamps and impervious forests where they had left the bones of many of their companions, the adventurers beheld groves of sandal and ebony extending to the very margin of the ocean; maize and potato fields, and cocoa plantations, gave promise of plenty; the streams washed down gold dust, and on the banks of one were quarries of emeralds. This charming scene brought water into the mouth of the Spaniards; but their wishes were not yet to be fulfilled; with the cup at their lips they were forbidden to taste.

(To be Continued.)

Choice Miscellany.

We copy the following from the Vermont Universalist Watchman. It is certainly a very beautiful thing, such as is not often met in a newspaper as original. It is without a signature. Who is it writes this, Bro. Ballou? Such a correspondent has no reason for being so modestly anonymous:

EARTH'S ANGELS.

Why come not spirits from the realms of glory
To visit earth as in the days of old,
The times of sacred writ and ancient story?
Is heaven more distant? or has earth grown cold?

Oft have I gazed when sunset clouds receding
Waved like rich banners of a host gone by,
To catch the gleam of some white pinion speeding
Along the confines of the glowing sky.

And oft when midnight stars in distant chillness
Were calmly burning, listened late and long,
But Nature's pulse beat on in solemn stillness
Bearing no echo of the seraph's song.

To Bethlehem's air was their last anthem given,
When other stars before The One grew dim?
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison?
Or where exalting martyrs raised their hymn?

And are they all within the veil departed?
There gleams no wing along the empyrean now;
And many a tear from human eyes has started,
Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow.

No: earth has angels, tho' their forms are molded,
But of such clay as fashions all below,
Though harps are wanting and bright pinions folded
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels, by the sick one's pillow,
Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless tread,
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow
They stood "between the living and the dead."

And if my sight by earthly dimness hindered
Beheld no hovering cherubim in air,
I doubted not, for spirits know their kindred,
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.

There have been angels in the gloomy prison,
In crowded halls—by the lone widow's hearth;
And where they passed, the fallen have uprisen—
The giddy paused—the mourner's hope had birth.

I have seen one whose eloquence commanding
Roused the rich echoes of the human breast;
The blandishments of wealth and ease withstanding,
That hope might reach the suffering and oppress.

And by his side there moved a Form of beauty
Strewing sweet flowers along his path of life,
And looking up with meek and love-lent duty;
I call her angel, but he called her Wife.

O many a spirit walks the world unheeded,
That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry crown.

Death and Sleep.—The Angel of Death and the Angel of Sleep walked over the whole earth, linked in a fraternal embrace. It was evening, and they laid themselves down on a hill overlooking the dwellings of man. A holy quiet prevailed around, and the evening bell had ceased in the neighboring village. Still and silent as in their wont, sat both the beneficent Spirits in a friendly embrace, and the beautiful night drew on. Then the Angel of Sleep raised himself from his mossy couch, and scattered with light hand the invisible grains of slumber; the evening breeze wafted them to the still abodes of the weary husbandmen. Sweet sleep steals over the inhabitants of the village cot, over the old man who leans upon his staff, and over the young child in its cradle. The sick forget their pain, the mourning their sorrows, the poor their cares. All eyes are closed. But now, his employment ended, the benevolent Angel of Sleep turned toward his more serious brother.

"When the morning light appears," exclaimed he with innocent joy, "men will give thanks to me as a friend and benefactor. Oh, what joy to bestow good in secret and unseen! How happy are we, the invisible messengers of the Good Spirit!"

So spake the friendly Angel of Sleep. The Angel of Death answered with quiet sadness, while tears such as the immortals weep stood in his large dark eyes—"Ah," said he, "would that I, too, like thee, might receive those joyful thanks! The world calls me its enemy and the destroyer of its gladness."

"Oh, my brother!" replied the Angel of Sleep, "will not the good at their awakening acknowledge thee their friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless thee? are we not brothers, and the messengers of one Father?"

Thus he spake, and the eyes of the Angel of Death gleamed more brightly as he tenderly embraced his brother Spirit.

[Translated from Von Krummacher.

THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

A little child, beneath a tree
Sat and chanted cheerily
A little song, a pleasant song,
Which was—she sang it all day long—
'When the wind blows the blossoms fall;
But a good God reigns over all.'

There passed a lady by the way,
Moaning in the face of day:
There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yester-morn,
And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped and listened to the child
That looked to heaven, and singing
And saw not for her own despair, [smil'd;
Another lady, young and fair,
Who also passing, stooped to hear
The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she but a few sad days before
Had lost the little babe she bore;
And grief was heavy at her soul
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And showed how bright had been the
The Present drear and overcast. [Past,

And as they stood beneath the tree
Listening, soothed and placidly,
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes
Spake of a load of miseries;
And he, arrested like the twain,
Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death had bowed the youthful head
Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed:
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shone,
When the destroyer smote her low,
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listened to the song,
Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,
Which that child, the livelong day,
Chanted to itself in play:
'When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all.'

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
The mother's grief, tho' unreproved,
Softened, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Conned it over to his heart.

And though the child—if child it were,
And not a seraph sitting there—
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly,
The song still ringing in their ears—
Was it music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know.
But in the midst of deepest woe
The strain recurred when sorrow grew,
To warn them, and console them too;
'When the wind blows the blossoms fall
But a good God reigns over all.'

Beautiful Flower and a Cheap Ornament.—There are no more beautiful ornaments around your dwelling than some twining, clustering vine, that will creep up the corners and around the posts or columns, and spread itself over your windows, as if in darkness to shelter you from the fiery sun, and soften the light as it comes through the casement.

Among the great variety of such plants which nature has furnished so profusely for the use of man, we greatly admire one of our native climbers, known by the appropriate name of *Morning Glory*. It is the *Convolvulus Sepium* of botanists. It is a native of our soil, and when planted in a suitable, rich place, will throw up a glorious mass of dark green, large, heart-shaped leaves, among which are thickly interspersed beautiful, delicate, trumpet-shaped flowers, tinted with rich pink and white colors, alternately disposed; the white in the angles of the broad petal, and the pink blending in and spreading into the main surface of the corolla. These flowers continue to appear from the last of June, till frosts come; and make a pleasing contrast with the dense foliage, as they peep out, here and there, like some large-eyed nymph, embowered in a thicket of leaves and twining stems. It is perennial, and when once planted in a suitable place, will continue for years, starting vigorously every spring, and requiring but little cultivation, and only a few strings by which it may cling as it lifts its tendrils in its upward growth.

By all means plant a few morning glories by your door. They are rich, beautiful and sinless, and will afford you many a peaceful thought and innocent pleasure during the summer and autumn; then the frosts come and it dies.

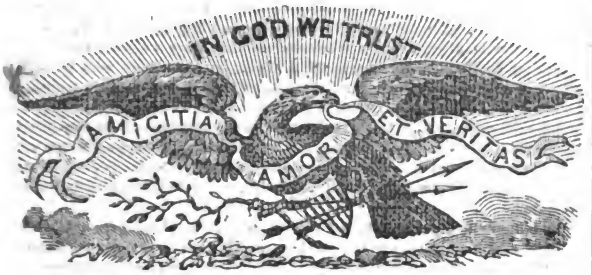
"Yon clambering vine, that courts our walls
With gay fantastic flowers,
And winds in graceful wreaths along
The fragrant garden bowers,
Still glories with brilliant gems, till fall
Blights Nature's sweetest charms,
Then leaves its grasp, and dies with all
That springs from Flora's arms." [Maine Farmer.

Close Quarters.—"I can tell you a better story than that," added the captain. "I felt pretty considerable frisky, one day, and I went up the lightning rod, hand over hand, as high as the vane. I had a first rate prospect there—but that aint all. A thunder cloud came over, and I saw it was agoing to strike the steeple, and thinks I to myself, if it hits me I'm done up. So I got ready and when the crack came, I gave a leap up, let the lightning strike and run down, and then caught hold again!"

An over-the-way neighbor fairly posed us the other night by asking us the simplest question: "When is a fish crazy?" and told us it was only when the aforesaid fish was *in-seine*. We left immediately.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."



NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1847.

WHAT ALL CAN DO FOR ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

1. All can obey the precepts of the Institution, and cultivate its spirit, in their intercourse with each other. Nothing is more important, both for the harmony of the Order internally, and for its reputation and prosperity externally. Every brother can maintain a kind and generous disposition toward every other brother; can be frank and open in his speech and manner; charitable in his feelings, ready always to put the best construction on the actions of others; and forbearing and forgiving when a brother offends against him, or is found out of the way. In this way, if every one will be faithful, Odd-Fellows can illustrate, by example, the beautiful spirit of our lectures and charges; and show to the world the power of Friendship, Love and Truth to mold the heart to goodness, and form the whole character to excellence. In this way the life of every member of the Order will be a daily lecture in exposition of its principles and teachings, a daily exhibition of its beauty and worth. And in time the world could not fail to see how glorious a place this earth would become, if all nations and families should enter into the work of Odd-Fellowship, and walk obedient to its great law of love.

2. Every Odd-Fellow can inform himself thoroughly of the nature of our organization, and the workings of the system in its various departments. He can make himself acquainted with its objects and aims; the end it has in view, and the means by which it proposes to reach that end. Every one can take note of its influence as a beneficial and social institution; and see what it is doing now, and the power it is destined to exert in ameliorating the condition of man; in removing the evils and wrongs of society, and quickening the millions to a just appreciation of the great truth of human brotherhood. Every Odd-Fellow can engage in this study, and gather up this important and useful knowledge; so that he may be always ready to give an answer to every one that asketh him of our beloved Order. In this way he will be able to remove prejudice, to correct error and misrepresentation, to answer unjust charges; and to show, by most convincing facts and arguments, the value and necessity of such an institution as ours in the present condition of society. In this way, therefore, all may be useful. This is something which every brother may do for Odd-Fellowship, whatever his position may be. And we trust these brief hints, which we shall follow with others, will not be without some effect upon those, who have hitherto stood idle, asking, What can I do? T.

PAY IN ADVANCE.

John Randolph professed to have found out the philosopher's stone—it consisted in the four words, "*Pay as you go.*" This is all very well in the ordinary concerns of life. But in subscriptions for periodicals, and in payment of dues on which benefits depend, there is a better method—one indicated in the *three* words placed at the head of this article, "*Pay in advance.*" There are few old members of the Order who cannot relate cases of peculiar hardship, which were caused by a non-payment of dues. Some brother who neglected this small item of duty until he was taken ill, or suddenly called away from life, when it was found that he had ceased to be beneficial, and his widow and orphans, when *most* in need, were deprived of all *legal* claim to the funds he had for years been aiding to accumulate! This case, too frequently occurring in our Lodges and Encampments, may be ours, or yours, next. Let every one, then, be careful to keep himself good on the books. And as the surest mode of providing against occasional scarcity of cash to meet such payments, or sudden absences from home when it may be inconvenient to make them, see that you are *always in advance* of the claims. The change of terms from quarterly to semi-annual, is apt to beget a forgetfulness of the usual time for making payments. Let a memorandum be kept in some place or book where it will be seen frequently, and even though you may have several weeks to run before your former payment will run out, pay up in advance when you think of it, lest you forget it, and circumstances occur which may prevent the payment, and so bring you into arrears. Better even pay for *six* months in advance at the commencement of each term, than fall in debt to your Lodge or Encampment. But at all events, be sure to "pay in advance."

LETTER FROM "LOUISE"—LATE HOURS.

Washington City, August 1, 1847.

Messrs. Editors of the Golden Rule: I have just been reading your last Editorial touching "Odd-Fellowship and Wives," and am prompted by some remarks therein to follow your correspondent's advice—*i. e.*, "Keep the subject before the people." I did not intend saying more, yet you seem to insinuate that I am actuated by a "spirit of fault-finding" in sending you a former article, which you so kindly published. It was my high regard for the "Order" that prompted me. I felt, and still feel, with very many others, that an Institution so great and so good, should, if possible, be free from *all* errors. I have as much respect as even you could wish, for the *principles* of Odd-Fellowship, and have induced more than one to enter its "temples." I have no "desire to see the Institution abolished." I do "bid it God speed," with my whole soul; yet I insist there is no earthly reason why a father and husband should leave his family almost every night in the week to disseminate principles which he neglects to act up to himself.

Did it never strike you, Messrs. Editors, as rather a strange source of consolation for a wife to look forward to her husband's *death* for a compensation for being deprived of his society while living? We do not expect care or devotion from those gone from us for ever. For my own part, I prefer my husband's care and society while he lives; and should I be so unfortunate as to lose him, there will be some satisfaction in knowing that he failed not in his duties while here on earth. There *are* two sides "to a question," I admit; and you should be very certain whether "some wives" who complain now will be brought to acknowledge "their injustice," ere you make such an assertion. You well know how much time is spent at the Lodge, or with things connected therewith, by those who aspire to "stand in high places." If you think complaints are unjust, I am very sorry. You gave my little sketch a place. I did not have the vanity to suppose it would effect a reformation. I only hoped it would call forth expressions from others, that would eventually induce men to believe that women were not "*opposed to Odd-Fellowship because of its secrecy;*" that they would feel we were not quite so foolish as they suppose. I think a man may "be from home *alone* after ten o'clock" more than "two nights in the week," if he gives the remaining ones to his wife. I know some who are ever away, and are not worthy to be Odd-Fellows: and I sincerely hope, for the sake of their families, they may some day enter the Order.

I give you my thoughts as they have occurred; and in conclusion assure you I have no ill-will toward anything connected with your Order, save *late hours*, and constant meetings. If any one *must* stay, let it be the young men and old bachelors, (there are always plenty of the latter.) If they need oyster suppers, or whiskey punch, after their "*arduous* duties," no wife will be kept watching and waiting, and I am very sure they will never be troubled by any cogitations from Louise.

Odd-Fellows' Offering for 1848.—This splendid Annual, so great a favorite with the fraternity, is progressing rapidly, and will be ready on the first of September. We have seen some of the Engravings, which are very fine; and from what we know of the quality of the articles, we predict for this issue a very large sale. We hope there is not an Odd-Fellow in the Union but will resolve to have a copy of this elegant Annual. We shall have more to say of it shortly, and shall give our readers an inkling of the contents. It will be got up in most magnificent paper and binding.

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

GRAND ENCAMAMENT—ANNUAL SESSION.—The R. W. Grand Encampment of this State held its Annual Session on Monday evening, 2d inst. at the Room, National Hall, Canal street—the Grand Patriarch presiding. A larger number of members were in attendance than at any former meeting of the Grand Encampment.

After the admission of new members, the question came up on the amendment of the Constitution, proposing to strike out that section which *disqualifies* any member from holding an elective office unless he shall have respectively passed the chairs of H.P. and C.P. A motion to lay on the table was lost, and the vote was taken by ayes and noes, as follows: Ayes 58; Noes 30. Failing to receive the constitutional majority, (two thirds) the amendment was lost.

The election of Grand Officers for the ensuing year then took place, when the following were chosen:

THADDEUS DAVIDS,	of No.	3, M.W.G. Patriarch.
ISSACHAR G. REED,	"	32, M.E.G. High Priest.
L. K. OSBORNE,	"	9, R.W.G. Senior Warden.
J. J. DAVIES,	"	2, R.W.G. Scribe.
RICHARD SHARPE,	"	6, R.W.G. Treas.
JOHN R. TAYLOR,	"	1, R.W.G. Junior Warden,
THEODORE DIMON,	"	24, R.W.G. Rep. No. 1.
P.G.P. JOHN GREEN,	"	9, R.W.G. Rep. No. 2.

After the result was announced, the Grand Encampment adjourned to meet on Monday Evening, 16th, for the purpose of installing the officers elect.

GRAND LODGE—ANNUAL SESSION.—The R. W. Grand Lodge of New York commenced the regular Annual Session, at their Hall, in Canal street, on Wednesday morning, Aug. 4, at 10 o'clock—Grand Master TAYLOR presiding, and all the officers being present. An unprecedentedly large number of representatives were present from all parts of the State.

After the examination of about 2750 credentials, and the admission of several hundred new members, which occupied over five and a half hours, the Grand Lodge proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, with the following result:

G.M.....JOSEPH R. TAYLOR, of No. 158.
D.G.M.....JACOB STORM, of No. 77.
G.W.....WM. H. H. PRALL, of No. 15.
G.S.....JOHN G. TREADWELL, of No. 22.
G.T.....MATHEW BIRD, of No. 22.
G.C.....ADAM C. LEACH, of No. 113.
G.Rep. No. 1....JAMES A. COFFIN, of No. 73.
For Grand Representative No. 2, there was no choice.

The vote was very heavy, reaching on G.Sec. to 1130, and G.M. to 1123; and the majorities were small—varying from 15 to 50. The election was conducted in an admirable manner, and was entirely free from confusion.

After the election of officers had been decided, the Grand Lodge adjourned until 10 o'clock on Thursday morning.

SPECIAL SESSION.—At a Special Session of the Grand Lodge, held on Friday evening, July 25, Grand Master TAYLOR presiding. The following charters were granted: Manchester Lodge No. 312, at Manchester Center, Ontario county; McLean Lodge No 313, at McLean, Tompkins county; Tradesmen's Lodge No. 314, New York City, and Crystal Lodge No. 315, City of New York. Several petitions for public addresses, processions, &c. were granted.

SAMPAWAMS LODGE No. 301, was instituted at Babylon, L. I. on Thursday, July 21, by D.D.G.M. HENRY N. MEAD, of the District of Suffolk, assisted by P.Gs. Brush, Thompson and Lockwood, of Huntingdon Lodge 155, P.G. Whittaker, of Hempstead Lodge 141. The following officers were installed: Jesse Conkling, N.G.; Stephen Deck, V.G.; John Snodgrass, Sec.; Ebenezer Kellam, Treas. The regular night is Tuesday. There is no question that this Lodge will be one of the finest in the jurisdiction, and an ornament to the Order. We wish it abundant success.

NEWBURG, August 2, 1847.

BRO. WINCHESTER: I herewith send you a list of the Officers elected and Installed of the Encampments under my jurisdiction.

Mt. Camel Encampment No. 21, *Newburg*—Meets 2d and 4th Mondays—Installed July 16—Elias Pitts, C.P.; Wm. McCutcheon, H P.; Albert Noe, SW.; James Low, Scribe; Miles D. Washburn, Treas.; R. D. Kemp, J.W.

Mt. Hermon Encampment No. 34, *South Middletown Orange county*—Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays—Installed July 14—Silas R. Martin, C.P.; Elias P. Wheeler, H.P.; Wm. H. Stewart, S.W.; L. W. Pierce, Scribe; T. B. McCallough, Treas.; John Stephens, J.W.

Excelsior Encampment No. 43, *Kingston, Ulster county*—Meets 1st and 2d Mondays—Installed July 19—Wm. H. Romeyn, C.P.; B. F. Valett, H.P.; John P. Hagerman, S.W.; J. R. Trumpbun, Scribe; Samuel Frame, Treas.; J. W. Beattey, J.W.

Aurora Encampment No. 47, *Saugerties, Ulster county*—Meets 2d and 4th Mondays—Installed July 12—Smith Spelman, C.P.; Wm. H. Wilcox, H.P.; Christopher Kiersted, S.W.; James D. Hawley, Scribe; Henry D. Martin, Treas.; R. Vanderburgh, J.W.

Unity Encampment No. 55. was Instituted by me, July 8, assisted by P.C.P. Isaac Wood, Jr. and Patriarchs Samuel Macartny, James Low and R. A. Starr. The following officers were elected and installed: Isaiah Corris, C.P.; Wm. M. Johnston, H.P.; Lewis Meyers, S.W.; George Ogden, Scribe; Samuel Corris, Treas.; Wm. H. Van Cott, J.W. Five propositions for membership were received and the candidates elected and initiated. The prospects are favorable for this Encampment being equal if not superior to any in the State.

It affords me much pleasure to be able to say that the Patriarchal branch of the Order in this District is progressing steadily and harmoniously.

Yours Fraternally, J. R. WILTSIE, D.D.G.P. of Orange.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, August 3, 1847.

E. WINCHESTER, ESQ.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—I had intended to have kept you advised of our route through a portion of this State, but traveling as we did, I found it impossible. My last to you was written at Williamsport; from which place we proceeded, on Monday morning, via canal, to Lewisburg, Union county, which is pleasantly situated on the west branch of the Susquehanna River, about 12 miles above Northumberland. Here we were met by those sterling Brothers L. B. CHRIST, H. S. GRAHAM, and others, who kindly did all in their power to render our stay pleasant and agreeable among them. We visited Lewisburg Lodge No. 96, in the evening, and were much gratified to find Odd-Fellowship to have taken such a hold on the affections of the people in that borough. The night was stormy, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large attendance of the brethren were present. We heard of the condition and future prospects of the Lodge, and were pleased to find it prosperous.

On Thursday morning, about 4 o'clock, we left Lewisburg for Dansville, (a distance of 15 miles,) to join our brothers at that place in their first Public Celebration; and if we were gratified with what we had seen before, we were highly delighted at this place. We were met by those indefatigable Brothers SHOOP, COOK, BRADY and others, who, with the true feelings of genuine Odd-Fellows, bid us a hearty welcome. The procession was about forming when we arrived, and soon after we took our places in the line, which commenced marching about 11 o'clock through the principal streets, and then proceeded to a beautiful grove just at the edge of the town, where a stage had been erected for the speaker, and seats properly arranged for the brothers—sufficient care being taken that the ladies also should be properly provided for—when an Oration was delivered by our friend and brother, P.G.M. HORN R. KNEASS, who, in a strain of eloquence, enchained that vast assemblage for at least one hour, descanting on the beauties, uses, and purposes of our Institution. After the Oration, the procession again formed and proceeded to the Hall of Montour Lodge No. 109, where they were dismissed by the Grand Marshal of the day. The Lodges and Encampments that comprised the procession are as follows: Milton Lodge No. 84, Lewisburg Lodge No. 96, Brady Lodge No. 116, Van Camp Lodge No. 140, Northumberland Lodge No. 196, Selins Grove Lodge No. 197, Sunbury Lodge No. 203, Montour Lodge No. 109, Muemoloton Encampment No. 40, United Encampment No. 44, Milton Encampment No. 46, Sunbury Encampment No 61. Every thing was properly arranged, the Marshals and Committee of Arrangements properly understood their duty and discharged it well.

In the afternoon we left for Bloomsburg, a distance of 10 miles, for the purpose of visiting Van Camp Lodge No. 140, and opening Susquehanna Encampment No. 60, accompanied by D.D.G.M. E. ARMSTRONG, of Columbia county, Bro. E. MENDENHALL, and others, of that place. and in the evening we had the pleasure of meeting with our brothers of Van Camp Lodge, and of hearing of their condition, which we are pleased to say, is one worthy of imitation. The next day, Friday, we opened and constituted Suequehanna Encampment No. 60, and installed the following officers, viz: Elias Mendenhall, C.P.; E. P. Lutts, H.P.; Henry Webb, S.W.; —— Hurley, J.W.; Jno. Barton, Scribe; —— ——, Treas.; E. Armstrong, Sent. Our stay in Bloomsburg was short, but of sufficient time for us to be satisfied that the brothers are all that they profess to be, Odd-Fellows in fact; and in leaving them we cannot forget our kind and obliging hosts, Bros. CAREY & HALFPENNY, of the Exchange Hotel, who know how to render the time of their guests pleasant and agreeable, and whose house is not excelled for comfort and convenience by any in our own city.

From Bloomsburg we proceeded, on Friday afternoon, to Berwick, which is a distance of 12 miles, and in the evening we had the pleasure of constituting Berwick Lodge No 246, and installing their officers. Berwick is situated on the north branch of the Susquehanna. To the brothers of that place we are much indebted for their kindness and gentlemanly deportment to us during our stay with them, and they may be assured that the recollection of our visit will be deeply engraved on our hearts, and the social intercourse enjoyed with them will not cease to be remembered. May their Lodge be all that they could wish it to be. May its members enjoy that peace and harmony which is only known to the virtuous and the good, and may each returning anniversary of their Lodge be hailed with pleasure and pride, and may the G. L. of Pennsylvania claim them as one of her brightest jewels. But I am admonished that it is time for me to close this epistle, if I desire it read, promising to conclude it ere long. Yours Fraternally.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WASHINGTON, D. C. August 2, 1847.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—The Grand Encampment of the District met in Annual Session on the 27th ult. and among other business, interesting only to the Order here, elected the Grand Officers for the ensuing year:

P.C.P. William W. Moore, G.Pat.	P.C.P Charles Calvert, G. Scribe.
" Fred. D. Stuart, G.H.P.	" William G. Deale, G.Treas.
" Levin Jones, G.S.W.	" George C. Whiting, G.J.W.
" John T. Towers, G.Marshal.	P.H.P. Thomas Rich, G. Sentinel.
" S. Yorke AtLee, G.Rep.	

Yours in F. L. and T. JOHN THAW.

NORTH CAROLINA.

WILMINGTON, July 17, 1847.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—No doubt you will be gratified with the information that the progress of Odd-Fellowship in the Old North State is onward. The G. L. of N. C. has now under her jurisdiction thirteen working Lodges, all which are in a very flourishing and prosperous condition. A petition has recently been handed to the Grand Master of the State to institute a Lodge at Henderson, in Granville county, which I presume will be granted.

In the Patriarchal branch of the Order, which continues to "go on" with the

fixed determination to "be not weary in well doing," there exists at this time a Grand Encampment, having jurisdiction over five Subordinates.

On last (Friday) evening, 16th inst., by order of ALEXANDER MCREA, Sr., D.D.G.Sire, P.C.P. ISRAEL DISOSWAY proceeded, with the aid of Representatives from four Encampments, to organize the Grand Encampment of North Carolina. Whereupon the following officers were elected and installed into their respective offices for the ensuing twelve months, viz:

P.C.P. Israel Disosway, of Calumet Encampment No. 4, G. Patriarch.
H.P. W. D. Cook, of Raleigh Encampment No. 5, G.M.E.H.P.
P.C.P. John C. Wood, of Campbell do. 1, G.S Warden.
" Duncan G. McRae, of Pine do. 3, G.J.Warden.
" Alfred Bryant, of Campbell do. 1, G.Scribe.
" Junius D. Gardner, do. do. 1, G.Treasurer.
P.H.P. W. C. Howard, do. do. 1, G.Sentinel.
" T. L. Guess, do. do. 1, D.G Sentinel.
P.C.P. Duncan G. McRae, of Pine do. 3, G.Rep. to G.E.U.S.
" W. D. Cooke, of Raleigh do. 5, Alternate.

The Constitution and By-Laws of the G. E. of N. Y. were temporarily adopted. The G. E. adjourned to meet again in May, 1848, after close of the session of the Grand Lodge. In F. L. and T. G. L.

WASHINGTON, N. C., July 20, 1847.

EDITOR GOLDEN RULE,—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—I send you a list of officers of Phalanx Lodge No. 10, which were installed on the 2d inst., for the present term: O. W. Selfair, N.G.; G. H. Brown, V.G.; N. W. Cook, S.; W. H. Taylor, T. Our Lodge is doing very well; it has been in operation about eight months, and has about ninety members, and a large number elected. We were highly pleased with a visit from P.G. GEORGE LEEDS, of your place, a few weeks since, and are under many obligations to him. Yours in F. L. and T. H.

CHARLOTTE, July 27, 1847.

BRO. WINCHESTER: I send you a list of officers of Mecklenburg Declaration Lodge No. 9, elected and installed for the present term, viz: John A. Young, N.G.; L. S. Williams, V.G.; A. R. Briard, Sec.; Wm. Hasty, Treas.

It has been but a few months since Odd-Fellowship found a "local habitation and a name," in this (rather) remote and isolated portion of our State, but already has its principles enrolled on Declaration's list, the names of many of our best and most useful citizens; while it still continues to have almost every week similar accessions to its strength and numbers; and, ere another month shall have passed, it doubtless, will have numbered one hundred and fifty.

It may perhaps not be generally known *why* this infant branch of the Order was christened "Mecklenburg Declaration"—a name associated with one of the proudest events in the "good old North State's" History. I will explain it. In this (Mecklenburg) county, was made, May 20th, 1775, the *first* formal Declaration of Independence of the mother country by any assemblage ("in any form") of the people of the then colonies, and somewhat more than a year in advance of National Declaration by Congress, 4th July, '76. Hence our name "Mecklenburg Declaration," as applied to our Lodge, and also by way, among others, of perpetuating with us that noble act.

On a comparison of the documents, some have been disposed to charge one of the periods mentioned, with a *slight* plagiarism—as to the *truth* of this charge, "this deponent sayeth nought." Yours Fraternally, A.B.B.

MISSISSIPPI.

Extract from a letter dated FORT ADAMS, July 13, 1847.

ROBERT NEILSON LODGE No. 18, Fort Adams, is in a prosperous condition. D.D.G.M. L. K. BARBER, was present at the first meeting of the present term, and installed the officers: Rev. M. Barlou, N.G.; Dr. J. W. Nock, V.G; Overton Bell, Sec.; H. H. Bell, Treas. After the installation service, the N. G. addressed the Lodge in a felicitous manner, much to the gratification of all the brothers present. P.G. Dr. C. S. MAGOUN, the owner of the building and lot on which the Odd-Fellows' Hall stands, has given to the Lodge a perpetual lease of the same, for such length of time as the Lodge may be in existence, by their paying some incidental expenses, not amounting to over forty or fifty dollars. For this liberal donation he has received a vote of thanks, and we hope it will be the means of more firmly establishing our Lodge, and thus enable it to be more useful.

The following resolutions were unanimously passed:

Resolved, That the change of the *terms* from three to six months, as made by the G. L. U. S. ought to be sustained, being founded in wisdom, working well, and the Order still in a prosperous condition.

Resolved, That our Representative to the G. L. be requested to lay the above resolution before that body at its next session. NO. 18.

MAINE.

Maine Lodge No. 1, Portland—Wm. E. Kimball, N.G.; Freeman S. Clark, V.G.; E. P. Haines, Sec.; Geo. Lord, Treas.

Ancient Brothers' Lodge No. 4—Edward P. Banks, N.G.; Chas. C. Harmon, V.G.; Micah Sampson, Sec.; James H. Roach, P.S.; Nathaniel Crockett, Treas.

Ligenia Lodge No. 5—George T. Hedge, N.G.; Nathaniel Elsworth, V.G.; Sylvester B. Beckett, Sec.; Alfred M. Dresser, Treas.

Saccarappa Lodge No. 11—Oran Storer, N.G.; Geo. C. Codman, V.G.; Chas. C. Sweet, Sec.; O. C. Brackett, Treas.

Washington Lodge No. 17, Hallowell—Wm. A. Dunn, N.G.; Warren Davis, V.G.; John A. Ewers, Sec.; N. Gunnison, P.S.; Madison Tuck, Treas.

Kennebec Lodge No. 37, Hallowell—A. F. Palmer, N.G.; D. S. Stinson, V.G.; A. Wall, Sec.; C. G. Bachelder, P.S.; Tilly Pray, Treas.

CONNECTICUT.

Rippowam Lodge No. 24, Stamford—Dr. Chauncey Ayres, N.G; Benjamin M. Adams, V.G.; James H. Minor, Sec.; Edward Capron, Treas. The Lodge was instituted in Oct. 1845, and now numbers 115 members, and is in a prosperous condition. Meets Mondays.

Wooster Lodge No. 37, New Canaan—James Patterson, N.G.; Ebenezer Ayres, Jr. V.G.; Venatio Ayres, S.; Thomas Raymond, PS.; John Warren, T.

MARYLAND.

Triadelphia Lodge No. 50, Triadelphia—Owen Dorsey, N.G.; Elisha Begg; V.G.; Thos. Lucy, P.S; Jno. S. Heckrotte, P.G.

OHIO.

Extract from a letter dated CINCINNATI, July 24, 1847.

Odd-Fellowship continues to be progressive in its character in this jurisdiction. At a stated meeting of our G. L. held on Saturday last, the 17th inst. charters were granted for six new Lodges, to be located at Georgetown, Brown county, Plymouth, Richland county, Monroe, Butler county, Rochester, Stark county, Greenfield, Highland county, Monroeville, Huron county. These bring the whole number up to 95; and No. 100 will soon be reached.

The returns from our Subordinates affords the most gratifying evidence of the continued prosperity of the Order throughout the State. Harmony universally prevails, and the benign principles of the Order are forcing their way into the hearts of the brethren, thence to spring forth in deeds of benevolence and charity.

During the sitting of the G. L. P.G. WILLIAM B. KERLIN, of Jefferson Lodge No. 6, Steubenville, was elected Grand Representative to the G. L. U. S. as the colleague of our worthy G.M. Bro SPOONER. A proposition to amend the Constitution of Subordinates, fixing the minimum for the Initiation fee at five dollars, was negatived by a decided majority. You will remember that the fee is constitutionally fixed at the *uniform* sum of ten dollars. The session was very harmonious, and the G. L. adjourned.

MICHIGAN.

DETROIT, July 24, 1847.

BRO. WINCHESTER,—Our Grand Lodge has just closed its Annual Session, being the first under the new Constitution. The Representative system seems to work well, and to give general satisfaction.

The officers of the Lodge, with one or two exceptions, were all present, and a full representation from most of the Subordinate Lodges.

The reports of the Grand Master and the various District Deputies contained matters of much interest.

The committee to whom was referred the communication of the Grand Secretary of the G. L. U. S. communicating the action of said G. L. in reference to the establishment of a National Seminary of learning under the control and patronage of the G. L. of U. S. reported adversely to the establishment of any such institution, and the report was unanimously adopted as expressive of the feeling of our G. L. on the subject.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected and installed as follows:

Alfred Treadway, of No. 3, M.W.G.M. John Winder, of No. 12, R.W.G. Rep.
D. D. Sinclair, of No. 8, R.W.D.G.M. N. R. Ramsdell, of No. 9, R.W.G. Rep.
D. S. Walbridge, of No. 7, R.W.G.W. Levi B. Taft, of No. 2, W.G.M.
Witter J. Baxter, of No. 1, R.W.G.S. Joseph E. Hyde, of No. 3, W.G.Con.
M. M. Williams, of No. 12, R.W.G.T. J. N. Elbert, of No. 2, W.G. Guar.
Minot T. Lane, of No. 23, R.W.G.C.

The selections will, I think, give general satisfaction, and the affairs of the Order be zealously and efficiently administered, and with an eye single to the general good.

The reports from the various Subordinates in the State were all in, and gave satisfying evidence of the continued growth and prosperity of the Order. The increase by initiation during the past term has been 373. The whole number now under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge is 1555.

Charters were granted to two Lodges, opened by dispensation during vacation, viz: Romeo Lodge No. 23, at Romeo, Macomb county; Genesee Lodge No. 24, at Flint, Genesee county. Charters were also granted to applicants for two new Lodges, viz: Birmingham Lodge No. 25, at Birmingham, Oakland county, and Hudson Lodge No. 26, at Hudson, Lenawee county.

An application was received for a Lodge at Centerville, St. Joseph county, but owing to its propinquity to Constantine Lodge No. 22, but recently established' it was deemed best to defer its institution for the present.

There was no effort made to change our present Constitution, and every thing passed off harmoniously.

The benefits resulting from the Order, both moral and physical, have been largely felt, and almost universally acknowledged during the past year.

During this time Michigan Lodge No. 1 has distributed among her own members, for the relief of sickness and distress, over $740. This includes only what has been distributed strictly under the By-Laws. Large amounts have been raised by subscription and voluntary contribution among the members, for benevolent objects not strictly within the scope of our By-Laws, and distributed with liberal hand whenever and wherever suffering humanity has required.

Other Lodges have afforded relief and assistance in proportion, and some perhaps have even gone beyond No. 1 in liberality.

The objection is often urged against our Order that its tendency is to make men selfish by confining their sympathies to their brethren alone; but when men will cast aside theory for fact, they will at once and for ever relinquish this objection.

So far as my observation has extended I have found it invariably true, that when the heart has once been opened to generous emotions toward any object, that those feelings are more and more easily awakened with each new claim upon our sympathies. While then, as Odd-Fellows, we learn to be benevolent and kindly affectioned toward our brethren, we at the same time learn the practice of these virtues toward all mankind. Truly and fraternally yours, W.J.E.

ILLINOIS.

QUINCY, July 20, 1847.

DEAR SIR: It may be interesting to the Fraternity to know how the good cause is flourishing in this State; and as the R. W. Grand Lodge held its Annual Session last week, at Springfield, it seems a peculiarly appropriate occasion to communicate the state of the Order. It is truly gratifying to me to be able to state that at no time has there been a greater interest manifested than at the present. About twenty Lodges were represented by delegates in the Grand Lodge, and the meeting was the most interesting of any yet held. Much business of importance came before it, and was disposed of with a great degree of unanimity. All seemed deeply interested for the good of the Order.

The thirtieth charter for a Subordinate Lodge was granted, and there are now twenty-seven Lodges in existence in the State. A general Constitution for all Subordinates has been passed upon, and will soon be printed. Action was also had upon the six months' term, and a resolution of instruction to the G. R. to advocate and vote for a return to the former term of three months, was carried by a unanimous vote.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

William M. Parker, of Belleville, M.W.G.M.; Washington J. Taylor, of Canton, R.W.D.G.M.; Isaac Lindsay, of Springfield, R.W.G.W.; Stephen A. Corneau, of Springfield, R.W.G.Sec.; John L. Peake, of Springfield, R.W.G.Treas.; George W. Woodward, of Galena, R.W.G.Chap.; Stevens S. Jones, G.Rep.

We now have four or five Encampments in Illinois, working under charters obtained from the G. L. of U. S.

Allen Encampment No. 4, located at this place, is in a thriving condition. The following persons were elected at the semi-annual election for officers: P. A. Goodwin, C.P.; John Cleveland, H.P.; Charles Gilman, S.W.; Ethan Allen, Jr. J.W.; Thomas Elmes, Jr. Scribe; Thomas Reid, Treas.

Quincy Lodge No. 12, was instituted March 24, 1845, and numbers near eighty members, exclusive of those who have received their withdrawal cards. It is increasing rapidly in numbers. Two weeks since, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: Charles Gilman, N.G.; Edward De Krafft, V.G.; Henry Allen, Sec.; William R. Lockwood, Treas.

The cause is doing bravely in the west, and I trust that Illinois will have the honor of sharing largely in its success. Yours in F. L. and T. C.

WISCONSIN.

Extract from a letter dated MILWAUKIE, July 24, 1847.

GREEN BAY LODGE No 19 was instituted at Green Bay, on the 14th July, by H. L. PAGE, W. G. Marshal of the G. L. of Wisconsin, assisted by F. RIPLEY, N. G. of Kneeland Lodge No. 5, of Milwaukie. The following officers were elected and installed: Henry S. Baird, N.G.; Henry O. Sholes, V.G.; John V. Suydam, Sec.; George S. Armstrong, Treas.

Green Bay Lodge commences her career with fourteen members, good men and true: the reins of government could not have been committed to better hands, were you to search for them through the long list of those distinguished in our Order. May she long remain a fixed star in the bright galaxy of Odd-Fellowship. R.

Extract of a letter dated WHITEWATER, July 20, 1847.

HALCYON LODGE is doing finely. We have forty-five good members, and some fourteen elected. The officers for the present term are: F. C. Patterson, N.G.; J. S. Partridge, V.G.; R. O. Connor, Sec.; E. Wakely, P.S.; S. M. Caswell, Treas. We have just received our regalia. It is from the hands of Bro. Osborn of your city, and is very fine. Bro. G. has shown good taste in getting it up. It gives good satisfaction to our Lodge, and is by far the best in the Territory. He deserves and receives our thanks.

I am truly happy to see an unbroken chain of 310 Lodges in New York. May they be prospered in their work of Love! Yours in F. L. and T. J.S.P.

Wisconsin Encampment No. 1, *Milwaukie*—M. E. Lyman, C.P.; F. G. Tibbits, H.P.; L. L. Lee, S.W.; William Brown, S.; George M. Gray, T.; W. M. Cunningham, J.W.

Milwaukie Lodge No. 2, *Milwaukie*—L. L. Lee, N.G.; E. H. Sabin, V.G.; L. Hubbell, Sec.; D. C. Van Tyne, Treas.

Kneeland Lodge No. 5, *Milwaukie*—Franklin Ripley, N.G.; Charles Crane, V.G., William Brown, S.; James B. Martin, T.

ODE TO ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

OH! who are they who ever stand
Along life's rugged way,
With pitying heart and gentle hand
Misfortune's tear to stay?
Who, from the pleadings of the poor
Ne'er turn their ear aside?
Whose footsteps often seek the door
Where wo and want abide?
'Tis the generous band, who, hand in hand,
From gray-beard to the youth,
Have sworn they side by side will stand
In FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH!

See stretched on yonder bed of death,
A widowed mother lies.
"My orphan babes!" with struggling breath
And faltering voice, she cries:
"Oh, who your young and tender forms
From sorrow's grasp will save,
Or shield you from life's crushing storms
When I am in my grave?"
Peace, dying mother! friends are nigh,
Who'll guard their tender youth,
And round them twine the hallowed tie
Of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH!

See, lone and friendless on our shore,
An exile wanderer stand!
Oh, where are they who come of yore
To meet his eager hand!
Far-where he bends his streaming eyes,
Across the ocean's foam,
Till his sick heart within him dies
With yearnings for his home!
But lo! with warm and sudden clasp
A friend is near to soothe
And cheer him with the well known grasp
Of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH!

Speed on, ye faithful Brothers! speed!
And blessings with you go!
Still aid the Widow in her need,
And soothe the Orphan's wo!
Still by the heart-sick Stranger's side
With words of kindness stay,
And bid the deep and troubled tide
Of sorrow pass away!
Ye generous band! long may you stand,
The gray-beard and the youth,
Shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand,
In FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH!

THE ODD-FELLOWS' TOKEN.—This neat little volume of choice poetry on Odd-Fellowship, edited by KATE BARCLAY, is for sale at our Office. It is miniature size, bound in cloth and gilt. Price 37½ cents.

A Cave, fifty feet in length, exhibiting marks of former occupancy, has lately been discovered near Fishkill, Dutchess county. Its appearance also indicates the presence of silver ore.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1847.

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PHILADELPHIA.—The GOLDEN RULE is published in Philadelphia, by CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North Sixth street, by whom subscriptions will be received and papers delivered in any part of the city. Packages sent to the adjoining towns out of the mails.

BOSTON.—Office of the GOLDEN RULE, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L. WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the RULE sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

EDITORIAL NOTES OF A TRIP DOWN EAST—NO. IV.

OUR business at Augusta being completed, we were compelled to decline the pressing invitations of our friends to prolong our stay; and hastened to set our faces homeward. The boat to Portland runs but twice or thrice a week, and in order to gain a day and a half, an item of no small moment in these times, it was decided to take the "mail coach" across the country. In ancient times,—that is, some twenty years ago—this method of locomotion was considered rather the perfection of traveling, both in speed and luxury. Those were glorious days, when the "Telegraph," six inside, *promised* to take passengers from Albany to Buffalo in two days and nights; and when the mud was not *too* deep, seldom exceeded the time more than twenty-four hours! Coaches, then, *were* coaches—but, oh, what a change! The poetry of traveling is gone for ever. Less than forty miles an hour satisfies no one; and *three* minutes behind the time, is matter for serious complaint. But *our* coach from Augusta to Portland! Heaven deliver us from all future liability to a like affliction. In the matter of cushions, springs, etc., this particular coach must have been cousin-german to a very ancient lumber wagon. Its memory, over that sixty miles of "up hill and down dale," will long haunt us un-pleasurably.

There is no condition so forlorn as not to possess some bright places—and it was so with us. We had a "load" of "jolly companions," among whom was our lately formed, but dearly cherished, Bro. ISSACHAR SNELL, Jr.; and during our trip, "the quip, and jest, and merry tale" enlivened the tedium of twelve mortal hours of our imprisonment, from 4 P. M. till broad daylight. Our route passed through several large and beautiful villages, among which we remember Hallowell and Gardiner—both bearing evidences of activity and thrift. Our supper, at some place which we reached about 10 o'clock, was execrable; and not what might have been expected in so productive a country.

It was just after this bad supper that we noticed the mysterious manner of our fellow traveler, Bro. S. The driver stopped too long to water his horses, and then their progress was much too slow. These little matters seemed to make the Doctor nervous. It was evident he had eaten something which set heavy on his stomach, or was occupied with some important subject which preyed upon his mind, and which he would not disclose. After vain imaginings for the cause of this taciturnity, we concluded Bro. S. was on some secret mission. Indeed, his air was awfully diplomatic and mysterious, and we parted from him next evening, in Boston, with serious doubts for his safety; for we knew the dog star was "raging," and feared something might happen. But as the old saw has it, "murder will out." He was on his way to meet his bride! to whom we beg Bro. S. to present our kindest regards, and sincerest wishes for the happiness of both in their new relation.

We reached Portland about sunrise, before the town was up, and were set down at a very indifferent house, the name of which we do not remember. Portland is a *bijou* of a city; and though in the two hours of our stay, our opportunity was not great for taking observations, yet a stroll through some of its clean, quiet and shady streets, satisfied us that it is well deserving the praises we have heard bestowed upon it as a beautiful and pleasant city. Odd-Fellowship is here in a high degree of prosperity, and the brethren among the most intelligent and substantial citizens. We regretted that we could not stay and take them by the hand; but shall take the earliest occasion to renew the visit.

Leaving Portland in the cars at 7 o'clock, we returned by the upper road through Dover, Exeter, Haverhill, and many other pleasant

places, reaching our old quarters, "No. 104 Tremont," in season for a sumptuous dinner, such as can be found in few other places, and which was a sufficient reward for many privations. We found our hosts as busy and smiling as ever—their house crowded from "turret to foundation stone," with visitors from every State in the Union—and the same good order and attention prevailing throughout, which had before so strongly attracted our notice.

After dinner, through the politeness of Mr. KIMBALL, the popular Manager of the new Boston Museum, and Mr. BANVARD, the celebrated young artist, who presented us with tickets, we had the pleasure of visiting the two most attractive places in the city. The Museum is an immense structure, granite front, and the interior arrangements are the best we have ever seen. The large Hall, surrounded with corridors, and filled with a choice collection of curiosities and a large number of beautiful paintings, first arrests the attention of the visitor, and in which hours may be pleasantly and profitably spent. The Saloon, where the stage performances are given, is as large as most of our theaters, and capable of accommodating two thousand or more persons. It is admirably arranged, and well ventilated. A visit to the Museum by strangers or citizens will be found an agreeable recreation.

BANVARD's gigantic and magnificent Painting of the Mississippi, is one of the grandest Panoramas we ever saw, and is, besides, a wonderful instance of what genius and perseverance can accomplish—almost literally without means. To describe this great Painting in any reasonable space, or do justice to its real merits, would be impossible. The canvass upon which the Panorama is painted is *three miles in length*, giving an uninterrupted view of the river and its magnificent scenery from the mouth of the Missouri to New Orleans, a distance of 1500 miles. The painting is wound upon three cylinders, and the time necessary for a satisfactory exhibition is from three to four hours. *Life*, in every possible Western phase; scenery of every variety, from the highly cultivated hamlet to the dense wilderness; from the most lovely landscape to the stupendous "bluffs," hundreds of feet in perpendicular hight, is shown in this vast work with a truthfulness that cannot fail to vividly impress the imagination of every beholder. Frequently is the audience carried away with enthusiasm, and bursts af applause testify to the admirable effects of the picture. Not the least interesting part of the exhibition is the running description of the various scenes and points, by the artist himself, interspersed with a budget of anecdotes, illustrating the manners and customs of Western life. One of these, which struck us for its ludicrousness, we will give: An elderly gentleman, who resided, we think, in Vicksburg, and kept a store upon one of the wharves, was one day witnessing an exhibition of the Panorama, and listening intently to BANVARD's description of the country, as the cylinder slowly unwound the canvass. He seemed entranced in the view of familiar scenes, when a steamboat upon the painting came in sight, and appeared as if passing his store on the wharf where he usually landed when coming down the river on *that* boat. Suddenly he jumped up, and cried out, in an earnest voice: "Hold on, Captain! stop the boat! I want to go ashore here!" The effect on the audience was magical, and found vent in a simultaneous shout of applause. We never spent an afternoon more agreeably.

We understand that BANVARD has purchased a lot on Broadway for the purpose of erecting a suitable building for a proper exhibition of his great Picture. We can promise him that the New Yorkers will not be a whit behind the Bostonians in their appreciation of the PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI, and we hope soon to have it opened here.

We visited the Monument, of course; and while at Charlestown, took a stroll in the Navy Yard. There is much, here, to interest a visitor; and to SAMUEL POOK, Esq., the Naval Constructor, we were much indebted for his kindness in showing us through the different departments and work-shops. Among the most prominent objects was the Dry Dock, a gigantic structure of massive blocks of granite, 338 feet in length by 60 feet wide at top and 32 at the bottom, capable of receiving a vessel of 228 feet keel. This Dock, when full, *contains four millions of gallons of water*. It is filled, in a very short time, through four immense sluice gates. When a vessel is taken in dock, the water is ejected in about four hours, by means of a powerful engine, driving eight monstrous force pumps—each pump discharging 110 gallons at every stroke, making 13,200 gallons per minute.

The day was insufferably hot, and fatigued with our long ramble, we wended our way back to the "Tremont," to prepare for home. And here let us repair an omission, of (to us) some little importance; and that is, to mention the delightful corner room—No. 104—in the eastern angle of the house, which had been assigned to our party. None the less is this room endeared to us by the remembrance of a scene of "profound mystery" which took place at parting, and in which "our hosts" did us the honor to perform a part. The "matters" discussed were capital, and each of the mysterious "Seven" acted well his part.

It was near five o'clock—we bid adieu to kind friends, and away we fled in the wake of our "iron horse," which took us to Providence—41 miles—in 75 minutes; and at nine o'clock we were seated at an excellent supper in the noble cabin of the magnificent OREGON. After a good night's rest, at an early hour in the morning we knocked at our own door, where we found our "household gods" ready to receive us with open arms. Thus ended a ten days' visit to Yankee-land, during which we enjoyed more pleasure than in any similar period recorded in the book of our remembrance.

J. W.

RESULTS OF INTEMPERANCE.—The following is from a letter written from this city to the Boston Chronotype, by a correspondent, giving an account of his visit to the Tombs. It is a dreadful picture, and will serve, we hope, as a warning to those who are beginning the same terrible experiment. It shows that no one stands securely; no one is too strong to fling from him the word of counsel; no one who has not need to watch and pray:

Next to them, on a bench, was stretched the corpse of a man who was brought into the prison last night with the *delirium tremens*, but who died in fifteen minutes afterward. He was, but a few years since, a wealthy merchant! Col. Snow pointed me to a pitiful looking man seated a little distance from the rest, and asked me if I did not recognize the countenance. I told him I thought I did, and asked him who he was. Whereupon Col. S. related the following incident: Last Sunday forenoon, said he, I was passing Tammany Hall, and saw, sitting upon the stoop, a man with his beard buried in his hands, and covered all over with flies. The poor fellow was almost naked, said the colonel; I shook him and asked him who he was. He looked up and called me by name, saying, at the same time, that he only wished for a place to die! I gazed upon his disfigured features, added the colonel, and was horror-struck at the mighty change! I recognized in him a man who, a few years ago, was editor and proprietor of one of the most respectable daily journals in the city of Boston! The man who was a partner with him then, is now conducting the same paper, under a new head. He was correspondent of the National Whig Organ for some time—was at the inauguration of Harrison at Washington, and introduced two gentlemen to Webster and Clay who have since seen him in his present low situation in the Tombs. He looks bad, but the colonel says he means to make a man of him yet. He had a letter in his pocket that he received from his wife, who lives in Boston—'and,' stammered out the sorrow-stricken man, 'she begins as she always did!' and burst into a flood of tears. Curiosity called the colonel's attention to the letter, and it began thus—'*My ever dear husband!*' What a sad picture! Last Sunday a meeting was held in the Tombs, during which time two men were dying with the *delirium tremens*. Twenty-six took warning, and signed the pledge.

REMARKABLE CASE.—Dr. H. A. RAMSAY, writing to the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle, from Raysville, Lincoln county, Ga. under date of July 18, gives an account of a strange and peculiarly eccentric physical phenomenon, which has lately occurred in that vicinity.

The patient is a delicate female, 40 years of age. She is laboring under some disease of the spinal system, attended with an evident spasm of the diaphraghm, which affects no other part of the system; her pulse is not at all *excited*, her mind is not perturbed or foreboding, her stomach and appendages not diseased, her head free from pain or fullness, her digestion is not impaired.

She walks about the house, is calm, quiet and composed, her throat is not affected in the least, no disease of the *glottis*, *larynx* or *trachea* exists, consequently she has no cough, as her lungs are not affected; but connected with all this apparent freedom from disease, for nine successive weeks, without recess save three days, *she has been laboring under a loud cackling sonorous sensation, or sounds resembling the noise made by the male chicken*. The sound is easily distinguished half a mile; it produces no pain or other unpleasant symptom; the paroxysm or cackling sounds approximate so close as to prevent her from talking or chewing in continuation.

She is, notwithstanding, quite lively, but from the fatigue incident to it, she perspires freely, and recently has been rather constantly confined to her bed. At night the "*sounds*" decline some, not sufficient, however, for her to rest in perfect quietude. She then feels some muscular debility. With the morning she resumes her usual occupation of "*cackling*," and as the day advances she grows more violent with her "*musical tones*." These sounds are produced at inspiration; as before observed, she has no spasm about the throat, and her mind, &c. forbids the idea of its being *hysteria*.

The patient has been seen and examined, and a concurrence of opinion expressed by Doctors Collins, Crawford and Hanson, of Columbia county; Doctors Bentley, Dill, Jennings, McLean, Moragny, and myself, of Lincoln, and several others, I am informed have visited the case. The patient has excited the wonder of all classes here, and all flock to see her. No physician who has seen her can divine the cause of the "*sounds*."

ELECTION RETURNS.—We are frequently called upon to correct errors in the names of the officers elect of Lodges and Encampments, which might be avoided if brothers would use more care in writing names *legibly*.

DUELING—AFFECTING INCIDENTS.

The following article, from the *Kentucky Examiner*, will be read with the deepest interest.

The death of George C. Dromgoole, of Virginia, occasioned deep regret among a large circle of friends.

We knew him in other days. He was no ordinary man. His mind was unusually clear and strong, and, had no adverse circumstances occurred, he would have been an ornament to society, and an honor to the nation.

But it was in private life he charmed. So simple, so kind, so true. We never knew a more generous man; he was wholly disinterested, and knew how to sacrifice self with a grace which won him the love of friends and the respect of acquaintances.

In an evil hour he was tempted, acting upon false notions of honor, to peril his life, and the life of another. His antagonist fell. From that hour he was an altered man; he knew no peace; and, to drown the bitter thought that he was a murderer, he sullied his soul still deeper in crime by drinking to excess. And in early life he was taken from us, a debased and self-blighted man.

Yet how like him was the last act of his life! This little paragraph below, inserted in newspapers without comment, and glanced at by the reader, possibly without thought, tells, at once, the rectitude of his intentions, and his own estimation of the depth of his crime.

"George C. Dromgoole, in his will, gave all his property to the children of the individual who fell by his hand in a duel."

It has fallen to our lot, in days when we thought dueling no sin, if we could be said to have thought about it at all, to meet with many, to know well some, who had killed their men. We never knew one who lived in peace after the murder; we know only two who survive, and they are sots.

The first time we were called upon to witness a duel, was at Augusta, Georgia, in 1829. We were just entering manhood. The parties were from our native State. We knew them both well. They were stationed at their places, and at the word *fire*, the elder of the two, a man of promise and place, fell dead. We saw him, saw his brother, who gazed wildly into his pale face, just now so full of life, saw friends as they hurriedly took up his body, and bore him onward to his home. And we saw afterward the gray-haired father as he bent over that body, hot tears falling down his cheeks, fall as one struck with palsy, for his prop, the boy of his hopes, was taken away, and there was no longer happiness for him on earth!

But the survivor! Business relations brought us together; we were his attorney; and we had to see him at his home, and our house. In company, we saw no change in him: he was light-hearted, almost frolicsome in his gayety. He never spoke of the murder; by an unuttered but well-understood compact, (and how terribly did this describe the deed?) none ever referred to it. But soon we learned that he never slept without a light in the room. Soon after we found that he was fast becoming a drunkard, and scarce three years had passed since the duel ere he was stricken down in early manhood, and laid near his antagonist in the earth.

But his death! we were present at it, and never may we witness such another! That subject—so long kept sealed up by himself—so long untouched by family or friend—the murder of his school companion and neighbor, was at last broken by himself. "I could not help it," said he, as his eyes glared upon us, and his breathing became painful from its quick and audible action. We knew to what he referred; and endeavored to direct his thoughts into other channels. In vain. "I could not help it; I was forced into it; could I help it?" And all this was, in dueling sense, true. He had every excuse a man could have to fight; but, when so assured, he exclaimed wildly, "It will not do—I murdered him—I see him now—I have seen him as he lay ded on the field, ever since I slew him. My God! My God!" And muttering these, and like sentences, with a shriek, such as I never heard mortal utter, he died!

Another instance. A young Scotchman came to Charleston, S. C., and settled there. He gave offense to a noted duelist, and was challenged; fought and killed him. He removed afterward to New-Orleans; he was engaged in successful business, and was regarded the merriest fellow about. His intimate friends thought the murder had made no impression upon him; not one of his relatives believed he cared anything about it.

In 1834 or '35 he was engaged in large Cotton speculations. News of a rise in price reached New-Orleans soon after he had shipped a large number of bales to New-York. If he could sell or make some particular arrangement, he could realize a fortune. But it was necessary to go to New-York. He jumped on board a steamer, went to Montgomery, (Alabama) and pushed rapidly on by land for Washington City. Over-excitement brought on fever, and he was obliged to stop in the interior of South Carolina.

Full fifteen years, or more, had elapsed since he had killed his man. For the first time, he lay on a bed of sickness. He had fever and delirium with it. And in that delirium, with terrible anguish and maniac fury, he spoke of this deed of death! It made those of us who heard him shudder as we listened! Was his laughter, all along, forced? Had his merriment been lip-deep—of the intellect, and not of the heart? He grew better, and his physician thought him convalescent. Now and then he would start in his sleep, and exclaim, "Take him off me, don't tie his dead body to me;" but the fever had abated, and we all thought he would soon be well. He did grow better, but, watching his opportunity, he went to a chest of drawers, as if for some clothing, stealthily took from it a razor and drew it rapidly across his throat! It was a dreadful gash that he made, and would have been fatal had not one who was near struck his elbow, as he was making the attempt upon his life!

Poor man! He knew, and had known, no peace since the day he killed his opponent. When he thought his end near, he made the confession. "He felt," he said, "as if he was a murderer, though no one charged him with the crime."

And our belief is, that no man who kills another ever feels otherwise. The mark of Cain is upon him, and he sees it if no other eye does.

An Argument Well Put.—A subscriber of the New York Commercial, who has taken that paper for fourteen years, makes the following sensible remarks in a letter enclosing a remittance for another year's subscription:

My means are small—but I abjured wine, alcohol and all other strong drinks, in June, 1842, and have kept honorably to my pledge; the saving under this head more than pays for my newspapers, and the gratification which the perusal of them gives me is beyond calculation in dollars and cents. When I look around among my neighbors and see many smart intelligent men, who seem to take an interest in the welfare of their beloved country, and yet from false economy deny themselves and their families the advantage of a newspaper, I feel mortified and sorry on their account. I have been a constant reader of the New York Spectator since 1833, and the longer I take it the more I like it; to part with it would be like missing the company and conversation of a much valued old friend.

Pic-Nic Excursions.—Reader, are you going upon one of those delightful Pic-Nic Excursions which are taking place every day? Well, you'll want "something to drink" as well as eat, wont you? Then go to Kelley's, 171½ William street, and get a paper of his admirable *Lemon Sugar*, and your wants in this respect will be entirely satisfied. All you have to do is to put a little of it into a tumbler of water, and you have a glass of the finest lemonade you ever tasted. It is just "the thing" for a pic-nic.

Marion Desmond, or the Happy New Year.—This beautiful story, by Bro. Burdett, illustrated with twelve fine wood-cuts, has been issued from our office in a handsome book form, on good paper. Our readers, who wish a copy for themselves or friends, can now obtain it. Price 25 cents.

The Tremont Temperance House, 110 Broadway, is among the best of our Hotels, and its Bill of Fare embraces every luxury of our extensive markets. Though not so "vast" as the Astor, it is in no way inferior in comfort and airiness. Bro. Burt omits no effort to please his guests, and we recommend his house to strangers visiting the City, as pleasantly situated, and near the center of business and amusement.

News of The Order.—Our readers will not fail to perceive the fullness of our intelligence of the Order from the various States, which our attentive correspondents enable us to give. In this particular the Golden Rule is the *only* Odd-Fellows' Periodical in the United States.

☞ We shall endeavor to give an abstract of the 'work of the Order' in this State next week.

Merchants' Magazine.—We have looked over the July and August numbers of this valuable work, with a great measure of satisfaction, and with as much profit as satisfaction. We do not see how any merchant or business man can do without it. It is a *vade mecum* for all such; and the subscription price will be the best investment of the year for any man of business. The August number has an excellent article by the Editor on Monsieur Vattemare's present mission to the United States. We shall give our readers a portion of it.

Recollections of Coleridge and Southey has gone so well, we see, that Wiley and Putnam *have* issued a second edition, very neatly *bound* in cloth. The *Complete Angler* is coming out in the same style, we are informed.

☞ "Henri Quatre; or the Days of the League," a Novel, has been reissued by the Harpers in a couple of Volumes, at 25 cents each. We believe the first Edition was well received by the public.

MARRIAGES.

August 2, in Winstead, Conn. by Rev. J. J. Twist, Mr. HENRY G. COEYMANS, and Miss ELIZA HOWE, both of Winstead.

DEATHS.

June 20, at Elizabethtown, Lancaster county, Pa. Mrs. HARRIET REDSECKER, wife of P.G. Jacob Redsecker, of Elizabethtown Lodge No. 128, aged 38 years.

July 1, at Bainbridge, Lancaster county, Pa. Bro. JACOB BOWMASTER, of Elizabethtown Lodge No. 128, aged 28 years. His remains were interred with appropriate services, in the Lutheran grave-yard in Maytown, whither they were followed by a large number of his brethren from Elizabethtown and Marietta.

July 23, at Mount Vernon Furnace, Lancaster county, Pa. Bro. HENRY FELTENBERGER, of Mount Zion Lodge No. 74, aged 43 years 7 months. His remains were followed to their last resting place in Elizabethtown, by a large number of the brethren of Marietta, Mt. Joy, York, Middletown and Elizabethtown.

Notices of New Publications.

MEN, WOMEN, AND BOOKS; A Selection of Essays, Sketches, and Critical Memoirs, from his uncollected prose writings. By Leigh Hunt. 2 vols. New York: Harper and Brothers, 82 Cliff-st.

These are a couple of admirable volumes. The cheerful and hopeful spirit in which these sketches and essays are written is refreshing and gladdening to the heart. They are selected from Hunt's earlier productions; but his later writings are imbued with the same genial spirit. Through all his works and all his life, Leigh Hunt has, in his own language, "done his best to recommend that belief in good, that cheerfulness in endeavor, that discernment of universal beauty, that brotherly consideration for mistake and circumstance, and that repose on the happy destiny of the whole human race, which appear to him not only the healthiest and most animating principle of action, but the only true religious homage to Him who made us all."

WOMAN, HER EDUCATION AND INFLUENCE. By Mrs. Reid. With an Introduction and Illustrations. New York: Fowlers and Wells, 131 Nassau-street.

This may be truly called an excellent work, and the fact that it has been translated into the principal languages of Europe, speaks much in its favor. It should be thoroughly read by every woman in the country. The present edition has an introduction by Mrs. Kirkland, with numerous portraits of distinguished women, which add greatly to its value.

BEAUTIES OF THE BIBLE, selected from the Old and New Testaments, with various remarks and brief dissertations. By Ezra Thompson. New York: Harpers. 1 vol. 18 mo.

This book was first given to the public forty-seven years ago. We regard it as an excellent little work, and the remarks of the author appended to each selection, appear to be conceived in the right spirit.

THE ALPHABETICAL DRAWING BOOK and Pictorial Natural History of Quadrupeds. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway.

This is simply history of quadrupeds, with a drawing of each animal of which an account is given, and contains no instructions in drawing, as one would suppose from its title. It is designed for young readers, and is an interesting little book for the juveniles.

THE DEVOTIONAL FAMILY BIBLE. By Rev. Alexander Fletcher, D.D. New York: Geo. Virtue, 26 John street.

The 49th and 50th Parts of this work, bringing the text down to the close of Job, have been published. The illustrations are Nathan's Parable and a beautiful Family Record. The illustrations of this work are unequaled.

THE GERMANIA AND AGRICOLA OF TACITUS. With Notes for Colleges. By W. S. Tyler. New York: Wiley and Putnam.

This is a very good edition of Tacitus' Germany and Life of Agricola. The text has been edited with much care; and the notes are decidedly the best, both as an aid and an exercise to the student, which we have seen appended to any of the recent editions of the classics. We think Mr. Tyler, whose modesty we admire in these days of learned arrogance and display, has done himself much credit in this his "first attempt at literary labor." He need not blush in the presence of those who make more noise, so far as the real merit of his labor is concerned. The Life of Tacitus adds to the value of the book.

SUMMER TOURS; Or, NOTES OF A TRAVELER THROUGH SOME OF THE MIDDLE AND NORTHERN STATES. By Theodore Dwight. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This is an old work revivified. It has some pleasant passages for those not familiar with the scenes described—besides the "pictures," and—the *paper* covers.

Rowan's Modern French Reader.—This work, which is from the press of the Appletons, and in their usual substantial style of preparation, has long been a desideratum with the French student. The differences in the language as found in the old classic French writers, and as spoken and written at the present day, are many and great; and have been a source of constant embarrassment to those attempting to write and speak French as it actually exists. This volume, made up of selections from the popular modern authors, as Guizot, Thiers, Michelet, Hugo, Sue, Alexander Dumas, D'Anbigne, &c. &c., remedies this serious evil; and while it presents the language in its present form and peculiarities, at the same time furnishes some of the choicest beauties of those authors, who are occupying so large a space in French literature. Every French student will provide himself with this excellent volume. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway, New York.

Phonography and Phonotypy.—Messrs. Andrews and Boyle, Sun Building, corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, have sent us three new publications on the "printing and writing reformation." They consist of—1. "The Primary Phonotypic Reader," for the use of Schools and Families. This is intended as introductory exercises in analyzing and reading, for children and uneducated adults. This work has been much needed. 2. "The Phonographic Reporter's First Book," containing a complete list of the word-signs used in the most contracted style of Phonographic reporting, illustrated by exercises. This is designed only for those who have thoroughly mastered the system as used in ordinary correspondence. 3. "Report upon Phonotypy," made by Mr. Emerson to the "American Academy of Arts and Sciences," Boston, August 12, 1846. This exhibits in an admirable manner the absurdities of the common orthography, and the advantages of the new system. The perusal of this report will tend to help on the "reformation."

"Pictorial History of England," by the Harpers, has reached its 27th number, entering upon the protectorship of Cromwell.

☞ "Russell; a Tale of the Reign of Charles II." is the title of the last new Novel by James, just issued by Harper and Brothers. 160 pages for 25 cts!

BURT & WATERMAN,

TREMONT TEMPERANCE HOUSE, No. 110 Broadway, New York. Transient Board $1,25 per day. MILES C. BURT, au7:1m H. WATERMAN, Jr.

PHRENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS,

FOWLERS & WELLS, 131 Nassau-street, Y. Y. The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, Monthly, at $1 per year. my22:3m*

HUDSON DEGREE LODGE ROOM.

THE Coolest Lodge Room in the City, is at corner of Hudson and Grove streets, where Hudson Degree Lodge No. 4, continues to give the five Subordinate Degrees, every Saturday Evening. jy31:3t*

GEORGE JARDINE,

CHURCH, LODGE AND ORGAN MANUFACTORY, 83 Anthony street, New York. Established twelve years. Finger Organs with Barrel Attachments, made expressly for Lodge Rooms. The patronage of the Order, and especially the Board of Managers of the New Hall, is respectfully solicited. jy31:6m

NATIONAL HOTEL,

CORNER of River and Ferry-sts. Troy, N. Y. At the Depot of the Eastern, Western, & Saratoga Railroads, and is a short distance from the Steamboat Landing. OSBORN & McDONALD, Proprietors. Stages for the North and East, leave every morning in front of this house. ap24:tf

A. WHITE'S, CENTRAL HOTEL, UTICA, New York ap24:tf

JULY REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (41 Wall-st.) has issued 149 new Policies during the month of July, 1847—viz: To

Merchants and Traders	60	Clergymen	2	U. S. Officers	
Clerks	18	Ladies	11	Postmaster	
Manufactur'rs	9	Agents	5	Editor	
Mechanics	16	Teachers		Students	3
Lawyers	6	Farmers	4	Artists	
Physicians	3	Sea Captains	3	Other occupat.	8
		Engineers	1		

New Policies issued in July, 1847.....149

ROBT. L. PATTERSON, Prest.

BENJ. C. MILLER, Secy.

JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent.

JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner, at the office daily form 2 to 3 o'clock. au7

VISIT OAK HALL, BOSTON.

WHERE Clothing is manufactured in the best style and sold at such extremely low prices.

THE WHOLE RANGE OF APARTMENTS, as far as completed, is now open to the public, with the largest stock of fresh imported Goods

For Spring Trade,

ever offered in this Establishment. With an entire new manufactured stock of

ELEGANT DESIGNS,

adapted to Spring Trade, together with a great variety of BOYS' and YOUTHS'

CLOTHING,

the whole combining the greatest variety, and the largest Stock of

Ready Made Clothing, Piece Goods, Rich Furnishing Goods,

And in fact, every article adapted to the wear of man and the rising generation; combining the greatest assortment and largest stock ever on hand, the whole of which is submitted to a discriminating public's examination; and if as cheap, or cheaper than thay can purchase elsewhere,

THEN PATRONIZE.

The whole is offered at such prices as will ensure the sale. GEO. W. SIMMONS, Proprietor, Nos. 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 Ann-st., Je53m opposite Merchant's House, Boston.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY & EDGE TOOLS.

HENRY F. FAIRBANK, 73 Chatham street, N. York, Importer and Dealer in Hardware, Cutlery and Edge Tools; Housekeeper's and Builder's Hardware, in every variety; Cooper's, Carpenter's and Ship Wright's Tools. Fenney's Warranted Razors. Rodger's, Stenton's, and Wragg's Pocket Knives. Wilson & Southern's Table Cutlery, &c. Rimmer & Son's English Warranted Needles. Furnished Tool Chests, from 8 to 100 dollars.

The subscriber gratefully acknowledges the liberal patronage bestowed upon him by the public generally, since he commenced the Hardware Business at No. 44 Fulton Street, and begs to inform them, that for the convenience of his rapidly increasing business, he has taken the large new store, 73 Chatham Street, two doors above Duane, and has made large additions to his general stock of Hardware and Fancy Goods. He begs also to assure his friends and the public, that he will not abate his solicitude to please them in the new store, and pledges himself to sell as good an article as can be purchased in the city, at the lowest market price. HENRY F. FAIRBANK, jan3 73 Chatham Street.

CONSTITUTIONS, By-Laws, Blanks, etc., for Lodges and Encampments, printed at short notice, at this Office.

JOHN McNICOL, Stereotyper and Printer, No. 11 Spruce street, New York, 4th story.

JOHN OSBORNE,

REGALIA Manufacturer, No. 99 Madison street, New York, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New Work

REGALIA.

M. I. DRUMMOND, 309 Grand-st. N. Y. has on hand at all times Camp, P. G. and Scarlet Member's dress Regalia, cheap; Lodges and Encampments furnished, at short notice and first rate style, Stars, Fringes, Gold and Silver Laces, at importers' prices. je12:tf

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds, and every other article required in a Lodge or Encampment I. O. O. F. furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. feb13:tf T. PARSON, 270 Main-st.

ENCAMPMENT AND LODGE REGALIA.

TENTS, Crooks, Cushions, Emblems, Costumes, & every other accoutrement for the Work of the Order supplied at the shortest notice and in the best possible manner, by JOHN G. TAYLOR, Costumer, 58 Prince-st. N. Y.

☞ Letters immediately attended to. jan2:3m

ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA, PHILAD'A.

J. W. & E. D STOKES, 194 Market street, Philadelphia, Manufacturers of REGALIA, SASHES, ROBES, &c., for Lodges and Encampments. The members of the Order, Lodges and Encampments, wishing to purchase a *SPLENDID ARTICLE* of *REGALIA*, at a very low price, can be accommodated by calling at the store, where they will find a great variety, adapted to the different degrees and ranks in the Order. Orders from a distance attended to with punctuality and despatch. oct16:tf

REGALIA.

THE Subscriber Manufactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of GILT AND SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. E. VAN SCHAACK, Jan2:tf 385 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

REGALIA MANUFACTORY, UTICA, N. Y.

THE SUBSCRIBER is prepared to furnish every article for Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, at short notice, and at reasonable charges. je5tf Orders solicited. Address ISAAC TAPPING.

LODGE JEWELS.

E. AYRES, Manufacturer of LODGE JEWELS, 98 Nassau-st. Jewels for Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. always on hand. N.B. Seals cut at the shortest possible notice. my15: tf

F. W. & W. F. GILLEY

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRY GOODS MERCHANTS, 430 Grand-st. Material for REGALIA and DRAPERY, the best assortment in the United States. feb27:tf

CARPETING FOR LODGE ROOMS.

ALDRICH BARSTOW & Co. 440 Pearl-st. N. Y. are now manufacturing a style of Carpeting peculiarly adapted for the use of Lodge-rooms, to which they would invite the especial attention of those of the Order purchasing Carpets.

Also, a great variety of Carpeting, Floor Oil Cloths, &c. for general use. my:813t*

REGALIA.

ELIAS COMBS, 260 Grand-st. N. Y., continues the Manufacture of Regalia of every description. Lodges and Encampments furnished at short notice. Orders from city or country thankfully received, and no pains spared to give satisfaction. Stars, Tassels, &c. for sale je26:tf

ODD-FELLOWS DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

CURTIS and NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows Hall, North Sixth street, below Race, Philadelphia. THE GOLDEN RULE, and other publications, together with all kinds of Books, Regalia, and all necessary articles used in furnishing Lodges and Encampments. Also on hand, a general assortment of miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Varieties, &c.

BANNERS AND FLAGS PAINTED

OR EMBROIDERED, and furnished complete by H. LIEBENAU, Military Standard and Banner Painter, 491 Pearl-st. Societies and Lodges supplied with official insignia, such as gavils, pens' keys, rods, &c. in sets, gilt and trimmed with velvet in the first style. Je5:6m

T. C. MOORE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Chicago, Illinois. Will attend to Securing and Collecting Claims, in any part of Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana. Business from a distance attended to. References if required. mar13:tf

Cheap Book-Bindery,

106 CHATHAM-ST., cor. of Pearl.—The subscriber respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to do every description of Book Binding in the best manner, and in every variety of style, low for cash. Harper's Bible handsomely bound, at various prices. Blank Books ruled and made to order. Music, Periodicals, and Books of every description, bound cheap, and at the shortest notice. o17 OWEN C. OWENS.

FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.

THOSE who wish to purchase GOLD or SILVER WATCHES, will find it greatly to their advatage to call on the subscriber, who is selling all descriptions of fine Gold or Silver Watches, at retail, lower than any other house in th city.

Fine Gold and Silver English Patent Lever Watches
do do Detatched Lever do
do do Lepine do
Ladies' and Gentlemen's fine Gold Guard Chains.
do do Breast Pins
Ladies' Bracelets. Gold Pencils.
Gold Watches as low as $20 to $25 each.

Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought. All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and retail, 51 Wall-st, jan2:tf (late 30) corner of William-st, up stairs.

SAMUEL HAMMOND & Co.

IMPORTERS of FINE WATCHES, No. 44 Merchants' Exchange, 1st door in William street, have constantly on hand a large and valuable assortment of Fine Watche of their own importation, which they are now selling at lower prices (when quality is compared,) than can be purchased of any dealer in New York. A written wagrantee, in all cases, will be given to the purchaser.

S. Hammond having attended solely to the repairing of Chronometer, Duplex, and other fine Watches, in the late firm of Benedict & Hammond, will continue to give his undivided attention to that branch of the business, in connection with his present partner, whose reputation has long been established, having worked for the last ten years for the trade in this city. m23:tf

J. M. DUBOIS,

MANUFACTURER OF SILVER SPOONS, FORKS, &c. of the newest patterns and finish, the Silver warranted equal to coin. All orders attended to punctually, at 47 Dey-st. N. Y. je19:tf

☞ **MERCER'S** ☜

BREAKFAST AND DINING ROOMS,

ARE AT THE

COR. NASSAU AND ANN-STS. NEW YORK. Where every luxury is served during its season at reasonable charges.

☞ Private entrance to Ladies' Dining Room, (attended by Mrs. Mercer,) 21 Ann-st. for the accommodation of Ladies or Families whose business may call them in this section of the city. jan16;tf

HIGHLAND EATING HOUSE.

C. M. HAGGINS, L. LESLIE, 10, Lindall street, BOSTON. ap10:tf

A. R. CAMPBELL'S

TEMPERANCE REFRESHMENT ROOMS, Nos. 7 and 8 Wilson's Lane, BOSTON. Meals served up at all hours of the day—Sundays excepted. Ladies can visit these Rooms, in company with Gentlemen, with perfect propriety, as such is the custom of the place. ap10:tf

JOHN KNIGHT,

CARVER AND GILDER, LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTURER No. 205 Chrystie, cor. of Stanton-st., New York. Ornamental, plain and fancy wood Frames, of every description, made to order. N. B. All orders from the Country punctually attended to. The new and elegant CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP I. O. of O. F. framed in every style. Orders solicited. mar20:6m

REMOVAL.

D. P. BARNARD'S Law Office has been removed to 16 Wall-st. 3d story, back room, where his friends will hereafter find him. mar13:6m

DR. E. W. OWEN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 330 Bowery.—Office 56 Bond-street, N. Y. feb27:tf

THOMPSON'S PREMIUM TRUSS,

Improved by J. R. BENJAMIN, 13 Beekman-st., is universally approved of by the Medical Faculty, and all who use them, as the pressure can be graduated from one to fifty pounds on the rupture without a back pad, which does so much injury to the spine, causing weakness and pain in the back and sides, and often permanent spinal disease. Six days trial given and if not perfectly satisfactory, money returned. Those sending for this Truss, need only mention the side ruptured, and the measure round the hips. jy10:tf

GENUINE POPULAR MEDICINES.

AT the MAGASIN DE SANTE, (*Magazine of Health*) 130 Washington street, Boston, may be obtained the following articles of Popular Medicine, *pure and genuine:*

BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM, the Great English Remedy for Consumption.

UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY FOR THE PILES—the only positive cure for that troublesome disease.

SANDS', BRISTOL'S and BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, and numerous other popular remedies for Scrofula.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail, at the Proprietor's prices, together with all the Popular Medicines in general use in New England—and a fine assortment of Perfumery and Cosmetics. Jy24:tf

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER. NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON. TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

VOL. VII....No. 7. SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1847. WHOLE No. 163.

Original Poetry.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. H. S. DE GROVE.

SHE sleeps! so gently sleeps! I will not rouse,
By near approach, or e'en by whisper break
Too rudely on her dreaming fancy,
Lest some white-winged angel, holding converse
With her maiden thoughts, should startled be, and
Soar too quickly toward its native Heaven.
How tender is the texture of her frame—
So delicately woven with blue shreds,
Whose shadow rests upon each snowy fold,
Like traceries fine of sculptur'd grace
On base of Alabaster's spotless hue.
The rose-leaf lining of her parted lips—
Their gentle curve, that speaks so much of love
And woman's tenderness—how beautiful!
Like crimson clouds athwart the setting sun,
Mirror'd on bosom of some silver lake,
Stirred gently by its inner life alone,
Are changeless hues now flitting o'er her cheek.
The small white hand, by rounded beauty led,
Hath clasp'd caressingly its kindred mate,
And both lie press'd upon the maiden's heart,
As though to seek a sanction there for love,
While gently held within their close embrace,
One rose of virgin white appears—perchance
A mystic emblem of that heart's own truth—
While those of riper bloom, the heliotrope
And fragrant heath, the dew-lip'd myrtle,
The golden crown, and light wing'd venus star,
That scarce outlives its blooming—with treasur'd
Wild-flowers gather'd in her morning's walk,
Imbedded in their leaves of shining green—
Have spread themselves upon her lap, and o'er
Her massy couch of rest, in rich profusion.
The while I stood to gaze, enraptur'd, on
That cherub beauty which nor years, nor care,
Nor guileful thought had ever dimm'd, there came
A tremor o'er her mobile lineaments,
Betokening that she felt, within, approaching danger.
And slowly creeping from the rock on which
She lean'd, came forth a glittering serpent.
As nearer yet it drew, my pulse grew still
From horror! An icy coldness gather'd
O'er life's citadel! Spell-bound I stood—
Yet still gaz'd on, and saw its hideous length,
In narrowing circles, moving toward her side.
Its venom'd head bent low until its breath
Play'd freely o'er the maiden's cheek, and threw
Contagious poison in her listening ear.
Oh! would her beauty lay in marble cold,
And passionless encas'd with heart of stone—
Or, that from dreaming sleep she might not wake,
To list the magic of the whisper'd tale.
Alas! beguiling spells their shadows cast,
And tints upon her cheek are deepening.
The rapid flutterings of her vesture speak
No more of peace brooding above her heart.
The loving hands unclasp'd, forgetful now
Of the fair fading flower so lately cherish'd,
And, wandering, seek a foreign resting place.
The gentle bosom heaves with scarce fledg'd sighs—
Till once again on living world around
Her eyes unclose. But not, as when she slept,
Do they appear. A strange light beams therein,
And dove-like meekness beams no longer there.
Her restless glance is turn'd with smile upon
The glittering coil, in childish rapture,
At its glowing beauty. Shrinking at first,
With half timidity her hands extend
To grasp its serpent life. The flowers are fair—
Still beautiful to view—but here is life.
Each change appears to her bewilder'd eye
More full of beauty—and, drinking deeper
Drafts of fascination, emboldens her
To fold within her arms, and give, at last,
Her snow-white bosom for its resting place.
Caressingly, she wiles the passing hour,
Quite heedless of the poison'd fangs which lie
So closely press'd beside the vital part.
What wonder, if the maiden gather flowers
No more? Or that she shortly choose her couch
Of rest where the rude wind, or sun-beam mild,
Or gentlest whisper of a lover's sigh,
May waken not?

Romance of History.

PRESCOTT'S CONQUEST OF PERU.*

A NUMEROUS array of armed and resolute natives set them at defiance. And that they did so, speaks highly for their courage, when we consider the notion they entertained of the party of horsemen, who, with Pizarro at their head, effected a landing. Like the Mexicans and other races to whom the horse was unknown, until introduced from Europe, they imagined man and beast to form one strange and unaccountable monster, and had therefore the same excuse for a panic that a European army would have if suddenly assailed by a regiment of flying dragons.

Nevertheless they boldly charged the intruders. These, feeling their own inability to cope with the army of warriors that lined the shore, and which numbered according to some accounts, full ten thousand men, had landed with the sole purpose of seeking an amicable conference. Instead of a peaceful parley, they found themselves forced into a very unequal fight.

"It might have gone hard with the Spaniards, hotly pressed by their resolute enemy, but for a ludicrous incident reported by the historians as happening to one of the cavaliers. This was a fall from his horse, which so artonished the barbarians, who were not prepared for the division of what seemed one and the same being into two, that filled with consternation they fell back, and left a way open for the Christians to regain their vessels."

Doubting not that the account they could now give of the riches of Peru, would bring crowds of volunteers to their standard, Almagro and some of his companions sailed for Panama, to seek the success so greatly needed; Pizarro consenting after some angry discussion, to await their return upon the island of Gallo.

The men who were to remain with him were highly discontented at their commander's decision, and one of them secreted a letter in a ball of cotton, sent as a sample of Peruvian produce, to the wife of the governor of Panama. In this letter were complaints of privation and misery, and bitter attacks upon Pizarro and Almagro, whom the disaffected soldiers represented as sacrificing their comrades' lives to their own ambition. The paper reached its destination; the governor was indignant, and sent ships to take away the whole party. But Pizarro encouraged by letters from his two partners, who promised him the means of continuing his voyage, steadily refused to budge.

With his sword he drew a line upon the sand from east to west, exposed, with a soldier's frugality of words, the glory and prosperity that awaited them in Peru, and the disgrace of abandoning the enterprise, and then, stepping across the line, bade brave men stay by him and recreants retreat. Thirteen were staunch to their courageous leader. The first to range himself by his side was the pilot Ruiz; the second was Pedro de Candia. The names of the eleven others have also been preserved by the chroniclers.

A handful of men without food, without clothing, almost without arms, without knowledge of the land to which they were bound, without vessels to transport them, were here left upon a lonely rock in the ocean, with the avowed purpose of carrying on a crusade against a powerful empire, staking their lives on its success. What is there in the legends of chivalry that surpasses it? This was the crisis of Pizarro's fate.

Had Pizarro faltered from his strong purpose, and yielded to the occasion now so temptingly presented for extracting himself and his broken band from their desperate position, his name would have been buried with his fortunes, and the conquest of Peru would have been left for other and more successful adventurers.

Courage and constancy had their reward. True to their word, Luque and Almagro sent a small vessel to take off Pizarro and his little band. They embarked, set sail, and after twenty days were in the gulf of Guayaquil, abreast of Chimborazo, and in full view of the fertile vale of Tumbez.

There an Inca noble came on board, and was received by Pizarro with all honor and distinction. In reply to his inquiries concerning the whence and wherefore of the white man's coming, the Spanish leader replied, "that he was the vassal of a great prince, the greatest and most powerful in the world, and that he had come to this country to assert his master's 'lawful supremacy over it.'"

He further announced his intention of rescuing them from the darkness of unbelief, and converting them to Christianity. In reply to these communications the Inca chief said nothing—all, perhaps, that he understood. He was much more favorably impressed with a good dinner, Spanish wine, and the present of an iron hatchet.

* Continued from page 87.

The next day one of Pizzarro's followers, Alonzo de Molina, by name, was sent on shore, with a propitiatory offering of pigs and poultry for the "curaca," or governor of the district. He brought back such marvelous accounts that he was set down as a liar; and Pedro de Candia was selected to bring a true report of things on shore, whither he was sent, "dressed in complete mail as became a good knight, with his sword by his side, and his arquebuse on his shoulder."

His brilliant equipment greatly dazzled the natives, and at the report of his arquebuse they fell to the ground in dismay. A wondrous story is gravely told by several chroniclers, how the Indians, taking him for a supernatural being, and desirous to ascertain the fact beyond a doubt, let loose a tiger upon him. Candia took a cross from his neck, and laid it upon the back of the animal, which instantly fawned upon, and gallopped around him. On returning to his ship the report of the Greek cavalier confirmed that of Molina. Both as it subsequently appeared, were guilty of some exaggeration. But their flaming accounts of temples tapestried with plates of gold, and of convent gardens where fruits and vegetables were all in pure gold and silver, gave heart to the adventurers, and sent them on their way rejoicing.

To the port of Santa, nine degrees further south than any previous expedition had reached, they continued their voyage; and then, having fully convinced themselves of the richness of the country and the importance of their discoveries, but being too few and too feeble to profit by them, they retraced their course to Panama, and arrived after an absence of eighteen months, early in the year 1528.

It was now that Pizarro, finding the governor of Panama unwilling to assist him either with men or money, set out for Europe, to lay the report of his discoveries before the Emperor, and implore his support and patronage. He had little taste for the mission. The unlettered soldier, the war-worn and weather-beaten adventurer, was at home on the deck of a tempest-tost caravel, or in the depths of a howling wilderness, where courage, coolness, and fortitude were the qualities needed; and there he would rather risk himself than in the perfumed atmosphere of a court. His associates, however, urged him to depart. Father Luque's clerical duties prevented him from undertaking the journey; neither by manners nor appearance was Almagro eligible as an envoy. Pizarro, although wholly uneducated, was of commanding presence, and ready, even eloquent, in speech. With honorable frankness and confidence in his friend's integrity, Almagro urged him to set out. It was agreed that Pizarro should solicit for himself the offices of governor and captain-general of the newly discovered country; for Almagaro that of *adelantado;* that Ruiz should be Alguacil Mayor, and Father Luque Bishop of Tumbez. Promising to act in comformity with this agreement, and in all respects to consult his friend's interests equally with his own, Pizarro, accompanied by Pedro de Candia, and taking with him some Peruvians and Llamas, specimens of cloth and ornaments of gold and silver, traversed the Isthmus and embarked for Spain.

The discoverer and future conqueror of Peru had scarcely set foot upon his native soil, when he was thrown into prison for a debt of twenty years' standing, incurred by him as one of the early colonists of Darien. Released from durance, so soon as intelligence of his detention reached the court, he hurried to Toledo, where Charles the Fifth then was. The records of courts afford no scene more pregnant with interest than the arrival of Pizarro in the presence of his sovereign. It is the very romance of history—a noble subject for either poet or painter. The great monarch was then in the zenith of his glory and full flush of his fame. Pavia had been won; the chivalrous king of France made prisoner. Charles, the hero of his day, was about to enter Italy and receive an imperial crown from a pontiff's hand. Engrossed by his own triumphs and by the spread of his European power and dominions, the fortunate monarch had scarcely given a thought to the rich conquests made in his name by obscure adventurers in the golden regions of the West. The arrival of Hernan Cortes, come to lay an empire at his feet, had scarcely roused him from his indifference, when, in that brilliant and martial court crowded with the nobles and grandees, there appeared an unknown soldier, penniless, almost friendless, the child of shame, but whose daring deeds and great achievements were soon to give his name a lustre far above any that gentle birth and lengthy pedigree can borrow. Wholly unknown, however, Pizarro was not. The tale of researches, prosecuted during a period of four years and in the teeth of innumerable difficulties and dangers, with a perseverance which rumor said had been rewarded by great discoveries, had reached the ears of Charles. Pizarro met a gracious reception and patient hearing. Unabashed before royalty, he spoke with the gravity of a Castilian, and the dignity of a man conscious of his own worth. And he spoke well—"so well," says Montesinos in his annals, "that he secured attention and applause at Toledo,

where the Emperor was, who gave him audience with much pleasure, treated him lovingly, and heard him tenderly, especially when he related his constancy and that of his thirteen companions upon the island, in the midst of so many troubles and hardships."

It is said that Charles shed tears at the recital of such great sufferings so nobly supported. Compelled to leave Spain, he recommended Pizarro to the Council of the Indies; and after some delay, the famous *Capitulacion* or agreement was drawn up and signed by the queen. By this document Pizarro received right of conquest and discovery in Peru as far as two hundred leagues south of Santiago; was made governor, captain-general, Adelantado and Alguacial Mayor for life. with a salary of seven hundred and twenty-five thousand maravedis, and various immunities and privileges. Almargo was appointed commander of the fortress of Tumbez; Father Luque got his bishopric; Ruiz was named grand pilot of the Southern Ocean; Candia received command of the artillery; and on the eleven others who had remained on the island with Pizarro, the rank of hidalge was bestowed, besides the promise of municipal dignities in Peru, when it should be under the Spanish rule.

From this statement, it is apparent that Pizarro either did not attempt, or failed in his endeavors, to procure for Almagro and Ruiz the offices he had promised to solicit for them, and which, on the contrary, were all heaped upon himself. This treachery, or want of success, was the cause of bad blood between him and Almagro. Pizarro's conduct in the affair has been variously represented by different writers. His kinsman, Pedro Pizarro, vindicates him from the charge of unfair dealing. "And Don Francisco Pizarro petitioned in accordance with what had been agreed with his companions; and in the council he was answered that the government could not possibly be divided between two persons, for that had been done in Santa Marta, and one of the two had killed the other." And Pedro, who is a bit of partisan, and has a natural leaning to his cousin and commander, further states, that Pizarro, in honorable fulfilment of his promise, pleaded urgently for Almagro, till he received a rebuff, and was told, that if he did not ask the *adelantamiento* for himself, it would be given to a stranger.

Whereupon he applied for it, and it was granted him in addition to his other dignities. He was also made a knight of St. Jago; and in the armorial bearings which he inherited by the father's side were introduced the black eagle and the two pillars emblazoned on the royal arms. A ship, a llama, and an Indian city were further added; "while the legend announced that under the auspices of Charles, and by the industry, the genius, and the resources of Pizarro, Peru had been discovered and reduced to tranquillity." A premature announcement, which many subsequent scenes of bloodshed and violence sadly belied. As regards the good faith kept by Pizarro with Almagro and his other companions, and the degree of sincerity and perseverance with which he pressed their claims at the court of Spain, Mr. Prescott is justly sceptical; and much of the conqueror's after conduct compels us to believe that in such solicitations it was one word for his friend and two for himself. It is less interesting, however, to trace his dissimulation and double dealing, and the dissensions resulting from them, than to accompany him upon his final expedition to the empire of the Incas.

Although, by the articles of the *capitulacion*, Pizarro was bound to raise, within six months of its date, a well equipped force of two hundred and fifty men, it was with less than three-fourths of that number that he sailed from Panama in January, 1531. Careful to secure an ample share of the profits of the enterprise, the Spanish government did nothing to assist it, beyond providing some artillery and a few military stores. Pizarro must find the funds and the men, and this was no easy matter. To obtain the latter he repaired to his native town of Truxillo in Estremadura, where he recruited a few followers. Among them were four of his brothers—three illegitimate like himself, and one legitimate, Hernando Pizarro, a man of talent and energy, but of turbulent and overbearing disposition, who cut an important figure in the Peruvian campaigns. "They were all poor, and proud as they were poor," says Oviedo, who had seen them, "and their eagerness for gain was in proportion to their poverty.

Consequently the New World was the very place for them. Many, however, who listened eagerly to Pizarro's account of the wealth to be obtained there, hesitated to seek it through the avenue of perils by which it was to be reached. As to money, those who had it were loath to invest on such frail security as Peruvian mines; thus proving themselves wiser in their generation than many in more recent times. Cortes, it is said, assisted Pizarro to the necessary funds, which he would hardly have raised without the aid of the Mexican conqueror; and the stipulated six months having expired, the newly-made governor of Peru cut his cables, and in all haste left the shores of Spain, fearing that if the incompleteness of his preparations got wind, the Spanish crown might recede from its share of the contract. At Panama, recruits were as reluctant and scarce as in Spain; and at last, impatient of delay, he started on his expedition with only one hundred and eighty men and twenty-seven horses. Their equipment, however, was good; they were well supplied with arms and ammunition, and, above all, sanguine of success. Before their departure, their banners and the royal standard were blessed by a Dominican monk, and the soldiers took the sacrament.

Anchoring after thirteen days' sail in the Bay of St. Matthew, Pizarro landed his men and marched along the coast. He at first intended not to disembark till he reached Tumbez, of whose riches and fertility he entertained a pleasant recollection; but, baffled by winds, he altered his determination. He had, perhaps, better have adhered to it. True, that the emeralds and gold found at Coaque encouraged his followers, and enabled the politic adventurer to make a large remittance to Panama, to dazzle the colonists and induce volunteers. But the sufferings of the Spaniards on their march through those sultry and unhealthy regions, were very great. Encumbered with heavy armor and thick cotton doublets, they toiled wearily along beneath a burning sun and over sands searce less scorching. Fortunately, they were unmolested by the natives, who fled on their approach. They had enough to do to combat disease and the climate. "A strange epidemic broke out in the little army; it took the form of ulcers, or rather of hideous warts of great size, which covered the body, and when lanced, as was the case with some, discharged such a quantity of blood as proved fatal to the sufferer." Mr. Prescott recognizes in this horrible malady—which he says made its appearance during the invasion, and did not long survive it—"one of those plagues from the vial of wrath, which the destroying angel who follows in the path of the conqueror pours out on the devoted nations." Conquerors and conquered, however, suffered from it alike; and as to its having speedily become extinct, we suspect that it is still well known in Peru. The *verrugas*, described by Dr. Tschudi in his valuable and delightful narrative of Peruvian travel,* and which the natives attribute to the noxious qualities of certain streams, is coincident in its symptoms with the disease that afflicted Pizarro's followers, diminishing their numbers and impeding their progress. The arrival of one or two small reinforcements filled up the vacancies thus made in their ranks, and the march was continued until the adventurers found themselves opposite the island of Puna, upon which Pizarro resolved to pitch his camp, and there plan his attack upon the neighboring city of Tumbez. Between the Tumbese and the men of Puna there was a long-standing feud, and the former lost no opportunity of exciting Pizarro's suspicions of the islanders. Having been informed that ten or twelve chiefs were plotting against him, he seized and delivered them to their rivals, who forthwith cut off their heads. A battle was the immediate consequence; and the handful of Spaniards defeated several thousand Puna warriors, mowing them down with musketry and sabre. As was by no means unusual in those days, the Christians received encouragement from Heaven. "In the battle," says Montezinos with laudable gravity, "many, both of our people and of the Indians, saw that in the air there were two other camps—one led on by the archangel St. Michael with sword and buckler, the other by Lucifer and his myrmidons; but no sooner did the Castilians cry victory, than the demons fled, and from out of a mighty whirlwind terrible voices were heard to exclaim—'Thou hast conquered! Michael, thou hast conquered!' Hence Don Francisco Pizarro was inspired with so great a devotion to the holy archangel that he vowed to call by his name the first city he should found, fulfilling the same, as we shall presently see" These angelic interventions were common enough both in the Moorish and American wars of Spain, and have been commemorated by many artists, whose paintings, for the most part more curious in design than skilful in execution, are still to be occasionally met with in the Peninsula. Pizarro was twice favored with such celestial succors; the second time at the fight, or rather massacre, of Caxamalca, when certainly he required little aid against the panic-stricken hordes, who fell, like grass before the mower's scythe, under the fierce sabre-cuts of the martial Spaniards. Nevertheless, "a terrible apparition appeared in the air during the onslaught. It consisted of a woman and a child, and at their side a horseman, all clothed in white, on a milk-white charger, —doubtless the valiant St. James,—who, with his sword glancing lightning, smote down the infidel host, and rendered them incapable of resistance." Thus gravely and reverently deposeth the worthy Fray Naharro, who had his information from three monks of his order present in the fight.

The arrival of Pizarro and his band upon the coast of Peru, occurred at a moment most favorable to their projects of appropriation. The country had just emerged from a sanguinary civil war, in which many of its best warriors had perished; the throne

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of the Incas was occupied by an usurper, who, to cement his power, had shed the blood of hundreds of the royal family, his own brethren and relatives. These events had been thus brought about: the warlike Inca and conqueror of Quito, Huayna Capac, forgot, on his death-bed, the sagacity that had marked his reign; and, in direct contravention of the fundamental laws of the empire, divided his dominions between Huascar, his legitimate heir, and Atahuallpa, a pet son whom he had had by one of his numerous concubines. The old Inca died, and, for five years, his two successors reigned, without quarrel, over their respective territories. Then dissensions arose between them; war broke out; and in two great fights, one at the foot of Chimborazo, the other on the plains of Cuzco, Atahuallpa's troops, veterans grown grey under his father's banner, were completely victorious. Huascar was taken prisoner and shut up in the fortress of Xauxa; his rival assumed the *borla* or scarlet diadem of the Incas, and, using his victory with little moderation, if Garcilasso de la Vega and subsequent Spanish writers are to be believed, butchered, with circumstances of great cruelty, all of the Inca blood upon whom he could lay hands. Mr. Prescott, however, doubts the veracity of Garcilasso, the son of a niece of Huayna Capac and of a Spanish cavalier, who arrived in Peru soon after its conquest, in the suite of Pedro de Alvarado. His origin, and familiarity with the Peruvian tongue, should insure the correctness of his statements; while his relationship, by the father's side, with a family illustrious in letters as in arms, seems to guaranty his literary capacity. But Garcilasso was sadly given to romancing; and his pages exhibit, amid much that is really valuable, great exaggeration and credulity. If we could implicitly credit his statements of Atahuallpa's atrocities, our sympathy with the Inca, betrayed, dethroned, and finally murdered, by the Spaniards, would be materially lessened. The triumph of the usurper occurred only a few months previous to the invasion of Peru by Pizarro, in the spring of 1532.

After the battle of Puna the Spaniards were greatly annoyed by the enemy, who kept up a desultory and harassing warfare, and they welcomed with joy the arrival of a strong reinforcement under Hernando de Soto, the future discoverer of the Mississippi. With a hundred fresh men and a supply of horses for the cavalry, Pizarro did not hesitate to cross to the main-land. The inhabitants, although previously on the most friendly terms with the Spaniards, opposed their landing, but with no great energy; and a charge of horse drove them to the woods. At Tumbez, however, a grievious disappointment awaited the invaders. With the exception of half a dozen of the principal buildings, the city was razed to the ground; and of the rich spoils the Spaniards had reckoned upon, not a trace was left. The adventurers were greatly discouraged by this discovery "The gold of Peru seemed only like a deceitful phantom, which, after beckoning them on through toil and danger, vanished the moment they attempted to grasp it." They lost heart in this search after an intangible treasure; and Pizarro, fearing disaffection as a consequence of inaction, hurried them into the interior of the country. At thirty leagues from Tumbez, he founded, in conformity with his vow, the city of San Miguel; and, after waiting several weeks for further reinforcements and receiving none, he left fifty men for the protection of the new settlement, and marched with the remainder in search of the Inca, proclaiming everywhere, as he proceeded, the religion of Christ, the supremacy of the Pope, and the sovereignity of Charles the Fifth.

And here, as much, perhaps, as at any period of his career, we are struck by the genius and activity of Pizarro, and by his wonderful ascendency over a band of restless desperadoes. Within five months after landing at Tumbez, he had made an extensive tour of observation, established a friendly understanding with the Indians, parceled out lands, cut timber, and quarried stone; founded a city, and organized a municipal government. A church and a fortress—always the two first edifices in a Spanish-American town,—a store-house and a court of justice, strongly, if not elegantly built, had already arisen. Strict discipline was maintained among the Spaniards, who were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to molest or ill-treat the natives; and most astonishing of all, Pizarro succeeded in persuading his rapacious followers to relinquish their shares in the gold and silver already collected, which was sent, after a fifth had been deducted for the crown, to pay off the ship-owners and those who had supplied stores for the expedition. After the settlement of these preliminaries, he struck boldly into the heart of the land. His army (the name is a mockery, applied to such a force) consisted of sixty-seven cavalry and one hundred and ten infantry, among whom were only three arquebusiers and twenty crossbowmen. With this paltry troop he dared to advance against the powerful army which he had ascertained was encamped under command of Atahuallpa, within twelve days' journey of San Miguel. We read of subsequent events and scarcely wonder at a mob of timid Peruvians being dispersed by a handful of resolute men, mail-clad, well disciplined, and inured to war, but in numbers as one to a hundred of those opposed to them. Pizarro, however, had no assurance of the slight resistance he should meet; he could know but imperfectly the resources of the Inca; he was wholly ignorant of the natural obstacles the country might oppose to his progress, and of the ambuscades that might beset his path. His dauntless spirit paused not for such considerations. And, scanty as his numbers were, he did not fear to risk their diminution, by a proposal resembling that of Harry the Fifth to his troops. Those who had no heart for the expedition, he announced to his little band, on the fifth day after their departure from San Miguel, were at full liberty to return to the city. The garrison was weak, he would gladly see it reinforced, and any who chose to rejoin it should have alloted to them the same share of land and number of Indian vassals as those Spaniards who had remained in the settlement.

——"He which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart: his passport shall be made,
And crowns, for convoy, put into his purse."

Precisely similar to the proclamation of the hero of Agincourt was that of the conqueror of Peru. He preferred weakening his force, already far too feeble, to retaining the discontented and pusillanimous. The contagion of bad example had more terrors for him than the hosts of Atahuallpa. And he "would not die in that man's company who *feared* his fellowship to die with *him*." Only nine of his one hundred and seventy seven followers availed themselves of the permission, thus boldly accorded to them, to retrace their steps. With the residue Pizarro resumed his march.

(Concluded next week.

Choice Miscellany.

THE CHILD AN THE STARS.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

"They tell me, dear father, each gem in the sky
That sparkles at night is a star,
But *why* do they dwell in those regions so high,
And shed their cold luster so far?
I *know* that the sun makes the blossoms to spring,
That it gives to the flow'rets their birth,
But *what* are the stars? do they nothing but fling
Their cold rays of light upon earth?"

"My child, it is said, that yon stars in the sky,
Are worlds that are fashion'd like this,
Where the souls of the good and the gentle who die,
Assemble together in bliss;
And the rays that they shed o'er the earth is the light
Of His glory whose throne is above,
That tell us, who dwell in these regions of night,
How great is His goodness and love."

"Then, father, why still press your hand to your brow,
Why still are your checks pale with care?
If all that was gentle be dwelling there now,
Dear mother, I know, must be there."
"Thou chidest me well," said the father, with pain,
"Thy wisdom is greater by far,
We may mourn for the lost, but we should not complain,
While we gaze on each beautiful star."

(New Monthly Magazine, July.

CARRYING A LETTER TO THE GOVERNOR.

BY SAM SLICK, OF HALIFAX, N. S.

"I got into an awful scrape once by carrying a letter that had a wafer in it to Sir Hercules Sampson, the governor that used to be here a good while ago. I'll tell you how it was, so that you may see it ain't because I don't want to oblige you, but just to keep out of a scrape myself when I know I am well off. One fall, just as I was a-starting from home for Halifax in a vessel loaded with apples and cider I raised on my own farm, and the matter of five boxes of smoked herrings (which I caught and cured myself,) who should come along but Pete Balcom, with a letter in his hand.

"'Steve,' says he, 'just leave this at Government House, will you, that's a good fellow, as soon as you arrive in town, and I will do as much for you some other time?'

"'Certainly,' says I; 'but as my hands are sort of dirty, do you take my pocket-book out of my jacket and stow it away snug,' and he did so. Well, one day after I got to Halifax and unloaded the vessel, as I was a-going along the street with my working clothes on, who should I see a-galloping along from parade but the governor and a couple of other officers, with their spurs a-jangling, and their swords a-dangling, and their plumes a-nodding, talking and a-laughing away like anything. Thinks I, I'll just follow on to Government House and give Pete Balcom's letter to one of his hired men. So away I goes into one

of the great stone gates, and there was trees, and gravel-walks, and little bushes, and a sort of garden-looking place, and a great big front door. So I backed out and went up the hill and turned into t'other gate, and, as I am a living sinner, there was another pleasure-garden-looking place, and a front door there, too. Thinks I, Goodness me, where's the back porch that common folks like me go into! These places are only meant for great men and office-seekers, like our friend Broadcloth here. So I took a circuit all around the house, till I came back to where I started from, like a fellow lost in the woods, when I saw a baker drive in. Come, says I to myself, I'll ax no questions, for that looks as if you did not know; but I'll just follow old Dough, for where the bread goes he that raises the flour has a right to go also. Well, out he jumps from his cart, and takes a basket of loaves on his arm, and dives down behind an iron railing alongside of the street-door, and I after him. Though he knew the way and I didn't, I kept close up to him for all that; for a man that can overhaul a moose ain't easy left behind by a baker chap, I tell you. Well, we no sooner got into the lower regions than Sixpenny Loaf lays down his basket, up with his whip, knocks at the door, and off like a shot, leaving me and the basket there.

"'Hullo,' said I, 'Mister, deliver your own freight yourself, will you, if you please? it's enough for me to hand in Pete Balcom's letter. And besides, I am a stranger here.'

"But crack went the whip, and away went the wheels; and the only answer I got was, 'Come in.' So I opened the door, and there was a little, thin old lady, with spectacles on, and her two daughters handsomely dressed. Mother was writing in a big book that looked to me like a merchant's ledger, and the two young women were making a bit of carpet with colored yarns, in a small-sized quilting-frame. Thinks I to myself, I won't say nothing about that trick the feller played me with the bread. If he don't choose to stop for his pay, he may go without it. So says I,

"'Marm, I've a letter for the governor, that a neighbor of mine, one Pete Balcom, asked me to leave here for him;' and I out pocket-book and gave it to her, and she handed it to one of the galls, who went out to hand it to some one else.

"'Take a chair and sit down,' said old mother, quite sociable-like. 'Be so good as to wait a moment, perhaps his excellency the governor may have an answer for you;' and then she went on writing as before."

"That must have been the house-keeper you saw," said Miss Lucy, with the patronizing air of a person that thinks they know the world; "and what you call bits of carpet in frames, was rug-work."

"I don't know who the plague she was," said Stephen, "nor don't care. I never saw her before, and I never want to see her again. Well, as I was a-saying, that gave me time to cast my eye round and think a bit upon things in general; and when I see'd these nice-dressed women, and well-furnished room, and flowers, and what not, thinks I, If this is your kitchen-room what must your parlor be? And then I looked at my clothes all covered with dust, a little more nor half-worn, and looking none the better for the tar of the vessel. I won't say I wished for broadcloth, for I didn't, but I did long for my new suit of homespun, for I feel sort of proud of it, seeing I raised the stuff, and my old woman wove it and made it as I said before. Well, just then in come a servant with a pair of red breeches on, and gold garters, and white stockings pulled up tight over a pair of legs about as big as —— as big as —— what shall I say? why, about as big as your drumsticks, Broadcloth. The fellow looked as much like a gentleman, and was as well dressed as an eddy-gong, or chaplain, or whatever they call them, and as impudent too; for says he, 'Follow me!' quite short, like a chap that has received so many orders that he begins to think at last he has a right to give them himself. Thinks I, Natur is natur, whether it's on a farm or in governor's kitchen-room, for every thing gets sarcy that is well-fed and has nothing to do. Well, he takes me through a long stone passage, as cold as the nateral ice-house on Granville Mountain, and as dark too, then up a pair of stairs, and then turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right again, as folks tell you when you don't know the road. It sort of crossed my mind as I followed the critter, who seemed most too lazy to carry his shoes, I suppose the governor is going to offer me a glass of grog for fetching that letter, and that I'll take, for that's sociable and civil-like, though I wouldn't take all the money in his house, for that's mean and don't become Homespun. At last Breeches showed me into a large unfurnished room, without a carpet or a curtain, as bare as my threshing-floor, with nothen in it but two unstuffed wooden sofas, and a table with a large writing-book and an inkstand on it. On one side sat a sergeant with his sword on, and on the other a thirteen-penny soldier with his baggonut on, and there he left me standing in the middle of the room, without saying as much as, By your leave, or anything else. In less than half-a-minute out come the governor, a great, tall, thin, bony man like myself, with a bald head, a nose as big as a brass knocker, and a pair of eyes as sharp, bright, and wicked, as a Lucifer's, with his great big sword by his side, and his spurs on, just as I saw him in the street, only he had his hat with its white feathers in his hand. As soon as he came in, up jumps the sergeant and the soldier, and stood as straight as two ramrods.

"'How dare you hand me such a letter as that, Mr. Balcom?' said he.

"'Governor!' says I.

"'Silence!' says he. 'It admits of no excuse.'

"I never heard no more after that, I was so taken a-back, and me with my old working-clothes on, looking like Old Scratch himself; but on he went, foaming and roaring like a frisket, and klomping, klomping round on the board floor, and waving his arms like a windmill. Thinks I to myself, That is what I call an indictment, and they are a-going to send me to the guard-house as sure as the world; and then I looked first at the sergeant, and then at Thirteen-pence, and I seed I could pitchfork them fellows out of the window as easy as a sheaf of wheat: but then there was the governor. If I was to lay hands on him, even in self-defense, I knew it would be rebellion, besides going agin the grain, for I am a loyal man, and so was my father before me; and besides that, I warn't sure I could handle him either if I was to try. Then I thought I'd make a run for it, and if I had known the way, I think I should; but what in the world can you do in a house that has as many doors in it, a'most, as there are days in the year? So I made up my mind to face it like a man.

"'Governor,' says I, 'will you just answer me one question?'

"'Silence, Mr. Balcom!' says he; 'I have nothing to say to you.'

"'Man alive,' says I, 'do you call all this saying nothing? Besides, my name ain't Balcom, and never was, I tell you. You have got in a wrong pew, you may depend.'

"'What the devil is your name, then?' says he.

"'Why, folks call me Stephen Richardson when I am at home,' says I; 'and I know no more about that letter than the man in the moon. I only brought it just to oblige you and Pete Balcom.'

"'Why didn't you tell me that before?' says he.

"'Because you wouldn't let me,' says I.

"With that he half turned and waived his hand, and the sergeant and the soldier sprung forward, and as I thought they were a-going for to seize me, and I knowed I hadn't done nothing wrong, except not dressing myself decent, I stepped back as quick as wink two paces, and squared off.

"'Stop!' says I. 'The first man that lays a hand on me, I'll level him as flat as a pancake: so stand clear.'

"The governor laughed right out at that, and the two soldiers opened the front door to let me out, instead of leading me all round by the kitchen, the way I came in; and up steps Sir Hercules, and says he:

"'You are a fine, manly fellow, and I admire your spirit. I wish I had a battalion of such men as you are. I am very sorry for the mistake. I beg your pardon,' and so on.

"Well, when a great man like the governor condescends that way to humble himself to a poor man, to say he begs his pardon, it kind of overcomes you, and cools you down as quick as a cup of water does a kettle of boiling maple sap.

"'I don't blame you a morsel,' says I, 'governor; but I blame Pete Balcom, though: he hadn't ought to have made a fool of me after that fashion. This is the first office ever I filled in my life, and that was none of my seeking, being a letter-carrier; and when I get home I'll give Pete Balcom the first quarter's salary in the shape of as good a licking as ever he got since he was born, and then I'll resign the commission.'

"'No, no, my good friend,' said the governor, patting me good-naturedly on the shoulder, 'pray don't break the peace; I should be very sorry to be the cause of any further annoyance to you.'

"But I didn't promise him, for when I promise I keep my word; and, besides, he sort of looked at me as if he wouldn't care much if I did give him a quilting. Well, the first time I met Mister Pete Balcom after I returned home, I just up and says:

"'Pete,' says I, 'what was in that letter of yours that you gave me to take to the governor?'

"'What is that to you?' says he.

"'It is a good deal to me,' I said; 'for I want to know what sort of business I was partner in?'

"'Well, ask about and find out,' said he, quite sarcy.

"'I'll get it out of you as I get my wheat out of the ear, by thrashing it out,' says I. 'So here's at you;' and I turned to, and I gave him such a tanteening as he never had since he was raised, I know. The postage of that letter came to a round sum, you may depend. I got sued for an assault, was dragged

through two courts, and got cast in ten pounds' damage, and twenty pounds' cost; and what's more, after all, never found out to this day what was in that letter. Since then I've made a vow never to carry a paper for any man, unless he first shows me what's in it."—[Frazer's Magazine.

Magnificent Works.—The most magnificent works in Europe are the three principal roads over the Alps mountains. The Alps are a high chain of mountains between Switzerland and Italy, and there is no other direct way of reaching Italy from France, by land, than by crossing these mountains.

The first principal pass or road, is that over the ridge of the mountain named St. Bernard. The road passes between the two highest points of the mountain; the highest point of the road is about 8000 feet above the sea. The French army under Bonaparte, crossed this mountain, over this road, in 1800. This road is distinguished for its circuitous and winding route, as well as for the Bernardine monastery and hospital at its highest point, founded about 800 years ago. The monks entertain all strangers gratis for three days, and in foggy or stormy weather, they send their servants and dogs to all parts of the mountains, to find and succor all such travelers as may have lost their way. This establishment has been of great service to the cause of humanity, and will atone for much of the injury done by monarchism.

The second pass or road is that called the Simplon road, because it passes over that particular part of the Alps called Mt. Simplon. This road was projected and executed by Bonaparte during his reign in France, and more than his thousand victories or defeats, will contribute to immortalize his name. It was completed in 1805, at the joint expense of France and the then kingdom of Italy. The road is 36 miles long, and about 25 feet broad, and passes over 264 bridges, and through 6 tunnels, or galleries, that is, passages through the solid rock, one of which is about 1300 feet long and 12 feet broad. This is one of the most stupendous works ever constructed by man. It cost a great sum of money and several years were required to complete it.

The third road passes over Mount St. Gothard, and is about 12 feet wide, paved with substantial granite. In one place it passes over a deep chasm, at the bottom of which is a river, and is called the Devil's bridge; it is a single arch, having peaks of rocks for abutments, at so great an elevation above the bottom, as to appear almost a superhuman work. There are numerous deep cuts, and a gallery 200 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 12 feet high. These, among modern works, approach the nearest in stupendous conception and durable execution to the ancient works of Rome.

Sponge the Basis of Flints.—The mere assertion that flints were sponges, would no doubt startle the reader who was unacquainted with the history of those fossil relics of a former ocean; but we apprehend that a little reflection will satisfy the most sceptical of the truth of this strange announcement. Imbedded in the substance of the chalk, which, during long periods, by its accumulation had continued to overwhelm successive generations of marine animals, the sponges have remained for centuries exposed to the water that continually percolates such strata—water which contains silicious matter in solution. From a well known law of chemistry, it is easy to explain why particles of similar matter should become aggregated, and thus to understand how, in the lapse of ages, the silicious spicula that originally constituted the frame-work of a sponge have formed nuclei around which kindred atoms have constantly accumulated, until the entire mass has been at last converted into solid flint. We are, moreover, by no means left to mere conjecture or hypothesis upon this interesting point; nothing is more common in chalky districts than to find flints, which, on being broken, still contain portions of the original sponge in an almost unaltered condition, and thus afford irrefragable proof of the original condition of the entire mass.—[Jones's Natural History of Animals

Mexican Remedy for Scolding.—A general in the Mexican army, a man of education and of considerable rank under the old *regime*, on entering the family room in the morning to breakfast, found his daughter scolding (not very vehemently) his only son. He inquired the reason, and was told by the young lady that her brother had broken a china plate. "Has he?" said the father, and, without another word, he seized, one after another, the different pieces of china on the breakfast-table, smashed them against the ground, and when none were left to destroy, he proceeded to the kitchen, and there resumed the work of destruction, until not one piece of china or earthenware was left whole in the house. Near the end of this operation the lady of the house returned from mass, and, on inquiring the reason of what she saw, was told by her husband to go and replace the broken things by new ones, he giving her ample means to do so. "Now, Juan," he said, turning to his son, "if you again break a plate, you will not be scolded."

Sunday Afternoon Reading.

THE VOICES AT THE THRONE.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

A little child,
A little meek-faced, quiet, village child
Sat singing, by her cottage door at eve,
A low, sweet, Sabbath song. No human ear
Caught the faint melody—no human eye
Beheld the upturned aspect, or the smile
That wreathed her innocent lips the while they breathed
The oft-repeated burden of the hymn,
"Praise God! praise God!"
A Seraph by the Throne
In the full glory stood. With eager hand,
He smote the golden harpstrings, till a flood
Of harmony on the celestial air
Welled forth, unceasing. Then with a great voice,
He sang the "Holy, Holy, evermore,
Lord God Almighty!" and the eternal courts
Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarchies,
Angel, and rapt archangel, throbbed and burned
With vehement adoration. Higher yet
Rose the majestic anthem, without pause,
Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,
To its full strength; and still the infinite heavens
Rang with the "Holy, Holy, evermore!"
Till trembling from excess of awe and love,
Each sceptered spirit sank before the Throne,
With a mute hallelujah. But, even then,
While the ecstatic song was at its height,
Stole in an alien voice—a voice that seemed
To float, float upward from some world afar—
A meek and child-like voice, faint, but how sweet!
That blended with the seraph's rushing strain,
Even as a fountain's music, with the roll
Of the reverberate thunder. Loving smiles
Lit up the beauty of each angel's face
At that new utterance. Smiles of joy that grew
More joyous yet, as ever and anon
Was heard the simple burden of the hymn
"Praise God! praise God!" And when the seraph's song
Had reached its close, and o'er the golden lyre
Silence hung brooding—when the eternal courts
Rung with echoes of his chant sublime,
Still, through the abysmal space, that wandering voice
Came floating upward from its world afar,
Still murmured sweet on the celestial air,
"Praise God! praise God!"

Kind Words do not Cost Much.—They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter.

Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much.

1. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze more fiercely.

2. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful.

There is such a rush of all other kinds of words, in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and silly words, and hasty words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words.

Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—[Pascal.

How to Judge of Men.—I meet an individual man—how am I to regard him? In what degree shall I respect him? His dress, his manners, all I see outwardly, pleases me. But I must know more of him. Well, you tell me he is very wealthy—that he lives in a splendid house, and fares sumptuously every day. So far, so good. But I pay homage to none of these things. I wish to ascertain what claims this man has upon my respect and esteem? You do not help me to the information I seek, by pointing to his elegant dwelling, to his costly clothing, to his luxurious table. No; the great question I desire to have answered is, what manner of person is here? Is he honest, benevolent, and religious? In a word, what is his character?

He who wants good sense is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby more ways of exposing himself.

It is ungenerous to give a man occasion to blush at his ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

Notes in Natural History.

STRAY NOTES IN ZOOLOGY

Ingenuity of Monkeys.—Much has been said and written both for and against the ingenuity and imitative faculties of monkeys—these accounts, however, generally referring to the animals in a state of domestication and training. We have little recorded of their natural state beyond their chattering frolicsomeness, their shyness, their affection for their young, or their occasionally pelting some obtrusive traveler with rotten twigs or palm-nuts from the branches overhead. The following extract from Gardner's "Travels in Brazil," not only adds to our knowledge on this score, but exhibits the monkey tribe as capable of employing implements, if we may so speak, for the attainment of a certain end: "The moist and marshy campos produce various kinds of Palm-trees, which bear large clusters of small nuts, greatly resembling miniature cocoa-nuts. When ripe, these are covered externally with a fibrous oily substance, which has a sweetish taste, and constitutes the favorite food the little ringtailed monkeys, which are no less fond of the internal part of the nut, which contains a kernel similar to that of the cocoa. In several parts of the interior, I had been told that, to get at this kernel, the shell being too hard to break with their teeth, the monkeys carry the nuts to a rocky place, and there break them with a stone; and I even met with persons who assured me that they had watched them in such places, and actually seen them engaged in this operation. This account I always considered to be fabulous till I arrived at Sape. In an excursion we made over the Sierra, where it is composed of nearly bare, rugged limestone peaks, in several almost inaccessible places, we came upon large heaps of the broken shells of nuts, generally on a bare open part of the rock, and along with them a number of roundish pieces of stone, larger than the first, which had evidently been employed in breaking the shells. These, Senhor Lagocira told me, were the places resorted to by the monkeys for the purpose of breaking the nuts collected in the low grounds; and that, in his shooting excursions over the mountains, he has frequently seen them take flight on his approach. That they both can, and really do, make use of a stone in order to break that which is too hard for their teeth, I have frequently witnessed in a little pet monkey that accompanied me on my journey. I obtained it in Piauhy, and it was the only one of the many tame animals I carried with me that reached Rio de Janeiro alive: it was a female of the species we are now speaking of, and ultimately became very gentle. Jerry was the favorite with all, and indeed in all respects fared like ourselves: it became so fond of tea, which it drank every morning and evening, that it would not go to sleep without its usual allowance. Its favorite food was farinha, boiled rice, and bananas; but scarcely any thing came amiss to it. A raw egg was a choice morsel, and on being given to it, it broke one end by gently knocking it on the floor, and completed the hold by picking off the broken bits of the shell, and putting in the point of its long slender finger; throwing back its head, and holding the egg erect between its two hands, it soon contrived to suck out the whole contents. Whenever any thing was given to it that was too hard to break with its teeth, it always looked about for a stone, which it would hold in both its hands, and rising erect on its legs, would let it fall, leaping backward at the same time, to avoid any injury to its toes."

Wise Pigs.—The following anecdote, told by Mr. Featherstonhaugh in his "Canoe Voyage up the Minnay Sotor," places the pig at a respectable elevation in the scale of discriminating intelligence: "As we approached a farm on the American side of the St. Clair river, belonging to the captain of our steamer, a curious fact fell under my observation. The pigs belonging to the farm came squealing down to the water-side, a thing which the person at the farm assured me they never did when any other steamer passed. The captain explained this singular recognition on the part of the pigs, by stating that the swill of this steamer was always preserved for them, and that, on reaching the landing-place, it was immediately put on shore to feed them. The animals having been accustomed to this valuable importation during the whole summer months, had learned to distinguish the peculiar sound which the steam made in rushing through the pipe of the steamer; and as they could do this at the distance of half a mile, they immediately, upon hearing it, hastened down to the river, while the noise made by the other steamers was disregarded." This is a curious instance of the possibility of sharpening the faculties of the lower animals by an appeal to their appetites, and a conclusive proof that the readiest way to make all swinish animals reasonable, is to provide plenty of swill for them.

Boa-Constictor Swallowing a Horse.—Mr. Gardner, in his "Travels in Brazil," confirms the early accounts respecting the size and prodigious swallowing capacity of the boa-constrictor—accounts which certain naturalists, whose researches never extended beyond the galleries of a museum, are in the habit of treating with ridicule and unbelief. "The boa," says he, "is not uncommon throughout the whole province of Goyaz, particular by the wooded margins of lakes, marshes, and streams. Sometimes they attain the enormous length of forty feet: the largest I ever saw was at this place, but it was not alive. Some weeks before our arrival at Sape, the favorite riding-horse of Senhor Lagoeira, which had been put out to pasture not far from the house could not be found, although strict search was made for it all over the fazienda. Shortly after this, one of his vaqueiros, in going through a wood by the side of a small river, saw an enormous boa suspended in the fork of a tree which hung over the water: it was dead, but had evidently been floated down alive by a recent flood; and being in an inert state, it had not been able to extricate itself from the fork before the waters fell. It was dragged out to the open country by two horses, and was found to measure thirty-seven feet in length. On opening it, the bones of a horse, in a somewhat broken condition, and the flesh in a half-digested state, were found within it, the bones of the head being uninjured. From these circumstances, it was concluded that the boa had devoured the horse entire. In all kinds of snakes the capacity for swallowing is prodigious. I have often seen one not thicker than my thumb swallow a frog as large as my fist; and I once killed a rattlesnake, about four feet long, and of no great thickness, which had swallowed not less than three frogs, one of which swelled out its sides to nearly twice the thickness of the other parts. I have also seen a very slender snake that frequents the roofs of houses, swallow an entire bat three times its own thickness. If such be the case with these smaller kinds, it is not to be wondered at that one thirty-seven feet long should be able to swallow a horse, particularly when it is known that, previously to doing so, it breaks the bones of the animal by coiling itself round it, and afterward lubricates it with a slimy matter which it has the power of secreting in its mouth.

Fish Fights.—Every one is aware of the ferocious contests which often take place among the higher animals during the season of love and gallantry; but few, we believe, will be prepared to find the same feeling raging as fiercely among the cold-blooded denizens of the waters, though the poet has given his word for it, "that even an oyster may be crossed in love." Such, however, is the case, if we may credit the subjoined paragraph from the "Elgin Courier:" "While several cutter-men (of the Preventive Service) were on their rounds the other day, and bearing along the Findhorn, between Glenferness and Dulcie Bridge, they observed an unusual commotion among the spawning beds of the ford. On approaching the spot, two large male salmon were seen engaged in mortal combat for the possession of a female. Never did chivalric knights contest for the hand of 'lady fair' more fiercely than those burdly lords of the flood. The tranquil bosom of the stream was lashed into foam by the struggles of the finny antagonists; in the meantime the object of the fray was beating silently about, 'spectatress of the fight.' From the appearance of the stream—dyed with blood, and gradually assuming its former smooth surface—it was evident that the contest was over. One of the salmon at last floundered on the surface—dead; and the victor, it may be conjectured, exhaustedly bore off his prize. The men, who had the curiosity to watch the fight, as a proof of the story, conveyed the dead salmon to the nearest dwelling. The victor had torn off the flesh along the back, from head to tail, to the very bone. In the movement of salmon-spawning, the males have often been seen chasing each other; but such a fray as this has not been witnessed by the oldest fisher or poacher on the Findhorn."

Blood-Sucking Vampires.—The vampire, or blood-sucking bats, which were so long regarded as fabulous, are thus spoken of by Dr. Von Tschudi's Travels in Peru: "Not less troublesome are the leaf-nosed bats (*phyllostoma*,) which attack both man and beast. This bat rubs up the skin of his victim, from which he sucks the blood. The domestic animals suffer greatly from the nocturnal attacks of these creatures, and many are destroyed by the exhaustion consequent on the repeated blood sucking. The blood drawn by the bat itself does not exceed a few ounces; but if, when satisfied, it drops down to the ground, or flies away, the wound continues to bleed for a long time, and in the morning the animal is often found in a very weak condition, and covered with blood. One of my mules, on which a leaf-nosed bat made a nightly attack, was only saved by having his back rubbed with an ointment made of spirits of camphor, soap, and petroleum. The blood-suckers have such an aversion to the smell of this ointment, that on its application they ceased to approach the mule. These bats are very mischievous in the plantations of the forests, where beasts of burden and horned cattle are exposed to their attacks. Whether they venture to assail man, has been a much-disputed question. Several travelers declare they do not. I may, however, mention a case which occurred within my own knowledge. A bat fastened on the nose of an Indian lying intoxicated in a plantation, and sucked so much blood, that it was unable to fly away. The slight wound was followed by such severe inflammation and swelling, that the features of the Cholo were not recognizable.' This account is confirmed by Mr. Gardner, the Brazilian traveler who believes that the puncture which the vampire makes in the skin of the animals is effected by the sharp-hooked nail of its thumb, and that from the wound thus made, it abstracts the blood by the suctorial powers of its lips and tongue.

Electric Eels.—Mr. Gardner, in his recently-published "Travels in Brazil," furnishes some additional information respecting the habits and character of the electric eel: "In the Rio de Palma," says he, "as in all the rivers within the province of Goyaz, the *Gymnotus electricus* is exceedingly common. They are of all sizes, from a foot to six feet in length, and are frequently caught on the lines which are set for fishes; they are sometimes eaten, but not generally, although their flesh is said to be very good. Horses as well as men, by coming in contact with them in the water, are not unfrequently thrown down by the shock which they impart: they are called by the inhabitants *Treme-treme*. In rainy weather, those who fish in these rivers often receive a shock, which is communicated along the moisture upon the rod and line when one of them happen to seize the hook. I saw one in a state of captivity about six feet long, which was so tame, that it would allow any one to put his hand upon it; but if irritated in the smallest degree, by pinching it a little, it instantly communicated a smart shock."

The Ladies' Page.

LOVE, WHAT IS IT?

BY MISS E. C. HURLEY,

It is not to admire a beautiful face,
An exquisite form or a movement of grace—
It is not in a smile, has not birth in a sigh,
Though it speaketh in both, seeketh both, as reply.
Oh! 'tis hard of its origin clearly to tell,
It feeds oft on nothing, we know very well;
But 'tis next to impossible, well to define
The whence or the where, of this guest so benign.
The eye of its birth, doth with certainty speak;
We trace its effects in the glow of the cheek;
It springs as from nothing, with hearts for its soil,
Oft strives with a vigor no power can foil.
Oft utters itself without word, without sound,
Where the tongue is quite mute, it has oft surest ground;
One eye tells another, when love is of worth,
No language is needful to tell of its birth,
Its eloquence breathes, when no audible note
Is convey'd to the ear, over heart strings to float.
Its melody thrilling, no music so sweet
As the whisper of love when the ear it doth greet.
To meet love with rapture but *once*, is our doom;
Once crushed, gone for ever, extinct is its bloom.
Made captive we yielded, are at once forc'd to bow,
Enslaved or enraptured we scarcely know how.
Its rule is despotic, fast bound by a spell,
We trace not the cause, but its influence well;
Oft cling to a shadow when substance has fled,
And cherish the leaves when the perfume is shed.

A SIMPLE STORY.

BY THE WIFE OF A P. G.

"Come, Kate, cease counting the stars, and watching the clouds, or moon, or whatever else it be that has withdrawn your thoughts from this lower world. Come, be a mortal once more, and sit down by me, and I will tell you an 'ower true tale;' and more than this, what caused me to send for you at this particular time to spend the long promised month, instead of waiting till fall, as you wished. Here have you been almost a whole day, and yet you have not asked the reason why I hurried you."

"Well, Julia, I'll not tell you at present the subject of my revery, but I will give you an opportunity to unburthen your heart to me."

"Oh, there is no burthen on my heart. It is merely a matter of fact I am going to give you. Do you remember when we were at school, I used to have letters from a young lady in my own town, and whose brides-maid I was to be soon after my return home? I used to read portions of those letters to you, and you remember how we used to laugh over her air castles in regard to a brother of hers and myself. This brother James I had never seen; he was in college at the time his father moved from the city to his country place. To make my story short, James Hamilton stood with me at his sister's bridal. His character, his many noble qualities, splendid figure, intellectual, though not handsome face, were calculated to win a woman's heart. Need I say he won mine? But the evening he offered me his hand, and told me in plain words how well he loved me, I discovered something so dreadful, so repulsive to my whole nature and understanding, I nearly sunk under it. He was an 'Odd Fellow.' In order to understand my feelings, you must first know that Masonry and Odd Fellowship receive but little charity from the best part of our community. Masonry has not been in vogue for many years, and the 'Odd Fellows' are a *secret society*. There is a Lodge for the latter in this place, but I am sorry to say they have enrolled among their members many unpopular men. Some few are respectable, but others are profane, licentious; in fact, various are their characters. But the last year has done wonders; they are now our first and best. James Hamilton was bound by the 'mystic tie,' long before he came to this place. When he first came here, he was the only one of the 'Order' I had knowingly met in society. Judge, then, of my feelings when he casually mentioned to me his love for his 'Brothers.' I thought I should faint, but summoning my courage, I smiled and told him I would give him my answer in a few days. He appeared astonished at my hesitation, for I had not concealed from him my preference. After he left me, I was in agony; I judged all Odd Fellows by a few in the town where I resided. To think he, my noble-hearted, generous Hamilton, was one of that low set, was beyond belief. Little did I then think this same '*low society*' was the nursery of noble, generous hearts; that it made good husbands, good fathers, good sons, and good brothers. I was ignorant, like many another woman in our land. But to my story.

"The next time Hamilton came to see me, he was scarcely seated when he told me of his disappointment. He had supposed from appearances, that I not only preferred his society to all others, but that our love was mutual. After a few moments I summoned courage to tell him my feelings in regard to his being an Odd Fellow. He was perfectly astonished. He had thoughtlessly supposed I was knowing to the fact of his not only belonging to the 'order,' but was an officer of high standing. He could not conceive of my having any objections. I told him all—what I thought of the men who must necessarily be his intimate friends and associates. He first asked me if *I* was obliged to make intimate associates of all the members of the church to which I was attached. That point was, of course, immediately settled. But as to the unworthy members, he hoped, ere long, to show a different state of things. He should endeavor by every honorable way, to enlist many worthy men in the ranks of his beloved 'order,' who by example and precept would disarm every prejudice, and raise the standard of morality, benevolence, and good citizenship. He told me it was sometimes the case, when there were perhaps only two or three Odd Fellows in a small place, others move in, and when the number is sufficient, it is their duty to form a Lodge. In this way, dear Kate, Hamilton disarmed me of every objection; and now next week I am to be the wife of an 'Odd Fellow;' and I have been thus particular, because I knew what you thought of it; and you have many times with me said you would never marry an Odd Fellow, and I have even been your echo on this subject. Do not look so sad, Kate, for, ——"

"I have reason to look sad, dear Julia, for it seems as if my heart would break. I have discarded a man I love because he was an Odd Fellow. I never listened to reason on the subject, and principally because I never had any one to reason with me as you have done. I was so beside myself when I heard Mr. Gardner had just joined a Lodge, I put an end to our engagement without a moment's hesitation. I think gentlemen Odd Fellows are wrong in not trying to inform people what they are. They have too much pride in their secrecy, and make it more secret than it really is. And I think, too, if gentlemen of the 'order' would receive none into their magic circle but strictly moral men, (I care not how poor they are,) they would disarm prejudice and greatly increase their numbers. They will tell you they do not allow profanity, intemperance, or licentiousness; that their rules and precepts enjoin purity of character and benevolence. But look in the towns where we each live. Can we not see those who are wretchedly profane, and drink freely, to excess; who are no better in fact for their being Odd Fellows, but are a disgrace to the order? Do we not see others, too, of our acquaintances who would be an honor to the cause, unite with them, and then leave them without giving you a reason for their so doing. Why is all this, if it is an order that should stand the test of eternity? Yet do not some of our best men, our clergy, belong to them?"

"I do not know, dear Kate, how it is; and all I can say is, I will ask Hamilton; he will tell me all I *should* know—and what I ought not, I wish not to know."

"Oh, Julia, how happy are you to allow reason to guide you, instead of anger. I am fearful Gardner is lost to me for ever. But I have always been taught to believe that they were a drinking, carousing set, away from their homes and families all their evenings, &c., and I know I should be miserable with a husband I loved, if such were his conduct. I am wise too late for my own happiness, but not too late to warn others, when they receive an offer of marriage from an Odd Fellow, to pause and hear reason, before they answer.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1847.

UNIFORMITY OF THE WORK.

The communication of Bro. G. S. M. on this subject, in the Golden Rule for May 22d, gave me much pleasure. As a D. D. G. M. for a large district in which the Lodges are probably frequently visited by strangers from other States, as well as a Grand Representative, this esteemed brother has doubtless had good and numerous opportunities to notice the evil of which he complains. It, long since, engaged my attention and thoughts: and while I heartily concur in the remedy he proposes, (or a better one if it can be devised,) I would very respectfully suggest, whether there are not some *causes* of the evil which should, first of all, be removed, to render the remedy more efficacious and the cure permanent. I will name a few items whose existence in some sections, I think, are among the causes.

1. Frequent changes of the instructing officers. The six months terms have probably much abated this evil in our Subordinates. But in Degree Lodges, where the *Conductor* (!) gives the instructions, (instead of the N. G. or H. P.,) as well as in Encampments, where H. Ps. *pro tem.* officiate very frequently, this cause yet remains; for it frequently happens, that a new Conductor or a new H. P. officiates every alternate evening; and thus errors creep in, unnoticed by the presiding officers and members present, many of whom, in truth, are themselves very rusty, if not very badly instructed. It would be well to establish a rule, that the officers of every Lodge, Degree Lodge, and Encampment, (and in the Degree Lodge, all members present of the fifth degree; and in the Encampment, all of the R. P. degree, might be included in this rule,) at *every* opening, should go through a regular and precise drill in all the work of all the degrees below that in which said body is opened. By this, all *pro tem.* officers would be tested, and corrected (or confirmed) in their work, and so be qualified to instruct correctly when called upon to do so.

2. Depending on *old* officers and on old members, and on brethren who have held high stations in the Order, rather than on the properly authorized officer, is another fruitful means for perpetuating errors in our work. I venerate age, and respect faithful and tried brethren; but I cannot disguise the fact that many of this class are *less* to be relied on for precision and correctness in working, than some of their younger brethren, of less ability. There is, sometimes, a pride of opinion which leads even worthy brethren to cling with great tenacity to "the way I always gave it, or performed it." And I have even known some *not* so modest, say, on being informed of the instructions of their Grand Lodge, "Pooh! what do they know about it? why, I was an Odd-Fellow while they were yet in their nurse's arms." *If* such *are* blind leaders, and lead the blind, the ditch of error and irregularity will be reached early! If we would hope for a restoration of uniformity, let no such men be sent forth as our teachers—nor yet those who consider slight deviations as "mere trifles," "matters of no importance." And when restored, if we would retain it, all our Lodges and Encampments must be impressively directed to receive no instruction in the work from *any man*, unless he is *legally authorized* to impart it; and then, *only through the proper officers of Lodges and Encampments.*

3. After all is done that can be done by instructing officers, it will be found that members who are not compelled frequently to *practice* what is taught them, will soon forget, or remember amiss, and relapse into their old habits, or even worse ones. Frequent exercise in the work is therefore highly necessary. Let a standing rule of this character be introduced, viz: At every stated session of a Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment, let a convenient season be selected for a thorough drilling of all the members present in the *entire work* of a Subordinate, and of the five degrees, as well as of the past official degrees. In like manner, on the first evening of each term, after installation,* let the new and the old officers, and all the members present, go through the entire work, as far as they have respectively advanced—each class retiring as soon as the Lodge is about closing in the highest degree they have received. To gain time for this exercise, initiations might be entirely dispensed with for that evening. The new N. G. and V. G., and their R. Supporters, should be imperatively instructed, on all needed occasions, to correct *every person* who enters the Lodge, if his work is not *precisely* correct. Let *no one* escape correction who needs it, whether visitor or member—even the Grand Master, or the Grand Sire himself. The D. D. G. Masters should be urged to impress this duty frequently and earnestly on these officers, in the presence of the Lodge.

At *every* opening of a Lodge, let every person present be examined in the Q. P. W. and G.; and if wrong, corrected. To do this in short time, the R. Supporters of N. G. and V. G. might aid the Warden. And at opening, let the Guardians be enjoined to require strict correctness of all who apply for admission, and to report those who are incorrect *in any respect*, previous to admitting them. The practice in some jurisdictions, of opening a Subordinate Lodge in each degree, when degree certificates are balloted for, affords another opportunity for thorough examination of each member. The practice itself seems to me a very inconvenient one, and where it turns the excluded members into a tavern or an oyster cellar, must be a very pernicious one to the habits of the members and the reputation of the Order. Nevertheless, if it must be retained, make all the beneficial use of it you can. But certainly in degree Lodges and Encampments, at each opening in any degree, every person present should be examined in the entire work of that degree, by proper persons under charge of the officer to whom examination belongs. In the Encampment, the Guards of the T., and in the Degree Lodge, the assisting officers of the N. G. (or H. P.,) would be very suitable assistants. And in every case, the officers should first examine each other, to *insure* correctness; for even persons who practice much, are sometimes confused in their memory of the different degrees.

Many persons—even those who have been sometime in the Order—would probably exclaim against the extreme care here plead for. They see not how far-reaching is the nature of error in our work. They have never suffered from it; or do not understand the importance of correctness to our widely spread fraternity. Let me illustrate it.

Here is a vault containing the common treasures of one thousand persons, each of whom has a curious key, by which, only, the door can be opened, and a portion of the treasure obtained when needed. Look at those keys—they are all precisely alike. Each key has certain slight turns and slits in it, answering precisely to corresponding indentations and projections within the lock of the vault. Do you say that these turns, slits, indentations and projections are "mere trifles," "unworthy of notice," "of no importance whatever?" Alter one of these keys, and you may find its owner unable to procure his portion of that great treasure in his utmost need! Or change the interior of the lock ever so little, and a perfectly uniform alteration must be made in every key, or the vault is sealed to all! So with our work, and the immense moral, social and pe-

* A custom prevails in some portions of Pennsylvania, of installing officers on election night—the last night of the quarter—which should be abolished. It follows so soon after the excitement of an election, that angry feelings have not had time to subside. Beside, the work, as laid down by the G. L. U. S. in the installing service, has to be altered to do so.

cuniary treasure of the Order, to which it is *the key*. Let *the only correct way of working* be taught to all, and let *every* deviation from it be rigidly forbidden. A. B. G.

THE COVENANT—ADVANCE PAY.

The letter from Bro. Case in the Rule of July 31, led us to some thoughts respecting the particulars embraced in the heading of this paragraph. The Covenant is surely a valuable magazine, and ought to be sustained abundantly for its own merits, and for the value of its contents. It is conducted with great ability by Bro. Case; and his correspondents do their duty faithfully. It is painful, therefore, to learn from the letter alluded to, that subscribers are so backward in making prompt payment of their dues. It is little creditable to the Order that he should have labored nearly three years for nothing—that those who have enjoyed the fruit of his labors, should be so forgetful of their obligations as to leave their subscriptions unpaid.

But Bro. Case has presented the matter in another light. The Covenant is "the only means which Mrs. Neilson has to support her family." And he says, "there is a large amount due the establishment from subscribers; and unless they pay soon, the fate of the Covenant is sealed, and the widow and children left without support." This surely is enough to move the hearts of delinquents; and we hope if this comes to the notice of any to whom it applies, justice will be promptly and cheerfully done. It is a shame and a reproach to the name of Odd-Fellowship, that the widow and orphans of that worthy brother whose name they bear, should suffer for the want of what is honestly due them, but from neglect or indifference is kept back. Let those in arrears hasten to remove the reproach.

The facts here set forth show the importance and imperative necessity of payment in advance. We have seen the operation of the old system, and the evils of it; and we are persuaded that no publication can go on securely and without embarrassment, that is not based on the system of advance subscriptions. And when a paper is established, and is regularly delivered to its subscribers, there is no reason why they should not pay on subscribing. No risk is run in such cases. But there is risk, in the reverse state of things, on both sides. The publisher with thousands of dollars scattered all over the land in sums of two or four dollars, is sure to lose a large amount, while it costs a large per centage to collect what is not lost. In this way, in the course of three or four years, he is embarrassed, beset with difficulties, borrows, cannot pay, is sued, and finally is obliged to stop—all which might have been prevented had his *patrons* paid in advance.

We commend this to the consideration of the friends of all our journals. The Golden Rule is established beyond all peril or embarrassment; but it can continue so only by our insisting on the principle here laid down—*advance payments*. For our own good, and that of our readers, we take this ground; and we have reason to be proud that our subscribers so promptly and generally approve our course, and show their approval by their acts.

CHESTER CELEBRATION.

We had the pleasure of attending the Anniversary Celebration of Chester Lodge No. 138, on Tuesday, August 3. It was a very pleasant affair. The day was beautiful, and the place where the exercises were held was beautiful, a grove of grand old trees, the property of —— Jackson, Esq. The meeting house had been applied for, and was refused by the Trustees, when the use of this spacious natural temple was tendered to the Lodge by Mr. Jackson; and a more appropriate and lovely place could not be found in the country. What is somewhat singular, the clergyman of the church, Rev. Mr. Wood, was willing to grant the use of it, and when refused by the trustees, attended at the grove and made the opening prayer. This is a worthy act of liberality and courtesy. A reverend gentleman of the methodist persuasion also took part in the services, with whom we had some pleasant conversation.

The music was from a band, and a select choir in attendance, and added greatly to the interest of the occasion. The address was delivered by Bro. T. B. Thayer. We fear we shall not be able to comply with the request to prepare it for publication, for several reasons not needful to mention here.

After the exercises at the grove were closed, the procession resumed its march to the village, and sat down to a sumptuous dinner provided for the occasion. Every thing was well arranged; and conducted with an order and promptness worthy of imitation. Indeed the brothers of Chester Lodge seem to understand how things ought to be done, and do them.

We ought also to express our pleasure at the attendance of so large a number of ladies, who seemed to manifest a lively and deep interest in the occasion, and in the exposition of the objects and principles of Odd-Fellowship. Blessings be with them.

LETTER FROM THE NATIONAL METROPOLIS.

DR. JOHNSON'S DISCOURSE---GRAND ENCAMPMENT, ETC.

Washington, D. C., August 9, 1847.

Dear Sir and Bro.—Bro. Thaw wishes me to correct an inadvertency committed in his late letter. Patriarch Whiting is P. H. P., and Patriarch Rich P. C. P., and not vice versa as he wrote. This is a slight error, it is true, but it concerns us here a little, because the Golden Rule is, in some degree, the printed journal of our proceedings in the District.

On the 2nd inst. the officers elect of the Grand Encampment were duly installed by Bro. William Towers, who simultaneously became Past G. P.

At the same session, on motion of P. C. P. Harris, a vote of thanks was unanimously passed to P. G. P. Towers, for the dignity, courtesy, and impartiality of his administration. Votes of thanks are not customary here, but no one demurred on this occasion, every Patriarch rising affirmatively in his place, when the question was taken. Neither is this vote to be considered a precedent in the legal sense. The example will, in all probability, however, be followed at the close of the current term, for his successor was elected by such a sweeping majority, that it will be difficult to make him unpopular.

I have before me a copy of a sermon preached in Lafayette, Indiana, at the funeral of Bro. Jasper Bradley, Tuesday May, 11, 1847, by Rev. Samuel Roosevelt Johnson, Rector of St. John's Church. It has been printed by order of Friendship Lodge No. 22, I. O. of O. F., of the place mentioned.

I have read it with great pleasure, because it is both liberal and pious. It exhibits a refreshing contrast to the style of a discourse "delivered in the Associate Reform Church, in Sidney, Ohio, Sabbath afternoon, March 7, 1847," and published, *anonymously*, in the Christian Intelligencer of your city, last June. I have no disposition to review this latter effort, for it would be time misspent. It would, moreover, encroach so much on my limits, that I could not incorporate in this letter the following specimen of sound practical sense, as well as Christian charity, from Dr. Johnson's discourse:

My personal views of the nature of the Church of Christ, lead me to think *it* was intended to have been the Great Society for all such purposes of kindness and religion—or, to have had such Associations as its own arms and instruments:—and such view has governed me in my own individual connections. But the church of our Lord is unhappily divided and crippled, and at present does not carry out all the purposes of the great Redeemer, the Universal Brother; and it is an unquestionable fact, that in its existing arrangements, it does practically neglect or fail to meet many such social interests. And till it can rally up its powers, and do its offices thoroughly and well, I am not one who on ecclesiastical ground dare discountenance or discourage or hesitate to approve those who in the meanwhile step forward to these neglected labors of love, and do them so nobly and so well. Brothers! Success to you! The God of love and mercy reward you! The widow, the child, the friends of the departed thank you!

I take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the Odd Fellows' Pocket Diary and General Lodge Directory for 1847, &c., from Messrs. Robinson & Jones, the Publishers, at Cincinnati. The book is very neatly got up, and the introductory remarks are brief and in good taste. They politely request me by letter, to furnish them with the statistics of the District for the past official year. I am unable to comply with this request, however, for were it not for our obliging brethren G. Sec. Donn, and G. Scribe Calvert, I could not supply the G. R. with them. I therefore respectfully refer them to those brethren, whom if furnished with a copy as a guide, will, with pleasure, promote their enterprise. While on this subject, I annex the following exhibit, furnished to me for the Golden Rule by Bro. Calvert:

The Grand Encampment of the District of Columbia was formed from the Past Officers of Columbian Encampment No. 1, Marley No. 2, Mt. Pisgah No 3 and Magenenu No. 4, and held their first meeting in the town of Alexandria

then a part of the District, on the 25th of April, 1846; at which time the dispensation was formally delivered to them by D.D.G.Sire Wm. W. Moore. The organization of the body was consummated by the election of Wm. Towers, G.P.; L. A. Gobright, G.H.P.; Jno. T. Clements, G.S.W.; Charles Calvert, G.Scribe; Jno. W. Hodgson, G.J.W.; Wm. G. Deale, G.Treas.; James H. DeVaughan, G. Sent. There were at that time 352 contributing members belonging to the respective Subordinate Encampments. At a subsequent session, P.C.P. Edward S. Hough was elected Grand Representative to the G. L. U. S. At the session of that body in September, 1846, on account of the retrocession of the county of Alexandria to the State of Virginia, the connection of the Lodges and Encampment in that place, was severed, by a formal vote, and thus Marley Encampment became subject to the jurisdiction of that State, carrying with her 84 members. On the 6th of October, a charter was granted to Ridgely Encampment No. 5, and on the 26th of January, 1847, another was granted to Mount Nebo Encampment No. 6. From the 21st of September, 1846, up to which period the several Encampments of the District, were so far as their financial affairs were concerned, subject to the G. L. U. S. that body claiming the percentage on their receipts, up to the time when the dispensation granted by the Grand Sire was confirmed, there were 47 initiations, 2 rejections, 4 admitted by card, 6 withdrawals by card, 1 reinstatement—19 P.C.P., 12 P.H.P.; 305 contributing members, and a revenue of $918,58½. At the annual session held July 27, 1847, the report showed that from the period above referred to, 21st September, 1846, there had been 110 initiations, 3 rejections, 7 admitted by card, 27 withdrawals, 3 reinstatements, 4 suspensions, 2 of which were for criminal acts, 3 deaths, and that there were 28 P.C.P., 16 P.H.P., 391 members, and a revenue of $2139, 81—shewing that even with the loss of Marley Encampment, the number of contributing members has increased 39.

The Grand Lodge of the District meet to-night, for the purpose of electing a Gr. Representative, to fill the vacancy caused by the lamentable decease of P. G. M. Beardsley. The result is, of course, in *nubibus*, but you shall be advised thereof in due time.

I see Michigan sends three to the next G. L. U. S. P. G. M. Kellogg is already known to you. His colleagues, Bros. John Winder and N. R. Ramsdell, are old friends of mine. The former was elected Grand Patriarch, on the institution of the Grand Encampment in that State, and is distinguished for every qualification belonging to an Odd-Fellow and a gentleman. Bro. W. was a fellow-citizen of Detroit, and I had the pleasure of frequent intercourse with him. Bro. Ramsdell resides at Ann Arbor, a beautiful and flourishing village, 40 miles west of that city, and is a popular lawyer there. He has visited Detroit occasionally, and, while a member of the State Legislature, passed a whole winter there. He has risen rapidly in the Order, and is entitled as well by his talents as his zeal to the honorable station his constituents have allotted to him.

No state will exhibit, in September next, more efficient and intelligent Delegates than Michigan. And then there is Bro. Wilson, Representative from Wisconsin. He is a child of Michigan, having been the first Grand Master of that State. His name is on the dispensation under which Michigan Lodge No. 1 was established, and he labored in the good cause there, with a zeal that had well nigh eaten him up. He died some time ago, but soon after came to life again, so potent is the conservative power of Odd Fellowship. His sudden resurrection, however, did, I must confess, disappoint me. I regretted his departure, and recorded my regret in an obituary to the Golden Rule, the type of which had again to be distributed. This was not fair towards the compositor; but my predicament was worse than his. While Bro. W. was alive, I had a crow or two to pick with him, but on the tidings of his decease, I flung them away, on the instant, feathers and all. I have no disposition to hunt for them again, but I think Bro. W. possesses an unfair advantage over me. But I dismiss the subject with this admonition to Bro. Wilson—"may you live a thousand years, but when you do die, rest in peace." Yours in F. L. and T. S. V. A. L.

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

Grand Lodge Proceedings.—We last week gave the first day's proceedings of the Annual Session, consisting mainly of the election of Grand Officers for the ensuing year, with the exception of Grand Representative No. 2. The Session continued until Saturday, when an adjournment took place until the 15th of September. We subjoin a brief synopsis of such portion of the proceedings as are of general interest.

A second ballot for Grand Representative No. 2, resulted in the choice of P.G. John W. Dwinelle, of No. 226, Rochester.

Charters for the following new Lodges were granted, viz:

Nunda Lodge No. 316, located at Nunda, Livingston county.

New Berlin Lodge No. 317, located at New Berlin, Chenango county.

Oil Spring Lodge No. 318, located at Cuba, Allegany county.

——— Lodge No. 319, located at Columbia, St. Lawrence county.

Sauquoit Lodge No. 320, located at Sauquoit, Oneida county.

Manitou Lodge No. 321, City of New York.

A petition for a Lodge to be located at Farmersville, Seneca county, was denied.

A large number of applications were granted for Lodge celebrations, processions, addresses, &c. The Constitution of Subordinates was amended so that hereafter a Lodge is required to send official notices only to the Lodges within the District in which it is located.

The committee to whom was referred the communication from the G. Sec. of the G. L. U. S. embodying a report from the committee on the State of the Order, reported at length upon the subject, (which we shall publish hereafter,) and concluded with the following resolution, which was *unanimously adopted:*

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Grand Lodge, the resolution passed at the Session of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States in September, 1846, does not prohibit the issuing of any Certificate of Membership by Lodges or brethren of the Order, except such as are now used and issued by said R. W. Body.

We shall publish a synopsis of the Annual Report of the G. M. as early as possible. The Order has flourished wonderfully throughout the State during the last year.

The Grand Officers (except D.G.M. and G.T. who were necessarily absent) were installed on Saturday.

A resolution to instruct our Grand Reps. to vote for a return to the three months term, was lost.

Tradesmen's Lodge No. 314, was instituted at Washington Hall, Bowery, on Saturday evening, July 31, by the Grand Master and Grand Officers. The following officers were installed: T. Dring, N.G.; William Ditrich, V.G.; Israel D. Cole, Sec.; George Peck, Treas. This Lodge will take rank among the best in the city, and be an ornament to the Order in this large jurisdiction.

Windham Center, July 26, 1847.

Dear Sir and Bro.—Mountain Lodge No. 310, was instituted at the beautiful and enterprising village of Windam Center, Greene county, on the 22d inst. being eight weeks from the commencement of building the Hall. The day was very pleasant, with the exception of a shower, and the traveling was beautiful, caused by the rains a few days previous, which made it much pleasanter for brothers coming from abroad; who commenced arriving about 11 o'clock, A. M. first of which were D.D.G.M. Wm. B. Nelson, with eight brothers from Kempton Lodge of Coxsackie, and about 12 o'clock the brothers from Prattsville Lodge arrived, and drove through the village in procession, accompanied by the Prattsville Brass Band, and brought up at French's Hotel, numbering over fifty of the most estimable citizens of our sister town, and were greeted with genuine cordiality by the brothers of Kempton Lodge and the brothers here. Shortly after a number of brethren from Hendrick Hudson Lodge of Catskill, arrived with their beautiful banner and were also greeted in a manner peculiar to Odd-Fellowship. Among them we noticed P.G. Judge Watson and P.G. S. Dubois. During which time we noticed the arrival of brothers from the towns of Lexington, Durham and Cairo.

About 2 o'clock, the members of the different Lodges formed in procession at the hotel and marched to the room, and soon after commenced the interesting and impressive ceremony of instituting Mountain Lodge No. 310, by D.D.G.M. Wm. B. Nelson, assisted by P.Gs. Dubois, Watson, Bell and Ely, of Hendrick Hudson Lodge, and P.Gs. Rose and Fitch, of Prattsville Lodge. This being done, the following officers were duly elected and installed: B. O. Stone, N.G.; J. F. Matthews, V.G.; H. H. Hunt, Sec.; A. W. Rowley, P.S.; N. P. Cowles, Treas. These gentlemen are of the right stamp, of known worth and probity, and such as will give a tone and character to the Order in that community, that will lead to good results.

After the ceremonies of installing the officers were gone through with, the brethren were again formed in procession by Bro. Col. Snyder, of Prattsville Lodge, Marshal of the day, and marched up and down the street in regalia, accompanied by the Windham Center and Prattsville Brass Bands, and thence preceded to the Presbyterian Church, where an Oration was delivered by Rev. Bro. Taylor, of Delaware Lodge, Delhi. The Oration was replete with passages of great power and eloquence. The orator portrayed in glowing colors the beauties of Odd-Fellowship, and the glorious Links which bound them together and incited them to honorable and benevolent deeds. He was also very happy in his illustrations—one in particular, eliciting a smile from every one present. We allude to an anecdote of the time when stoves were first introduced into the Churches in Massachusetts, some forty years since. The oration will, we doubt not, have a good effect, and leave on the minds of all who heard it a better impression of the great principles of our beloved Order. The Odes selected were sung by Capt. Wm Doty, and his choir, in a truly excellent manner, creditable to them and the occasion. The church was filled with the beauty an l respectability of the place, and all seemed by the marked attention paid, to enter into the spirit of the exercises.

The exercises at the church being closed, the brethren re-formed in procession and marched down and up the street to the Lodge Room, when they adjourned to French's Hotel, where a sumptuous dinner was provided by the brothers of Windham Center, and to which ample justice was done.

In the evening, the brethren re-assembled in the Lodge Room, and after opening in form, initiated thirteen persons into the mysteries of the Order, and six took the five degrees.

Previous to the ceremony of institution, the members fitted up their Lodge in a tasteful and elegant manner which reflects great credit on those getting it up, (and the architect, Bro. Nelton Finch, of Prattsville Lodge.) Its furniture and appointments are appropriate and beautiful.

The Lodge starts under the most favorable auspices, and, as it is composed of the most estimable and intelligent citizens of the town, it cannot fail to prosper.

Yours in F. L. and T. H.

Cato Lodge No. 222, Cato 4 Corners—David Cook, N.G.; Ezra H. Northup, V.G.; Caleb Everts, Sec.; Charles Rockwell, P.S.; Daniel H. Taber, Treas. No. 222 was instituted on the 17th day of April, 1846, and reports now 118 contributing members, which we think is very well when it is remembered that this Lodge is located in a small village numbering less than 300. Our members are of the right stamp, and imbued with the spirit of our beloved Order. W. S. I.

Manhattan Lodge No. 20—William Dunscomb, Jr. N.G.; Thomas R. Glen, V.G.; Richard Mitchelson, Sec.; Thomas Thomas, P.S.; John Lang, Treas.

Knickerbocker Lodge No. 22—William Waterman, N.G.; William T. Beer, V.G.; —— Avery, Sec.; M. J. Moses, P.S.; O. P. Quintard, Treas.

Mariners Lodge No. 23—Samuel Squires, N.G.; Gillian Rutan, V.G.; J. H. Dubois, Sec.; Thomas Paine, P.S.; J. M. Landers, Treas.

Jefferson Lodge No. 46—John Pettigrew, N G.; Z. M. P. Black, V.G.; Henry B. Jones, Sec.; Joseph Pinckham, P.S.; James A. Reed, Treas.

Mercantile Lodge No. 47—William L. S. Harrison, N.G.; Thomas Wallace, V.G.; A. S. Jones, Sec.; John Labagh, Treas.

Empire Lodge No. 64—James S. Folger, N.G.; Franklin J. Otterson, V.G.; John W. Thompson, Sec; William D. C. Brown, P.S.; Royal G. Millard, T.

Oriental Lodge No. 68—Isaac H. Brown, N.G.; Charles H. Ring, V.G.; Peter K. Ogden, Sec.; D. J. Marrenner P.S.; J. L. Bevier, T.; Rev. B. Evans, Chap.

Fidelity Lodge No. 87—J. R. Griffith, N.G.; John Lucas, V.G.; Henry W. Karns, Sec.; James Doran, Treas.

City Lodge No. 151—E. O. Hawley, N.G.; James L. Waugh, V.G.; William A. Ellis, Sec.; John A. Bogart, Treas.

Templar Lodge No. 235—A. B. Street, N.G.; P. M. Bryson, V.G.; A. Waite, Sec.; E. P. Jenks, P.S.; Charles Ogden, Treas.

Acorn Lodge No. 237—William Dunn, N.G.; John Glass, V.G.; James Patterson, Sec.; P.G. James Blackwood, Treas.

Hospitaller Lodge No. 295—E. L. Able, NG; J. H. Hervay, V.G.; J. H. Vermilyea, Sec.; H. L. Hewlett, P.S.; W. S. Sperry, Treas.

Mosaic Encampment No. 6—Wm. Porter, C.P.; R. E. Roberts, H.P.; John Knight, Scribe; A. H. Pinckney. T.; Wm. Patterson, S.W.; Mark Hull, J.W.

Mamre Encampment No. 37—Wm. M. Tweed, C.P.; Theodore Froment, H. P.; Nathan Hilbert, S.W.; Josiah R. Dunn, Scribe; Samuel Post, Treas.; George Smith, J.W.

Clinton Degree Lodge No. 6—Francis R. Prideaux, N.G.; John Medole, V.G.; Aaron Dunham, A.N.G.; John F. Hardin, D.A.N.G.; Alfred C. Valletten, Sec.; George Sharp, Treas.

Brockport Lodge No. 258, *Brockport*—Herman Field, N.G.; James L. Clark, V.G.; Bushrod W. Clark, Sec.; Edwin T. Bridges, P.S.; Joseph Ganson, Treas.; Louis De V. Wilder, P.G.

Camden Lodge No. 154, *Camden*—Richard Empy, N.G.; Hiram Hammond, V.G.; Hiram H. Cooper, Sec.; Lewis Kirtland, Treas.

Black River Lodge No. 124, *Watertown*—John H. Dutton, N.G.; John H. Napier, V.G.; D. C. Colvin, Sec.; P. L. Scovil, Treas.

Iroquois Lodge No. 161, *Watertown*—Washington Gennett, N.G.; Theodore Caldwell, V.G.; William R. Trowbridge, Sec.; C. A. Dickerson, P.Sec.; Morris Livingston, Treas.

Tuscarora Lodge No. 250, *Antwerp*—Dr. R. R. Sherman, N.G.; Ira Marsh, V.G.; A. O. Stephens, Sec.; W. P. Woolson, P.S.; W. Payn, Treas. Our Lodge is already in a flourishing condition, having constant acquisitions of members.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK, August 7, 1847.

E. WINCHESTER, ESQ.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—The Grand Lodge of this State closed its Annual Session last evening at five o'clock, having been in session at Trenton for a day and a half. The election for Grand Officers resulted in the choice of

Ed. T. Hillyer, of No. 12, G.M.		David T. Clark, of No. 7, G.Rep. No. 1.	
Dr. J. H. Phillips, of No. 31, D.G.M.		J. H. Wakefield,	" 15, G.Rep. No. 2.
Thomas McPherson,	" 4, G.W.	Wm. P. Mulford,	" 4, G.Mar.
Eli Morris,	" 4, G.S.	Staats S. Morris,	" 28, G.Con.
Thomas Ashmore,	" 3, G.T.	Isaac Fowler,	" 3, G.Guar.
Rev. Samuel Starr,	" 4, G.Chap.		

The three last being by appointment of the G. M.

There were present as appeared by the ballot for G. M. 163 Representatives from 63 Subordinate Lodges, now working. An almost unprecedented degree of harmony pervaded the deliberations of this body, facilitating the transactions of a large amount of business, mostly of local interest.

One act of this body was to instruct her Representatives to lay before the G. L. U. S. at its next session a matter grievance, existing between Leni Lanape Lodge No. 14, of this State, and Doylestown Lodge N. 94, of Pennsylvania: the latter Lodge having refused to receive as visiters, two members of the former, fully authenticated. And to call the attention of that body to an unwarranted breach of courtesy, both gentlemanly and fraternal, on the part of the Grand Master of the latter State, in neglecting to give his attention to the matter when solicited in a courteous manner by the G. M. of New Jersey—and in particular, in deciding and refusing to notice the G. L. of New Jersey, or her executive officer in any way whatever in the matter.

Another act of this body was a decision, establishing a power in a G. Master to suspend the functions of a Deputy of a District for cause. The principal involved, judging from the interest taken in its discussion, was important—and the Constitution being silent on the subject, the questionwas discussed and decided upon the naked point, that the power of removal was incidental to that of appointment, and that too, when the consent of the G. L. was necessary to confirm the appointment.

Several new charters were granted, and the conditions of the finances such as to warrant the G. L. in reducing the amount of per centage from Subordinate Lodges from 5 to 3 per cent.

The stereotype phrase—the Order is onward and flourishing, is applicable to this State, as to others. Fraternally yours, M.

EXPULSION.—LOOK OUT.—The Secretary of Plainfield Lodge No. 44, Plainfield, N. J. writes us that *John Higman* has been expelled from that Lodge for grossly immoral conduct. He has eloped with a young girl of Plainfield, leaving a wife and three children in destitute circumstances. He has been traced as far west as Pittsburg, and is believed to be traveling under the assumed name of John Williams. He is of English descent, about 30 years of age, about 5 feet 9 inches high, stout built, rather dark complexion, black eyes and hair, with heavy black whiskers. The Brotherhood are warned to be on their guard against him.

Chosen Friends No. 29, *at Camden.*—Edward Morgan, N. G., Joseph P. Huycke, V. G., John F. Starr, Sec., Robt. T. Abbott, Asst. Sec., P. G. Thomas W. Malford, Treas.

New Jersey Lodge No. 1, *at Camden.*—Hampton Williams, N. G., J. B. Thompson, V. G., J. H. Porter, Sec., S. D. Effreth, Treas.

MASSACHUSETTS.

GRAND LODGE—ANNUAL SESSION.—The Annual Session of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Massachusetts commenced in Boston, on Wednesday, the 4th inst.—Grand Master WELLS presiding. Our correspondent has sent us the result of the choice for officers, as follows:

W. E. PARMENTER, G.M.	H. PRINCE, G.Treas.
WILLIAM ELLISON, D.G.M	Rev. A. A. MINER, G.Chap.
DAVID AYRES, G.W.	E. M. P. WELLS, G.Rep.
WILLIAM H. JONES, G.Sec.	W. T. DAVIS, G.Rep.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—The Annual Session of the R. W. Grand Encampment was held in Oasis Hall, Boston, on the 4th inst. at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

SAMUEL WELLS, G.P.	JOHN McLEAN, G.J.W.
Rev. ALBERT CASE, G.H.P.	JOSEPH NEWMARCH, G.Treas.
WENDELL T. DAVIS, G.S.W.	WILLIAM ELLISON, G.Rep.
WM. H. JONES, G.Scribe.	RAYMOND COLE, G.Rep.

Our correspondent says the session was harmonious, and the 26 Subordinates were in a good condition.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, August 10, 1847.

E. WINCHESTER, ESQ.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—After the opening of Berwick Lodge No. 246, we proceeded to Wilkesbarre, passing along the banks of the Susquehanna, where we arrived on Saturday morning, about 9 o'clock. Here we met with a number of our brethren, and learned from them that Wyoming Lodge No. 39, was in a flourishing condition. We visited the Monument, which is about 4 miles above Wilkesbarre, on the opposite side of the river, and also a rock upon the top of the mountain, back of the town, known as Prospect Rock. Here we had a beautiful view of the Wyoming Valley, which for scenery cannot be surpassed by any valley in our State. On Sunday morning we left for Tamaqua, a distance of 38 miles, where we arrived, after 12 hours ride, about 7 o'clock, and the next morning we took the Cars for Philadelphia, where we arrived about 2 o'clock, well pleased with our visit.

Our Grand Lodge met on Monday the 2d inst. and granted a charter for a Lodge to be located in Franklin, Venango county, and transacted some other business of importance in this State. The next stated meeting of the G. L. will be held on Monday the 16th inst.

The Grand Encampment met last evening and installed the officers elected in July, and transacted its usual business.

The weather here is exceedingly warm, so much so, that we are almost inclined to believe summer has come at last in reality. Yours Fraternally.

Gettys Lodge No. 124, *Gettysburg*—J. J. Baldwin, N.G.; J. L. Hill, V.G; H. J. Stahle, Sec.; J. Leedy, Ast. Sec.; S. Powers, Treas. Preparations are now being made for our first Annual Celebration, which will come off on the 17th of September next; on which occasion Bros. P.G. FISK, of Philadelphia, and P.G. BOSSERMAN, of Johnstown, have consented to deliver Addresses. J. C. M.

Columbus Lodge No. 75, *Chambersburg*—J. H. McCardey, N.G.; Jas. Findlay, Jr. V.G.; C. Wesley Hart, Sec.; Philip Arnold, Treas. Meets Thursday evenings. Our Lodge is doing well, and the brethren appear to appreciate the Order. J. H. P.

Howard Lodge No. 79, *Honesdale*—F. M. Crane, NG.; J. Y. Sherwood, VG.; J. H. Norton, Sec.; N. T. Palmer, Ast. Sec.; R. M. Grenell, Treas.

Freedom Lodge No. 88, *Prompton*—J. B. Case, N.G.; T. Nichols, V.G.; A. H. Moon, Sec.; A. Sanders, Ast. Sec.: E. Foot, Treas.

Iris Lodge No. 118, *Bethany*—J. B. Sloane, N.G.; E. W. Hamblin, V.G.; H. G. Chase Sec.; B. Munson, Ast. Sec.; E. Hadfield, Treas.

Lackawaxen Encampment No. 30, *Honesdale*—A. H. Russel, C.P.; H. Dart, H.P.; J. Woodward, S.W.; E. Foot, J.W.; W. T. Palmer, Scribe; F. M. Crane, Treas.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 16, 1847.

BRO. WINCHESTER: The Grand Lodge of this State closed its Annual Session yesterday. A goodly amount of business was transacted for the welfare of the Order, and that too, with a degree of unanimity which reflects great credit upon those who devoted their time and attention to its interests. The following Grand Officers were elected and appointed for the ensuing year, viz:

John Green, Logansport, G.M.	Rev. A. N. Carnahan, Lafayette, G.C.
Job B. Eldridge, Delphi, D.G.M.	H. J. Caniff, Lafayette, G.Mar.
S. C. Meredith, Centerville, G.W.	G. R. Warren, Laurel, G.Con.
Lazarus Noble, Centerville, G.Sec.;	E. Pyle, Indianapolis, G.Guardian.
J. B. McChesney, Indianapolis, G.T.	J. Kelley, Indianapolis, G.Mes.
J. B. Chapman, Indianapolis, G.Rep.	

On Wednesday, the 14th inst. we had a public procession, and I have only time to say, that notwithstanding the elements were somewhat unpropitious, it passed off pleasantly. The presence of a large concourse of the beauty of the land, the excellent singing of the choir of the 2d Presbyterian Church, the capital address of Hon. E. A. HANNEGAN, and the clerical aid of Rev. Bros. Myres and Carnahan, made an impression as far as our Order is concerned that will not soon be forgotten by the numbers who honored us with their attendance.

Yours in F. L. and T. W******.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Winnipissiogee Lodge No. 7, Meredith Bridge—A. Beaman, N.G.; J. Atkins, V.G.; S. J. Osgood, Sec.; T. D. Somes, Treas. Present number of contributing members, 93. 4 have withdrawn by card, 3 have deceased, and 5 have been suspended.

VIRGINIA.

Hamilton Lodge No 30, *Williamsburg*—S. T. Bowman, N.G.; D. S. Cowles, V.G.; R. W. Hansford, Sec.; J. A. Henly, Ast. Sec.; Julius Gerst, Treas.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Calumet Encampment No. 4, *Newbern*—J. N. Washington, C.P.; Walter Duffy, H.P.; C. J. White, S.W.; R. W. Choate, Scribe; J. C. Justice, Treas.; Ossian Hanks, J.W.

Eureka Lodge No. 7, *Newbern*—J. N. Washington, N.G.; Ossian Hanks, V.G.; J. J. H. Van Bokkelen, Sec.; Alexander Miller, Treas.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1847.

☞ Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, NEW YORK, by E. WINCHESTER, Editor and Proprietor, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms $2 a year in advance, or 6¼ per week, delivered by a carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

PHILADELPHIA.—The GOLDEN RULE is published in Philadelphia, by CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North Sixth street, by whom subscriptions will be received and papers delivered in any part of the city. Packages sent to the adjoining towns out of the mails.

BOSTON.—Office of the GOLDEN RULE, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L. WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the RULE sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

TRAVELING AGENTS.—Bro. WM. R. HOYT is our General Agent for Pennsylvania. Our friends, in aiding him, will greatly serve and oblige us.

Bro. J. H. WHITNEY is traveling in Western New York, and will visit the Lodges and brotherhood west of Auburn. He is a worthy Odd-Fellow, and possesses our fullest confidence.

REMITTANCES.—In answer to several letters from subscribers in the South and West, as to what funds they shall remit, we inform all concerned, that when eastern funds are not obtainable, we receive notes of all *solvent* Banks in the United States AT PAR, for subscriptions to the GOLDEN RULE, when remitted through the postoffice, *postage paid*.

☞ We take this occasion again to particularly request those brothers who have not remitted for the present year, to do so immediately. The sum is a small one, and therefore more likely to be neglected. And dont forget to forward the name of a *new subscriber*, at the same time. This each can do who will make the effort.

☞ Our files of the present volume are rapidly diminishing, and names of all new subscribers should be forwarded without delay. Be up and doing, brothers. The harvest is great.

BOUND VOLUMES.—New subscribers, who desire it, can yet be supplied with the back Volumes from Jan. 1, 1846, Vols IV and V, for 1846, neatly bound, containing a vast amount of valuable matter for reference, will be furnished to subscribers at the regular subscription price of $2—the binding *gratis*. We have but a few copies, and now is the time to obtain them. Call early.

REGALIA LOST.—Past Grand FOWLER of Skaneateles Lodge No. 193, requests us to state that he left in the ante-room of the Grand Lodge, on Thursday morning, August 5, a very handsome and expensive P.Gs. Regalia, which has disappeared, and which he supposes some brother attending the G. L. may have taken by mistake. It is composed of the finest kind of silk velvet, embroidered in gold with heavy gold bullion fringe surrounding it. The embroidery on the collar he thinks was nothing more than a vine extending nearly round the entire circumference of the collar, and on the apron were embroidered in a gorgeous style, the All-seeing Eye, a spread eagle holding a balance in his bill, and other devices he does not now distinctly recollect. Should any brother happen to know or hear of such an article wanting an owner, P.G. Fowler will be under especial obligation if such brother will leave the same at the office of the Golden Rule, or furnish P.G. Fowler at Skaneateles, or P.G. Snook at 126 West-fourteenth street, of the same Lodge, with such information as will insure the recovery of the Regalia.

NEW YORK PRISON ASSOCIATION.

WE have received from that good man, ISAAC T. HOPPER, the "Third Report of the Prison Association of New York." It is an octavo of 515 pages; and, so far as we may be allowed to judge, we do not hesitate to say that no publication has ever yet been issued in this country or in Europe, on this subject, so complete, so elaborate and satisfactory as this. It is marked by a patient industry in the discharge of duty on the part of committees; a diligence in collecting, distributing and classifying statistics of prisons, criminals, their punishments and its influence; a comprehensive view of the wants and aims of the cause advocated by the Association; and a large faith in the improvability of man, even in his worst estate—which is beyond praise, and cannot be too highly appreciated, or too warmly encouraged.

We regard this document as equally honorable to the philanthropy of our country, and the spirit of the age. And it is matter of grateful astonishment to us, that this Association, so young in life, so limited in means, is able to produce such a valuable volume; and what is better even, that it has been able to do the noble work of humanity out of which this volume has grown. We are persuaded that the people of this city and of this State do not know the worth of this Association, nor the value of the labor it is performing. They do not know how much it is doing, in the right, in the only certain way, to protect the lives and property of our citizens from depredation. If the true character of this Association, and of its aims, of its reforming work among criminals in prisons and out, were appreciated, instead of having less than four thousand dollars a year to work with, it would have twenty thousand. And clearly understood, it would be seen that this twenty thousand would save a hundred thousand; that it was infinitely better bestowed than that appropriated to building prisons, and paying jailers. The Legislature ought to appropriate $10,000 a year in this way; drawing it from the funds now expended in building prisons and supporting criminal courts. This Association would put it to far better use, and society would be better served; inasmuch as it is always better and cheaper to prevent crime than to punish it; better to give a man employment out of prison, and keep him honest and virtuous, than through want of work and want of bread, to drive him into crime, shut him up in prison, and *then* give him work.

This is one thing the New York Prison Association is doing; but this is not all. To know how much ground it occupies, our readers must obtain the Report; and then they will see how great is the labor, with what wisdom the Society arranges it, and how deserving it is of their cordial sympathy and liberal support. *Any contribution, though but a dollar, or two shillings*, constitutes a membership, and the pleasure of perusing the Report is worth twice that; and the satisfaction which every benevolent heart must feel in helping to redeem and encourage the fallen outcasts and place them in the way of virtue and usefulness again—this is worth ten times that. Will not our readers then put their hands to this work of mercy? Will not all good Odd-Fellows add a little to the means of a society, whose members do so noble a work, and do it all for no reward but the pleasure of doing it? And will not wives, sisters, mothers do something to sustain "The Home," to which the fallen and wretched of their sex may go, and begin a new and better life? Read the "Report of the Female Department," by MRS KIRKLAND, Editor of the Union Magazine, and Corresponding Secretary, and see if you do not find it worthy your aid.

We sincerely hope what we have written will lead some to inform themselves of this Association. Communications may be sent to John D. Russ, Corresponding Secretary, at the Office of the Prison Association, 15 Center street, who will attend to any inquiries, and receive contributions. The President is Hon. Wm. T. McCoun; Vice Presidents, Theodore Frelinghuysen, B. F. Butler, Abraham Van Nest, and Judge J. W. Edmonds.

Promptness in business is one of the most commendatory things in the world. Nothing like doing what you have to do at once. "Procrastination is the thief of time," saith the old saw; and we have known and felt the truth of it, to our sorrow. Be ready then, friend, always ready to do the work of the moment. Do not put off till to-morrow what ought to be done today—if you do, to-morrow may never come. Beside, think of the inconvenience to which others may be subjected by your delay. Think how you would like to wait yourself, when having some special work, which cannot be done till they move first. Be prompt then always yourself, and help to cultivate the same virtue in others. Do it now—and then it is off your hands.

DR. JOHNSON'S DISCOURSE.—We have received a copy of the elegant discourse to which our Washington correspondent refers, and can fully endorse what is there said of it. The author is now Rector of St. John Church, Johnson street, Brooklyn, where his eloquence and zeal in the cause of pure religion, can scarcely fail to render him beloved by all.

PIC-NIC EXCURSION OF MARINERS LODGE.—We refer our City and Brooklyn readers to the advertisement, in another column, of an Excursion to Fort Independence, some forty miles up the Hudson River, got up for the benefit of the Widow and Orphan's Fund of Mariners Lodge. The noble object and the beautiful scenery of the River ought to ensure, as they doubtless will, a large company.

Our Exchanges.—Really, Brothers of the Country Press, you *must* excuse us! We cannot exchange with you all, though it would give us pleasure to do so. You are perfectly aware, that in the making up of our sheet, we cannot derive the slightest advantage from your well-conducted and interesting journals, inasmuch as our materials are mainly and necessarily gathered from original and foreign sources. We have never, as has been the practice with many of our cotemporaries, asked you to publish long Prospectuses, or insert Editorial notices. Those who have done the latter—and their name is *not* legion—have done so from the promptings of their own hearts; and we proffer them our sincere thanks in return. All we ask, as a condition of exchange, is to give our semi-annual Prospectus *one* insertion, or otherwise noticing the commencement of each half yearly volume. You need not call it the "handsomest and best-conducted sheet in the Union"—or the "best periodical of the Order"—or the "only weekly paper worthy to be called an Odd-Fellows journal"—no, don't say any thing of the sort, unless you think so. Another condition is, that while you are at perfect liberty to copy any thing you see proper, you must give us credit for every thing which appears in our paper as original. We invariably cut off all who violate this rule. "A Night of Years," by Grace Greenwood, a most charming writer, has been copied into nearly half of the papers in the Union without credit: in like manner many other articles of Prose and Poetry. We cannot permit this—nor would you. We are willing to practice the name of our paper toward you all—more we cannot.

An Omission.—We shall give, next week, No. IV of a series of five papers by Bro. D. P. Barhydt, under the title of "The Order of Odd-Fellowship Considered," which a want of room has compelled us to defer for several weeks.

— Suddenly, a couple of weeks ago, Bro. Barhydt dropped in upon us, and announced that he was on the point of leaving for England, having received orders from the Secretary of the Navy to proceed to Great Britain on a commission connected with the Warehousing System.

He sailed in the Britannia on the 1st inst., and will be absent about three months. The object of the commission is to examine into the condition of the Warehouses of Great Britain, and collect all information upon the subject, both as to the law and practice of the English system: and upon the reception of its report, the Secretary will undoubtedly be able to introduce many improvements tending to advance the interests of commerce.

Bro. Barhydt is the present Register of the Bonded Warehouse in this city, and a better selection could not have been made by the Department. The able and efficient manner in which he has organized and conducted the business of the Register's office and superintended the Warehouse business here, furnishes ample security for the success of the mission. Mr. C. C. Walden of the N. Y. Custom House, is associated with Bro. B.

The Weather has been exceedingly 'queer,' hereabouts, for the past week or two—its character being what the old folks call *muggy*,—with a smart sprinkling of showers varying from half an hour to twenty-four hours in duration. It is difficult to predict what the clerk of the weather has in store for us—perhaps more of the same sort—yet, while we are writing, (Wednesday) the sky has become clear, and promises to redeem the ancient reputation of this latitude for the finest weather in North America. But, oh, how hot!—and how rises before the mind's eye glorious visions of the Sea-shore, and the cool retreats of the country! In August every body, who has not already gone to the country, will go—if they can. We wish them all the fullest measure of happiness in their excursions, and a safe return to their homes, ere comes "the sere and yellow leaf" of autumn.

Pekin Tea Company.—We have several times borne willing testimony to the excellence of the Teas imported by this Company; and we now mention it again for the purpose of referring to the advertisement in this week's paper. It is no trifling matter to know where pure and fragrant Teas can be obtained; and when to this assurance in behalf of the Pekin Company, we add that they can be purchased by the small quantity at wholesale prices, it is a sufficient inducement to "call and see." This, we are sure, the ladies will do—for none are better judges. The Company's Warehouses are 75 and 77 Fulton street. Country merchants are particularly referred to the advertisement.

Gold Pens.—Can any one inform us who manufactures the best gold pen in this city? We want a real Odd Fellow's pen, such as we are now using, but which is nearly 'done for,' from long service and hard usage. It has rendered us splendid service, however, and we desire another just like it.

Vattemare's Mission—Brotherhood of Nations.—The following is extracted from an article in the August number of the Merchants' Magazine, on the political influence of Vattemare's great enterprise of national exchanges of books, works of art, models of invention, specimens of products, &c. The article is by the editor, and shows a broad view of the subject worthy of consideration. The last paragraph is a truly beautiful passage. After stating that Monsieur Vattemare brought to this country over 12,000 volumes, 1500 engravings, and a number of medals, in value at least $80,000, all the free gift of France, a token of brotherly feeling from her government, statesmen, artists, men of science, and mechanics, he proceeds as follows:

We rise to a far higher point of view. We look upon this system as another step toward putting into practice that great principle of the Brotherhood of Nations, that great Idea of Cosmopolitism, according to which every man is born into the world "the citizen of no mean city," but a citizen of the world. This principle has attained perhaps a clearer recognition (for an obvious political reason) among the people of Germany, than in any other country; but it is assuredly destined to become a settled policy—a rule of action among nations. Resting upon, if not identical with that great truth, the Idea (may we not call it?) of Christianity, that God is our Father, it lies at the bottom of all the lofty enterprises of philanthropy of the day, and finds powerful auxiliaries in those wonderful inventions for locomotion and telegraphic communication which, if we measure distance by time, its only practical standard for political, social and commercial purposes, have reduced distance to almost nothing.

Two agents in the same great work have arrived on our shores at the same time—M. Vattemare, and the first of the French line of steamers, with its name of happy omen, "*L'Union.*" For, though the direct object of the one be literary, and of the other commercial intercourse, yet we know that both are working out the same result—the Brotherhood of Nations. Here is the great end of these movements; and a benevolent mind like that of M. Vattemare, filled with this thought, instinctively seizes upon a system of international exchanges as one effectual means of attaining this common end.

The United States are well fitted, from peculiar circumstances, to take the lead in developing this principle. This country is, in some respects, not so much one nation, as a union of many nations. So it has been from the beginning. Our history is not one. We do not look back to one land as the land of our forefathers, but to many—to Sweden, to Denmark, to Holland, to France, to Scotland, Ireland, and England. So it is now, at this present day, which is the very era of emigration to this country of emigrants. We number our German citizens by millions, our Irish citizens by millions, and we have thousands of English, Scotch, and French birth. It is so with our pursuits in life, which are not one, nor are our interests, therefore, one. The sun, which, at its rising, glitters upon the fleets of commerce and the rich marts of trade, climbing the Alleghanies, lights up the broad, green Valley of the Mississippi, the bosom of the nation, teeming with future wealth and might, and fructifies the wheat-fields and corn-fields of the North, the tobacco-fields of Kentucky, the cotton, the rice, and sugar plantations of the South; again, ascending a loftier mountain range than the Alleghanies, it brightens the dark forests of Oregon, and, cheering the log hut of the emigrant with the light which, in the morning, fell on the homesteads of New England, it sinks at last into the Pacific. Almost every climate and soil is within our borders. All Europe is our kindred. The great heart of America beats with a pulsation from the blood of almost every nation of Western Europe. A political microcosm in itself, the United States are well able, and are bound to feel a fraternal sympathy with all the world, and to proclaim and act upon the principle of the Brotherhood of Nations.

☞ We are under obligations to Bro. W. J. Baxter, Grand Secretary of the G. L. of Michigan, for a copy of the proceedings of that R. W. Body, from its organization, Nov. 5, 1844, to the close of the Januury Session, 1847, with the Constitution, By-Laws, and Rules of Order of said Grand Lodge, the General Laws for the government of its subordinates, and the Constitution and By-Laws of the G. L. U. S., with all the amendments up to 1847. It contains 190 neatly printed pages, and forms a very valuable document.

A Large Spider.—We are occasionally assailed by the anonymous abuse of parlor naturalists for repeating what certain travelers have written respecting the dimensions and habits of the so-called bird-catching spiders of South America: what do such authorities say to the recent testimony of Dr. Von Tschudi? "At Quibe," he says, "I saw a bird-catching spider (*mygale*) of extraordinary large size. The back part of the body alone measured two inches! Being at some distance, I supposed it to be one the rodent animals, and I fired at it. To my mortification I discovered my mistake when too late, for the specimen was completely destroyed by the shot, and was useless for my collection. The Indians assured me that on the margin of the stream which flowed near the plantation, many larger individuals were to be found; but I never saw another of such remarkable size as the one I inadvertently destroyed."

It is said that a bowl containing two quarts of water set in an oven when baking is going on, will prevent pies, cakes, bread, &c. being scorched.

Second Annual Grand Pic-Nic and Cotillion

EXCURSION TO FORT INDEPENDENCE,
On board the Steamboat KOSCIUSKO, on TUESDAY, AUG. 17, for the benefit of the

WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF MARINERS' LODGE No. 23.

☞ Dingle's Brass Band is engaged for the day. ☜

The Kosciusko will make the following landings: Foot of Montgomery-street. East River, 7½ o'clock A. M.; Catherine Market 7¾ o'clock; Pier No. 1, North River, 8 o'clock; foot of Duane-street, 8¼ o'clock; foot of Hammond-street, 8½ o'clock; foot of Nineteenth-street, 8¾ o'clock. ☞ Also, at Dobb's Ferry and Tarrytown.

TICKETS can be obtained of the following Committee of Arrangements:

James Scatliff, 377 Broome-street, or 14th Ward Station House;
David R. Cooper, 583 Washington-strt., corner of Clarkson;
Charles R. Badeau, 29 Grand-street;
Gillian Rutan, 156 Franklin-street;
Samuel Auld, 22 West-street;
J. J. Anderson, 68 Walker-street;
Thomas Sinister;
Charles J. Owens, 190 Laurens-street;
John M. Landers, 111 West Twentieth-street, or 120 Wall;
Samuel Squires, 149 Hammond-street;
James Bodens, at Mr. Greenin's Foundry, Greenwich, between Perry and Hammond-streets;
William Hazzard, No. 7 Clinton-street, Brooklyn.

The Committee pledge themselves that no pains will be spared to make this one of the most pleasant and agreeable Pic-Nic and Cotillion Excursions of the season. The Dancing will be under able management. ☞ Should the weather prove unfavorable, it will be postponed till the first fair day.

☞ TICKETS FIFTY CENTS—Children half price.

N.B.—Refreshments furnished on board by Brothers Cooper and Auld.

Will be ready on the 1st of September,

☞ **THE ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING FOR 1848.** ☜

THE Subscriber takes great pleasure in announcing to the Brotherhood that the Offering for 1848 will be the most attractive and elegant volume yet issued. Edited by JAMES L. RIDSELY, G. S. of the U. S. G. L. and P.G. PASCHAL DONALDSON. It will be Illustrated with 12 beautiful Engravings, including a correct view of the Odd-Fellows' Hall, now erecting in New York, and an elegant Presentation Plate, both surrounded with borders composed of the Emblems of our Order. These 12 Engravings are from the skilful burins of Brothers MATTESON and LOSSING. The paper, print and elegant classic binding will be of the best quality, and the Publisher assures the Fraternity that the Offering for 1848 shall be a suitable book to present to their sweet-hearts wives and daughters. Price $2.

☞ Responsible Agents wanted for the Offering, to whom a liberal commission will be allowed.

☞ The great National Work, "1776," by Bro. BENSON G. LOSSING, Illustrated with upward of 80 Engravings, beautifully printed and bound is now ready. Price $2,50.

*** Enterprising young men will find this work, together with the Statesman's Manual, excellent Books to act as Agents for. The Manual being invaluable to the American Statesman, and "1776," is the Book for the Million, and no American citizen should be without it. au7:tf

Address the Publisher, post paid. E. WALKER, 114 Fulton-st. N. Y.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, August 3d, 1847.—To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York: Sir, Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE—A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICTS—One Senator for the THIRD Senate District, consisting of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth wards of the city of New York; One Senator for the FOURTH Senate District, consisting of the Seventh, Tenth, Thirteenth and Seventeenth wards of the said city; One Senator for the FIFTH Senate District, consisting of the Eighth, Ninth and Fourteenth wards of the said city; and One Senator for the SIXTH Senate District, consisting of the Eleventh, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth wards of the said city.

COUNTY—Also the following officers for the said city and county, to wit: Sixteen members of Assembly, One to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully, N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFCE, NEW YORK, August 5th, 1847.—The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided. J. J. V. WESTERVELT, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Statute, vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 3d, part 1st, page 140. au14

MESMERISM.

PREVENTATIVE OF PAIN—CURATIVE OF DISEASE. Dr. JAMES ASHLEY, 40 Hudson-st. gives sittings daily at 9 A. M. 4 and 8 P. M. Surgical Operations are performed without pain. Childbirth is rendered painless—far safer to the mother—the period of confinement shortened. The most severe diseases often yield to its remedial influence, after all other remedies have failed in the hands of the most skilful of the profession. The Palsied have the use of their limbs restored. Tumors are arrested in their growth and fatality. Those who have sleepless nights, are soon made by it to rest in slumber as refreshing as that of infancy. The mind diseased, in Mesmerism finds its cure. Dr. Ashley treats the diseases of women and children, and attends to the general practice of Medicine and Surgery. au7:tf

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DR. J. PETTIT'S AMERICAN EYE-SALVE.

This simple, safe and sure remedy for the cure of weak, sore and inflamed eyes, by external application to their lids, whether acute or chronic, induced or symptomatic of scrofula, measles, small pox, spinal disease, intense use or external violence, is now within the reach of ALL in this city and vicinity. The astonishing and successful results in its use for years past, has earned for it a well merited celebrity. It stands on its own merits. To prevent the imposition of counterfeits, any person desiring an agency for the sale of "Dr. J. Pettit's American Eye Salve," will apply to him personally, or to H. Winchester, Druggist, at the general depot, No. 108 John-st. N. Y. jy3:eow:6m

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COLLECTIONS, &c. IN ILLINOIS.

CHARLES GILMAN, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Quincy, Illinois, will give particular attention to the collection of all claims entrusted to him, as well as to the payment of Taxes for non-residents, investigation of Titles, &c. Satisfactory references given, when desired. au7

FINE NEW TEAS.—IMPORTANT TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS can purchase TEAS at the warehouses of the PEKIN TEA COMPANY, 75 and 77 Fulton-st. N. Y. in single half chest, at the same prices that wholesale grocers in this city can buy 50 and 100 chests at a time.

This is giving to country dealers an advantage never before within their reach. The wholesale grocers here are very violent in their expressions, touching the Pekin Tea Company for pursuing such a course; but our motto is, and ever shall be, "The greatest possible good to the greatest possible number." The Teas which the Pekin Tea Company are now selling at 38 cents per lb. by the half chest, is daily sold by the wholesale grocers at 45 cents.

One great advantage country merchants have, buying Tea of this Company, is that that they can always be sure of getting a good article, and that when the Teas bought of them do not give entire satisfaction, they may be returned, and the price paid far them will be promptly returned in money.

TEA.—The Pekin Tea Company, No. 75 and 77 Fulton-st. unquestionably sell the best Teas imported into this market. That they sell them cheaper than any other establishment, is a fact proven in a thousand instances since they have opened their store. We would advise our friends to call at this place, and if they don't wish to buy, at least to obtain a little pamphlet, kept on their counter, entitled "Hints to Tea Drinkers," and therefrom learn a little useful information on the subject. The pamphlet is given *gratis*.—(Jour. of Com.

THE PEKIN TEA COMPANY.—We very cheerfully call the attention of all lovers of pure and fragrant *Teas*, both in town and country, to the great Tea Warehouse of this Company. Our long acquaintance with the Proprietors enable us to bespeak for them the entire confidence of the public. We *know* that their Teas, both in quality and price, are all that is stated of them. Many a lover of the fragrant herb has been compelled to eschew the drinking of Tea in consequence of its injurious effects, until at length he has become hopeless of finding, among any of the imported varieties of Tea in our market, a kind which had not such an effect. In this, however, such persons will be agreeably disappointed. The Pekin Tea Company have commenced the importation of choice varieties of Garden Teas, of most delicious flavor, cultivated and picked with great care, which have heretofore never been introduced into this country, except as presents to importers. Among these they have an *Oolong*, mild as a zephyr, and fragrant as a rose, which we specially recommend to all nervous persons. Its *effect* upon many of those who have tried it, has been to make them confirmed tea-drinkers. Ladies who have used it, say they never before drunk such tea. But all tastes can here be suited, with the great advantage over others of getting a pure article at wholesale price, however small the quantity. The Company's Warehouse is at 75 and 77 Fulton-st.—(Golden Rule.

We have tried the Teas imported by the Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton-st. N. Y. and if we live will try them often. They are selling the most delicious teas we ever drank, and retail them at wholesale prices.—(Eve. Post.

You may be sure of obtaining at all times pure and highly flavored teas, by the single pound, at wholesale prices, of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton st. They have probably the largest stock, and greatest variety of fine green and black teas, of any establishment in the United States. They are doing a large business, and a great benefit to consumers of tea.—(Atlas.

Heretofore it has been very difficult, indeed impossible, to always obtain good green and black teas. But now you have only to visit the ware-rooms of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton street, to obtain as delicious and fragrant teas as you could wish for.—(Daily Sun.

A WORD TO TEA DRINKERS.—The Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton street, have imported into this market some five hundred thousand dollars worth of the finest grades of Green and Black Teas, grown in the Celestial Empire, done up in all the various fancy packages that Chinese ingenuity can invent. It is a privilege to buy teas at this great Establishment, and a luxury and a comfort to drink them. They sell good teas only, and retail them at wholesale prices. Country merchants who wish to always sell good teas can *always* obtain them at this place, on reasonable terms.—New York Courier & Enquirer.

The Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton street, are performing a great and good work, and will, in a few years, beyond all doubt, drive all the poor teas which have deluged this country, and defrauded consumers of the article, out of the market They import none but pure fragrant teas, and retail them by the single pound at wholesale prices. Families are always sure of obtaining good teas at this great tea warehouse, in quantities to suit their convenience, and at the same price that the merchant pays who buys to sell again.—Daily True Sun. au14 tf.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE No. 11 Wall-st. This Institution is distinguished by the following peculiarities:

1st. When the premium is over $50 annually, one fourth may be paid in cash, and three-fourths in a secured note at 12 months, bearing six per cent. interest, or it may be paid half-yearly, quarterly or monthly.

2d. Parties taking life policies and paying 50 per cent. of premium in cash, and those taking policies for shorter periods and paying 60 per cent. in cash, may give their individual notes for the balance, if satisfactory to the officers.

The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of January, 1847, (20 months) 3007 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a nett capital of nearly $200,900. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No, 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

DIRECTORS.—Seth Low, Wm. A. F. Pentz, Henry McFarlan, Chas. S. Macknett, John A. Underwood, Wm. H. Mott, Robt. L. Patterson, Andrew S. Snelling, Thomas B. Segur, Edward Anthony, Wm. M. Simpson, Lewis C. Grover.

ROBERT L. PATTERSON, President.

BENJ. G. MILLER, Sec. JOS. L. LORD, Agent.

JAMES STEWART, M. D., Med. Ex. at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock.

VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.,

JAS. VAN BEN SSALAER, M. D., Medical Board of Consultation. mr6:tf

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NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LONDON:

A SAVINGS BANK for the benefit of the Widow and Orphan. (Empowered by Act of Parliament.) Capital £500,000 sterling, or $2,500,000. Besides a reserve fund (from surplus premiums) of about $185,000, (part of the capital is invested in the United States.)

T. LAMIE MURRAY, Esq., George-street, Hanover Square, Chairman of the Court of Directors in London.

UNITED STATES BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS—(Chief office for America, 74 Wall-st. N. Y.,) Jacob Harvey, Esq. Chairman; John J. Palmer, Esq. Jonathan Goodhue, Esq., Jas. Boorman, Esq., Geo. Barclay, Esq., Saml. S. Howland, Esq., Gorham A. Worth, Esq., Samuel M. Fox, Esq., Wm. Van Hook, Esq., and C. Edward Habicht, Esq.

Pamphlets, blank forms, table of rates, lists of Agents, &c. &c. obtained at the chief office, 74 Wall-st., 134 Bowery, or from either of the agents throughout the United States and British North American Colonies. jel9:3m

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent for the U. S. and B. N. A. Col's.

TO LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

CONSTITUTIONS, By-Laws, Blanks, etc., for Lodges and Encampments, printed at short notice, at this Office. Also every description of blanks furnished to order.

[illegible] MANUFACTORY.

GEORG[illegible] Manufacturer of Church, Lodge [illegible] Organs. Since the distruction by fir[illegible] former place of business, he has re-opened in[illegible] factory at 548 Pearl-st. near to, and opposite t[illegible] Hospital in Broadway, where he is prepared to [illegible]ute Orders. The patronage of the Order, and e[illegible]cially the Board of Managers of the New Hall, is respectfully solicited. N. B. Finger Organs with Barrel Attachments, made expressly for Lodge Rooms. jy31:6m

BURT & WATERMAN,

TREMONT TEMPERANCE HOUSE, No. 110 Broadway, New York. Transient Board $1,25 per day. MILES C. BURT, au7:1m H. WATERMAN, Jr.

PHRENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS,

FOWLERS & WELLS, 131 Nassau-street, Y. Y. The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, Monthly, at $1 per year. my22:3m*

HUDSON DEGREE LODGE ROOM.

THE Coolest Lodge Room in the City, is at corner of Hudson and Grove streets, where Hudson Degree Lodge No. 4, continues to give the five Subordinate Degrees, every Saturday Evening. jy31:3t*

NATIONAL HOTEL,

CORNER of River and Ferry-sts. Troy, N. Y. At the Depot of the Eastern, Western, & Saratoga Railroads, and is a short distance from the Steamboat Landing. OSBORN & McDONALD, Proprietors. Stages for the North and East, leave every morning in front of this house. ap24:tf

A. WHITE'S, CENTRAL HOTEL, UTICA, New York. ap24:tf

JULY REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (11 Wall-st.) has issued 149 new Policies during the month of July, 1847—viz: To

Merchants and Traders	60	Clergymen	2	U. S. Officers	
		Ladies	11	Postmaster	
Clerks	18	Agents	5	Editor	
Manufactur'rs	9	Teachers		Students	3
Mechanics	16	Farmers	4	Artists	
Lawyers	6	Sea Captains	3	Other occupat.	8
Physicians	3	Engineers	1		

New Policies issued in July, 1847.....149

ROBT. L. PATTERSON, Prest.

BENJ. C. MILLER, Secy.

JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent.

JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner, at the office daily form 2 to 3 o'clock. au7

VISIT OAK HALL, BOSTON.

WHERE Clothing is manufactured in the best style and sold at such extremely low prices.

THE WHOLE RANGE OF APARTMENTS, as far as completed, is now open to the public, with the largest stock of fresh imported Goods

For Spring Trade,

ever offered in this Establishment. With an entire new manufactured stock of

ELEGANT DESIGNS,

adapted to Spring Trade, together with a great variety of Boys' and Youths'

CLOTHING,

the whole combining the greatest variety, and the largest Stock of

Ready Made Clothing, Piece Goods, Rich Furnishing Goods,

And in fact, every article adapted to the wear of man and the rising generation; combining the greatest assortment and largest stock ever on hand, the whole of which is submitted to a discriminating public's examination; and if as cheap, or cheaper than thay can purchase elsewhere,

THEN PATRONIZE.

The whole is offered at such prices as will ensure the sale. GEO. W. SIMMONS, Proprietor, Nos. 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 Ann-st., Je53m opposite Merchant's House, Boston.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY & EDGE TOOLS.

HENRY F. FAIRBANK, 73 Chatham street, N. York, Importer and Dealer in Hardware, Cutlery and Edge Tools; Housekeeper's and Builder's Hardware, in every variety; Cooper's, Carpenter's and Ship Wright's Tools. Fenney's Warranted Rasors. Rodger's, Stenton's, and Wragg's Pocket Knives. Wilson & Southern's Table Cutlery, &c. Rimmer & Son's English Warranted Needles. Furnished Tool Chests, from 8 to 100 dollars.

The subscriber gratefully acknowledges the liberal patronage bestowed upon him by the public generally, since he commenced the Hardware Business at No. 44 Fulton Street, and begs to inform them, that for the convenience of his rapidly increasing business, he has taken the large new store, 73 Chatham Street, two doors above Duane, and has made large additions to his general stock of Hardware and Fancy Goods. He begs also to assure his friends and the public, that he will not abate his solicitude to please them in the new store, and pledges himself to sell as good an article as can be purchased in the city, at the lowest market price. HENRY F. FAIRBANK, jan3 73 Chatham Street.

JOHN McNICOL, Stereotyper and Printer, No. 11 Spruce street, New York, 4th story.

JOHN OSBORNE,

REGALIA Manufacturer, No. 99 Madison street, New York, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Bretherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New Work

REGALIA.

M. I. DRUMMOND, 309 Grand-st. N. Y. has on hand at all times Camp, P. G. and Scarlet Member's dress Regalia, cheap; Lodges and Encampments furnished, at short notice and first rate style, Stars, Fringes, Gold and Silver Laces, at Importers' prices. je12:tf

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds, and every other article required in a Lodge or Encampment I. O. O. F. furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. feb13:tf T. PARSON, 270 Main-st.

ENCAMPMENT AND LODGE REGALIA.

TENTS, Crooks, Cushions, Emblems, Costumes, & every other accoutrement for the Work of the Order supplied at the shortest notice and in the best possible manner, by JOHN G. TAYLOR, Costumer, 58 Prince-st. N. Y.

☞ Letters immediately attended to. jan2:3m

ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA, PHILAD'A.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market street, Philadelphia, Manufacturers of REGALIA, SASHES, ROBES, &c., for Lodges and Encampments. The members of the Order, Lodges and Encampments, wishing to purchase a *SPLENDID ARTICLE of REGALIA*, at a very low price, can be accommodated by calling at the store, where they will find a great variety, adapted to the different degrees and ranks in the Order. Orders from a distance attended to with punctuality and despatch. oct16:tf

REGALIA.

THE Subscriber Muanfactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of GILT AND SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. E. VAN SCHAACK, Jan2:tf 385 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

REGALIA MANUFACTORY, UTICA, N. Y.

THE SUBSCRIBER is prepared to furnish every article for Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, at short notice, and at reasonable charges. je5tf Orders solicited. Address ISAAC TAPPING.

LODGE JEWELS.

E. AYRES, Manufacturer of LODGE JEWELS, 98 Nassau-st. Jewels for Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. always on hand. N. B. Seals cut at the shortest possible notice. my15: tf

F. W. & W. F. GILLEY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRY GOODS MERCHANTS, 420 Grand-st. Material for REGALIA and DRAPERY, the best assortment in the United States. feb27:tf

CARPETING FOR LODGE ROOMS.

ALDRICH BARSTOW & Co. 440 Pearl-st. N. Y. are now manufacturing a style of Carpeting peculiarly adapted for the use of Lodge-rooms, to which they would invite the especial attention of those of the Order purchasing Carpets.

Also, a great variety of Carpeting, Floor Oil Cloths, &c. for general use. my:813t*

REGALIA.

ELIAS COMBS, 260 Grand-st. N. Y., continues the Manufacture of Regalia of every description. Lodges and Encampments furnished at short notice. Orders from city or country thankfully received, and no pains spared to give satisfaction. Stars, Tassels, &c. for sale je26:tf

ODD-FELLOWS DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

CURTIS and NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows Hall, North Sixth street, below Race, Philadelphia. THE GOLDEN RULE, and other publications, together with all kinds of Books, Regalia, and all necessary articles used in furnishing Lodges and Encampments. Also on hand, a general assortment of miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Varieties, &c.

BANNERS AND FLAGS PAINTED

OR EMBROIDERED, and furnished complete by H. LIEBENAU, Military Standard and Banner Painter, 491 Pearl-st. Societies and Lodges supplied with official insignia, such as gavils, pens' keys, rods, &c. in sets, gilt and trimmed with velvet in the first style. Je5:6m

T. C. MOORE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Chicago, Illinois. Will attend to Securing and Collecting Claims, in any part of Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana. Business from a distance attended to. References if required. mar13:tf

Cheap Book-Bindery,

106 CHATHAM-ST., cor. of Pearl.—The subscriber respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to do every description of Book Binding in the best manner, and in every variety of style, low for cash. Harper's Bible handsomely bound, at various prices. Blank Books ruled and made to order. Music, Periodicals, and Books of every description, bound cheap, and at the shortest notice. o17 OWEN C. OWENS.

FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.

THOSE who wish to purchase GOLD or SILVER WATCHES, will find it greatly to their advatage to call on the subscriber, who is selling all descriptions of fine Gold or Silver Watches, at retail, lower than any other house in the city.

Fine Gold and Silver English Patent Lever Watches
do do Detatched Lever do
do do Lepine do
Ladies' and Gentlemen's fine Gold Guard Chains.
do do Breast Pins
Ladies' Bracelets. Gold Pencils.*
Gold Watches as low as $20 to $25 each.

Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought. All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned.

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REMOVAL.

D. P. BARNARD'S Law Office has been removed to 16 Wall-st. 3d story, back room, where his friends will hereafter find him. mar13:6m

DR. E. W. OWEN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 330 Bowery.—Office 56 Bond-street, N. Y. feb27:tf

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BY E. WINCHESTER. NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON. TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

VOL. VII....No. 9. SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1847. WHOLE No. 165.

Original Tales.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

BY FRANK GOLIGHTLY.

"ALIDA, my dear!"

"Well, my dear ma."

"You know Mr. Timpkins is to be here to dinner. Now I want you to have every thing just so, that's a dear girl. Mr. Timpkins is rich, remember that."

"If he is, what of that? It dont make him any better, ma."

"You talk like a silly child, Ally, you really put me out of patience, after all the pains and expense we have been at to make you a tip top lady, it is too bad, *indeed* it is."

You surmise of course, gentle reader, that this colloquy is all about a man said to be wealthy, and whom the old lady would like to have for a son-in-law, but whom the daughter does not fancy for a husband. That is the case precisely.

"Mrs. Lansing, shall I help you to some of the fowl?"

"Oh, Mr. Timpkins, he, he, he! you are so vastly entertaining—a wing, if you please, sir."

"Now, Miss Alida, what will you have?"

"Nothing—I shall dine on bread and cheese."

"Alida is a very delicate young lady, Mr. Timpkins. She is not one of those rapacious creatures that could gollup down a whole turkey, fixins and all. Her education has been very carefully attended to, sir, I assure you. Mr. Timpkins, you must feel very lonely, being a widower."

"Not when I am in such company as the present."

"Oh, you flatterer—you respectable gentlemen are all such flatterers."

This will do for a specimen of the dinner scene.

"So you wont go to the theatre with Mr. Timpkins, hey, Alley?"

"I did not say so, ma—I confess I would rather not, for I do not desire his company."

"But I suppose if Fred. Dalton were to ask you, you would go in a minute?"

"I think it's very likely."

"Oh! you obstinate hussey!—if I must say so."

Frederick Dalton, with but little capital, save industry and integrity, had just commenced business on his own account, as a Wine Merchant. For Alida Lansing he cherished an ardent and devoted attachment, which, as will readily be conjectured from the foregoing, was fully returned.

Timpkins was a man past the meridian of life. The frost of time had already somewhat blanched his locks: but what of that? he was rich, or reputed so to be.

Mrs. Lansing was a widow, just declining into the sere and yellow leaf. The passion of love, if she had ever known it, had in her long been extinguished. She cared nothing for hearts and darts and raptures, and the delicious reveries and exquisite endearments attendant upon reciprocal affection between the sexes. But she could readily appreciate the importance of an elegant mansion and a splendid turn out with coach and four and liveried servants.

But the truth is, Timpkins was nothing more than a clerk in a moneyed institution, a situation which afforded him the means of showing off pretty extensively; and being possessed of great assurance and plausible address, he succeeded in producing a general belief among his acquaintances that he was the owner of a large property in one of the Southern States. He had been given to understand that Alida Lansing was an heiress to the tune of twenty thousand, and it was rather for this reason that he was desirous of obtaining her hand, and not for any particular attachment that he entertained for herself.

Mrs. Lansing did all in her power to encourage his advances. She employed all her eloquence in laboring to convince her romantic daughter of the eligibility of such a match. She portrayed in the most sombre coloring the evils too often attendant upon love matches, and ventured to assure her that a year after her marriage she would think Timpkins one of the finest men in the world.

Alida had ever been a dutiful child, but while she endeavored to listen to her mother's wishes and arguments with becoming respect, she still felt that in this matter so nearly affecting her individual happiness, it was proper and important that she should not only consult her own preferences, but be governed chiefly by the suggestions of her own judgement. This was sufficiently mature to inform her that mercenary marriages

are far oftener than otherwise a source of misery which all the appointments of wealth and pleasure can never essentially palliate. With Frederick she felt that she was willing to struggle for prosperity, and blest with health there was every reason to anticipate its attainment. She would, too, be entitled to a small dowry, nothing like the amount which her would-be suitor believed, but sufficiently large to render it valuable to Fred. Dalton in the extension of his business.

It was from the first Dalton's suspicion that his rival was in truth a bag of wind. And Alida had repeatedly suggested the same thing to her mother, urging that they had no proof of Timpkins' great wealth, but were depending solely upon his uncorroborated assertions.

The good dame had, however, made up her mind, and invariably cut short her daughter's reasonings upon the subject.

"Perhaps," she at one time remarked, "you have forgotten that your father's will provides that you are to receive the three thousand only in case of your marrying with my 'approbation.'"

"I know it persectly well, ma, and I would wish to do nothing without your consent; but while it was my father's direction that your approbation should be necessary, he did not anticipate that you would insist on making the selection for me; I am very sure he had no such idea."

The proviso alluded to was actually contained in the will. About the time of its execution, much excitement existed in the vicinity caused by divers elopements which had taken place, some of which resulted unhappily for the character and happiness of the confiding females. These affairs the testator regarded with deep abhorrence, and this was his reason for inserting the provision to which allusion is here made.

The lovers were walking one evening together, and conferring with each other as to the most prudent and judicious mode of procedure for the purpose of overcoming the obstacles which lay in the way of their union. Frederick was on this occasion uncommonly taciturn, and seemed to be roused only to momentary animation by the lively sallies and endearing expressions of his fair companion. At length he stopped suddenly and fixing his eyes upon hers, and taking her hand in his own, said in a low and serious tone:

"Alida, my dearest, may I ask if you are willing to trust this matter entirely to me, and to act strictly according to my direction?"

"Dear Fred," replied the maiden, "I am at a loss to know what you mean by such a question. Can you doubt my perfect confidence in the purity of your affection? I know you mean for the best, but I hardly know whether it would be prudent to give up my own opinion and be governed implicitly by yours. Still to convince you of my deference to your superior judgment, I promise to do exactly as you wish."

"Consent to marry him."

"Never, never! Why, Frederick, you are surely not serious."

"My precious Alida, I will not torture you by leaving you in suspense. That vampire seeks your money, not you; and if he finds his mistake—"

"I understand you, Fred—I'll do it."

It was a desperate move. The lovers felt it to be so, but as things were then, there appeared to be no alternative. At the next interview, therefore, between Timpkins and Alida, the latter, after a good deal of well feigned hesitation and coyness, finally gave him her consent to the union which he so pressingly urged. The sighing swain was now, or ought to have been, the happiest being on earth, and after various exstatic demonstrations which to the young lady were any thing but agreeable, he left her for a moment to communicate the joyful intelligence to her affectionate parent. This being done and the appropriate congratulations interchanged, Timpkins, with one of his blandest smiles, remarked:

"My fortune is, of course, ample enough to maintain us in a style of fashionable elegance. You know, however, my dear Mrs. Lansing, that we aristocratic fellows have some pride about marrying a lady that is wholly unprovided for. I mean to say I have just been thinking whether, as Alida will of course bring nothing by way of dower, it would not be well, as a matter of form for me to present her, beforehand, with something that would look to the world like—you know—"

"Excuse my interruption," said Mrs. Lansing, consequentially, "my daughter has a small dower by her father's will—some three thousand dollars."

"Oh, ah, well, very well, that will answer every purpose; it's only for the looks, you know."

The gentleman had sufficient self-command to enable him to conceal his disappointment. But the game was up, and he went home muttering to himself:

"They must think me green—sell myself for three thousand! I must manage to get out of this scrape."

It was a long and painful night to the lovers, for Alida found means to apprize Frederick that she had followed his instructions, and was now the affianced bride of Mr. Timpkins. The mother was apparently in high spirits, although a close observer might have detected now and then a thoughtful expression of countenance which might indicate some little fear that after all there might be something wrong. She had succeeded in catching the bird, and now as she viewed the subject calmly, she began to think that more assurance with regard to the circumstances of the accepted swain was highly desirable. Alida had informed her of the suspicions she entertained, and her mother as well as herself, was anxious to learn the result.

At an early hour, next morning, Timpkins made his appearance, and was courteously, but as he thought, rather ceremoniously received by the mother and daughter. Requesting the favor of a private interview with Miss Lansing, they retired to an adjoining apartment. He was apparently embarrassed, but after a few moments seemed to nerve himself for the occasion, and thus expressed himself:

"My dear Alida, I have been reflecting upon our conversation of yesterday, and it has appeared to me that although your consent was given, it was with such hesitation as to impress me with the belief that your heart was not yielded with your hand. Now, my dear girl, I pride myself upon being an honorable man, and as I have often heard you speak of Frederick Dalton in such terms as to convince me of your high regard for him, I feel that it is due in justice both to myself and you, to say that if your preferences are in his favor, I will cheerfully this moment surrender my claims."

Alida listened patiently to this speech, and calmly replied:

"Mr. Timpkins, since you have been so candid, it is proper that I should be equally open and explicit. You might, it is true, secure my hand, but not my heart; that belongs irrecoverably to Frederick Dalton. If this free avowal offend you, you must blame yourself for having forced it from me."

"Not in the least, Alida; and from henceforth you may consider yourself released from you engagement—only I must request that you will still consider me your friend. Every assistance in my power it will render me happy to bestow."

Upon rejoining the mother, she was apprized of the conclusion and the grounds upon which it was formed: to the surprise of both, she remarked that she had no objections to offer, and that they were at perfect liberty to act in accordance with their own inclinations.

The visits of Timpkins after this interview, were "few and far between," and every obstacle being thus removed, matters between the lovers progressed rapidly to a final termination. The truth is, Mrs. Lansing was far more partial to her daughter's choice, from other considerations, than to the object of her own selection. She sincerely desired the happiness of her only child, but with unthinking people generally, she conceived that wealth furnishes the best means for the attainment of that object.

The house of Frederick Dalton is the abode of the purest enjoyment. Prosperous in his worldly pursuits, but above all, blest with the sunny smiles of his constant Alida, he would not exchange positions with the crowned monarch upon the throne of empires. Mrs. Lansing resides with them, and it is a common observation of her's, that "although there may be exceptions, yet as a general rule parents ought not to attempt to control their children in their choice of companions for life—that the sanctuary of the heart should not be rudely violated, and its pure affections constrained to surrender to the dictates of worldly expediency."

The history of Timpkins is instructive as well as melancholy. He subsequently woed and won the widow of a gentleman who was reported as having left her in circumstances not only of comfort but affluence. It was not long, however, before they awoke to the unwelcome conviction that they had been mutually and miserably deceived. As a consequence he became reckless and dissipated in his habits, and from being what is termed by *bon vivants*, a fine fellow, was transformed into a loathsome specimen of disappointed vanity and bloated sensuality, a not unusual goal it is presumed, terminating the career of the mercenary and unprincipled Fortune Hunter.

Original Poetry.

THOUGHTS, YE ARE FREE!

BY MRS. H. LIGHTHIPE.

Thoughts, ye are free!—lead on the way
'Till the dimness gives place to the brightness of day;
Then learn in the might of thy mission to trust,
And forget for a while, what ye know of the dust;
Then tones of such sweetness, shall breathe in thy ear
As never may waken for mortals to hear—
More glorious than suns and by thousands more fair,
Shall the spirits be made, that ye mingle with there.
Ye will list to the stars in their teachings sublime,
And talk of their wanderings unfettered by time.
Ye will see what the vastness no more may conceal,
And hear of the glories ye dare not reveal;
Oh! thoughts, ye are free! when ye take to you wings
And bear yourselves upward to loftier things;
O sing of His wonders, and praise as ye soar,
And rouse us, mute mortals, to kneel and adore.

Orange, N. J.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

A TALE OF MONTEREY, (FOUNDED ON FACT.)

BY BRO. WILLIAM W. WALDRON, A.B.

The pensive moon, in silent course,
Through heaven's blue arch pursued its round;
She beamed o'er many a blanching corse
Upon Monterey's battle-ground.

When I perceived a gentle maid
Where bleeding warriors prostrate lie,
And as among the dead she strayed,
Soft tears of pity dimmed her eye.

If one, perchance, retained his breath,
She gently raised his drooping head,
And then, amid the scene of death,
Peace hovered round his dying bed.

For there a guardian angel stood,
A being of aerial form;
Unmeet to wade th' ensanguined flood,
Unfit to brave the battle's storm.

Still, still unscathed, she bore relief,
The bleeding warrior's scar she bound,
But ah! her ministry was brief,
Grim death another victim found.

For as the booming shots rolled by,
One, not unshaftless as the rest,
Drew from her soul its last deep sigh,
Stilled, stilled, for aye, her throbbing breast.

And now she sleeps among the slain,
Unknelled—unshrined—but not unmourned,
That heart will never beat again
That late at tale of pity burned.

Mark how her features still retain
Their native grace though robed in death,
And e'en the smile that warrior's pain
Could lull ere he resigned his breath.

'Mid battle's roar we took the maid—
Her only dirge—the martial drums—
Now, now within that bed she's laid,
Where grief, where sorrow never comes.

Sleep on, sleep on, until that day,
When to the pure in heart is given
A crown that never fades away,
A wreath that ever blooms in heaven.*

* The incidents of this poem were taken from the letter of an American Officer, dated Camp Monterey, October 7th, 1846.

He whose wishes, respecting the possessions of this world, are the most reasonable and bounded, is likely to lead the safest, and, for that reason, the most desirable life.

Gentleness delights, above all things, to alleviate distress, and, if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to soothe at least the grieving heart.

Popular Tales.

THE DARK MONK OF AL PENDURADA.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON, ESQ.

On the rocky banks of the far-famed river Douro, and not far from the picturesque town of Entre Ambos or Rios, stands the very ancient convent of Al Pendurada, or, I ought to say, once stood, for I know not whether the hand of time, or the still more relentless scythe of civil war has not already leveled its venerable walls with the dust. It was situated on the summit of a rocky height, rising precipitately from the rapid stream which laved its base, and was on every other side surrounded by groves of lofty pine trees, the seeming guardians of its sacred precincts. The site was previously occupied by a Moorish fortress, whence it derived its name of Al Pendurada, The Overhanging, from its overhanging the river; but when the accursed infidels were driven southward, its walls were converted by some Benedictine brothers into a domicile of their order, and in their possession it ever after remained. Notwithstanding the change, it still retained much of the gloomy grandeur of its former character. It was a spot fit for meditation and prayer, away from the busy haunts of men, yet in the midst of the richest and fairest scenes of nature, sufficient to excite the gratitude one might suppose of the most cold and obdurate for Heaven's bounteous gifts. The Benedictines have ever been celebrated fully as much for their learning as for their piety, nor were those of the convent of Al Pendurada behindhand with the rest of their brethren, in the former gifts; indeed it was whispered abroad that they were somewhat too much addicted to the study of the occult sciences, to the neglect of their sacred duties, and the endangering of their precious souls. The ascetic cast of their countenances, their emaciated figures, and the quick, penetrating glances of their expressive eyes, showed, at all events, that they prized the culture of the intellect far above the gratification of the sense.

It was a dark and stormy night in winter; the lightning was flashing vividly, and rending with terrific crashes many a tall pine; the tempest was howling loud and mournfully through the trees, which bent before the blast, the rain was falling in torrents, deluging the plain below; the deep thunder was roaring and rattling, when the bell at the convent-gate rang a deep and prolonged peal. The monks who heard it listened aghast at the unusual sound, and crossing themselves, muttered a Pater Noster; the aged porter aroused himself from his slumbers, and hastened with trembling steps to reconnoitre through the loophole by the side of the wicket-gate, the disturber of his rest. Before he could reach it another ominous peal was rung, and when he arrived at his post, so dark was the night, it was long before he could discern any one beneath. At last a vivid flash of lightning revealed a tall figure, wrapped closely in a cloak with a slouched hat over his face, pacing rapidly up and down before the gate. The hand of the stranger was again on the handle of the bell, about to ring impatiently a third peal, when the porter addressed him. "Pax vobiscum, Senhor Stranger—Why do you thus disturb the holy brethren of the convent at this unwonted hour?"

"To gain that shelter beneath their roof which you seem so little inclined to afford me, that you keep me thus exposed to the pelting of the storm," answered the stranger, in a deep voice.

"Pardon me, senhor," said the porter, "no strangers can be admitted beyond a certain hour, and that hour has long passed."

"Fool!" exclaimed the stranger, in a fierce tone, "my errand admits of no delay. Open the gate forthwith, or I will send it tumbling about your ears."

"You are on the wrong side of the gate to threaten," observed the porter to himself; "Tell me, senhor, with whom is your errand?"

"With your prior," said the stranger, "therefore open the gate forthwith, or beware of the consequences."

"I dare not without his leave," responded the porter.

"Then procure his leave instantly," said the stranger.

"Who shall I say waits?" asked the porter, in a trembling accent, for he liked not the tones of the stranger's voice.

"Say the Conde de Fogo demands admittance," exclaimed the stranger, fiercely.

"Mercy on us, who can the Conde de Fogo be?" muttered the old porter to himself; but feeling no inclination to hold further parley with the mysterious stranger, he hurried away to obey his behests, leaving him exposed to all the fury of the tempest which blew directly on the front of the convent.

The prior was seated in his cell, with books of science open before him, illumined by a single small lamp of unusual brilliancy. His tall and emaciated figure was wrapped closely round by his dark robes. A small cap was on his head; from beneath which escaped a few thin gray hairs; deep thought and

study, it might also have been care, had left their indelible impressions, in many a furrow and wrinkle, on his brow and sallow cheeks. He looked up with an expression of vexation, as the old porter entered and informed him that a stranger at the gate wished to see him.

"Say I cannot be disturbed at present," answered the prior, in the querulous tone of a student interrupted in the pursuit of knowledge. "Let him be conducted to the strangers' room; but no one must communicate with any of the brothers at this hour."

The porter, bowing, retired to bear the answer to the stranger.

"Did you mention my name?" cried the stranger, furiously.

"N—n—no," stammered out the porter.

"Then, fool, do so instantly," exclaimed the stranger, stamping his foot furiously on the ground, which returned a dull, hollow sound; "I require not the niggard hospitality which any beggar would equally receive."

The porter hobbled back with the message to the head of the convent.

"The Conde de Fogo!" muttered the prior, "I know of no such title. Tell him I cannot be interrupted in my devotions." And he again resumed his studies.

All this time the monks were collecting to learn the cause of this ill-omened noise at the gate.

The porter once more returned with the prior's answer.

"Open, then, the gate, and the point must be settled afterwards," said the stranger in a threatening tone.

On this, the porter passing through the inner gate, which was closed behind him, advanced with unwilling steps to admit the stranger to a detached part of the building appropriated to the reception of guests. His fingers almost refused to draw the bolts of the outer gate, and when he had effected his purpose, it flew back with a loud crash, almost hurling him to the ground. Every limb trembled, as he found himself close to the dark stranger, who, without uttering a word, strode on past him, while he with difficulty again closed the gate.

"You monks of St. Benedict afford but churlish hospitality to those who claim it," said the stranger, as the porter lighted him into the guest house; "I do not admire your proceedings. I desire to see your prior. Here, take this packet to him, and tell him so. He will no longer refuse me."

Uttering these words, the stranger put a small packet into the hands of the porter, who, glad to escape from the unwelcome guest, hurried away with it to the prior.

The prior severely rebuked the porter for again disturbing him; but no sooner did his eyes fall on the contents of the packet, than a pallor, livid as that of death, overspread his countenance, and in a faltering tone he ordered the porter forthwith to conduct the stranger to his cell. Then closing his books, he threw himself back in his chair, and prepared himself for the interview.

"I thought so," muttered the stranger, in a sarcastic tone. They were the only words he spoke, till, striding after the porter, the old man ushered him into the presence of the prior. The prior did not rise from his seat, but folding his arms on his bosom, he moved himself to listen to the communications of his visitor. The stranger, without doffing his hat or laying aside his cloak, threw himself into a chair opposite where he sat, regarding the superior of the convent with a glance which might well have made the stoutest heart tremble. The porter remained in the cell as long as he could find excuse so to do, but was quickly ordered by the prior carefully to close the door, and to retire out of ear-shot. Whether the porter obeyed or not, I cannot tell, but he afterwards declared that he heard strange sounds, and smelt suspicious odors emanating from the cell of the prior. and that as he passed the door he saw bright lights burning during all the night long. However, nothing certain was ever known of what occurred during that eventful night between the holy prior and his mysterious guest. Whether it was passed in prayer and penance, in feasting and reveling, or in deep study and the discussion of abstruse points, no one could venture to say. The lightning flashed as brightly as at first, the clouds discharged deluges of rain, and the thunder rolled fearfully till the morning dawned, when the prior, followed by a tall figure habited in the robes of the order, appeared at matin prayers.

The tall figure was, doubtless, the mysterious stranger, but as he exchanged neither word nor sign with any one, and as his features remained closely concealed in his hood, no one could to a certainty say. At all events, if it were he, his nature had wonderfully changed, for, instead of the fierce, vapuring person of the previous night, he now appeared humble and abashed, trembling violently it was observed as any of the sacred names were pronounced. No one dared question the prior, nor did he seem inclined to satisfy the curiosity of his inferiors. Time passed on, and the mysterious stranger had become a regular inmate of the convent. Yet what was most strange, no one had seen his face, and with no one had he exchanged a word, even of salutation. A cell had been appropriated to him, into which no one entered; whenever he quitted it he securely closed the door, and when a prying lay brother once attempted to open it, he discovered that there were other fastenings besides the usual lock. The same curious individual declared that an odor of so powerful a nature issued from the key-hole, when his nose approached it, that it almost knocked him to the ground, and that on no consideration would he again attempt the experiment. Between his own cell and that of the prior the stranger spent most of his time, except when, during tempest and rain, he issued forth into the convent garden, and by the flash of the vivid lightning plucked certain herbs which grew there. Whether he ate them or used them in some chemical preparation, or for unlawful charms, no one knew, and various were the opinions hazarded on the subject. Indeed there was only one thing certain about it, that he was a very strange, incomprehensible being. Whether his time was spent in performing penance or not was also to be doubted. He certainly paid slight attention to the rules of the convent, and to the ordinances of religion still less. It was evident that he did so, even then most unwillingly, as was observed on the first day after his arrival.

Time, the destroyer of earthly things, the elucidator of mysteries, was ultimately to bring to light the important secret. One night the old porter, who had always kept a vigilant watch on the movements of the stranger, without, however, discovering any thing, was esconced in dark shadow at no great distance from a door which opened out of the convent into the garden, when he heard footsteps approaching. Looking eagerly, he soon perceived that it was the prior of the convent, accompanied by the mysterious stranger. At that instant, the moon, bursting forth from behind a cioud, cast her rays directly on the face of the strange monk, whose cowl was thrown back, and revealed to the astonished porter a countenance so dark, fierce, and revolting, that he felt he had never conceived any thing so horrible. Onward the terrific personage and the holy prior advanced, neither of them perceiving that any one was near, while the porter followed with cautious steps, to see whither they were going, and what they were about to do.

At the end of the garden was a summer-house. The stranger and the prior glided on directly for it, they entered, and the former, after making certain signs and repeating certain words, lifted a trap-door in the floor, and both descended.

he porter was all the time looking through the window, and seeing the aperture in the floor remaining open, without considering the consequences, he followed. A flight of stone steps conducted him down a considerable depth, when he found himself in a long vaulted passage. Along this he continued for a considerable distance, till he perceived the fresh air blowing on his face, and a little further on found himself emerging from behind a rock, on the side of the hill on which the convent stood.

He looked round to discover the direction the prior and the stranger had taken, but they were nowhere to be seen, and had it not been, as he affirmed, from a certain sulphurious smell, which evidently came from the lower part of the hill, he would have been utterly unable to follow them. Guided, however, by that indubitable sign, he tracked them for a considerable distance to the center of a thick forest, which, as I have said, nearly surrounded the hill. Before him rose a vast rock, an excrescence, as it were, from the side of the mountain, overgrown in many places with shrubs and creeping plants. The dark monk paused before it, when, repeating some cabalistic words in an unearthly tone, he struck it with a wand he carried in his hand. The rock, with a loud crash, rent open, exposing to view a vast iron gate, studded over with nails of yellow hue, which glittered like burnished gold.

The gate, at the command of the dark stranger, likewise flew open with an awful noise, which resounded through the woods, and sent the bats and owls, and other birds and beasts of night, screeching and howling with terror amid the trees. The old porter trembled, as well he might, at these unearthly sounds, expecting that every instant a troop of demons would rush out and carry him off neck and heels, his conscience telling him all the time that he ought to have been at his post, instead of attempting to pry into his superior's secrets. It was too late, however, to recede, his legs, indeed, would not have carried him had he tried it, for his knees knocked together so much with alarm, that he wondered the prior and the monk did not hear the noise they made. They, however, were far too busily engaged to remark it, and the old man, crouching down behind a tree, watched what next would follow.

His eyes expanded, his mouth opened wide, his breath came short with astonishment. He had heard of such things, but did not believe them true. He now could scarcely trust his senses. The dark stranger, grasping the hand of the venerable prior, led him forward. As the gates flew open, they advanced beneath a massive archway, when a light of dazzling brilliancy burst

forth, illuminating the whole interior of a vast cavern which appeared before them, and strains of martial music, cymbals clashing, drums beating, trumpets sounding, struck upon the astonished ear of the porter. At first he could scarcely distinguish the innumerable splendid objects which glowed before his ravished sight, but by degrees he perceived a beautiful hall, the walls adorned with arabesque ornaments, of blue, and silver, and yellow, and thousands of golden lamps of antique shape, emitting the most delicious odors and brilliant flames, hung suspended from the vaulted roof, which was supported by rows of delicate columns, round which were gracefully entwined the slender stems of creeping plants, bearing fruits and flowers, formed, it seemed, of the most precious stones. Down the center of the hall was a table, loaded with the choicest viands on silver and golden salvers, and the ruby juice of the grape sparkling in crystal goblets, and fruits of every clime of extraordinary size and beauty. All seemed prepared for a large party of guests. On either side, two fountains threw up silvery jets of bright water almost to the roof, falling again, tinted with rainbow hues, into the circular basins whence they sprung. At the further end appeared curtains of blue and silver, from behind which appeared to proceed the strains of music which floated through the hall. Suddenly the end of the wall expanded, and marble steps and columns, and terraces, and green trees, and gay flowers, rocks, and the yellow sands of the sea-shore, the azure sky, and dancing waves appeared beyond. The music grew louder and more lively, and on every side came trooping along bands of gallant cavaliers in gorgeous habiliments, their snowy turbans with the pale crescent on their heads, and their jewelled cimetres by their sides, betokening them to belong to the race of the accursed Moors. They were followed by an equal number of dames of surpassing loveliness, some in Eastern dress, but others in the ancient costume of Portugal, surrounding one, whose majestic mien and unequaled beauty proclaimed her their queen. Her robes were of silver and blue, a silver crescent was fastened to her head, and a snow-white veil which fell in graceful folds over her raven locks and alabaster neck, while her eyes of ebon hue outshone in luster the surrounding illumination. Last of all came the band of Oriental musicians, who, as the cavaliers and ladies took their seats at the table, ranged themselves at the further end of the hall. As the queen advanced, so did the dark monk and the prior, to meet her; and as they approached, their costume, wonderful to relate, seemed to undergo a complete change, and, instead of the sombre colored robes of the order, they appeared in the magnificent costume of the East. Both knelt; and the dark stranger, taking her hand, pressed it to his lips. He then addressed her:

"Fair queen of night," he said, in tones loud enough for the porter to hear, "beauteous sovereign of the regions of mystic joy, I bring a votary, who, for long years past, has desired to worship at your shrine, and now casting aside for ever the garb of mortal ignorance, will indue the mantle of knowledge, and quaff the goblet of eternal youth."

"He and all others, who boldly throw off the trammels of superstition, are welcome to our realms," replied the queen, in a voice of the sweetest melody.

"He is welcome!" echoed all the gay cavaliers and lovely dames.

And the prior then kissing the hand of the beauteous queen, she raised up both him and the dark stranger, and conducting them to the upper end of the banqueting table, placed one on each hand, by her side. As soon as she had taken her seat, the band again sent forth their enlivening strains, and the feasting commenced. The revelers ate and talked, and, in spite of the prohibition of the Koran, pledged each other in goblets of sparkling wine. The eyes of the dames grew brighter, the glances of the cavaliers more expressive; laughter and merriment resounded through the hall. As soon as the banquet was concluded, the tables and benches, and the viands and rich wines disappeared, and the cavaliers, contrary to all Eastern habits, leading forth the lovely dames to the sound of lively music, formed themselves in ranks to commence the sprightly dance; they whirled and swam, they turned and twisted in every conceivable and inconceivable figure, till the old porter felt inclined to join them in their amusement. Fortunately for himself he did not. What struck him as singular, was to see the aged prior, the reverend head of this convent, springing, and leaping, and twirling about with greater animation and agility than all the rest; his partner a damsel lovely as a houri, and playful as an antelope.

Suddenly, there was a profound silence. The change was awful.

"Bring hither the mantle of knowledge and the goblet of eternal youth," exclaimed the queen, in a loud voice; and, at her command, a troop of pages appeared, bearing between them a mantle of dazzling richness and a chalice of glittering brightness.

The dark stranger, for the old porter knew him among the rest by his peculiar mien and swarthy visage, then, seizing the prior by the hand, led him before the queen; "Mortal, your wishes are about to be accomplished," he exclaimed, "you have tasted of the delights of our existence, now learn the truth and make them eternal."

On this the prior knelt down, and wild strains of music filled the air. The dark stranger cast the mantle over the prior's shoulders. The lamps gave forth a blue and lurid glare; the cavaliers and dames seemed changing in form. The dark stranger grew darker and more lofty in stature.

The prior, unheeding what was passing, seized the glittering goblet; but no sooner had his lips touched the brim than it fell with a terrific crash from his palsied hand. Loud unearthly shrieks of laughter, cries and groans of agony, every terrific noise imaginable resounded through the forest. Lurid flames and curling wreaths of dark smoke burst forth; amid which, forms, hideous, loathsome, and dreadful appeared, undefined and indescribable, among whom the body of the hapless prior was tossed to and fro, till the shapes, expanding suddenly, rushed forth from the mouth of the cavern, spreading over the whole forest, and the gates closed with the clang of the loudest thunder. What next happened the porter knew not, for seized with a mortal dread, his knees no longer refused to perform their office, but taking to his heels, he ran faster than he had ever before done in his life towards the convent. Letting himself in by a side gate, and bolting it securely, he hurried round to fasten every entrance, lest the demons should find their way into the convent, and then hastening to the cell of the father-confessor, he fell on his knees, and made a full confession of all he had seen.

The face of the father-confessor grew long as he heard the tale, for he was alarmed for the credit of his convent, not to speak of the soul of his superior, which he rightly conjectured was sorely perilled if not altogether lost; but, alas, that it might be too late to rescue, from the fangs of the evil one, so he set his wits to work to protect the former from injury. Charging the porter, on pain of excommunication and starvation for six months, not to utter a word of what he had seen, he repaired to the cell of the superior. He knocked, and knocked, but no one answered; he then went to that occupied by the dark monk—it was also empty. The next morning no prior appeared. The monks were astonished. They hunted round in every cell, they looked through every part of the church, and through every apartment; they examined the gardens and outhouses. Their toil was in vain—no prior was to be found. What was equally strange, the dark monk had disappeared, and from that day to this has never been heard of. At last, the monks bethought them of looking outside the convent walls—perhaps the father-confessor put it into their heads so to do—but, sure enough, at the very spot where the porter had seen the prior and the dark stranger enter the cavern, there was the disfigured and blackened corpse of the former found, but no one suspected the cause and dreadful manner of his death. It was said, that for some unknown reason having wandered beyond the walls of the convent, he had died by the hand of an assassin. At all events he was buried with all the pomp which his rank and noted piety demanded, though it was remarked as a strange coincidence, at which the officiating priests trembled and quaked, that during the funeral ceremony, the lamps burned dim and blue, and that as the solemn strains of the music pealed through the church, they were accompanied by a chorus of suppressed groans and shrieks. No one would ever have discovered the dreadful truth, had the porter kept his own council; but he was fond of talking, and somehow or other, it slipped out, and the tale became rumored abroad throughout the neighborhood, till at last not a peasant but was able to repeat it in the very words I have used. The superior brothers of the convent, however, strongly denied the truth of the story, and gave the following version of it.

Somewhere about the commencement, or rather toward the middle of the fourteenth century, there dwelt near the beautiful and romantic town of Guimaraens, an old noble, Don Diogo da Souza by name, who, besides a castle, numerous armed retainers, and stores of wealth, possessed what he valued far more, a lovely daughter. Donna Serafina was the pride of his heart, the light of his eyes, and most unhappy he felt at the thought of parting with her, whenever she should become the bride of one of the neighboring fidalgoes who laid claims to her hand. She had many lovers. Some sought her for her wealth, some for her beauty, and some for the graces of her mind and loving disposition, but it is to be feared the former were the most numerous and persevering.

Among them was a certain Dom Perez da Galba, who lived by himself in a castle a long way off, in the wildest part of the mountains, to the north of the province of the Minho, where it was said he practiced arts forbidden by the church, and dangerous to the safety of his soul. Such an abode, it was not likely, would suit the taste of a young and lovely girl of sixteen, nor

was the appearance of the ave Dom himself more calculated to please her, but nevertheless from his wealth and influence he found more favor in the eyes of her father than any of her other admirers. The old fidalgo probably thought, that from his more mature age and graver manners he would be better able to defend an innocent and artless wife from the snares and dangers to which, in this wicked world, she would be exposed.

Accustomed to obey her parent in all things, she thought not of proving refractory in this, and before long Dom Perez da Galba became her betrothed husband. Before, however, the intended nuptials were publicly announced, a young and gallant cavalier, the Count of Vizella, made his appearance at the castle of Dom Diogo da Souza, attracted, doubtlessly, by the far-famed beauty and wealth of his youthful daughter, though he gave very different reasons as the cause of his coming. He was tall in person, fascinating in manner, with dark, expressive features, and eyes of peculiar brilliancy; indeed, his enemies whispered that there was evidently a strong tinge of Moorish blood in his veins. Subtly and surely he offered up the incense of his adoration at the feet of the beautiful Serafina, nor is it surprising that she forgot to turn a deaf ear to the tender protestations of the tempter. That heart which had hitherto been her own, was lost to the dark stranger, and when he came who could claim it by right—it was hers no longer to give. The word of her noble father had, however, been pledged to Dom Perez, and he was in no humor to forego his right. He longed to return to his castle to pursue his cabalistic researches, and he wished not to go without his blooming wife.

Rather would the Lusitanian noble sacrifice fifty children than cast a taint upon his honor, so the hapless Serafina was told that she must prepare to accompany Dom Perez as his bride. With bitter tears she entreated the count, who knelt at her feet, to take his departure, for she was well aware there was no hope for her. Her father would not retract, and Dom Perez was inflexible. The count rose from his knees, vowing eternal love to her, and enmity of the same duration to whoever became her husband.

Not many days afterward the marriage ceremony took place, and the young bride was carried away to her future abode among the mountains.

But a few months had passed away since Dom Perez da Galba had commenced his wedded life, when one winter's evening a knight, who had lost his way among the mountains, demanded shelter within his castle walls. Under such circumstances a beggar could not be denied.

He entered, but what was strange, he wore his vizor down, asserting that he was under a vow never to lay aside his armor, or expose his features to mortal man, till he had shorn off fifty turbaned heads of the Moorish infidels. Once, however, securely housed within the castle, he was in no great hurry, it appeared, to take his departure. Day after day he remained, nor paid the least attention to any of the hints he received from Dom Perez, that his society was no longer required.

In the meantime it was remarked that Donna Serafina became more abstracted and melancholy than heretofore, and at last the suspicions of her husband were aroused. What those suspicions were it is needless to say. If he treated her with coldness before, she now experienced unheard-of cruelty. He came at last to the stern resolution of confining her in a dark dungeon of the castle, and driving the stranger from beneath his roof, when as he was sitting in his chamber, in a lofty turret considering the best means of effecting his purpose, a domestic rapped loudly at the door. Ordering the man to enter, with consternation in his countenance the varlet stated that the stranger knight had suddenly mounted his charger, and, while the porters were unprepared to oppose him, had dashed over the drawbridge bearing a veiled form in his arms.

"Where is your mistress?" exclaimed Dom Perez.

No one knew—they hunted all round the castle—she was not to be found.

"I thought so," said the Dom. "To horse! to horse!"

Thirty men, with their lord at their head, were soon in their saddles, and galloping from the castle gates rode in hot pursuit of the fugitives. Away they went, over hill and dale, nor were they long in discovering the charger of the knight before them.

"Cut him down. Spare not the ravisher!" exclaimed Dom Perez, and he and all his men hacked and hewed away with their two handed swords at the stranger. He was not idle, but laid about him with right good-will, till many of his assailants were brought low. Numbers, however, prevailed, encumbered as he was with his precious burden. His charger, bleeding from numerous wounds, sank upon the ground, and before he could disengage himself, the lady, for it was, alas, Donna Serafina herself, was torn from his arms. Springing again on his feet before any could seize him, he rushed to her rescue, but it was too late, she was beyond his reach. Undaunted he sprang upon a steed, whose rider had been dismounted and pressing his spurs to its flanks clove his way from amid the foes who hemmed him in. Dom Perez was furious at the escape of the daring stranger who had thus insulted him, but having his wife again in his power he determined to wreak his vengeance upon her head. The helpless Donna Serafina was conveyed back to the castle, but from that day to this was never seen alive. Soon after this occurrence Dom Dioga da Souza arrived to visit his daughter with a large retinue of armed men. The lady was not forthcoming, nor could Dom Perez give any satisfactory account of her. The indignant father vowed vengeance against the heartless husband, and returning home prepared every means in his power to execute his purpose. Dom Perez saw the storm which was hanging over his head, and not knowing how otherwise to avoid it, not being of a warlike disposition, shut up his castle, dismissed his retainers, and with all the wealth he could at the moment collect, took shelter in the convent of Al Pendurada. Some years passed away, and he became the superior of the establishment. If remorse ever assailed him for the death of his wife, he strove to overcome it by more assiduous application to his studies, and had partially succeeded when the appearance of a strange man, in whom he recognised the once youthful Count of Vizello, recalled all the past to his mind. It is needless to add more. The avenger had come, and there can be no doubt that the Count of Vizella, the stranger in the castle of Dom Perez, the Conde de Fogo, and the murderer of the prior were one and the same—that mysterious personage—the Dark Monk of Al Pendurada.

The Ladies' Department.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

Like a frightened child to his mother's breast,
To your heart, so calm and true,
I fly when my soul is sick for rest,
And can rest with only you:
There are joys that would taste like pain to me,
If you were not by to share—
There are pains I would bear to eternity,
If they called for your soothing care.

I love to look up in your peaceful eyes,
When my daily task is done;
My unquiet heart is ashamed of sighs,
At your voice, beloved one:
I gaze on your brow till I share its calm,
Yet sometimes the tears will start,
And then, oh! 'tis then, that your words, like balm,
Steal into the mourner's heart.

Sweet is my life, though estranged from all
The young and the happy prize—
The cup which I drain is filled with gall,
But a pearl in its dark depth lies!
Could these mouldering walls like a palace shine,
Could this poor vest a queen's robe be,
One glance from the eyes that look into mine,
Were dearer than all to me. [The Nation.

Civilities to Women.—Fanny Kemble (Butler,) in her late work, renders a just tribute to American character in this particular. It is indeed an honorable trait in our national manners. The deference paid to women in America, has something chivalrous in its character. It is one of the first prominent features of individuality, that strikes an intelligent foreigner, and we trust it will be one of the most abiding of our distinctive peculiarities.

Connected with this subject, there is a matter worthy the attention of our fair countrywomen. We allude to the manner this generally accorded homage to the sex, should be received by women.

Miss Sedgewick, however, shall speak for us. In her delightful little work "The Morals of Manners," she gives the following well-timed hints and advice to her own sex, that is really worthy of especial attention.

"Civility to women characterizes American manners—long may it continue so. To secure its continuance, girls should be careful to receive with courtesy the little advantages offered to them. The best seat, my dear girls, is not your *right*, and should be accepted with some acknowledgment. I have repeatedly seen men rise, and give women the best seats in a coach, and the women take them without one word of thanks, or even a bow or nod to express their sense of the kindness. I have repeatedly seen well-dressed women, who should be well-bred, too, get into an omnibus in Broadway in New York, and into the railroad cars in the Bowery, when they were full, and some man has given up his seat, and stood upon the step of the

omnibus, or the platform of the car, or actually got out and walked when he had paid for his seat, and no "thank you," or "I am sorry to disturb you!" came from the obliged person—no word or look of thanks. And I have seen the same civility offered to a poorly-clad, tremulous old woman, and when I heard her say—"thank you, sir! you are very kind,"—I thought her far better bred than the fine lady in the velvet mantle whe sat in the next seat, and who though, like the old woman, sho had received it from the civility of a gentleman, took it as if it were her right.

"What is it, my young friends, that gives value to these small civiliies? It is that they express kind-heartedness—that they show you free from that coarse selfishness that looks out for "number one." Remember always, that the worth of manners consists in their being the sincere expression of the feelings. Like the dial of the watch, they should indicate that the work within is good and true.

Domestic Life, or Woman at Home.—The delicate machinery of domestic life is ever at work, producing countless shades of joy and gloom. It is from the flame of the domestic hearth that the warmth and luster of some of life's most refined relations are derived. Would that this flame shone more brightly now! beamed forth more divinely, holily! That the abodes of our people were more cheered by its rays! That the dwellers at our hearths were more conscious of its presence. How general is poverty! how wide-spread is misery! Fearful is the unrighteousness of society! frightful are its responsibilities!

Why goes forth that man this Saturday evening from the roof under which his children live? Why turns he from their engaging little attempts to detain him, and roughly moves them away, while he loves them dearly? Why sits another by his fire, sullen, discontented, unwilling to speak the kindly word, while his heart is yearning for converse and enjoyment? Why flies the cruel speech to her for whom the bosom's strongest affection is nourished? And why, searching into deeper depths, why does man become so often a tyrant, so often a criminal in his home? Truth has to be told; but, oh! listen to it kindly, for it is hard to tell.

It is because woman does not duly appreciate her mission in domestic life. Under the present conditions of existence, she has become weighed down by cares. As a wife she is different from what she was as a mistress. She is ever employed in drudgery for her children and her honsehold. She neglects her dress; she forgets her manners. Her husband sees the change, and does not perhaps find sufficient excuse for it from the conditions she labors under. He flies to the tavern and billiard table. And she increases in sourness and asperity as she increases in years. That much of this is owing to the present circumstances of social life, is true; but that much of it is chargeable to a sad submission to those circumstances, is also but too true. It is more or less in the power of women to make their domestic life more attractive to their husbands, and more holy in its disciplines and ends, than they now do. A greater regularity in time—a greater simplicity in dress—a more determined adherence to that which is right in one's own eyes, rather than that which is well thought of in the eyes of others—an orderly apportioning of various periods for different occupations—would make evenings at home pass away very differently to what, in the great majority of cases, they now are doing.

If the wife will begin to wish her husband to read the last new periodical, while she is mending his stockings; if, even while at work herself, she will now and then talk to her children of that which is good and pleasant, as a priestess should talk—she will hallow and lighten her own labor, and for her household a blessed reform will, in domestics, have commenced.

Oh, for a power to hasten this period! Oh, that one might abide the dawning of that bright day when domestic love and family enjoyment crown the great social destiny of humanity! Then might one depart in peace, and the beams of the *good time come* be over us, and death be hallowed by the sanctification of life. Follow out God's laws, word in his holy order, do all things in season, leaving nought undone that should be done, and fnll surely this divine, this perfecting labor of human existence, will be consummated.

Comfort for Homely Women.—Beauty, says Lord Kaimes, "is a dangerous property, tending to corrupt the mind of a wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection without the inebriety of love, is a much safer choice. The graces lose not their influence like beauty. At the end of thirty years, a virtuous woman who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband, perhaps, more than at first. The comparison of love to fire holds good in one respect, that the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished."

Sunday Afternoon Reading.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY THOMAS M. COOLEY.

Art thou poor, my brother?
Are both want and care
Pressing heavy on thee?
Do not yet despair.
Labor still can bring thee
Home and daily bread,
While the Saviour had not
Where to lay his head.

Is thy toil, my brother,
Hard for thee to bear?
Turn thine eyes to calvary—
View the picture there.
Without murmur Jesus
Makes the cross his load—
Wilt thou show less patience
On thine earthly road?

True, the way thou travelest
Downward to the tomb,
Thorny is, and rugged,
And o'erhung with gloom—
But remember, brother,
Many roads are given,
And the hardest, roughest,
Straightest is to Heaven!

Never tell a lie.—How simple and beautifully has Abd-el-Kadir, of Ghilon, impressed us with the love of truth in a story of his childhood. After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to go to Bagdad, and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:

I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept; then taking out eighty dinars, she told me I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; she made me swear, when she gave it to me, *never to tell a lie*, and afterward bade me farewell, exclaiming—"Go, my son, I consign you to God; we shall not meet until the day of judgment."

I went on well, till I came near Hamandnai, whon our Kafilah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me "what I had got?" "Forty dinars," said I, "are sewed under my garments." The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him. "What have you got?" said another; I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood.

"What property have you got, my little fellow?" said he.

"I have told two of your people already," I replied; "I have forty dinars sewed in my garments."

He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money.

"And how came you," said he, in surprise, "to declare so openly, what had been so carefully concealed?"

"Because," I replied, "I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised *I never will tell a lie!*"

"Child," said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy," he continued, "that I may swear repentance upon it." He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief; "be the same in the path of virtue." And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand.

Never Deceive.—Thus we should learn, never, for any object, though it may seem good, to quit the broad and open path of truth. That word, *policy*, has caused, and will cause, far more misery in the world than all the plagues of Egypt; I abjure it, and henceforth will never yield a word's approval to aught that has even a touch of falsehood, be it but in seeming. Never deceive any one, Youth, even to their own good, as thou mayest think; for thou knowest not what little circumstance may intervene, unknown to thee, and, scattering all the good designs of the matter to the wind, may leave the deceit alone to act deeply and mischievously. A grain of sand in the tubes of the Clepsydra will damage all its functions, and throw its manifold and complicated movements wrong. How much more likely, then, that some little unforeseen accident in the intricate workings of this great earthly machine, should prove our best calculations false, and whip us with our own policy! Oh, never, never, deceive! Deceit in itself is evil, and intention can never make it good.—[James.

Catherine de Medicis.—Bad people are ever weak and superstitious. Catherine de Medicis, the fiend who organized the massacre of the Huguenots, did not only believe in judicial astrology, but in magic; she wore upon her stomach a skin of vellum—some historians say, the skin of a child, whose throat had been cut—inscribed with figures, letters, and characters of different colors: she was persuaded that this skin had the virtue to secure her from any attack upon her person.

A lover is a drunken man. Time makes him sober, and he wonders at the mistakes of his reeling imagination.

Choice Miscellany.

FAMILY PICTURE IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

Cold, numbed, and bowed by care—
Folded his hands—
Like a lost spirit, there
Silent he stands!
Round him, his little ones,
One, two, three, four,
Cling, like the ivy
That flourished and grew,
The long summer through,
Round his own cottage door.

Was it thus, always thus?
Friendless and lone?
Reft of hearts—kindred hearts—
Twin with his own?
Shorn of peace—stung by grief—
Poverty-doomed?
Look on that sunken cheek,
Where the smile
Basked awhile,
Once, when it bloomed.

Rest those babes? sleep they on
Pillows of down?
Mother to kiss them,
And lay their heads down?
Dear friends to humor them?
Schoolmates for play?
What saw those trembling limbs?
Famine by stealth
Plund'ring their health,
Wearing both body and spirit away.

On the crowds travel—on—
Think they of him?
They're busied with worldly cares,
Nursing each whim—
Ledger and counting-house,
Fashion and ball—
Oh! 'tis a mighty throng!
Going home—
Called from home—
Hopes to encourage, and pleasures to pall!

Origin of the Marseillaise Hymn.—In Lamartine's "History of the Girondists," the first volume of which has just been issued by the Harpers, we find the following deeply interesting history of the origin of the immortal Marseillaise Hymn.

The *Marseillaise* preserves notes of the song of glory and the shriek of Death: glorious as the one, funereal-like as the other, it assures the country, while it makes the citizen turn pale. This is its history.

There was a young officer of artillery in garrison at Strasburg, named Rouget de Lisle. He was born at Lonsle-Saunler, in the *Jura*, that country of revery and energy, as mountainous countries always are. This young man loved war like a soldier, the Revolution like a thinker. He charmed with his verses and music the slow, dull garrison life. Much in request from his two-fold talent as musician and poet, he visited the house of Dietrick, an Alsatian patriot, (*maire of Strasbourg*) on intimate terms. Dietrick's wife and young daughters shared in his patriotic feelings, for the Revolution was advancing toward the frontiers, just as the affections of the body always commence at the extremities. They were very partial to the young officer, and inspired his heart, his poetry and his music. They executed the first of his ideas hardly developed, confidantes of the earliest flights of his genius.

It was in the winter of 1792, and there was a scarcity in Strasburg. The house of Dietrick was poor and the table humble; but there was always a welcome for Rouget de Lisle. This young officer was there from morning to night, like a son or brother of the family. One day, when there was only some coarse bread and slices of ham on the table, Dietrick, looking with calm sadness at De Lisle, said to him, "Plenty is not seen at our feasts; but what matter if enthusiasm is not wanting at our civic fetes and courage in our soldiers' hearts. I have still a bottle of wine left in my cellar. Bring it," he added, addressing one of his daughters, "and we will drink to liberty and our country. Strasburg is shortly to have a patriotic ceremony, and De Lisle must be inspired by these last drops to produce one of those hymns which convey to the soul of the people the enthusiasm which suggested it." The young girls applauded, fetched the wine, filled the glasses of their old father and the young officer until the wine was exhausted. It was midnight and very cold. De Lisle was a dreamer; his heart was moved, his head heated. The cold seized on him, and he went staggering to his lonely chamber, endeavoring by degrees to find inspiration in the palpitations of his citizen heart; and on his small clavicord, now composing the air before the words, and now the words before the air, combining them so intimately in his mind, that he could never tell which was first produced, the air or the words, so impossible did he find it to separate the poetry from the music, and the feeling from the impression. He sung everything—wrote nothing.

Overcome by this divine inspiration, his head fell sleeping on his instrument and he did not awake until daylight. The song of the overnight returned to his memory with difficulty, like the recollections of a dream. He wrote it down and then ran to Dietrick. He found him in his garden. His wife and daughters had not yet risen. Dietrick aroused them, called together some friends as fond as himself of music, and capable of executing De Lisle's composition. Dietrick's eldest daughter accompanied them, Rouget sang. At the first verse all countenances turned pale, at the second tears flowed, at the last enthusiasm burst forth. The hymn of the country was found. Alas! it was also destined to be the hymn of terror. The unfortunate Dietrick went a few months afterwards to the scaffold at the sound of the notes produced at his own fireside, from the heart of his friend and the voices of his daughters.

The new song, executed some days afterward at Strasburg, flew from city to city, in every public orchestra. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the opening and the close of the sittings of its Clubs. The Marseillaise spread it all over France, by singing it everywhere on their way. Whence the name of *Marseillaise*.' De Lisle's old mother, a royalist and religious, alarmed at the effect of her son's voice, wrote to him: "What is this revolutionary hymn, sung by bands of brigands, who are traversing France, and with which our name is mingled?" De Lisle himself, proscribed as a royalist, heard it and shuddered as it sounded on his ears, while escaping by some of the wild passes of the Alps. "What do they call that hymn?" he inquired of his guide. "The *Marseillaise*," replied the peasant. It was thus he learnt the name of his own work. The arm turned against the hand that forged it. The Revolution, insane, no longer recognized its own voice!

Mode of Choosing an Abbey Site in Olden Time.—Modern frivolity feels tempted to giggle when it hears that the animal always in especial favor with the monks was the Ass. His simplicity of manners, humility of carriage, and usually taciturn habits—the sign of the cross which he bears on his back—the manner in which he hangs his head, as the rules of most orders command the pious brethren themselves to do—the patience with which he submits to discipline—all this naturally recommended him to these devout recluses, and they were always ready to exclaim with our modern English poet, "I hail thee brother," and to employ him in the most important business, and even to regard him as a kind of oracle in difficult cases.

It was, we may recollect, not merely the spirit of monasticism, but the spirit of all those ages, to see in what we call trivial chances the ordination of a higher power. Do we not find in the history of Nurnberg, that in the fourteenth century, two hundred years after the building of Altenberg convent, a worthy and respected burgher of that city, one Berthold Tucher, of the renowned family of that name, wishing to know whether it was the will of God that he should remain in the world and marry again, or take holy vows, and devote himself to the monastic life, did, after praying devoutly in the little chapel in his house, "at the corner of the Milk Market, there where you turn into Dog Alley," resolve to ascertain the divine pleasure by the simple method of tossing up a halfpenny? Three times did he toss it accordingly, and three times did it come up heads, and thereupon he accepted the oracle, and went directly and fetched himself a wife.

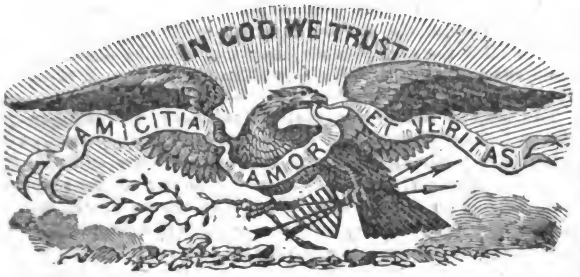
Even so did the monks of Altenberg now resolve to devolve upon the Ass the business which had proved too weighty for themselves. The highly honored Neddy was conducted accordingly to the gate of the castle, laden with the money to be expended for the building, and with the insignia of the convent, and then left to take whatever way might in his wisdom seem good to him.

Slowly and deliberately did he pace down toward the valley, the monks following at a reverential distance: now and then the sagacious animal stopped and cropped a thistle, doubtless to give himself time for reflection, and occasionally he stood still and looked around, as if to consider the capabilities of the place. He went on until he entered a shady grove, that afforded a delicious refuge from the burning rays of the afternoon sun, and stopped where a bright rivulet, trickling from the Specht-shard, and marking its course by a strip of the liveliest green, fell into the beautiful Dhun. The monks watched him with breathless expectation; for here they thought would be a delightful spot, and they dreaded lest he should go further. The respectable animal, after due consideration, slowly stopped and tasted the water, and then, that he might omit no means of forming a correct judgment, began to try a little of the fragrant grass that grew in rich abundance on the banks. At length he lay down, and having apparently quite made up his mind, rolled over "heels upward," and gave vent to his feelings in the trumpet tones of a loud and joyful bray. His sonorous voice was drowned in the exulting psalms of the monks—and on this, the loveliest spot of the whole valley, the sacred edifice was erected!

Accident renders many marriages unhappy; carelessness others; natural bad disposition others. Some rush into matrimony in the hopes of revenging themselves on another, who has slighted their love. Some for the mere excitement and desire of change, without any love at all. Some fall blindly off the precipice. Some leap desperately. Many are drawn off by the delusive lapse of irresistible passion.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."



NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1847.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP AND LATE HOURS.

We have permitted our lady correspondents to use the columns of the Golden Rule to deprecate the custom of keeping late hours, as practiced by some of the members of our Order. The ladies have made out a strong case, and we are so far willing to endorse their charges, as to believe the practice is one that calls for Reformation. Every well wisher of the prosperity and high standing of Odd-Fellowship should be anxious to remove "stumbling blocks and rocks of offense," where objections arise, and those objections are subjects demanding a reformation. Yet, while we yield so much to our fair correspondents, we must with equal justice, exculpate Odd-Fellowship from the charge that it necessarily leads to the infringement of domestic order, and the social requirements of married life.

There are, it is true, many responsible and exacting duties required from our members, that lead occasionally to late hours, especially falling on few members, holding important offices in the Order. Our lady friends should remember that the purposes for which Odd-Fellowship is instituted, is one of active and continuous duty. The extensive Legislative Machinery, necessary for the governance of our widely extended Order, renders it imperative for all who are in offices of trust to attend zealously to the charges confided to their supervision.

The Order being composed of men engaged in business occupations, our meetings are necessarily held at night. It often occurs that at these meetings subjects of deep importance to the well being of the Order, have to be promptly decided upon before the Lodge adjourns. Again, many of the leading members are compelled, from the nature of our organization, to serve in various capacities in different branches of the Order. These are all imperative taxes upon their time, and cannot be thrown off at will, if they faithfully perform the duties of their office.

Now we readily appreciate the feelings of a devoted wife, desirous of enjoying the company of the head of a family; but we suggest to our lady complainants whether, in any relations of life, men are exonerated from duties growing out of their relations to each other, by the consideration of their private or social relations. Are not the demands upon men engaged in political affairs equally exacting? Are not the claims of other societies, Temperance, Literary, and Benevolent, to the full as obligatory on their members as are the demands upon members of our Society?

The charge that Odd-Fellowship leads its members into social and convivial sittings after the business of the Lodge is terminated, is, perhaps, a more difficult point to defend than the one we have attempted to meet.

But even this charge should not be applied as an exclusive one to Odd-Fellowship. The usage of society, in this particular, is the same in all large cities. Men who have been occupied for several hours in the dry and fatiguing details of public business, naturally require some refreshment after their labors. We will not say that this refreshment should be taken in taverns and oyster cellars, nor do we advocate the too common devotion to "Whiskey Punch and Oysters," so eloquently complained of by our fair correspondents. Yet, if the ladies will reflect a little upon the usages of domestic life, they will remember how unwilling even good wives are to have their housekeeping arrangements infringed upon by finding a neat, quiet supper at 10 or 11 o'clock, when, perhaps, the physical wants of the husband absolutely require such an indulgence.

We readily allow that every good husband should go directly home after the duties of the Lodge are performed. But we say to wives, with equal frankness, that they should be ready and willing to have all the comforts of home prepared for their husbands on their arrival. In the good old Knickerbocker times, in New York, the Winter evening supper was the happiest and the most social meal in the day. The hickory fire blazed. The luscious oyster was roasted in the coals, but was served up in all the varieties taste has invented to add zest to that most tempting of the crustaceous tribe. Modern refinement and modern habits, have done away with these simple home enjoyments, and men now congregate at the magnificent, or more humble establishments to obtain luxuries once exclusively enjoyed at the domestic hearth.

In conclusion, we advise the wives of all Odd-Fellows who are addicted to the habit of seeking their creature comforts away from home, to try the experiment of restoring the good old custom of the social supper meal, even if that luxury shall be confined exclusively to Lodge nights. Try the experiment, ladies, and take our word for it, Florence, even, cannot compete with your influence.

LETTER FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

City of Jackson—Odd-Fellowship—Uniformity of the Work—Oxford, Miss.—G. M. Brown, &c., &c.

Jackson, Tenn., July 28th, 1847.

Mr. E. Winchester—*Dear Sir and Brother:* This is a handsome and pleasant town, situated near the fork of Deer river, and contains a population of about two thousand. It is the seat of justice for Madison county, and may well boast of its fine Court House, which is said to be the most superior building of the kind in the State. The churches are four in number—the Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal, and Methodist, which are neat and convenient, and reflect much credit on the citizens for their liberality. West Tennessee College and the Jackson Female Institute are located here, and I learn are receiving, as they deserve, a liberal patronage. This is an incorporated city, and why it should have been made so, I am at a loss to say, if it were not by way of compliment of its great cleverness—I had well nigh said great cleverness over other towns. It is the largest and most important inland town in the Western District, and will favorably compare with any in the country in point of intelligence, in the elegance of its society, its good morals, and fine municipal regulations. The quiet and order which prevail here have more than once arrested my attention, and I could not but compare this with very many other towns in the Southwest, where a very different state of things exists. The character of the place, its fine society, and its general good health, should strongly commend it to parents of this and adjacent States, who have sons and daughters to educate.

Ten years ago there was but one Odd Fellow here. Madison Lodge No. 16, was instituted on the 16th of May, 1846, since which time her success has been very great—now numbering seventy-four members, among whom are many leading and influential men. The gallant Col. Haskell was N. G. of this Lodge, when he volunteered for the Mexican war. The Col. and four or five members of this Lodge, if I am correctly informed, were the first Odd Fellows who buried any of the brotherhood with the rites and ceremonies of the Order in Mexico. The brethren here deserve much praise for the neat and handsome style in which they have fitted up their Lodge room. A number of the emblems are carved out of wood, and show great skill in the admirable manner in which they are executed.

The Officers recently elected are P. C. McCowat, N. G.; W. Stephens, V. G.; C. P. Winkler, Secretary, and R. W. Wilson, Treasurer.

Some time since I noticed a letter in the Golden Rule in which complaint was made of the great difference of the work of the Order in different States and sometimes in the same State, and the suggestion was then made that the G. L. of the United States would take cognisance of it, and apply the proper remedy. In my peregrinations I have with regret marked this want of identity in the work, and the evil (for such I regard it) is daily increasing, and in my humble opinion calls loudly on the G. L. of the United States to take special notice of it, and act promptly and decisively. Should

no remedy be applied to the evil, the time is not far distant when it will be difficult for one brother to recognize another; for I hold that no recognition should be acknowledged without the language and means used are correct. From inquiry and observation I am inclined to believe that much of this incorrect work is the result of appointments by the State Grand Lodges of Deputy District Grand Masters, who either are incompetent to fulfill the duties of their office, or if competent, they neglect to perform them, or discharge them indifferently; and duties indifferently performed are always badly performed. Here, in a considerable degree, lies the evil, for if those whose special duty it is to instruct, do their duty, how is it possible there should be such discrepancy in the work? Let the G. L. of the United States decide what the work is, and make it the imperative duty of each State G. L. to instruct through competent and efficient officers—and all that will be necessary to impress it with that *oneness* of character, so desirable and so necessary, is *strict attention*. I have mentioned this subject with the hope that you would especially call the attention of the brotherhood to its vital importance.

On the 28th of June last, the most worthy Grand Master of Mississippi, assisted by the Hon. J. J. Choate, Special Deputy Grand Marshal, instituted Chickasaw Lodge No. 24, at Oxford, Miss. The Officers are Sam'l T. King, N. G., Josiah Magett, V. G., B. F. Dill, Secretary, and E. P. Stratten, Treasurer. I risk nothing in saying that Chickasaw Lodge, before long, will reckon among its members a large number of the respectable men of the community in which it is situated. I cannot permit the present opportunity to pass without using it to say a word of W. H. Brown, the Grand Master of Mississippi. A stranger to us all, his urbanity, fine conversational powers, and a peculiar charm of manner, converted us in a short time into old acquaintances. He is certainly a most pleasant gentleman, and I can say of us there (Oxford) "none knew him but loved him well." As an Odd Fellow, he is the brightest I ever saw, and we one and all will bear in kind remembrance his teachings, teachings of much importance to us as correcting whatever of errors into which we had fallen. As an officer, he fills with dignity and efficiency his station. The Order is progressing in Mississippi—twelve Lodges (if memory serves me right) have been instituted within the last year. In conclusion, permit me to say, the Golden Rule is highly appreciated wherever it is read, and much satisfaction has been expressed to me by those whom I induced to take it. Certainly as an able advocate and earnest expounder of the principles of Odd-Fellowship, it has no superior.

Yours Fraternally, in F. L. and T.

LETTER FROM THE NATIONAL METROPOLIS.

Washington, August 23, 1847.

Dear Sir and Bro.—Nothing of special moment in our District affairs has taken place since my last, saving the fact that the G. L. not having a quorum last Monday night, adjourned until this evening.

An incident, illustrative of the advantages of Odd-Fellowship, occurred, however, within this past week. The particulars are set forth in the following letter, received on Saturday last by the N. G. of one of our Lodges. I transcribe it, suppressing names and localities:

"——, August 18th, 1847.

"To the N. G. &c.—*Dear Brothers:* There is now in your city P. G. ——, who, in an unlucky moment, enlisted in the Marine Corps. He had been out of health, and his mind having become diseased, he, in a fit of hallucination, entered into the military compact, nor did he know, until several days afterwards, that he had so unfortunately committed himself. He was sent on to Washington. In the meantime we have made efforts to procure his discharge, which, I am assured, have been crowned with success. We are informed, however, that he is in an unpleasant predicament, as his funds are inadequate to defray his expenses home, after settling his accounts for clothes, &c. with the Government, and is, therefore, unable to leave the Barracks. He has left a wife and helpless child, and the solicitude felt for him is most distressing. P. G. —— has been a worthy member of my congregation for several years past, is a worthy man in all respects, and his character as an Odd-Fellow is unimpeachable. I hope you will visit him without delay. He is of a noble and generous disposition, but would rather suffer than complain. Dear Brothers, give him your advice, and assist him in this emergency, as he is an utter stranger in your city.

I trust you will pardon me in addressing you as I have done, for the case is an urgent one, and to whom can a Brother in distress look, in this cold world, but to members of our dearly cherished Order, who are ever ready to run at the cry of distress. For, as Jonathan was to the rescue of David, so Odd-Fellows seek to vindicate and protect a fallen creature from danger," &c.

It was a brief interval between the perusal of this letter and the call on our worthy Brother by the N. G. accompanied by two brothers.

They found him at the Barracks, and in conversation proved him in all things "correct." He was well, and momentarily expecting his regular discharge, which was soon after, during the interview, put into his hands. He needed little pecuniary aid, for a sufficient amount of money had been received by him from home, but the N. G. had the pleasure of aiding him materially in the matter of advice. P. G. —— was so perfect a stranger here, that he did not even know where Pennsylvania Avenue was.

He was introduced to P. G. Patrick H. King, the proprietor of Congress Hall, on the Avenue, under whose hospitable roof he remained until the next (Sunday) morning, when he departed for home, sweet home. Yours in F. L. and T. S. Y. A. L.

The Golden Rule—Flattering Testimony.—It is with no ordinary feelings of pride and satisfaction that we are permitted to publish the following extract from a private letter of P. G. M. James L. Ridgely, received by us more than two months ago, and intended only for our own eye. When such men as Bro. R. give so earnest and hearty an approval of our journal, we cannot believe that our labors have been exerted in vain to furnish the Order with a periodical such as is required by an intelligent and widely extended brotherhood. To this end we have devoted our best efforts, and it is no small reward that we have won so large a degree of confidence in the short space of *two years* which have elapsed since the Golden Rule came into the hands of its present proprietor. Encouraged and sustained by such opinions, we shall not remit our exertions to render the Golden Rule still more worthy of the exalted position it occupies. With a present circulation of 12,000 copies weekly, which is rapidly increasing, we shall disregard all the attempts of false brethren to injure us by detraction and slander, and pursue the even tenor of our way—striving constantly to advance the pure principles of our far-extended Fraternity.

Extract of a Letter from James L. Ridgely, Esq. G. Cor. and Rec. Sec. of the G. L. U. S. dated "Baltimore, June 22, 1847.

"The Golden Rule is to me a most welcome and valued visiter, and since it has fallen into your hands, I have witnessed its gradual and steady improvement with great pleasure. It has now become, in my judgment, by far the best periodical in the Order; and I do trust that a discerning and intelligent Brotherhood will, by a liberality worthy of your great exertions, enable you still more to augment its usefulness to the Order at large.

With great respect, your friend and Brother, Jas. L. Ridgely."

Our "Caution" of last Week.—The Trail of the Serpent.—That our subscribers and friends may not think that we are severe without cause, we give the following extract from a letter received by us, last week, from the interior of this State, as evidence of the very *honorable* means taken to establish the journal alluded to upon "a large and sound basis." We have not the slightest objection to any brother's subscribing for it, if he thinks it a safe investment to do so: but we do not intend to permit such gratuitously wicked slanders to be put in circulation respecting the Golden Rule, without giving the brotherhood "due caution." Who this Mr. *Welton* is, we know not. We have been told that he is a clergyman. Of his veracity, our readers can judge when we inform them that the proprietor of the Golden Rule is not aware that Mr. Benjamin ever had a claim against him to the amount of a single dollar. Having thus exposed the "movements of the enemy," we dismiss the subject from further remark:

Syracuse, August 17th, 1847.

Bro. Winchester:—Perhaps it may not be altogether uninteresting to you to learn something of the operations of the "Gazette of the Union" folks. One Mr. *Welton*, as he called himself, and one of the financial partners of the above paper, has been canvassing our town for a few days past. This gentleman has taken particular pains to injure the standing of the Golden Rule. He circulated, with a great deal of *earnestness*, the probable downfall of the Golden Rule, and that very soon; and said *every body* was dropping the Golden Rule, and subscribing for the Gazette of the Union,—that they had *bought up* all of those little *ephemeral* papers, and established one on a large and sound *basis;* that in all probability the Golden Rule would not complete its present volume. He told, as his reasons, that Park Benjamin had just obtained some very heavy judgments against *Bro.* Winchester, which must crush *him.* You can judge what effect his stories had here—he obtained *one and a half* subscribers in all this town.

P. S. Since the above has been put in type, we have received the following additional testimony of the means resorted to in order to destroy the confidence of the Fraternity in the Golden Rule, and entrap the unwary into subscribing for an affair which is, we fear, destined to prove more "ephemeral" than the Iris or the Talisman; and which seeks to obtain subscribers, not upon its merits, but through the false hopes held out by a species of *lottery gambling*, and a system of dishonorably slandering its fraternal cotemporaries. The "Symbol," "Ark," and "Gavel" can speak for themselves:

Buffalo, Aug. 21, 1847.

At Rochester, I saw the Agent of the Gazette of the Union, a Mr. *Welton.* He tells every where he goes that the Rule is going to stop—that Winchester is involved to a heavy amount—that the paper must fail soon, and that they will probably buy it up, with the rest of the *minor periodicals.* I heard him tell his story in a Lodge

on Tuesday evening last—"a number of P. Gs. in New York, feeling the want of a *permanent* paper, &c., &c., have established a fund of $300,000 (I think that is the sum) for that purpose. They have bought up the 'Iris,' the 'Symbol,' and are negotiating for the 'Gavel' and the 'Ark,' and are going to unite them in one splendid paper." He has gone up the Valley.

OUR CERTIFICATE—REV. BRO. J. G. FORMAN.

The Boston Odd Fellow for the present week contains a long communication from Rev. Bro. J. G. Forman, upon the subject of our Certificate of Membership. While Bro. F. was in this city a couple of months ago, he manifested considerable anxiety to have a "friendly controversy" in regard to the legality of our certificate, through the columns of the Golden Rule. We at last consented to publish a brief article from his pen; to which a brief reply would be given. A week or two after he left the city, we received the communication which now appears in the Odd Fellow. It was examined attentively, and submitted to one or two friends, who coincided with us in the opinion that its extreme length, and the fact that it involved no new argument pertinent to the main issue—whether the resolution of last September prohibited our certificate—were sufficient reasons for not burdening our pages with it. We therefore returned it to the writer.

We are rather glad that Bro. F. has found vent for his herculean effort to prove that, whereas, "by the existing laws"—it being particularly understood that there never were any such *existing laws*—"the right to print or publish any form of diploma belongs exclusively to this Grand Lodge"—*therefore*, "resolved, that the right to print or publish any form of diploma now used by the G. L. U. S., is exclusively the *property* of this Grand Lodge." It requires a wonderful degree of ability to demonstrate so abstruse a proposition as this—and Bro. F. is the man who has achieved the task. By the "existing laws," the glory thereof shall be exclusively his own.

After all, we are quite content to rest the matter in the hands of the competent authorities at Baltimore. If there was an existing law against certificates other than the diploma of the G. L. U. S. it can be easily pointed out. We have searched for it in vain. If there is not, then there is an end to the whole matter, as the resolution so often quoted, only claims exclusive jurisdiction over any form of diploma *now used*—and ours is not so used—by the G. L. U. S.

We conclude by congratulating Bro. Forman on his patriotic achievement of so great a labor of love, as the demolition of our "Certificate," and hope he will wear his laurels with becoming moderation. No doubt, in time, our worthy brother will gain an immense reputation as an expounder of the laws and usages of Odd-Fellowship—sufficient, indeed, (so we hope) to satisfy his utmost yearnings for honorable fame.

THE ODD FELLOWS OFFERING FOR 1848.

Our opinion of the superior excellence of this favorite Annual, compared with its predecessors, is fully sustained by the actual result; and we think the brotherhood will find the present issue equal to their reasonable expectations, both as regards its literary merit, as well as the quality of the paper and beauty of typography. The cover is of a new and elegant design, and gives the "Offering" a very rich appearance. In fact Bro. Walker is an old and experienced publisher, and in this instance has put in requisition all the arts of book-making, and produced as beautiful a volume as need be placed in the hands of the fairest lady of the land. The Embellishments are all from original designs, and show a fine taste on the part of Bro. Matteson; while the engraver has not failed to perform his part with excellent spirit. The Editors, Bros. Ridgely and Donaldson, may well feel proud of the success of their labors.

The "Offering" will be ready for delivery punctually on the first day of September, and from what we hear, the first edition will go off rapidly: It is a work which, if well got up, as is the case with the present volume, will be liberally supported by the Order; indeed, it *ought* to be a fixed resolution for every brother to have a copy. We intend, soon, to give our readers an opportunity to judge of the contents by an extract or two in the Golden Rule. In the meantime we advise every one to be ready to receive the publisher's agents, who will visit every town and village in the country where there is a Lodge. The first edition will, of course, be preferable to the later impressions. Price $2: E. Walker, 114 Fulton st. N. Y.

Introduction of Odd-Fellowship into Mississippi.—A correspondent, to whom we are under many obligations, has sent us the following interesting scrap of the unpublished history of Odd-Fellowship in Mississippi:

The progressive history of Odd-Fellowship is daily becoming more interesting. It is both curious and interesting to trace its onward career, overcoming all obstacles, and pushing its way i[illegible]d unique abodes of civilized society, whether found in the seaport town[illegible]ing a cities, or on some distant hill, or fertile plain of the far off West."

In the year 1833, two Odd-Fellows accidentally met in the city of Natchez. They were strangers in a strange land; they had wandered from their childhood's home, in search of business, of wealth, and of fame. They were here without kindred, and no favoring breeze wafted them on to fortune's goal. They recognized each other as brothers, and making themselves known, conversed for a long time upon the subject, and finally agreed to have public notice given in one of the city papers, that there would be a meeting of Odd-Fellows, held at such a time, at the Meridian Coffee House, extending an invitation to any brothers in the city to be present. Three more came, making the number five: Waters, Stanton, Ruffner, Taylor, and Stephens. One of the number was appointed N. G., and it was agreed to call another meeting by public advertisement in all the city papers. One more answered to the call. Only one more was now wanting to have the requisite number to procure a charter. These six brothers continued to meet and instruct each other in the work as well as they could. After some time had elapsed, one more was found, when they made application to the G. L. of the United States for a charter. But before it was obtained, one or two had died, two more moved away, and thus this attempt at the establishment of the Order failed. No other effort was made till Mississippi Lodge No. 1 was instituted, three or four years afterwards. From that time Odd-Fellowship in this State is matter of history. These early pioneers were men occupying humble stations in life; they were not men of wealth, and honor, and fame; yet they had true hearts within, that could impel them onward in the great work in which our order is engaged. C. S. M.

☞ We acknowledge the reception, from Grand Secretary Curtis, of a copy of the Proceedings of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, at the various sessions from April 1st to July 1st, 1847. They contain nothing of importance with which our readers have not already been made acquainted, by our industrious and valued correspondent at Philadelphia. We cannot omit to remark the great improvement which has taken place in the typographical appearance of these minutes.

News from the Lodges.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, August 24, 1847.

E. Winchester, Esq.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—On Thursday last I had the pleasure of witnessing the ceremonies of constituting Atlantic Lodge No. 262, in the Hall North 6th street, by the officers of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. The following brothers were installed into the various offices, viz: James W. Lisle, N.G.; B. H. Broomhead, V.G.; J. M. Bryson, S.; F. C. Hilworth, A.S.; Jno. H. Smith, T. Thirty-four applications for membership were received and acted upon, and in the evening three of them were regularly initiated into the mysteries of our Order. The brothers composing this Lodge are active and zealous in the cause of Odd-Fellowship, and there can be no doubt but they will soon have a Lodge (if not quite as large as the name they have taken,) large enough for all the useful purposes of our institution.

Yesterday afternoon I witnessed the opening of Manitou Encampment No. 62, in the New Hall corner of Third and Brown streets, Northern Liberties, by the officers of the Grand Encampment of Pennsylvania. The petitioners for this Encampment are men who have long labored in the cause, and whose fame as Odd-Fellows have resounded throughout the State of Pennsylvania. The following brothers were duly installed in the various offices, viz: F. Knox Morton, C.P.; Wm. Neal, H.P.; Henry Simons, Jr. S.W.; J. B. Nicholson, J.W.; P.C.P. James L. Watson, S.; P.G.P. Joseph S. Langer, T.; Jno. Friend, Sent. You will, I doubt not, observe the present M. W. G. M. of the G. L. of Pa. as the Treas. of this Encampment. Dr. Morton, the C.P. is the G. Treas. of the G. L. and Bro. Watson is the G. Con. of the G. L.; besides among the members are to be found some who have filled the highest offices in the gift of the brotherhood in Pennsylvania.

After the organization in the evening, the company repaired to the house of Bro. Worrall, where a sumptuous repast had been prepared for the occasion, and each Bro. partook of the liberality of the members of Manitou Encampment No. 62, and separated with the best wishes for the future success and prosperity of the Encampment. Yours Fraternally.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of this State was held at the Hall of White Mountain Lodge No. 5, Concord, on Tuesday, the 17th inst. We learn that there was a full attendance from all the Lodges in the jurisdiction save one. The following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing year:

M.W.G.M....George W. Towle, Piscataqua, No. 6.
R.W.D.G.M...T. E. Sawyer, Mt. Pleasant, No. 16.
R.W.G.W....John C. Lyford, Mechanics, No. 13.
R.W.G.S....G. H. H. Silsby, White Mountain, No. 5.
R.W.G.T....James M. Locke, New Hampshire, No. 17.
R.W.G.C....Joseph Cheever, Piscataqua, No. 6.
P.G.M. Samuel H. Parker, Wecohamet, No. 3, G. Rep.
P.G. Timothy G. Senter, Piscataqua, No. 6, G. Rep.

no re

MAINE.

Kenvamoosic Encampment No. 11, as we learn from the Bangor Gazette, was instituted at Orland, Hancock county, on the 4th inst. by Oliver S. Beal, D.D.G.P. of Bangor District, assisted by P.H.P. Joseph H. Waitt, of Mass. as G.H.P.; P.H.P. Wm. S. Warren, as G.S. Patriarchs Wm. Smith and James N. Davis, as Grand Senior and Junior Wardens. The following officers were elected and installed: Dr. N. Emerson, C.P.; N. Walker, H.P.; T. G. Saunders, S. W.; A. W. Trussell, S.; A. E. Parker, T.; T. S. Saunders, J.W. The Encampment received an accession of eight members, with a good prospect of a steady and healthy growth.

CONNECTICUT.

Pequaboçk Lodge No. 48, was instituted at Bristol, on the 3d inst. by G.M. John Greenwood, jr. assisted by P.G. D. S. Low, of No. 21, as D.G.M., P.G. W. A. Judd, as G.W., P.G. —— Terry, of No. 42, as G.S., P.G. Lucius H. Clark of No. 30, as G.T., P.G. E. S. Clark of No. 21, as G.Mar., and P.G. Richard Spencer of No. 30, as G.Guar.

After the institution of the Lodge, a recess was taken until 7 o'clock. At this meeting a full delegation was present from Nosohogan, Union and Franklin Lodges. The Lodge having been opened in due and ancient form, twelve candidates were proposed for membership, who were duly elected and initiated in the most impressive manner by the officers from the Lodges above named. After initiation and the other usual business, the five degrees were conferred upon the twelve newly initiated candidates. The officers of the new Lodge are, Alphonso Barnes, N.G.; Edward L. Dunbar, V.G.; Axel T. Robinson, S.; Leverett G. Case, T. The brothers composing this Lodge are men of the highest respectability, and there is no doubt that No. 48 will be an important addition to our confederacy.

VIRGINIA.

Alexandria, August 5, 1847.

E. Winchester, Esq.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—After an interesting session of two days, the Grand Encampment of Virginia has just closed its annual communication in this place. This R. W. Grand Body has heretofore held its sessions at Portsmouth in this State. The G. L. U. S. at its last communication, authorized the holding of a convention in April last, to fix the future location of the Grand Encampment. In accordance therewith, said convention was held, and Alexandria, which has been but recently restored to the embraces of its good old mother after an unnatural separation of near a half a century, was selected as the most desirable location, its accessibility being more generally convenient to all of its Subordinates than perhaps any other point.

Our deliberations were characterized by great harmony, the true principles of Odd-Fellowship actuating and governing our whole delegation.

The following are our officers for the ensuing year:

Edward S Hough, of Alexandria, G.P. John J. Proctor, Alexandria, G.Tras.
J. M. H. Brunet, of Petersburg, G.H.P. John G. Schmitt, Woodstock, G.J.W.
Samuel Bozes, Richmond, G.S.W. Geo. M. Bain, Portsmouth, G.Rep.
Wm. Morgan, jr. Alexandria, G.Scribe. H. F. Zimmerman, Alexandria, G.Sen.

Yours in F. L. and T. M.

MISSOURI.

We have received the printed proceedings of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Missouri at several special sessions, and at the semi-annual communication, held July 15, 1847.

At these several sessions, charters were granted for Chosen Friends Lodge No. 21 at Independence, Laclede Lodge No. 22 at St. Louis, Randolph Lodge No. 23 at Huntsville, Washington Lodge No. 24 at St. Louis, Saline Lodge No. 25 at Cambridge.

The semi-annual report of the M.W.G.M. Isaac M. Veitch, Esq. is a very interesting document. The G. M. expresses his fervent gratitude to the Author of all good, for the abundant blessing and favor with which he has regarded our Institution. He approves of the six month term, as a salutary and beneficial measure,. The opposition to it has been confined to one or two Lodges, while the great body of the membership have given it their approbation. So far as can be judged of its practical operation from the result of a single term, it has been successful, and only requires a fair trial to be immediately approved.

The G. M. has made an official visit to about half the Lodges in the State, and will visit the remainder before the expiration of his term. This is an admirable measure, and ought to be universally adopted. No surer mode of creating perfect uniformity in the work can be found. Those Lodges which the G. M. visited, were found to be in a prosperous condition—possessing a membership who take great interest in the Order, and are zealous in the work. The Lodges in St. Louis are in an advanced and elevated state of prosperity.

P.G. C. M. Vallbau was elected Grand Warden in place of the former incumbent, who had forfeited the office.

P.G. Henry Holmes was elected Grand Representative to the G. L, of the U. S. and instructed to vote for a return to the three months term.

The G. L. amended its Constitution so as to hold its semi-annual meetings in April and October, instead of January and July. A proposition to amend the same instrument so as to make members of the Order eligible for the fifth degree after being members of the Lodge six months was lost. [It seems to us that there ought to be a general law on this subject, and consequently, more uniformity. In this State, a member can receive all the degrees within six weeks after initiation.]

The Grand Secretary was authorized to procure from the G. Sec. G. L. U. S. as soon as published, a sufficient number of copies of the Digest of the Laws of the Order to supply each Lodge in the State, and each officer and member of the Grand Lodge with a copy.

A resolution was adopted making it compulsory on Lodges to open and close with prayer—the form prepared by the G. L. to be used only in the absence of a regular chaplain.

P.G. Isaiah Forbes presented an able report, (which we should be glad to transfer to our columns had we room,) upon the subject of Education, and the establishment of a National Institution of Learning, under the superintendence of the G. L. U. S. The report concludes with a resolution, declaring it, "at the present time, highly inexpedient, and likely to prove unequal in the distribution of its favors among those who might be applicants as recipients for its benefits." The report was accepted and the resolution adopted.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1847.

☞ Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, Editor and Proprietor, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms $2 a year in advance, or 6¼ per week, delivered by a carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Golden Rule is published in Philadelphia, by CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North Sixth street, by whom subscriptions will be received and papers delivered in any part of the city. Packages sent to the adjoining towns out of the mails.

BOSTON.—Office of the Golden Rule, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L. WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the Rule sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

NEW ENGLAND AGENCY FOR THE OFFERING.

By arrangement with the publisher, Bro. Walker, we have secured the exclusive Agency of the Offering for the six New England States, and have made extensive preparations to have every brother called upon previous to the first of January. It will be delivered by Agents who have long been in our employ, and who will faithfully perform the duty entrusted to them. An opportunity will thus be given to every Odd-Fellow, who wishes it, to procure a copy of the Offering seasonably; and as the ground to be traveled over will occupy much time, we hope all will be ready on the first call. We bespeak for them, in advance, such aid as our friends can give them, both in promoting the sale of this elegant Annual, and in the increase of our list of subscribers.

☞ Copies of the "Offering" can be obtained at our Boston Office, 40 Cornhill, up stairs, on Tuesday, 31st inst. Brothers visiting Boston on business or pleasure, from any part of New England, are invited to call, as above, and we promise them a cordial reception by Bro. L. Wyman, Jr. our publishing Agent.

AGENTS WANTED.—We can employ two or three more active and competent Agents for the Golden Rule. None but those thoroughly qualified and experienced need apply.

THE FAULT-FINDER.

What an agreeable animal is one of your downright habitual fretters—one who makes a business of finding fault with every body and every thing; and snarling right and left all the day long. And withal what a ridiculous animal is such an one in the sight of every calm, good-natured person, who is disposed to take the world as easy as possible. We have met with such beings as these in our walks. Sometimes we are disposed to laugh at them; and sometimes to treat them as one would a troublesome little dog, that runs out from a door-yard as you pass, and goes yelping about your feet till you get tired of him, and being too small to kick, you say, "Get out."

Reader, did you ever note particularly one of this species in the street? If not, look at him some day. His countenance looks as if it had been for centuries the public record for the world to write its cares and troubles and complaints upon. His eyes are as restless as those of an Indian on the trail of his foe. His nerves seem to be continually in rebellion; and one would think he was afflicted with St. Vitus' dance, or the snapping-turtle convulsions. He walks lifting his feet as though he would kick the stones out of the street, or bestow a like greeting on the first person he met. When he talks, his words are bitten or broken off like pipe stem; and very liberally intermingled with all manner of pettish, fault-finding, snarling exclamations. In fine his whole demeanor partakes more of the mad dog, than of the rational man.

Follow him from the street to his business, his home, or where you will, he is the same. He is continually in trouble. Every thing goes wrong with him. The laws are wrong, because they do not secure privileges and immunities to him, which no other person enjoys. The government is wrong, because it is not administered to suit him especially. Business is wrong because there is not enough of it, or his profits are not large enough. His friends are wrong because they do not ask his advice; and others are wrong because they do—he cannot spend his time in giving advice to every one—people ought to have sense enough to know their own business.

At home, he frets at his servants because they leave one-half their work done, and do the other half wrong; though done pre-

cisely as he directed. He frets at his house because it does not suit him, though it was finished exactly according to his plan. He frets at his children because they are noisy; and frets at his wife because she does not fret too. He found fault with the minister last Sunday because he was too general—there was no point or home-direction to his preaching. He is in a rage to-day, because he was too pointed, and meant him. He is not going to be preached at; he won't be insulted—either he will leave or the minister must.

So it goes always, in all places, with one of your snarlers. He is never satisfied. The world is all out of joint. Nothing is as it should be. Now we do not believe in this. There is no need of fretting all one's life; complaining continually, and rebelling against the arrangements of God's providence. There is no call for this; nothing to justify it. This world is a very comfortable place, after all. There are evils and disappointments and griefs, without doubt; but there are manifold blessings also, and a thousand bright and beautiful things to please the eye and gladden the heart. And he who will may find enough to make him happy and grateful—he who will may find enough to cure him of this evil habit of fault-finding. And it is a duty which he who is guilty owes to the Giver of good, to himself, and to those around him, to be rid, speedily as possible, of this offensive, cross-dog habit of fretting and growling at the world and all there is in it. Nothing is more disagreeable and unreasonable. There is no cause for it. As we have said, the world is a very nice place, after all the slander that has been heaped upon it. Or, if the reader will allow us to quote our own, and say what we have said elsewhere—

I like not this fault-finding spirit that sees
Not one thing in all Heaven's arrangements to please;
That growls and complains all the long blessed day,
Because the great world will go on its own way.

'Tis better, I think, with good nature to take
The world as it runs, than by snarling to make
What's bad enough now, only worse in the end,
And darken each blessing that Heaven may send.

There's no need for this fretting, howe'er the lines fall,
This world is a very fair world after all;
There's a good for each evil, a joy for each pain—
And always the sunshine comes after the rain.

Aye, a glorious world is this green earth of ours,
A beautiful garden with freshest of flowers—
And though thorns may be mingled its roses among,
O'er all who will take them, their fragrance is flung.

And he who in culling the fairest, is torn
To bleeding and pain by the merciless thorn,
Finds a balm in each leaf, when the task is but done,
And forgets all the pain in the sweets that are won. T.B.T.

A Friendly Tribute.—Franklin House, Philadelphia.—We mentioned, a few weeks since, that one of our excellent friends and contributors,—Bro. James B. Devoe, Esq.—contemplated a removal to Philadelphia, having been invited to fill a highly responsible situation in the management of the well-known and popular Hotel named in the head of this paragraph, under a new proprietorship. On the completion of the arrangements, Bro. D. removed to his new home several weeks since, in which we wish him health and prosperity, and cordially commend him to the brethren of the Quaker city as one whose companionable qualities and pleasing address are calcuted every where to win friendship and esteem. His accession to the "Franklin" cannot fail to prove highly beneficial, and add largely to its former well-deserved reputation as one of the best conducted houses in the Union. Bro. D. was for many years connected with the newspaper press of this city, and wields the pen of a ready and pleasant writer. He will continue, from time to time, to furnish sketches for the Rule.

— In mentioning the "Franklin House," we take this occasion to whisper in the ears of our numerous readers, that it is one of the oldest and most extensive Hotels in the country, and always a favorite stopping place for travelers, both for its central location in Chestnut street—*the* fashionable thoroughfare and promenade of Philadelphia—and its excellent accommodations and interior arrangements. Its maguitude is about that of the Howard House, in this city, and throughout it is beautifully fitted up and furnished. There are numerous large parlors and sitting-rooms, with pianos for he ladies and gentlemen—rooms to accommodate families: and the greater portion of the bedrooms are fitted up in a tasteful and unique style, with folding doors to shut up the bedroom proper, leaving a comfortable sitting-room outside. The "commissary department," which is under the superintendence of P. G. Conkling, late of Long Island, is admirably managed, and the abundance and choice qnality of the "supplies" is only equalled by the superb *cuisinery*. Indeed, there is no danger of famine at the "Franklin's" tables. And when to the above recommendations we add, that in courtesy and gentlemanly attention to their guests, the proprietors are the very counterpart of "our hosts" of the Tremont, in Boston, we can say no more to induce the traveling public to place themselves under the care of such watchful and provident caterers for the comfort of the inner as well as the outer man.

Curious Affair.—The Treasurer of one of the Odd Fellow Lodges at New-York, is said to be a defaulter to the amount of $1500. The most curious part of the business is, that his brother members who were in the secret, had a resolution passed presenting that amount to the Treasurer as a reward for his services. The affair is producing no little excitement among the members of the order in New-York.

We are indebted to the Reading Gazette for the foregoing valuable and curious piece of information. We "guess" nobody about these diggins ever heard of it before, and that the "affair" is more "curious" than true. We don't believe any treasurer of any Lodge hereabouts ever had such a dreadful sight of money as that to "default" with.

The Saturday Emporium.—The entire interest in this excellent literary family newspaper has been purchased by its able editor, E. B. Green, Esq., by whom its publication will hereafter be continued with increased effort to make it entertaining. It it now in the fourth year of its issue, and is the best literary weekly periodical in the city. The price is $2 a-year—published at No. 30 Ann st.

Fine Cutlery, Mechanics Tools, &c.—Our city and country readers are referred to the advertisement of Bro. H. F. Fairbank, 73 Chatham st.—by which they will see that he has every thing wanted in the line of hardware, &c. Families and traders are recommended to look in upon Bro. F. when they are about to purchase. His articles are excellent in quality and reasonable in price.

Organs for Lodge Rooms.—Our readers are no doubt aware of the recent destruction, by fire, of the Organ Manufactory of Bro. Geo. Jardine, in Anthony Street. We see that he has already taken a new place, and with the energy and perserverance so characteristic of him, is prepared to execute all orders for Organs, for Churches, Lodge Rooms, or Parlors. His reputation as a manufacturer is equal to any other house in the Union. Bro. J's. manufactory is now at 548 Pearl st. near Broadway.

Deaths for the Week.—During the week ending on Saturday the 21st inst., there were 400 deaths in this city, of which number 87 were men, 87 women, 122 boys, and 104 girls. Cholera Infantum carried off 65, Convulsions 28, Consumption 27, Diarrhœa 20, Dysentery 34, Typhus Fever 32. These were the principal diseases. Of this number, 197 were under five years, and 100 under one year.

Thanksgiving.—The Authorities of New Hampshire have designated November 25th as the day for the celebration of this Annual Festival. We hope all the other States will name the same day.

The Odd-Fellows' Hall will soon be completed. It begins to wear a handsome appearance, and will be creditable alike to our city, and the liberality of the fraternity by whom it was erected. The walls have been painted a beautiful light-grey color, which is generally admired. The dedication will take place early in October, when a great display may be expected. The different Lodges in our city are already making preparations for the occasion. Each has engaged a splendid Banner, and the members are supplying themselves with bran-new Regalia, as rich and tasteful as satin and tinsel can form. Invitations have been sent to all the distinguished personages in the Order far and near, and to the Lodges in various parts of the State, to participate in the ceremonies. We have not yet learned who is to be the Orator, but suppose a Programme of the whole affair will shortly be fixed upon, and made public.—[Reading Gazette.

Mr. James B. Devoe, formerly the printer of the Home Journal, has removed to Philadelphia, where he is now actively engaged in the management of the Franklin House. Mr. Devoe is remarkable for excellent qualities of head and heart, and great energy of character. He is a graceful writer, and his contributions to that ably conducted and widely circulated periodical, the "Golden Rule," have been universally popular. We wish him every success in his new avocation, and most cheerfully recommend him to the courtesies of "the craft" of our fair sister city, as every way worthy of their kind regard and ous encouragement.—[Home Journal.

TARTAR ON THE TEETH.—Millions of human teeth are annually lost in this country from the effects of a cause the removal of which is as simple and certain as that of extinguishing the blaze of a common lamp. This remedy is with the individual and not with the Dentist. The people of this country will never have good teeth generally, until they learn to rely upon themselves for the means of *preventing* decay, rather than on the aid of dental operations, to repair the mischief after it has occurred. With young persons especially this suggestion should never be lost sight of. As an almost universal rule, by far the most important, and in a vast proportion of cases the only course necessary to insure good teeth, is *by keeping them cleansed by proper means.* In this sentiment every scientific and experienced practitioner will fully concur. It will be replied, "Some have good teeth who never use the brush." True, but an infinitely greater number would have good teeth and retain them to a late period of life should they do so, who otherwise prematurely lose them. The difference is merely this, with some individuals little or no *tartar* is deposited on their teeth, while with others it accumulates in much greater quantities. Whenever the latter is the case it *must be removed*, or the destruction of more or less, and sometimes all of the teeth, is absolutely certain. The true course is to *prevent* its accumulation altogether, as it never remains on the teeth any length of time without more or less injury.' Aside from certain other causes of dental decay, in no degree more inevitable in their character, and of very limited extent, and mostly either capable of avoidance, or under the control of seasonable and judicious treatment, a proper attention to the above suggestions, would be almost certain to insure sound teeth, which would be retained to an advanced age, and serve, especially in relation to the general health, the important purposes designed by their Creator.

YANKEE TRICK.—A cute yankee—or somebody whom yankee dom has to own—recently imposed upon sundry citizens of Troy, by selling them birds of rare plumage, but whose variegated beauties soon disappeared, being constituted of paint or other coloring matter of a transient nature.

LAMENTABLE.—We learn from the Portland *Advertiser*, that of the whole number of children in Maine returned to the Board of Education, between the ages of four and twenty-one, the Secretary of the Board finds that *sixty thousand nine hundred and forty-two* did not attend any school during the past Summer; and that there were *forty-seven thousand eight hundred and forty-seven* who were not in attendance at any school during the past Winter.

MUSICAL CLOCK.—Mr. Timme, of Brooklyn, has constructed a clock which can play twenty-four tunes, commencing a new one every hour. It is six feet in height, and occupies a space eighteen inches wide. The dial is ten inches in diameter, and it has the twelve signs of the zodiac painted on it. The face is cased with beautiful and elegant cased work, and the cost is only $130.

CANAL TOLLS.—The receipts of canal toll from the opening to the 1st inst., show it to be on an average, about $150,000 per week for 12 weeks this year. At the same rates for 16 weeks more, about the remainder of the season, the tolls would amount to $4,000,000, which would give $1,000,000 for the public works.

U. S. TREASURY.—The receipts into the Treasury of the United States for the quarter ending 30th June, were $20,405,050—of which were from customs, $7,065,000. Expenditures for the same period were $22,475,505 35—on account of the army $16,172,594 51.

LONGEVITY.—Haller, who collected a great number of examples of longevity, found more than 1000 who had lived from 100 to 110: 60 from 110 to 120; 29 from 120 to 130; 16 from 130 to 140; 6 from 140 to 160—and one who lived to the remarkable age of 196 years.

THE DIRTY WATERS OF POLITICS.—William Mudd is the Whig candidate for Congress in the third district of Alabama.

Notices of New Publications.

THE PIG. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

Phœbus! what a name for a book! What is it?—A treatise on the breeds, management, feeding, and medical treatment of swine; with directions for salting pork, and curing bacon and hams. A valuable work for butchers and farmers, and it ought to have a large circulation. The first three or four chapters are exceedingly interesting to all who are curious in natural history. We shall give our readers a taste of the book, if not of the pig. We always did like a little white pig, with his tail curled up, running round with a quiet sort of a squeak, the least possible part of a delicate grunt, expressive of the most entire comfort and satisfaction with the world and all its arrangements. But a great hog we never could endure, whether on four legs or two, with bristles or without. We would have a pig to-morrow, if he would always stay a pig—but alas, the tendency of the race is always hogward. This volume to some folks we wot, will be an interesting piece of family history.

STORY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO. By Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A. Author of the "History of the Bible," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 212. 2 parts.

This work tells the story of the Military Events of the year 1815, which ended with the conflict of at Waterloo. The story is a graphic one, perfectly authentic, abounding in scenes of terrible interest.

TALES IN VERSE. By Mary Howitt. Harpers, New York.

This small volume will prove highly acceptable to the juvenile portion of the public, for whose amusement and instruction the several pieces were written.

THE POWER OF THE SOUL OVER THE BODY, considered in relation to Health and Morals. By George Moore, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, &c. Yew York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff street. 1 vol. pp. 270.

This work is by the author of that excellent and popular treatise on "the use of the Body in relation to the Mind," and should have preceded it before the public, inasmuch as it was written over a year previous to the latter. It is a work of grave and deep importance to the welfare of the human race, and should therefore command the attention of all. Instead of being a dry treatise, as one might suppose, it possesses a vivid interest, and its teachings are illustrated by numerous incidents and anecdotes. It ought to have a wide circulation.

THE GOOD GENIUS THAT TURNED EVERY THING INTO GOLD; Or the Queen Bee and the Magic Dress. A Christmas Fairy Tale. By the Brothers Mayhew. New York: Harpers, 82 Cliff-st. 1 vol. Paper, Gilt.

We love a fairy story as well as ever; particularly when it enforces and illustrates an admirable lesson of practical life, as this one does. The Good Genius of Patient Industry would have us all, in order to be happy, to bound our wants by our circumstances and necessities. We heartily commend it to all readers. The illustrations are exceedingly fine.

☞ THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICHL JOURNAL for September, contains a portrait of ELIHU BURRITT, the learned blacksmith, with his phrenological developments, with many articles of interest. This is the only Magazine in the United States devoted to Phrenology and Physiology. The fact that it has a circulation of *eighteen thousand copies* per month, affords strong evidence that the signal ability displayed in its management have been fully appreciated by the public. Fowler & Wells, 131 Nassau-st. $1 a year.

☞ "THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE" for September has been received. Its contents are about as usual, and calculated to please. The pictures are made to match.

☞ "HARPERS PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND," No. 28, has been issued. The same beauty of illustration and elegance of typography distinguishes this s the preceding numbers.

☞ VIRTUE, 26 John street, has issued the 51st part of "Fletcher's Devotional Family Bible." The illustration is a view of the "Golden Gate, Jerusalem"—a fine picture. The text comes to the 12th Psalm.

Local I. O. O. F. Directory.

CITY OF NEW-YORK.

THE GRAND LODGE meets at National Hall, Canal street, quarterly, on the first Wednesdays of August, November, February, and May: John G. Treadwell, G. S. Office 68 Barclay street.

THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT meets at National Hall, semi-annually, on the Mondays preceding the first Wednesdays of February and August. John J. Davies, G. Scribe. Office 75 Cortland street.

Sub. Lodges.

National Hall, Canal st.
14 Teutonia .....Mo
151 City.....Mo
11 Getty's.....Tu
12 Washington .....do
10 New York.....Wed
17 Perseverance.....do
33 Metropolitan....Thr
68 Oriental.....do
13 Germania.....Fri
1 N. York Degree..Fri

No. 38 Canal-street.
23 Mariner's.....Mo
43 La Concorde.....Tu
137 Cohotatea.....We
49 Hancock.....Th
295 Hospitaller.....Fri

Clinton Hall.
30 National.....Mo
67 Commercial.....Tu
150 Merchants'.....Wed
235 Templar.....Thu
126 Excelsior.....Fri
278 Orion.....Sat

No. 411 Broadway.
107 Hinman .....Mo
177 Eureka.....Tu
31 Olive Branch...Wed
87 Fidelity.....Thr
233 Sincerite.....Fri

No. 71 Division street.
64 Empire.....Mo
57 Mutual.....do
47 Mercantile.....Tu
52 United Brothers...do
60 Howard .....Wed
117 Continental.....do
22 Knickerbocker ..Thr
34 Marion.....do
73 Mount Vernon....Fri
6 Clinton Degree...Sat

No. 132 Bowery.
178 Oregon .....Mo
165 Hermitage.....Tu
158 Independence...Wed
1 Columbia .....Thr
228 Beacon.....Fri

No. 187 Bowery.
140 Diamond.....Mo
82 German Oak.....Tu
78 Croton.....Wed
35 Covenant.....Thr

Military Hall, Bowery.
4 Strangers' Ref..Mon
15 Fountain City...Wed
183 Alleghania.....Thr

Washington Hall, Bow.
243 Pilgrim.. .....Mon
314 Tradesmen's ....Tue
321 Ocean .....Wed

No. 327 Bowery.
46 Jefferson.....Tu
237 Acorn .....Wed

Forsyth cor. Broome.
129 Schiller .....Tu
253 Warren.. .....Thu
5 United Bro. deg. 1 3 We

Av. C. cor. Third-st.
113 Mechanics'.....Mo
234 Eckford .....Wed
2 Manhattan Deg...Th

Clinton-st. cor. Grand.
20 Manhattan.....Mo
36 Enterprise.....Tu
28 Ark .....Wed
44 Harmony .....Thr

Hudson-st cor. Grove.
40 Greenwich.....Mo
9 Tompkins.....Tu
42 Meridian.....Wed
58 Greve .....Thr
4 Hudson Degree...Sat

29th-st. cor. 8th Av.
182 Blooming Grove. Thr

No. 71 West 17th-st.
84 Chelsea.....Wed
210 Siloam.....Tue

Encampments.

National Hall, Canal-st.
12 Mt Horeb, Ger 2 4 Th
3 Mount Sinai..1 3 Fri
2 Mt. Hebron...24 Fri

No. 411 Broadway.
9 Palestine.....2 4 Sat
41 Samaria.....1 3 Sat

No. 71 Division-street.
35 Egyptian.....1 3 Fri
18 Damascus....2 4 Sat
19 Lebanon.....1 3 Sat

Hudson-st. cor. Grove.
28 Jerusalem.....Fri

Avenue C, cor. 3d-st.
10 Mount Olivet. 2 4 Fri

Military Hall, Bowery.
45 Manitou.....2 4 Fri

Clinton-st. cor. Grand.
6 Mosaic.....1 3 Fri

Forsyth, cor. Broome.
37 Mamre..... 2 4 Fri

No. 71 West 17th-st.
31 Mount Zion.. 1 3 Fri

BROOKLYN.

Sub. Lodges.

Fulton cor. Cranberry.
50 Atlantic .....Mo
26 Brooklyn.....Tu
66 Fulton.....Wed
39 Nassau .....Thr

Degree Lodge.
13 Franklin 1 3 Fr 2 4 Sa

Montague cor. Court-st.
190 Stirling.....Mo
153 Montague.....Tu
133 Steuben .....Wed

Henry-st cor. Atlantic.
94 Eagle .....Mo
166 Magnolia.....Tu

Myrtle Av. cr. Stanton.
288 Grenada.....Thr
306 Cornucopia.....Wed

— Myrtle Avenue.
63 Long Island.....Tu
194 Myrtle,.....Thr

Encampments.

Fulton-st. cor. Cranberry.
7 Salem.....2 4 Fri

Montague, cor. Court-st.
25 Mizpeh.....1 3 Fri

Henry-st. cor. Atlantic.
32 Bethlehem....2 4 Fri

WILLIAMSBURG.

Lodges.
61 Crusaders.....Tu
45 Kings County..Wed

Degree Lodge.
14 Washington...1 3Tu

STATEN ISLAND.

Castleton House Castle's
88 Richmond Co....Wed

O. F. Hall, Stapleton.
152 Neptune.....Thr
51 Tompkins En. 1 3 Fri

QUEENS COUNTY.

85 Pacific, Flushing..Mo
81 Jamaica, Jamaica. Tu
141 Hempstead, Hem Wed
144 Protection, Roslyn Sat
241 Pembrooke, Glen C Fri

MARRIAGES.

August 16, at Rome, Oneida county, N. Y. by Rev. H. H. Stanton, P.G. THOMAS JONES, Jr. of Rome Lodge No. 115, and Miss S. MARGARET FARQUHARSON, daughter of James Farquharson, Esq. of Rome.

DEATHS.

July 11, at Hume, N. Y. after a long and tedious illness, Mrs. SHARP, wife of Rev. Bro. J. B. Sharp.

☞ Our files of the present volume are rapidly diminishing, and names of all new subscribers should be forwarded without delay. Be up and doing, brothers. The harvest is great.

CHURCH, LODGE AND PARLOR ORGAN MANUFACTORY.

GEORGE JARDINE, Manufacturer of Church, Lodge and Parlor Organs. Since the distruction by fire of his former place of business, he has re-opened his Manufactory at 548 Pearl-st. near to, and opposite the City Hospital in Broadway, where he is prepared to execute Orders. The patronage of the Order, and especially the Board of Managers of the New Hall, is respectfully solicited. Finger Organs with Barrel Attachments made expressly for Lodge Rooms. jy31

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☞ Letters immediately attended to. jan2:tf

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Jan2:tf E. VAN SCHAACK, 385 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

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REMOVAL.

D. P. BARNARD'S Law Office has been removed to 17 WALL-st. 3d story, back room, where his friends will hereafter find him. mar13:6m

SAMUEL COCKCROFT,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Money Loaned and procured on Real Estate; No. 79 Nassau street, New York. Residence, 24 Forsyth street. au21:tf

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Furnished Tool Chests, from 8 to 100 dollars.

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STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, August 3d, 1847.—To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York: Sir, Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE—A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICTS—One Senator for the THIRD Senate District, consisting of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth wards of the city of New York; One Senator for the FOURTH Senate District, consisting of the Seventh, Tenth, Thirteenth and Seventeenth wards of the said city; One Senatorfor the FIFTH Senate District, consisting of the Eighth, Ninth and Fourteenth wards of the said city; and One Senator for the SIXTH Senate District, consisting of the Eleventh, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth wards of the said city.

COUNTY—Also the following officers for the said city and county, to wit: Sixteen members of Assembly, One to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully, N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFCE, NEW YORK, August 5th, 1847.—The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided. J. J. V. WESTERVELT, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Baord of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Rev. Stat. vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 3d, part 1st, page 140.

STEREOTYPING.—JOHN McNICOL, Stereotyper and Printer, No. 11 Spruce street, New York, 4th story.

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BY E. WINCHESTER. NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON. TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

VOL. VII....No. 10. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1847. WHOLE No. 166.

Original Tales.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

BY MIRA.

CHAPTER I.

THE morning sun shone in upon a large uncarpeted room, whose white floor bore satisfactory evidence of being duly scoured. In the center of this apartment was a square mahogany table, beside which was placed a comfortable chair. Along the walls, on two sides were ranged stools, and those uncomfortable wooden chairs, whose high, straight backs, and narrow seats, are intended for the especial benefit of children or young ladies who will not sit straight, and who, being once seated upon these contrivances, must hold up their heads, and throw back their shoulders, unless they wish to pitch forward upon their noses. On one side of the fire-place, in which burned a bright, clear coal fire, was a cabinet divided into small square compartments, each one closed by a small door. On the other side, stood, or leaned against the wall, embroidery frames of all kinds and all sizes. On a sudden was heard the sound of many feet, and about twenty-five or thirty girls entered the room, escorted by two governesses. There was almost every variety, from great beauty to positive plainness of features; tall and short; slender and stout; graceful and awkward. Some of the little ones bounded into the room and rushed to the cabinet or side of the room where stood the frames. The governesses seated themselves, one at the table, upon which she placed a slate, taken down from the nail where it hung.

One young girl among the number might well have attracted the eye. She was seventeen, about the middle hight, with a figure of beautiful proportions, and more fully developed than girls' figures of that age usually are. An oval face, with clearly defined, small features, large dark eyes fringed by dark eyelashes, was fully exposed; the raven black hair being parted in the middle of the head and drawn back over the ears, then plaited and wound round the head like a coronet. A dark crimson merino dress fitted closely to the bust and arms, relieved at the neck and wrists by linen cambric ruffles and frills. The clear, smooth olive skin, was generally colorless, but the lips were like coral. She took one of the standing frames, placed it before one of the windows, the lower blinds of which were shut, set a stool before it and beside the frame; on another stool she put a work-box, taken from the cabinet in the corner. Having made these arrangements, she seated herself beside the frame, and drawing a pair of stockings from her own work-box, she commenced the trying task of darning.

"I do not think it is fair, Theresa, that you should take Cora all to yourself; if you did not forestall every one by your attentions to her, she would not be so much with you."

"You mistake," said the young girl whom we have just been describing, and who was called Theresa, "if it did not give Cora pleasure to be with me, I should neither seek her society nor take pleasure in it."

"She is so much with you, merely because she pities you, as you are a stranger and appear so lonely," was the pert reply.

Theresa's dark eyes, dilating with excitement, the crimson flush rising to her cheek, and the scornful mouth curling, showed no ordinary excitement, and a torrent was about to burst forth when it was arrested by a low, melodious voice at her side.

"Thanks, dearest Theresa; how kind you have been! I know I am indebted to you for all these arrangements for my comfort."

"Indeed, Miss Stanley, Theresa has been beforehand with me, I wished you so much to sit beside me. I have a note from mamma this morning, begging you to spend this afternoon and to-morrow with us, and I wanted to talk to you about it."

"I am much obliged, Miss Smith, to your mamma and yourself; but I am engaged to Madame Hernandez, and I prefer sitting by Theresa."

So saying, Cora Stanley took her seat, laid her hand upon her companion's knee, and said:

"Now dear Theresa, for Madrid; you must tell me a long story to-day."

While these young ladies are engaged in rambling through Madrid, let me give a reason for Cora's repulse of Miss Smith.

Cora Stanley was the youngest of five children, the only unmarried child of a gentleman in Charleston. The large fortune of her father and the distinguished circle in which she moved, made her acquaintance an object of great interest to Miss Smith,

had fled; even the lips were pale, and tears rushed into her blue eyes as he gazed into them. Her father's voice summoned her, and she hastened to the carriage. He held her small hand in his, in spite of her efforts to release it, until the last moment, and stood looking after the carriage until it disappeared in the distance. With a breaking heart he returned into the rooms where all was gaiety, and at the earliest opportunity stole away.

"It is done; I have indulged myself for the last time; I shall never see her again until I can see her without guilt. My object in life now is to destroy this mad passion, to devote myself to my betrothed, and as far as man can do so, to ward off from her all sorrow. God knows I was not conscious of the existence of this passion until it had overmastered me."

His agony that night was dreadful, and when he called to see Madame Hernandez the next evening, he was obliged to say that he was not well, to explain his excessive pallor.

Theresa was with Cora, who was to leave the next morning for Philadelphia.

A few days after Giulio received a letter from his mother, intreating him to lose no time in joining her in Cuba, as her health was in a very precarious state. He looked upon this new misfortune as a judgment of heaven for having given way to his love for Cora.

The news cast a gloom over the Hernandez family, and was a fair excuse for Giulio's depression of spirits. He made immediate preparations for his departure from New York, and he could not conceal from himself that it was a relief to get away from Theresa, who constantly reminded him of Cora; and ever brought before him the engagement which became each day more burdensome, notwithstanding all his efforts.

When he reached the beautiful country seat near Havana, where his mother resided, his worst fears were confirmed. It was evident that she had not long to live, and the affectionate son remarked with anguish the change which a few weeks had made in her appearance. In her increasing debility and the wasting away of her life, she every day required more constant attendance. Even Cora was forgotten at times, as Giulio watched by his mother's sick bed; but, although he succeeded in driving Cora from his waking thoughts, not a night passed without dreams of her. Now she presented herself with more than earthly beauty, returning his love with an ardor that filled his soul with ecstacy. Then she was lavishing fond words and looks upon another, leaving him to despair.

Theresa was often the subject of his dreams, but ever reproaching him for his cruelty and desertion. He wrote to her constantly, in as affectionate a manner as he had ever done, but he new felt that he never had loved her. His letters had alway been kind, but what words of passion rose in his mind when he thought of Cora? How differently he would have written to her? and Theresa's letters were most affectionate, most kind; every expression of interest went to his heart and filled it with sorrow, for he could not respond to the feelings which dictated her expressions.

The Hernandez's would have returned to Cuba, but the health of Madame Hernandez always suffered severely from the climate during the warm season; so they took rooms at a hotel in the neighborhood of New York, where Theresa joined them every Saturday.

We must now return to Cora; her journey into Pennsylvania was a pleasant one, and the pleasure of being again with her own family distracted her mind from the contemplation of her unfortunate love for Giulio. Soon however, her thoughts were brought back to him. Theresa's letters told of his deep dejection, of his mother's illness, and of his departure from New York. She thought if she could but see him happy, her mind would be relieved of its heaviest weight.

The state of her feelings began at last to make an impression upon her appearance, and her family became alarmed. The gentle, patient sweetness of her character seemed to increase, and the gay, joyous expression of her face was now completely changed. She endeavored to be gay, but she was only less sad at one time than another. At first her mother was unwilling to notice the change herself, but at length she spoke to her of it, and asked if there was anything she wished, or that could explain a difference in her manner and appearance to what it had been.

It was in the evening when Mrs. Stanley spoke to Cora, and the twilight hid the burning blushes which rushed over her transparent neck and face. She said, she had not felt well for some time past, and that she had requested to leave school, hoping that the change of air and scene would do her good. Poor Cora's conscience reproached her bitterly for hiding the true cause of her situation from her mother, but she could not tell any human being of her love.

This conversation roused her to exertion, and except to the watchful and penetrating eye of her mother, she seemed much better to all. Her mother was puzzled, but she would not ask for her child's confidence a second time, knowing that there must be some weighty reason for concealing any thing from her, the most indulgent of parents, and trusting to Cora's sense of right, she waited for the time when she would know all. She sought by every means to occupy and interest Cora, and saw with delight that her wise and judicious course was gradually having a good effect.

While Cora and her parents are traveling from Pensylvania to Maryland, thence through Ohio to the Lakes, Niagara, and the Springs, let us return to Theresa.

CHAPTER III.

It was a lovely evening in August; the sultry day had given place to a balmy evening, and the sea-breeze came refreshingly to Treresa's vermillion cheeks, as she sat upon a grassy bank watching the restless waves rippling over the shore just below her. Beside her was seated Mr. Sinclair; his eyes, beaming with love and admiration, were fixed upon the sparkling beauty.

Seated upon benches at some distance from them was a large party, but although Albert Sinclair would have given worlds to be able at that moment to put an end to his suspense as to the feelings of his fair mistress, he could not do it in words, so he took up the guitar, which was lying beside them and sang a song which told of a lover's passion for a "fayre and cruel ladye."

Theresa's beautiful eyes and face, lighted up with enthusiasm and admiration, were turned toward him.

Albert Sinclair's affections had long been irrevocably fixed upon Theresa, and a thousand times had he been checked in declaring his passion, by some word or look from her, showing that she was utterly unconscious of the existence of love either in herself or in him. Every day was rendering the task of concealment more difficnlt, and there were moments when his eyes expressed all that his lips feared to disclose. Sinclair knew nothing of Theresa's engagement, and only waited until he could discern some evidence of love from Theresa to make his proposals. Living in the same Hotel, there were numberless opportunities for being with her, and the more he saw of her, the stronger became the tie that bound him to her. The evenings were often spent upon the grassy terrace we have spoken of, and the "ladye moon," the ever moving waves rippling in soft music over the pebbly shore, the rustling leaves, formed a combination of sights and sounds not calculated to deaden the imaginations and hearts of two young and impassioned beings. So glided on the time, until the latter part of September. M. and Madame Hernandez never dreamed of love where their daughter was concerned; and Theresa, perfectly unconscious of what the word meant, enjoyed the present company, wrote letters to Giulio, full of sympathy and affection, and to her dear Cora, without whom she felt lost.

There was a gay party collected in the drawing room of the hotel, quadrilles, waltzes and polkas had been danced in succession. Lights shone, merry laughter sounded on every side, and smiling faces met the eye at every turn. Peerless among them all was Theresa. The tiny feet and fairy figure seemed formed to bewitch you in dancing, whether in the measured quadrille, the swimming waltz or saucy polka. Be it remarked she danced the two last mentioned with girls.

Overcome by the heat she left the room by the window opening upon the piazza. Sinclair was by her side ere she had taken many steps; together they paced the piazza, and Theresa's gaiety became gradually subdued as she gazed upon the lovely scene before her. She stopped at the end of the piazza, and looked up at the moon which was casting a pillar of light upon the quiet water. The bright flush had faded from her face, and her glorious eyes seemed to grow darker with intense feeling. Sinclair's eyes saw nothing but her; he stood silently by her side.

"Is it not wondrously beautiful!" she said in a low voice, as she turned, and looked into his face.

Unable to control his feeling, Sinclair caught her hand, and in low, passionate tones poured forth his long suppressed, fervent love.

At first Theresa forgot every thing but the person before her, her ear drank in the charmed words, and her heart thrilled with ectacy.

He cast one hasty glance along the deserted piazza, and emboldened by the trembling, earnest attention, with which she listened to him, and the tender expression round the beautiful mouth, he threw his arm around her waist and whispered, "Say dearest, wilt thou give me thy troth."

The word shot like an arrow into her heart, she threw herself from him and covered her face with her hands. Unconscious of what she was doing, she started, when he approached her again, and flew rather than ran into the house and to her own room, where she sat quivering with horror at the crime she had committed. She had not only listened with delight to a declaration of love, but the arm of a lover had encircled her waist, and her

cheek had felt the beating of his heart. In an agony of shame and remorse she hid her burning face; she felt as if her sin were to great to be pardoned. Giulio had scarcely ever kissed her cheek, and here was a comparative stranger who had folded her in his arms. Never before had the voice of love sounded in her ear, and trembling as she was with remorse, she could not but draw comparisons between the two. The moment love spoke, friendship was unmasked. What she had supposed was love, was cold and icy in contrast to the burning volcano that had been just exposed to her view. "Giulio does not love me as Sinclair does; and yet how do I know? Sinclair said he had long concealed his love for me, and it is certain I never dreamed of it; but oh, I remember now, how my heart used to beat when I saw him coming, and his eyes seemed to bring sunshine to my heart. I know it all now, though it has been hidden until this moment. If Giulio does not love me," and her heart beat tumultuously at the idea, "I may be his, and then what has passed to-night, and the feelings I entertain will be no longer sinful." But the thought of Giulio again occured to her mind; of Giulio, in sorrow and grief, attending with such exemplary patience upon his dying mother, and writing to her, that her letters, and sympathy were his greatest comfort. Still the thought that he did not love her as Sinclair did, forced itself upon her mind; and she found herself so wavering between right and wrong, that she determined to end the contest. She drew a sheet of paper from her portfolio, and in a hurried note to Sinclair, told her situation. That she was grieved the scene of that evening had taken place, as it must put an end to their companionship, she being engaged to her cousin Senor Hernandez. In a few words of truthful earnestness, she begged him to believe that until that evening she had never dreamed of the existence of his love; and she could not refrain from entreating him, not to despise her, though she said she hoped he would forget her. This note she dispatched to Sinclair in a book. She then took out Hernandez's letters and read them over; she was astonished to see how differently they now appeared; how cold and measured were the terms of affection, and involuntarily her mind flew back to Sinclair. The more she reflected, the firmer became her conviction that Giulio was not in love with her: there was no reason why he should not have shown his love to her, his betrothed, if he had felt it. But then he had never shown greater love for any other, and she thought of the disappointment it would be to her parents and to him, if she should break her engagement. Besides all these things, she had now told Sinclair of their engagement, and would not that destroy the love he felt for her? How could he wish to succeed another? Her heart sunk as one after another of these considerations pressed upon her mind.

Her mother came to bid her good night, and she was left a prey to conflicting sensations. The next day passed, and she saw nothing of Sinclair.

Shocked, stunned and bewildered by the information contained in her note, Sinclair could not persuade himself to see her, and several days passed before he had courage to present himself in the parlor where the whole party were assembled. With seeming composure of manner he addressed M. and Madame Hernandez, bowed to Theresa, who was sitting at a little distance, and after talking for a few moments, he crossed the room and entered into conversation with a pretty, agreeable girl.

Theresa's heart had throbbed as if it would escape fram her bosom, when she first caught sight of Sinclair, and while he stood talking to her mother, she had been trying to prepare herself for meeting him with composure, for she had not the least doubt of his coming to her, as soon as he left her mother; her surprise at his conduct was extreme, and anger made the blood tingle through her veins; pride now came to her aid, and as she had only to accept attentions, not seek them, she was soon surrounded by a gay group.

When she retired that night, her feeling of anger against Sinclair had vanished, and she respected him for his determination to avoid her; it certainly added to her love, and made him, if possible, more the subject of her thoughts.

Notwithstanding the present state of affairs, owing to her buoyant and hopeful temperament, she did not sink into despair. A strong persuasion existed in her mind that Giulio did not love her, and she resolved if his love was not all she thought was right, that she would not marry him. Then, she was equally sure of Sinclair's love; if he proved constant, they yet might be united; and if he fancied another, why she must reconcile herself to her fate. So she said now, but she little knew how firmly she trusted to his passionate declaration of firm, undying, love, and how much his desertion would have cost her.

Sinclair remained for a week longer at the hotel, and then unable to endure living in the same house, seeing her constantly, and yet being separated from her he so worshiped, he returned to New York.

The Hernandez's remained two weeks more, and it being early in November, made preparations for returning to Cuba. Theresa was to accompany them. She wrote to Cora, and begged earnestly that she would pay her a visit, that she wished to talk to her about many things that had occurred which she could not write about, and which she could confide to no human being but her darling Cora. The letter was characteristic of the proud, determined and loving writer, to whom Cora was the dearest and most trusted of friends.

Sinclair persuaded himself that some attention was due to a family who had treated him so kindly; he called upon them several times before they left New York, and with an aching heare he saw them off the morning they set sail.

Theresa could not bear the mournful leave-taking without saying something cheering, and as he was turning from her to leave the vessel, she said:

"It would grieve me very much to leave New York, and the friends I have found there, did I not hope for a merry meeting next summer."

Although the large eyes were swimming in tears, and although there was but little in the words, Sinclair's heart was lightened.

She stood in the same spot where he had left her until distance hid both vessels from each other.

CHAPTER IV.

A warm, bright sun was excluded by jalousies, from a large, matted room, and the subdued light was very refreshing after the glare of a burning sun. Chairs and couches of various woods and different forms, with cane seats, were scattered in profusion round the appartment. Several small stands for books, and two marble tables covered with bijouterie, three handsome mirrors over the mantel piece, and between the piers of the windows, completed the furniture of the room.

On a low sofa, supported by cushions, lay a delicate looking woman. Life seemed scarcely to remain in the attenuated and motionless figure. Beside her sat a young and handsome man. The features of his oval face were finely formed, but seemed sharpened by suffering; the eyes were almost too large; they were bent upon the sufferer near him, and the small thin hand was clasped gently in his. He was speaking in low tones to her, when the sound of carriage wheels attracted their attention.

"See who it is, my Giulio," said the mother, and there was unexpressible fondness in the utterance of the two last words.

He gently pressed his lips to her hand, and summoning a servant from the next room, he passed through an adjoining apartment into a square hall or vestibule. He started as the persons who were leaving the carriage met his eyes.

Madame Hernandez entered first, and eagerly inquired for the invalid; Theresa and her father came together. The sight of Giulio's altered face struck them all with sorrow. He greeted them kindly and affectionately, kissed Theresa's cheek, as he would have kissed his sister, and begged them to remain where they were until he had prepared his mother to receive them.

Much as Theresa was grieved at her aunt's illness, and much as she was shocked at Giulio's changed appearance, she could not forgive him for meeting her so very coldly. Before he returned to the room, her thoughts had run through many a scene, and she had settled to her own satisfaction, for the ten thousandth time, that if Giulio only wished to marry her from friendship, and because they had been so long engaged, she would insist upon following the bent of her own inclinations. If he would only fall in love with some person, what a relief it would be!—and then it was not right to marry a cousin, since a dispensation from the Pope was necessary to make it proper.

When they were summoned to Madame Hernandez's room, poor Theresa's feelings changed. She knelt by the sofa, and hid her face in the cushions. Her aunt had always been kind and indulgent to her, and she was not prepared to witness so great a change.

About the middle of December, Madame Paul Hernandez died. Theresa and her mother remained until she died, assisting Giulio, and endeavored to draw his thoughts from the deep gloom into which they seemed plunged.

He staid in Cuba until the middle of January, then set sail for New York.

Theresa could neither say or do any thing to discover what where the feelings of Giulio. He had never spoken of their engagement, of his future prospects. He had said the day before he left Havana,

"Forgive me, Theresa, for not being more lover-like at present, but I shall make up for lost time, when I return in the spring."

The entrance of her father prevented her reply from being as full as she wished to make it, but she said:

"I beg of you, Giulio, never to feign the lover when you do not feel it."

Giulio felt too conscious to say more at that time, and the next day he left Havana.

Theresa had written constantly to Cora, and at length Mrs. Stanley persuaded her to accept the invitation so often given, of visiting Cuba. Mrs. Stanley hoped the society of her young friend would have a beneficial effect upon her spirits, and that change of air and scene would operate favorably.

Cora had all the appearance of consumption, and Theresa's eyes filled with tears when she saw the change. The round arms had lost their fullness, and the figure had become thin; her complexion was more transparent than ever, and the blue veins stood out upon the temples. For the first few days, Theresa could think of nothing but making her friend comfortable; but one soft, cloudy day they were sitting alone; their respective mammas having gone out upon a shopping expedition, and Theresa said:

"Cora dear, if it will not disturb, or fatigue you, I should like to ask your advice upon a very momentous subject to me."

Cora told her that she was ready to hear, and she need not ask for advice or assistance from her, as it would always be given unasked.

Theresa then began. She told Cora of the engagement to her cousin, of her perfect willingness to fulfil that engagement until she had fallen in love with another person. When she began, Cora's pale cheek grew livid, as she proceeded she could scarcely believe what she heard. With a strong effort she commanded her feelings, until Theresa closed her story, (after telling of Sinclair's declaration, and the change it had effected in her,) by saying:

"I am convinced Giulio cares no more for me than for a sister, and as such he loves me."

A quiver passed over Cora's face, and before Theresa could throw her arms around her, she had fainted. Theresa screamed for assistance, and in a few moments animation was restored.

When they were again left alone, Cora begged with trembling eagerness that Theresa would give her some particulars as to Giulio.

Theresa wished to wait until another time, but Cora insisted upon hearing all.

"Well, Theresa, what do you intend to do?"

"I think I shall write to Giulio, and tell him that I wish to know whether he wishes our engagement to continue, that I think we are now old enough to judge for ourselves, and that I require more than friendship from a husband, and that his affection for me does not satisfy my desires. I shall be able to judge from his answer whether my loss would be deeply felt; if so, I shall do all in my power to make him a good wife, but I shall tell him of my love for Sinclair."

Cora listened breathlessly; her heart which had so long been chilled seemed to revive, and she turned with bright eyes to Theresa, and said:

"I cannot advise you darling, on this subject; you must be the best and only judge."

"Will it be wrong to write to him, Cora?—but I need not ask after what you say. I could not help my love for Sinclair, and it would not be right to deceive Giulio with the belief that I did love him better than any other."

The consequences of this conversation were, that Theresa's long thought of plan was put in operation. She wrote to Giulio as she had said she would, and she certainly did not wait with greater anxiety than did Cora for the answer to the letter.

The change in Cora was marvelous; the soft, fluttering blush that had first appeared upon her cheek, was becoming more steady; the neck and arms were beginning to fill out; the light was returning to her eyes, and the smile to her lips.

The spring had bounded into summer richness, under the tropical sun, and our friends were one morning discussing the propriety of a journey northward, when M. Hernandez entered with several letters, and smilingly handed one to Theresa. The bright color rushed to her cheek, and then faded away. In a few moments she arose and asked Cora to go with her to the garden. The ladies who were left behind, smiled, and remarked upon the strong affection that the two girls felt for each other.

In an arbor, thickly covered with vines, sat the young friends.

"Cora, I am almost afraid to open this letter;" then with sudden desperation Theresa broke the seal, and read. As she went on her face brightened, and with a look of joy and a sigh of relief from a heavy weight, she handed the letter Cora.

"I would rather not read it, Theresa; tell me what it contains"

"Giulio has written me to say that he has no wish to insist upon our engagement unless I feel perfectly satisfied, that he is aware of my having great reason to complain of his want of affection as a lover, but that as a sister and a friend he would yield to no human being in love for me; that he will give me all the devotion that a friend admiring and loving my virtues can give, but that he acknowledges, at present he cannot yield me more. He says he is emboldened to express himself plainly, by the tone of my letter, showing him that I feel the same friendship toward him that he feels toward me, and nothing more. He entreats me to write immediately and let him know what I would wish him to do, and to tell him candidly, why I have written my last letter. His suspicions are evidently excited of the existence of some hidden cause for my having written in the manner I have done."

Cora listened with a palpitating heart and downcast eyes, and had Theresa been less interested in what she was relating she must have noticed the agitation visible in her expressive face.

After a long conversation between them, the girls returned into the house, where they found a most startling state of affairs. The ladies and M. Harnandez had decided upon going to New York by a vessel which was to sail in a few days. Thus, Theresa could not write before their departure, and Cora was once more to see Giulio.

It is needless to dwell upon the preparations, or the voyage which followed. A bright day in June was beaming over them when the steamboat came alongside which was to convey them to the city.

It was not long before Theresa had dispatched a letter to Giulio, written several days before, acknowledging her having fixed her affections upon another than himself, and that she hoped this information would not grieve him, or lead him to suppose that she had dealt unfairly with him, as her love had come unconsciously, and that she had first discovered that his affection was not love but friendship, when she experienced such difference between his manners and those of a lover.

Giulio was sitting chatting after dinner with Sinclair in his bachelor rooms, when this letter was brought to him. He recognized the hand and without noticing that there was no postmark upon it, he hurriedly opened it, begging Sinclair to excuse him.

When he had finished, he clasped his hands in an ecstacy of pleasure and exclaimed, "God be thanked, I am freed from the hardest lot that humanity could suffer."

Sinclair looked up in amazement; and with a heart too joyous to be able to keep silent. Giulio related to his friend that he had been engaged to a lady from childhood, a matter arranged without their consent, and that now she had willingly canceled the engagement. He did not tell the name of his *fiancee*, but he told of her virtue, her beauty and grace, and the friendship he entertained for her.

Giulio and Sinclair had been friends since the arrival of the former in New York, and the knowledge that Giulio was Theresa's intended would have broken off the intimacy between them, had not Giulio sought his friend so eagerly, and in his deep grief Sinclair's presence seemed so grateful, that Giulio's generous heart could not hold out against him.

It is not necessary to say that Giulio's story made a profound impression upon his hearer; when he had finished this history, he glanced again at the letter and remarked the want of the postmark, and just as he was commenting upon it, M. Hernandez entered the room. A scene of congratulations and surprises followed.

"You must both come and see the ladies," said M. Hernandez, and away they sallied.

Two ladies were seated upon the sofa, and two were standing at the window, shaded by the curtains, when the gentlemen entered the room.

Giulio's surprise may be guessed when he recognized Mrs. Stanley, in one of the ladies who rose from the sofa to address him. Theresa advanced to shake hands with him, and then with a beating heart he walked to the window where Cora stood. Their eyes met, and he clasped her hand in his, not a word was spoken, but the gentle sigh of Cora thrilled upon Giulio's heart.

Theresa blushed over cheek and brow as she extended her hand to Sinclair, but with an arch look she said, "I told you we should have a merry meeting this summer, and here I am, ready to enjoy all the good things of this bright world."

Sinclair's look of delight and admiration told her she had nothing to fear from his inconstancy.

Later in the evening there were two card tables set out in the back drawing room; in the front room there had been collected several persons who separated, some to sit down to the card tables, and four who still lingered at the piano.

Theresa and Sinclair somehow got into a corner, and Cora and Giulio seated themselves at a window.

"You have been in Havana for some time, Miss Stanley," began Giulio. The conversation soon turned upon other subjects, approaching more nearly to individual relations.

Giulio smilingly commented upon Theresa's evident enjoyment of Sinclair's society, and said. "I begin to think we have

been playing at cross purposes; did you know that Theresa has released me from the engagement which so long subsisted between us?"

Cora's quick blush and downcast eyes answered his question.

"Do you remember the last time I saw you, Miss Stanley?"

He waited in vain for an answer, "Answer me, Cora, you must have known what I then felt, when bound by an engagement which I dared not break, I thought I was bidding a last farewell to her," he stopped for a moment and in a low, impassioned tone he continued, "to her by whom my very soul was enthralled. Can you feel, dearest Cora, the bliss that fills my heart, to be able to tell you how I adore you? Cora, you have listened to me, oh, tell me, my idolized Cora, that you return my passionate love."

She raised her eyes for one moment and tried to speak, but her eyes sank beneath the intolerable light of that burning look, and the words died upon her lips. But that timid look spoke volumes to the lover's heart.

"You have not spoken dearest; give me your hand."

It was given, and a whispered answer at length gave certainty to Giulio.

A few days afterwards, Sinclair and Theresa came to an explanation, and as the whole four now understood the difficulties which had existed, and the twisted web being now made straight, Theresa undertook to set all right with her parents. At first there was a strong feeling to combat in M. and Madame Hernandez, but Theresa at length gained her point.

"Ah, darling Cora," said the gay girl, upon relating the success of her mission with her father and mother, "if it had not been for my selfishness and self will, we should never have come to such an understanding as we now enjoy. You and Giulio would have sacrificed yourselves to me."

"No, no, Theresa, not to selfishness do we owe our happiness, but to your instructive knowledge that you were not given the full love that was your due. How Giulio could prefer me to you, I cannot imagine; unless, that being brought up together, you regarded each other as brother and sister."

"I suppose you do not like to hurt my feelings, or you would say, 'I cannot imagine how you could prefer Sinclair to Giulio,'" laughed Theresa, kissing Cora and flying away to write to Sinclair and Giulio that all was amicably settled.

The next spring saw a happy family party assembled to witness the double marriage. The ceremony was performed in Havana, and never did the sun shine upon a fairer or a happier group than stood before the altar arrayed in bridal robes.

Ventilation of Sleeping Apartments.—Their small size and their lowness render our bed rooms very insalubrious; and the case is rendered worse by close windows and thick curtains and hangings, with which the beds are often so carefully surrounded as to prevent the possibility of the air being renewed. The consequence is, that we are breathing vitiated air during the greater part of the night; that is, during more than a third part of our lives; and thus the period of repose, which is necessary for the renovation of our mental and bodily vigor, becomes a source of disease. Sleep, under such circumstances, is very often disturbed, and always much less refreshing than when enjoyed in a well ventilated apartment; it often happens, indeed, that such repose, instead of being followed by renovated strength and activity, is succeeded by a degree of heaviness and langor which is not overcome till the person has been some time in a purer air. Nor is this the only evil arising from sleeping in ill ventilated apartments. When it is known that the blood undergoes most important changes in its circulation through the lungs by means of the air which we breathe, and that these vital changes can only be effected by the respiration of pure air, it will be easily understood how the healthy functions of the lungs must be impeded by inhaling for many successive hours the vitiated air of our bed rooms, and how the health must be effectually destroyed by respiring impure air, as by living on unwholesome or innutritious food. In the case of children, and young persons predisposed to consumption, it is of still more urgent consequence that they should breathe pure air by night as well as by day, by securing a continuous renewal of the air in their bed rooms, nurseries, schools, &c. Let a mother, who has been made anxious by the sickly looks of her children, go from pure air into their bed room in the morning before a door or a window has been opened, and remark the state of the atmophere, the close, oppressive, and often fœted odor of the room, and she may cease to wonder at the pale, sickly aspect of her children. Let her pay a similar visit some time after means have been taken, by the chimney ventilator or otherwise, to secure a full supply and continual renewal of the air in the bedrooms during the night, and she will be able to account for the more healthy appearance of her children, which is sure to be the consequence of supplying them with pure air to breathe.—Sir James Clark on "the Sanative Influence of Climate."

Notes in Natural History.

Combat between a Rat and a Ferret.—A striking proof of the sagacity, courage, and I may say *reasoning* powers of these animals, has been recently given me by a medical friend living at Kingston. Being greatly surprised that the ferret, an animal of such slow locomotive powers, should be so destructive to the rat tribe, he determined to bring both these animals fairly into the arena, in order to judge of their respective powers; and having selected a fine, large, and full-grown male rat, and also an equally strong buck ferret, which had been accustomed to the haunts of rats, my friend, accompanied by his son, turned these two animals loose in a room without furniture, in which there was but one window, and the two philosophers determined to watch patiently the whole process of the encounter. Immediately upon being liberated the rat ran round the room, as if searching for an exit. Not finding any means of escape, he uttered a piercing shriek, and with the most prompt decision took up his station directly under the light, thus gaining over his adversary (to use the language of other duelists) "the advantage of the sun." The ferret now erected his head, sniffled about, and seemed fearlessly to push his way towards the spot where the scent of his game was strongest, facing the light in full front, and preparing himself with avidity to seize upon his prey. No sooner, however, had he apppoached within two feet of his watchful foe, than the rat, again uttering a loud cry, rushed at him with violence, and inflicted a severe wound on the head or neck, which was soon shown by the blood which flowed from it; the ferret seemed astonished at the attack, and retreated with evident discomfiture; while the rat, instead of following up the advantage he had gained, instantly withdrew to his former station under the window. The ferret soon recovered the shock he had sustained, and erecting his head, once more took the field. This second rencontre was in all its progress and results an exact repetition of the former, with this exception, that on the rush of the rat to the conflict, the ferret appeared more collected, and evidently showed an inclination to get a firm hold of his enemy; the strength of the rat, however, was very great, and he again succeeded not only in avoiding the deadly embrace of the ferret, but also in inflicting another severe wound on his neck and head. The rat, a second time, returned to his retreat under the window, and the ferret seemed less anxious to renew the conflict. These attacks were resumed at intervals for nearly two hours, all ending in the failure of the ferret, who was evidently fighting to a disadvantage from the light falling full on his eye whenever he approached the rat, who wisely kept his ground, and never for a moment lost sight of the advantage he had obtained. In order to prove whether the choice of this position depended upon accident, my friend managed to dislodge the rat, and took his own station under the window; but the moment the ferret attempted to make his approach, the rat, evidently aware of the advantage he had lost, endeavored to creep between my friend's legs, thus losing his natural fear of man under the danger which awaited him from a more deadly foe. The ferret by this time had learned a profitable lesson, and prepared to approach the rat in a more wily manner, by creeping insidiously along the skirting, and thus avoiding the glare of light that hitherto had baffled his attempt. The rat still pursued with unabated energy his original mode of attack, namely, inflicting a wound and avoiding at the same time a close combat; while it was equally certain that his foe was intent upon laying hold of, and griping his intended victim in his murderous embrace. The character of the fight, which had lasted more than three hours, was now evidently changed, and the rat appeared conscious that he had lost the advantage he originally possessed, and, like the Swedish hero, had taught his frequently beaten foe to conquer in his turn. At last, in a lengthened struggle, the ferret succeeded in accomplishing his originally intended grapple; the rat, as if conscious of his certain ruin, made little farther effort at resistance, but, sending forth a plaintive shriek, surrendered his life to his persevering foe.—[Jesse's Nat. Hist.

Why do fishes, when dead, float on the surface of the water with the belly uppermost? Because the body, being no longer balanced by the fins of the belly, the broad muscular back preponderates by its own gravity, and turns the belly uppermost; as lighter, from its being a cavity, and because it contains the swimming bladders, which continue to render it buoyant.—[White's Natural History.

In the University library, Edinburgh, is preserved a horn which was cut from the head of Elizabeth Love, in the 50th year of her age. It grew three inches above her ear, and was growing seven years.—[Grainger's Biogr. History.

Age is like the air we breathe; every body feels it, but no one sees it.

Scenes in the Wilds.

ENCOUNTERS WITH SAVAGE BEASTS.

Fearful Adventure.—Mr. Moffat, in his "Scenes in Southern Africa," gives an account of his escape from a tiger and a serpent, which was truly providential. He had left the wagon to which he belonged, and wandered to a distance among the coppice and grassy openings in quest of game. He had a small double-barreled gun on his shoulder, which was loaded with a ball and small shot. An antelope passed at which he fired, and slowly followed the course it took. After advancing a short distance, he saw a tigar-cat staring at him between the forked branches of a tree, behind which his long spotted body was concealed, twisting and turning his tail like a cat just going to spring on its pray. This he knew was a critical moment. Not having a shot of ball in his gun, he moved about as if in search of something on the grass, taking care to retreat at the same time. After getting, as he thought, a suitable distance to turn his back, he moved somewhat more quickly, but in his anxiety to escape what was behind, he did not see what was before, until startled by treading on a large cobra di capello serpent, asleep on the grass. It instantly twirled its body round his leg, on which he had nothing but a thin pair of trousers, when he leapt from the spot, dragging the venomous, deadly, and enraged reptile after him, and while in the act of throwing itself into a position to bite, without turning round, he threw his piece over his shoulder, and shot it. Taking it by the tail, he brought it to his people at the wagons, who, on examining the bags of poison, asserted that had the creature bitten him, he could never have reached the wagons. The serpent was six feet long.

Engagement between a Sailor and a Shark.—In the time of Queen Anne, the sailors on board of the York Merchant, a collier, having disembarked the last part of their lading at Barbadoes, those who had been employed in that dirty work ventured into the sea to wash themselves, but had not been long there before a person on board observed a large shark making toward them, who gave notice of the danger; upon which the men swam back, all but one reaching the boat in time to save themselves. That one poor fellow, however, the monster overtook, when, griping him by the small of the back, the devouring jaw soon cut him asunder. He soon swallowed the lower part of the body, the remaining part being taken on board. The deceased had a comrade, and between them there had long existed a friendship which was distinguished by all those endearing reciprocities that imply union and sympathy of souls. On his seeing the severed trunk of his friend, he was filled with emotion and horror too great to be expressed by words. During this affecting scene, the shark was observed traversing the bloody surface searching after the remainder of its prey. The rest of the crew thought themselves happy in being on board; the sorrowing comrade alone was unhappy, at his not being within reach of the destroyer. Fired at the sight, and vowing that he would make the devourer disgorge, or be swallowed himself, he plunged into the deep, armed with a sharp-pointed knife. The shark no sooner saw him, than he made furiously toward him, both equally eager—the one for his prey, the other for revenge. The moment that the shark opened his rapacious jaws, his adversary dexterously diving and grasping him with his left hand somewhat below the upper fins, successfully employed his knife in his right hand, giving him repeated stabs in the belly. The enraged shark, after many unavailing efforts, finding himself overmatched in his own element, endeavored to disengage himself, sometimes plunging to the bottom, then mad with pain, rearing his uncouth form above the blood-stained waves. The shark at last, much weakened, made toward the shore, and with him his conqueror, who, flushed with an assurance of victory, pushed his foe with redoubled ardor, and by the help of the tide dragged him to the beach, there ripping up his bowels, and afterward uniting and burying the several parts of his friend's body in one grave.

Dreadful Fight with a Tiger.—From Mr. Latrobe's "Journal of a visit to South Africa," we select an account of a dreadful conflict with a tiger and one of the missionaries:

"Wolves having done much mischief at Groene Kloof, an attempt was made to destroy them. For that purpose, the missionaries Bonaty and Schmitt, with thirty Hottentots, set out early in the morning. One of these animals was seen, and lamed by a shot, but escaped and entered the bushes. The Hottentots followed, and called to the missionaries that the wolf was in the thicket. Schmitt rode back, and alighting, entered with one of the Africans. The dog started an animal: it was a tiger, which, by a flying leap over the bushes, fastened upon the Hottentot, seizing his nose and face with his claws and teeth. The distance from where the tiger made his spring, and where the poor native stood, was twenty feet, over bushes from six to eight feet high. Schmitt observed, that had it not been from the horror of the scene, it was an amusing sight to behold the enraged creature fly, like a bird, over that length of ground and bushes, with open jaws and lashing tail, screaming with violence. The poor Hottentot was thrown down, and in the conflict, lay now upon, now under the tiger. The missionary might easily have effected his escape, but his own safety never entered into his thoughts,—duty and pity made him instantly run forward to the assistance of the sufferer. He pointed his gun, but the motions of the tiger and his prey were so swift, that he durst not venture to pull the trigger lest he should injure the man and miss the brute. The tiger at length perceiving him to take aim, instantly quitted his hold, worked himself from under the Hottentot, and flew upon Schmitt. As the gun was of no use in such close quarters, he let it fall, and presented his left arm to shield his face. The tiger seized it with his jaw—Schmitt, with the same arm, catching one of his paws to prevent his outstretched claws from reaching his body. With the other paw, however, the tiger continued striking toward his breast, and tearing his clothes. Both fell in the scuffle, and, providentially, in such a position that the missionary's knee came to rest on the pit of the animal's stomach. At the same time he grasped its throat with his right hand, keeping him down with all his might. The seizure of his throat made the tiger instantly quit his hold, but not before Schmit had received another bite, nearer the elbow. His face lay right over that of the tiger, whose open mouth, from the pressure of the windpipe, sent forth the most hideous, hoarse, and convulsive groans, while his startling eyes, like live coals, seemed to flash with fire. In this situation, Schmitt called aloud to the Hottentots to come to his rescue, for his strength was fast failing, rage and agony supplying to the animal extraordinary efforts to disengage itself. The Hottentots at last ventured to enter the thicket, and one of them, snatching the loaded gun, presented it, and shot the animal under the missionary's hand, right through the heart."

Attacking a Tiger in his Den.—Some men are so dauntless that they will attack the tiger in his den.

While the British army was lying at Agoda, near Goa, in the East Indies, in 1809, a report was one morning brought to the cantonments, that a large Cheetur had been seen on the rocks near the sea. About nine o'clock, a number of horses and men assembled at the spot where it was said to have been seen, when after some seerch, the animal was discovered to be in the recess of an immense rock; dogs were sent in, in the hope of starting him, but without effect, having returned with several wounds.

Finding it impossible to dislodge the animal by such means, Lieutenant Davies attempted to enter the den, but was obliged to return, finding the passage extremely narrow and dark. He attempted it a second time, with a pick-axe in his hand, with which he removed some obstructions that were in the way. Having proceeded a few yards, he heard a noise, which he conceived to be that of the animal. He then returned, and communicated with another officer, who also went in the same distance, and was of a similar opinion. What course to pursue was doubtful; some proposed to blow up the rock, others smoking him out. At length a port fire was tied to the end of a bamboo, and introduced into a small crevice which led toward the den. Davies went on his hands and knees down the narrow passage which led to it; and, by the light of the torch, he was enabled to discover the animal. Having returned, he said he could kill him with a pistol; which being procured, he again entered the cave and fired, but without success, owing to the awkward position in which he was placed, with his left hand only at liberty. He next went with a musket and bayonet, and wounded the animal in the loins; but he was obliged to retreat as quick as the narrow passage would allow, the tiger having rushed forward and forced the musket back toward the mouth of the den. The lieutenant next procured a rifle, with which he again forced his way into the cave, and taking a deliberate aim at the tiger's head, fired, and put an end to its existence. This gallant officer afterward fastened a strong rope round the neck of the tiger, by which he was dragged out, to the no small satisfaction of a numerous crowd of spectators. The animal measured seven feet long.

Tiger Nonplussed by an Umbrella.—In the beginning of the last century some ladies and gentlemen, being on a party of pleasure under the shade of some trees near the banks of a river in Bengal, observed a tiger preparing for its fatal spring, when a lady, with almost unexampled presence of mind, unfurled a large umbrella in the face of the animal, which instantly retired, and this gave an opportunity of escaping from so terrible a neighbor. Another party had not, however, the same good fortune, but in the height of their entertainment in a moment lost, one of their companions, who, being seized and carried off by a tiger, was never heard of more.

Incidents of Travel.

ETCHINGS OF ITALY.

CATHEDRAL OF MILAN.—It was late, and the moonlight alone guided us, as we sought the cathedral of Milan, that famous structure reared by the piety or the superstition of centuries. There it stood, graceful and majestic, every statue and column reflecting back the soft light. Often had we viewed it by day, and paced its glorious interior, while the sun's setting rays poured a yellow light down the marble pillars, and the solemn chant of the vespers, mingled with the swelling tones of the organ. There is something peculiarly solemn in the evening ceremonial of the Roman Catholic Church, when the deep monotonous chant resounds through the aisles of some vast cathedral, and the few lights glimmering at the altar, but heighten the increasing obscurity, and impress with the idea of unknown vastness. And when the night comes on, let him who had marked the sun's last rays mingling with the deep coloring of the painted windows, stand beneath the vast shadow of that magnificent Duomo, when every glistening spire points upward to the dark vault of heaven, and he may depart, assured that seldom has a more glorious tribute been offered by mankind to attest a true and eternal creed.

THE LAST SUPPER.—There is an old, dirty, unpretending building in Milan, once a convent, afterward used as a barrack by the French, who have always assimilated their ideas more to the church militant, than the church triumphant, and often showed their considerate attentions to the monastic order, by easing them of any superfluity they might possess. Within this convent is a large room unpromising in appearance, which yet contains one of those monuments of genius or inspiration so long appreciated by an admiring world—the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci. The colors are fast fading from the wall, and in a few years nothing, perhaps, will remain but the remembrance of this glorious painting. Nothing—for, although many have been the attempts to reproduce it, and thousands of copies profess to give a true idea of the original, yet like many other things, they fall far short of their professions. The world will at length learn that there are a few things which cannot be copied—which defy imitation, being themselves inimitable.

Such are those great monuments of man's creative power, which, as they assimilate the creature nearer to the Creator, so in our imperfect state are few and far between, as palm trees in the desert, from whence centuries may date, and which successive generations may long despair to equal. The coloring of this famous painting has been often renewed, which circumstance may excite a similar question to that concerning the celebrated ship Argo, whether any portion of the original exists. But the expression of the Saviour's countenance, the lofty majesty of his brow, the melancholy yet commanding look of Him who grieved at the treachery of Judas, yet resigned himself to his fate, these remain to attest a master hand—a noble spirit, which derived from the highest sources of inspiration. It might seem as if the artist had caught one gleam from above, one heavenly glance, and fixed it there, the material realization of his own inspired thoughts. Such is genius, true and immortal. It seeks no meretricious greatness, no satisfaction except that of having accomplished its task, fulfilled its mission. Regardless of interest, forgetful of the world, it asks not, but commands the homage of an admiring universe.

THE LAZZARETTO AT MILAN.—He who would realize to himself a tale of suffering such as the annals of history have seldom paralleled, should read that fearful description of the plague at Milan, given by Manzoni, and then visit the Lazzaretto, the scene of so many tragedies of that eventful time. Outside the gate of the city is a low range of buildings, surrounded by a stagnant ditch, and enclosing a small square where the rank grass grows, the picture of misery and desolation. A small chapel rises in the midst, where those who had survived that awful visitation might return thanks for their deliverance. A few of the buildings are tenanted by some miserable poor, and around the pillars which support the porticos some parasitical plants have twined, as if to mock by their presence the general decay. Scarcely could five hundred persons be accommodated there with comfort, yet during the famine which preceded the plague, twelve thousand destitute beggars were cooped up in that narrow space, until they had bred the seeds of infection which, when released, they dispersed all through the city. At no period of history, not even during the plague at Athens, when famine and war, added to the calamity, has such a picture of suffering mingled with heartless recklessness and degrading superstition been presented to the world. The rapid spread of the infection, after the procession of the relics of Saint Borromeo, might have taught them to look to a higher power for support in their calamity. Yet the senseless persecution of the anointers showed that a dreadful scourge was yet needed to convict them of their errors. And dreadful was that scourge. The sun glared upon the devoted city with withering and baneful heat, the breath of the pestilence alone fanned their burning brows, the cloud hung above their heads; but no refreshing shower descended from its bosom—their ground was iron, and their sky brass. At length the cloud burst, the waters poured down in welcome streams, the sun shone with a genial light; but those waters rushed through deserted streets; the light streamed through palaces now only tenanted by the dead. Famine and pestilence had done their work, and the prince and peasant lay side by side in the grave—that great leveler of mortality.

The phenomena of the plague have been in general very similar, [illegible]if to mark it peculiarly as God's scourge upon an offending nation. [illegible]ere is one remarkable coincidence, however, which proves, in one instance at least, the similarity of the symptoms in different countries. We allude to the custom which still exists in Italy of saying "*salute*," and in Ireland "*God bless you*," when any person has sneezed. In Hibernia, where Paddy must have a reason, right or wrong, for what he does, this expression is merely considered as a pious invocation against the fairies. But in Italy, and especially in Milan, which may be called, "par excellence," the City of the Plague, that custom has been handed down as a tradition of that fearful visitation. Sneezing, as mentioned also by Thucydides, has always been a premonitory symptom of the plague, and thus the graphic description of the Athenian historian finds a witness yet to attest the truth of his narrative among the streets of Milan and the wilds of Ireland.

MANTUA AND CREMONA.—It is seldom that the reality surpasses those glowing images which the imagination is ever ready to supply, especially among scenes long present to the mind. Those who read with delight the beautiful rural descriptions of the Mantuan bard, might well suppose that his childhood was nurtured amidst all that is picturesque or striking in nature, such scenes as might fill the fancy and awaken the enthusiasm of the youthful poet. And yet the place of his birth is destitute of any of those features which constitute either grand or picturesque scenery. But Virgil was not alone the poet of Mantua, but of Italy, of the world, and of Rome, the world's mistress. And those who have visited that enchanting clime must be more impressed with the fact, that the Italy of the present day is still the land of which the Roman sang. Here the vine-dresser yet prunes his vines, and plants the alternate rows. Here, beneath the same cloudless and genial sky, the weary peasant seeks shelter from the noontide heat under the spreading beech or widowed elm; and some Arcadian beauties may yet be realized, not in that form in which they have been travestied by the imagination of our ancestors, when interesting shepherdesses in silks and brocades were pursued by love-sick shepherds, through clipped parterres and formal avenues. We can still imagine the dulcet sounds of the lute, the flocks collected from the summer heat, *sub pendente rupe*, while the hum of bees and the chirp of grasshoppers, *rumpunt arbusta cicadæ*, alone break the complete stillness and repose of an Italian noontide. It is the burlesque of nature, not nature herself, which is ridiculous, and excites the laughter of mankind. Whatever vicissitudes and changes a country may undergo, although many and different may be her masters, yet the bulk of her population, her peasantry, seldom change, but preserve the same characteristics from age to age. They are the children of the soil; all their sentiments and ideas partake of the scenes amidst which they live, and the air which they breathe. The English peasant of the present day is the true descendant of the Saxon who fought at Hastings; the Greek who disdained the Turkish yoke is not unworthy of his fathers who bled at Marathon; the Swiss dreams yet of Sempach and Morgarten; and the Italian, quick, fiery, and intelligent, might yet, beneath the eagles of another Cæsar, avenge the injuries of his fallen race.

THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE.—Whence comes this dark and gloomy structure, the relic of days gone by, of generations long passed away? Blackened by age, its vast proportions seemed piled by Titan hands. Like the scathed and blasted trunk of some mighty oak in the forest, it stands forth alone, claiming no kindred with the scenes around, in solemn solitude, the witness of a long extinct, though not forgotten race. There is something peculiarly strange and mysterious about these ancient structures which Rome has bequeathed to the world, the monuments of her power. Never have we been so impressed with the consciousness of her might, as when standing beneath the dark shadow of this shattered and ruined memorial. It might seem that the mighty genius of the empire still brooded over, and shadowed it by his vast wings. We feel ourselves awed as if by the presence of her, the tutelary guardian of the seven hills, whose mysteries were inscrutable, whose name never was uttered by lips profane. The form of this majestic ruin is still perfect, the stone seats remain, but much has yielded to time and decay. Some of those who seek a subsistence by selling relics and prints, have established themselves in the "vomitoria" beneath, like rats in a deserted barn. Thus generations have lived and died beside these mighty relics of a conquering race, scarcely conscious of their presence, with little sympathy for their fate; yet where shall we find a grander realization of the vast conceptions of that indomitable will which once subdued the world, than among those ruined memorials, the last legacy of Imperial Rome?

VENICE.—We remember a long time ago, when in our childhood every plantation was deemed a forest, every stream a river, before railways and engineers, and Commissioners of the Board of Works, had marred the beauties of the woodland, and driven away the "genii loci," the tutelary nymphs of grot and fountain, we remember having listened with delight to tales of fairy rings and dances, of enchanted lakes, whence rose by magic power, glistening pinnacles, and splendid towers, adorned with all the creations of a glowing imagination. Long had we deemed that such glories existed only in the fancy of the aged peasant, and never had we expected to see them realized, until one evening, when the setting sun was spreading its last rays through a veil of mist, rising from the waters, we saw through that vapory medium the very material realization of our childish dreams. There were domes and pinnacles, lofty "campaniles," and marble palaces, glistening through the mysterious veil of golden mist, and built apparently on the shifting foundation of the waters; and scarce a sound was heard as we glided noiselessly along beneath the shadow of the palaces, through dark canals, where the moon in vain endeavored so penetrate, until we emerged at length into the broad bosom of the "Canal Grande," the principal thoroughfare of Venice.

The Ladies' Page.

SONG.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

Oh! what a gay, gay life is led
Down in the coral caves—
The sea-weed hanging overhead,
And, underneath, the waves!
There doth the elfin queen resort,
To weave her spells alone,
With pearly treasures for her court,
And coral reefs her throne.

Sweet music, like the breath of spring,
Breathes ever soft and low,
And tiny waves their off'rings bring,
As, still, they come and go.
Shells that speak of the sunny shore,
The tide of ocean laves,
Whose wealth hath not a gift in store
Pure as the coral caves.

[Hood for August.

THE HUNGARIAN LOVERS.

Perhaps there are few more touching events than that which occurred a few years since in Hungary, and for the truth of which there is ample testimony. The parties of whom the tale is told are now living happy in each other's affection, but under very singular circumstances.

The son of Count Haydik was brought up very much in the society of the daughter of his father's most intimate friend, Count Amody; this produced such habits of regard for each other, that the strongest possible attachment existed between them by the time they had ceased to feel as children.

The parents, delighted at their mutual affection, affianced them in marriage, and a stated period was fixed for the nuptial ceremony; but the rupture between France and Austria, which took place in 1809, postponed the event. Francis hesitated about the first step, but at length, yielding to the open solicitations of England, and the secret insinuations of Russia, and biassed by the subsidies of Great Britain, he declared hostilities against Napoleon.

The Emperor of Austria, according to ancient custom, called in the aid of his Hungarian troops; and the Hungarian nobility are bound to take a personal part in every war in which the national independence is at stake.

Young Enric Haydik was, therefore, obliged to forego his promised felicity, and obey the emperor's summons. He remained in military employment for nearly two years, but during the period of his absence the young Countess Amody became the victim to that most distressing of all diseases, the small-pox, which committed such direful ravages on her hitherto blooming face, that she herself experienced a feeling of utter horror when she first saw in her mirror the dreadful change. So powerful was the impression made on her mind by the sad event, that, resigning herself to Providence, she resolved and vowed never more to suffer her lover, the young count, to set his eyes on her, fully convinced that she could not hope, under the calamity, to continue an object of his admiration and affection. This argued considerable strength of mind and self-abandonment; but, before she had been allowed to execute a plan of retreat from the world which she had formed, her ardent lover returned. Count Enric Haydik was shocked at the tidings of the severe illness of his beloved affianced.

She at length consented to see him again, but for the purpose of declaring to him that, as it was impossible to expect happiness from his union with one whose appearance had undergone so great and so sad a change, she released him from his engagement, and had determined to pass her days with the consolations of religion in a convent.

When the lovers were brought into each other's presence, the young countess kept her face concealed in her handkerchief, and could not for a long time prevail on herself to raise her eyes on her beloved Enric. At last, venturing to steal a furtive glance, she discovered that he had been led into the room by his father, and that *he was deprived of sight!* Enric then tremulously narrated that, by the accidental explosion of a gunpowder canister, his powers of vision had been utterly destroyed; and that the melancholy intimation was withheld from her that it might not, during her dreadful illness, increase it. The young Countess Amody experienced a mixed feeling of sorrow and delight, but she vowed at once that she never more would stir from his side—that she would be his companion and conductor through life.

They were immediately married: and the bride is happy in having secured the continuance of her lover's affection by his loss of power to appreciate her loss of beauty; while the young and fond husband's joy is complete in finding a companion and constant partner in one whose former love for him was not likely to be diminished by his own severe misfortune.

R. B. Peake, in the Lady's Newspaper.

Poetry is the beauty of ideas—distinct from the beauty of things.

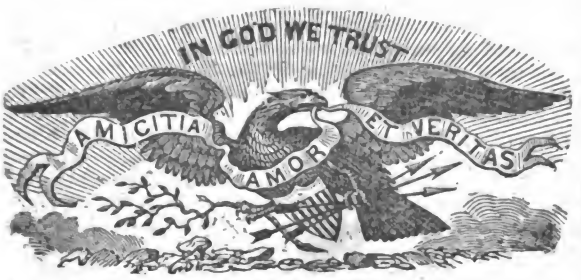
The Lover's Heart.—We make no apology for inserting the following story, since it is certainly authentic. About a hundred years since, there was, in France, one Captain Coucy, a gallant gentleman, of ancient extraction, and governor of Coucy Castle, which is yet standing. He fell in love with a young gentlewoman, and courted her for his wife. There was reciprocal love between them; but her parents understanding it, by way of prevention, shuffled up a forced match between her and one M. Fayel, who was heir to a great estate. Hereupon Captain Coucy quitted France in disgust, and went to the wars in Hungary against the Turks, where he received a mortal wound near Buda. Being carried to his lodgings, he languished four days; but a little before his death he spoke to an ancient servant, of whose fidelity and truth he had had ample experience, and told him he had a great business to trust him with, which he conjured him to perform; which was, that, after his death, he should cause his body to be opened, take out his heart, put it into an earthen pot, and bake it to powder; then put the powder into a handsome box, with the bracelet of hair he had long worn about his left wrist, which was a lock of Mademoiselle Fayel's hair, and put it amongst the powder, together with a little note he had written to her with his own blood; and, after he had given him the rites of burial, to make all the speed he could to France, and deliver the box to Mademoiselle Fayel. The old servant did as his master commanded him, and so went to France; and, coming one day to Monsieur Fayel's house, he suddenly met him with one of his servants, who, knowing him to be Captain Coucy's servant, examined him; and finding him timorous and to falter in his speech, he searched him, and found the said box in his pocket, with the note, which expressed what was in it; then he dismissed the bearer with menaces that he should come thither no more. Monsieur Fayel going in, sent for his cook, and, delivering him the powder, charged him to make a well-relished dish of it, without losing a jot, for it was a very costly thing, and commanded him to bring it in himself after the last course of supper. The cook bringing in his dish accordingly, Monsieur Fayel commanded all to leave the room, and began a serious discourse with his wife: "That ever since he had married her, he observed she was always melancholy, and he feared she was inclining to a consumption, therefore he had provided a very precious cordial, which he was well assured would cure her; and for that reason obliged her to eat up the whole dish; she afterwards importuning him much to know what it was, he told her at last, "she had eaten De Coucy's heart," and so drew the box out of his pocket, and shewed her the note and the bracelet. In a sudden exultation of joy, she, with a deep-fetched sigh, said, "This is a precious cordial indeed," and so licked the dish, saying, "It is so precious, that it is a pity ever to eat anything after it." Whereupon she went to bed, and in the morning was found dead.—[Howitt's Letters.

Kisses.—The Cardinal de Lorrain, uncle to Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, and a Prince, was once severely mortified in respect to ceremonial kisses, according to Brantome. This prelate had naturally a great respect for the ladies, but he forgot this respect, and not without reason, towards the Duchess of Savoy, Donna Beatrix, of Portugal. Passing, on a time, through Piedmont, in his way to Rome, for the service of his sovereign, he paid a visit to the duke and duchess. After having discoursed for some considerable time with the duke, he waited on the duchess, in her apartment, with a design to pay his compliments to her; and, on going up to this lady, she, who was pride itself, offered him her hand to kiss. The cardinal, vexed at this affront, drew nearer in order to kiss her lips, but she continued to draw back; when he, losing all patience, and going up nearer to her, snatched her head, and forced two or three kisses from her, to which she was forced to submit, though she screamed aloud, after the Spanish and Portuguese manner. "How, madam!" said he, "am I to be treated in this manner? I kiss the queen, my mistress, who is the greatest queen in the world, and sha'n't I kiss you, a little dirty duchess? I would have you know, that I have kissed as handsome ladies, and of as great or greater family than you." Brantome adds—"This princess was in the wrong to behave so haughty toward a prince of so august a house, and even a cardinal; considering the high rank which cardinals bear in the church, who consider themselves as on a level with the greatest princes of christendom. The cardinal, also, was to blame in taking so severe a revenge; but it is very grievous to a noble and generous heart, whatever be his profession, to receive an affront."

"There is something to me," says Lord Byron, "very softening in the presence of woman: some strange influence even if one is not in love with them. I always feel in better humor with myself and every thing else, if there is a woman within ken."

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."



NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1847.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

We endeavored to show in our last number, that there could be no arguments used against Odd-Fellowship, as being a dangerous secret association, based upon its resemblance to the leading secret societies which have heretofore existed in different ages and countries, and which were indeed institutions either reprehensible or dangerous in their character.

A very brief sketch of the leading secret organizations of past times, will sufficiently establish our position.

It is a well known fact, connected with the most remarkable of these associations, that they were originally formed to accomplish some political end: even those which were instituted ostensibly for religious purposes, seem to have merged themselves into political views, by their attempts to subvert the established religion of the state, or country, over which their operations extended, or their influence could be felt.

We pass over the early associations of Greece, the Eleusinian mysteries, the Orphic, Isiac and Mithriac: these were all religious mysteries. The first being nothing more than public services of the gods, with some peculiar ceremonies to be performed by the initiated. The other societies were merely modes employed by cunning and profligate imposters for taking advantage of the weakness and credulity of the sinful and superstitious. These were strictly religious associations. The ancient world presents one secret society of a professedly political character—that of the Pythagoreans. The founder of this society was a Samian by birth; he flourished in the sixth century before Christ. He had visited Egypt, and it is supposed that he drew from that country his design of uniting the Sarcerdotal system with the rigid morals and aristocratic constitution of the Dorian States of Greece. He partially succeeded in carrying out his designs, by means of association, but a persecution of the Order subsequently commenced, and the political character of the society was merged into a mere sect of mystic philosophers.

The only other secret societies, worthy of note in ancient times, were the different sects of the Gnostics, who are, by the fathers of the church, styled heretics; they were, to a certain extent, secret societies, as they did not propound their doctrines openly and publicly.

We come now to the celebrated societies which flourished during the middle ages. We pass over the famous Eastern Society of the Assassins or Ismaelites, whose name has become synonymous with murderer, and only briefly notice the once flourishing Society of Knight Templars, who were accused of holding secret doctrines subversive of true religion and morality. These societies would not be held up as examples, for denouncing the secret organizations of the present age.

The sect calling itself Rosicrucians, was also a secret society; nothing very distinct is ascertained concerning it. The society originated in the East in the fourteenth century. Its adherents appear to have imbibed their notions from the Arabians, and claimed the possession of the philosopher's stone, the art of making metals and the elixir vitæ. They professed to introduce their members into the hidden mysteries of the Elements, which, according to the Rosicrucian creed, were inhabited by Sylphs, Gnomes, Salamanders and Undines.

The Secret Tribunals of Westphalia were among the most striking characteristics of the middle ages. They were instituted during the most turbulent and lawless period of the history of Germany, for the avowed purposes of checking crime, avenging wrongs; and, in fact, they assumed that high executive power, which may be designated as despotic in its sway. They ruled by mystery and terror; the initiates were bound to secrecy by terrible oaths, implicitly to follow the directions of the leaders of the Order—even to the sacrifice of the dearest ties, or the most sacred connexions. The footsteps of this dreadful society were tracked with blood, and mystery and horror were its constant attendants. When the power of the Secret Tribunals, or "Free Knights," as they are usually designated, was exterminated by the course of improvement in the state of society, numerous other organizations arose, partaking, in some degree, of the main features which characterized the societies of antiquity. The Illuminati, the Carbonari, and the Theosophists, were of this class. All these secret institutions were opposed to existing institutions; they sought the reformation of the established orders of Religion, and required a political and social change in the whole body politic.

From this rapid, and necessarily imperfect, sketch of the leading secret societies, which have flourished in the world, it will be perceived that Odd-Fellowship, in its avowed designs of furthering the principles of benevolence and brotherly love, has no affinity whatever with such organizations. By the express stipulations of our Order, religious or political objects are wholly excluded from our proceedings. We are simply organized to carry practically into operation, a mutual interchange of charity and good will. It neither interferes, nor conflicts with, established governments, or recognized doctrines in Religion. Its mission is, to foster a more enlarged spirit of humanity, by a well systematized discharge of the duties of charity and benevolence. And all objections against our Order, based upon a reference to the evils of other secret societies which have existed in the world, are totally without foundation, and simply because there is a singleness and purity of purpose in Odd-Fellowship, which, in every candid mind, should place it beyond the reach of suspicion or reprehension.

☞ We have received an epistle from Rev. Bro. J. G. Forman, finding serious fault with us for not publishing his communication which recently appeared in the Odd-Fellow respecting our certificate; and for the notice which we took of it. Bro. F. denies manifesting any "considerable anxiety," to have a "friendly controversy," &c.—is "astonished" at our want of recollection, and "surprised" at some other things. Well, Bro. F. we are perfectly willing to let the matter be as you say. We are content that the whole subject rest where it is. The merits of the certificate *have* been pretty thoroughly discussed in the columns of the Golden Rule—"both sides," too, as our readers will bear ample witness; notwithstanding Bro. F's. remark that we fear to have them see what may be said against our positions. And now, as we have said before, so far as we are concerned, we feel perfectly willing to leave the whole subject in the hands of the Grand Lodge of the United States. We have entire confidence in the intelligence and justice of that R. W. Body, by whose decision we shall abide. We are therefore of the opinion that we can occupy our columns more to the satisfaction of our fifty thousand readers than in reopening the discussion of a question which is so plain and simple in itself. Thus endeth the lesson.

Letters from Europe.—We acknowledge, with much pleasure the receipt by the last Steamer, of the first of a Series of Letters from our esteemed friend and brother, D. P. Barhydt, Esq., whose mission to Europe we noticed a few weeks since. The able essays of Bro. B. (the last of which appears in this number) have prepared our readers to expect a large share of entertainment and instruction from his "first impressions" of the Old World, which we hope to lay before them on the arrival of each steamer. We shall try to make room for Letter I. next week.

☞ Mira, the author of the fine story of "the Two Friends," which we conclude to-day, will greatly oblige us by communicating her address to this office.

THE ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP CONSIDERED.....NO. 5.

SUGGESTIONS AND CAUTIONS.

The practice of economy in the expenditures for regalia, furniture, &c., should be observed in Lodges. This will tend to increase their surplus funds. Yet, a large surplus fund is but dormant wealth, and must have its corrupting tendencies in Lodges as well as in other human institutions. The first of these would probably be exhibited in a luxurious splendor in the regalia and furniture. The next, perhaps, in those peculiar socialities, whose effects in excess tend not to the good of Odd-Fellowship. The accumulated wealth would also have a tendency to promote a feeling of exclusiveness among Lodges and the members of the Fraternity. And clearly, the growth of a feeling of exclusiveness would remove men farther from the pure relationship of brothers. It would be directly contrary to the equalizing of property principle, which is peculiarly the spirit of the pecuniarily benevolent feature of Odd-Fellowship. Therefore, at all points, it would be inconsistent with the true spirit of Odd-Fellowship, which seeks to equalize the bounties of Providence by compensating as far as may be for their deprivation.

When we hear a Lodge spoken of as a very rich Lodge, it causes painful emotions. Let us not become imbued with the love of wealth. We are now in the ascendant, and the genius of Odd-Fellowship is spreading its wings over the length and breadth of this great land, with a swiftness and steadiness of flight never before witnessed of any human institution. But in the hey-day of our prosperity is numbered the hour whose stroke shall knell our downfall. Such has been the experience of all past ages concerning all associations where man was the actor. Such will be ours, unless we avoid the danger that threatens to assail our prosperity. This danger lies in the ever closely following successor of prosperity. This close treader upon prosperity's heels is love of power and wealth. Ever treading closely in the footsteps of these last, is the monster corruption—and the slime-besmearing steps of that monster tend evermore downward. We never wish to hear of a rich Lodge. A competency, by which is meant that amount of funds which renders a Lodge competent to meet all legitimate drafts upon its treasury, is all it should seek, all it is safe, all it is right it should possess.

The funds of a Lodge are a sacred trust, and should be devoted solely to those legitimate uses its laws may acknowledge. Those so expended will be used in the work of benevolence—more might not be so bestowed. It might find other avenues of escape: it would find them. An unjust tax would have been levied upon members for illegitimate purposes.

Where there is a tendency to great increase of funds in a Lodge, let the benefits be ample; deal out to the orphans with a liberal hand. Allow the orphan child of no Odd Fellow of that Lodge to attain a majority devoid of a complete education as furnished by our schools. When benefits have been liberally provided for, let the increase, if it continue, be checked by a reduction of the rates of dues. But, at the risk of being charged with a paradox, we must say that, unfortunately, there does not at this time appear to be much danger of large surplusages accumulating in the treasuries of the Lodges. A disposition seems to prevail, somewhat too extensively, for expending Lodge funds in display, costly regalia, banners, &c. There is, however, a course of action which may reconcile the seeming paradox, and while it would enable the Order to gain in wealth, would at the same time insure such a disposition of the funds, as will merit the approbation of all right thinkers, and subserve the ends of benevolence and justice.

It may not be improper here to presume so far upon the kindness of members of the Order, as to suggest the means by which it is thought this may be effected. Though in its origin, so well, so happily devised, much wisdom has been exercised in the improvements engrafted upon Odd-Fellowship within the past few years. We have all been made sensible of the beneficial effects of those improvements. Who shall set limits to improvement? A past advance is ever but the propelling power for a future! And Odd-Fellowship—it is no disparagement to the institution to say it—may receive still further improvements, budding into life under the light of an improving and an advancing age.

The mutual principle, in its feature of refunding to members by dividend the surplus accumulations of funds, might be adopted. By surplus, is meant the excess after funding what may be deemed sufficient for the proper standing funds for the benevolent uses of the Lodge. These standing funds should be fixed at an amount that will be presumed sufficient to meet the ordinary drain. An addition may be made as a fair allowance for extraordinary casualties, if thought proper. The practice of refunding to members by dividend, when there should accrue an excess over the fixed amounts of the standing funds, would prevent the growth of a large surplusage, making what is usually called a rich Lodge, and which wealth would be likely to find vent in the avenues of extravagance and corruption above mentioned. We would fain save the *individual* from injustice at the hands of the *association*. By proper checks and counterchecks may we avert those evils which, though at first like the cloud, no bigger than the prophet's hand, may ultimately overwhelm us in a torrent of destruction.

In adopting the mutual feature of refunding, it should be left optional with the member to whom the sum is due to let it lie in the Treasury of the Lodge, accumulating by his annual dividends, and by interest for his future benefit. In this way, when age or distress should render the relief necessary, a fund would have accumulated to him sufficient to be of essential service. Under this system each member would be naturally averse to countenancing extravagance or unnecessary expenditures, because he would feel that they would tend to lessen what would be *his* benefits, when at a future day he might need them. We are now, most of us, young men; but we must, many of us, become old; and let us now perfect the system so as to provide against that day of incapacity, perhaps of poverty, perhaps of illness, which may come upon us.

While mankind are journeying on in the path of *progress*, they should use for aiding them in their peregrinations the vehicles that are practicable as being in accordance with the conditions of human nature. Individual interests should be brought to bear upon beneficial results in all the concentration of associated action, and interest be made to subserve the ends of benevolence. The love of self, the strongest of sentiments, should be directed into channels that run to a benevolent end. And many of these, associated, form a mighty force—the force which has been already developed in the operations of commerce, that great agent, or method, in humanizing and improving the condition of all nations and all people engaged in it.

Under this system, the dues contributed by individual members of the Order would not be frittered away and illegitimately expended, but would be *saved* as a provision for future necessity. Then the practically benevolent business institution of an insurance company and a savings bank would be seen existing under the title of Odd-Fellowship; and, combined with that more divinely moral feature, its social benevolence, the Order would form that efficiently beautiful whole it is designed to become.

While upon the subject of Improvements to be sought for, and evils to be avoided, we trust it will not be considered dolorously croaking raven-like to call attention to another danger threatening us. This danger, likewise, has its source in the prosperity of the Order, and the warning is peculiarly applicable to our young Lodges. It is well known that the rapid spread of the principles of our Order has produced its fruit in a thousand Lodges that have sprung into existence within a surprisingly short space of time. Scattered far and wide throughout this broad land, we daily hear of new Lodges born to the Order, ambitious of adding strength to the links of the triple chain, whilst ranging themselves under the broad banner of Odd-Fellowship to fight the fight of benevolence. The danger lies in this: that, in the enthusiasm which is the characteristic of youth, young Lodges will too hastily add to their numbers, and initiate into the sacred mysteries of the Order individuals unworthy of a participation in its beauties and its benefits.

Many temptations exist to produce this evil. One is in the enthusiasm named, which loves popularity and inclines to a disposition for drawing in numbers on the hale fellow principle. "Join our Lodge, we are growing fast, and have lots of good fellows among us," is likely to be the invitation the generous heart of youth prompts it to utter, perhaps too indiscriminately. This temptation seems to assail the socially benevolent feature.

Another is the ambition to compare favorably with other Lodges in numerical strength. An object often sought to be achieved by this numerical strength is to acquire, through rapidly accumulating initiatory and degree fees, the additional funds necessary for securing ability to meet its obligations. A natural desire of independence, and at first, doubtless, purely free from the desire of growing rich—but one which will perhaps unconsciously cause original members of young Lodges to seek too earnestly, and receive too readily, new members—to omit that searching investigation into the moral character of applicants, so necessary to secure that purity in members, without which they cannot be Odd-Fellows.

If this evil does exist, and these dangers are incurred, to what an extent must they be now affecting the Order! In a degree proportionate to the vast number of young Lodges annually springing into existence.

We repeat it. In the hey-day of our prosperity is numbered the hour whose stroke, once told, shall knell our downfall! But, hoping on, hoping ever, we will labor for the accomplishment of the happy destiny our beloved institution is capable through its elements of attaining.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

DOVER, N. H. August 31, 1847.

BRO. WINCHESTER:—It may prove interesting to you and the readers of your valuable paper to receive, occasionally, some items of intelligence from the "Granite State." Should it prove acceptable to you, I shall be happy to supply you with whatever may come to my knowledge of particular interest to the Order.

You have already, I perceive, received the names of the officers elect of the G. L. of New Hampshire. I was not present at its session, but learn from Bro. SAMUEL H. PARKER, G. R. elect, from this state, that it was conducted with great harmony, and the interests of the Order amply secured by a wise and prudent legislation. The only act of public interest, passed at this session, was a resolution instructing her G. Representatives to use their influence and vote, in the G. L. of the U. S. for the restoration of the three months term. There seems to be a general movement throughout the Order in favor of a return to this old landmark of the institution; and it seems hardly probable that it will be resisted by the authorities assembled at Baltimore. They may insist on a more thorough trial of the six months term, or they may render it more acceptable to the Order, by abolishing the past official degrees, so that six months service as N. G. shall entitle members to all the priveliges and degrees conferred on Past Grands, instead of eighteen months service as Secretary, V. G. and N. G. The difficulty then will be in obtaining suitable members to fill the minor offices, as they will no longer be "stepping stones" to higher stations of honor, and have no degrees belonging to them. If experience demonstrates that the present system will not promote the interests and good of the Order, the better plan will undoubtedly be to return to the three months term.

The Order in Dover is in a prosperous and harmonious condition. There are two good Lodges here, Wecohamet No. 3. and Mt. Pleasant No. 16, and the members of each seem ambitious only to see "who can best work, and best agree." Within the last two months there has been a great amount of sickness in this place, and many have died of the prevailing complaint, which seems to be a malignant form of Dysentery. It is in adversity, that we witness the highest exhibitions of the good Odd-Fellowship is capable of doing. At no period has our institution, in this place, manifested its great and benevolent principles to such universal approval as now. The objections and carping of our opposers have been completely silenced by the great and unostentious manner in which the sick have been relieved, the dead buried, and the protection of our Order extended to the widow and orphan.

Two esteemed and worthy young men, members of the Wecohamet Lodge, have died lately, within about three weeks of each other—Bros. THOMAS DREW, and JAMES A. NEWLAND. They were both engaged in the active business of life, and enjoyed the confidence and respect of the community; but death makes no distinction in favor of the young and promising, and their earthly hopes have perished. They were followed to the grave by a large concourse of citizens, besides the members of the Order in procession, where the last solemn rites and ceremonies of Odd-Fellowship were performed, by your correspondent, the chaplain of the Lodge. May their virtues remain as fresh in our memories as the sprigs of evergreen we strewed upon their silent resting place.

The Patriarchal branch of our Order, is likewise established here. Quocheco Encampment No. 4, of Dover, is in a prosperous condition, and has many excellent members. Some of the most agreeable meetings I have attended any where, have been in the two Lodges, and Encampment of this town.

The Order in the State, is not very numerous, but is composed of a highly moral and intelligent class of men. You may therefore infer the stability and permancy of our institution in this state. It is not increasing rapidly, but steadily; and it bids fair to enjoy a more continued prosperity than some jurisdictions of a more rapid growth. The patriarchal branch seems to be less flourishing than the other: and in consequence of the small number of Encampments in the state, the Grand Encampment is sustained with difficulty.

It is the opinion of those well versed in the government of the Order, with whom I have conversed in this section, that a smaller number of Grand Encampments, having a wider jurisdiction and a larger constituency, will be necessary to their perpetuity, and prosperity. This will have to be accomplished by dividing this branch of the Order into Districts instead of States, and giving each Grand Encampment jurisdistion over a district. There are some peculiarities in the regulations and government of the Order in this State, which I like, and which I will reserve for a future letter.

Yours Fraternally, J.G.F.

"OLD HOWARD," "L. D. M." Literary Noticcs, and much other i[illegible] matter, we are obliged to omit for want of space.

DEDICATION AT MACON, MISS.

MACON, MISS., August 24, 1847.

TO-DAY we had a splendid turn-out for a small village. The Masonic Fraternity, Sons of Temperance and Odd-Fellows, formed the largest and most interesting procession ever witnessed in this place. The splendid new hall, erected by Stockman Lodge, was dedicated to the glorious objects of Odd-Fellowship, by G. M. THOMAS REED. The form used was that adopted by the G. Lodge of Mass. After an address by Bro. D. P. BESTER, the procession, accompanied by a large number of the ladies, marched to the hall, where the dedicatory services were performed. Our Lodge is probably in as healthy a condition as any in the S. W. But one year organized, to-day, we have initiated ninety-one candidates, and have now seventy-eight contributing members; the others having drawn cards for the purpose (twelve of them) of forming a new Lodge in a neighboring county—the other, having left the place. We have built the best hall in the State of Mississippi, owe but $600 on it, which is not due until March, and have *no other debts*. Our members are as enthusiastic to-day as they were in the formation of the Lodge. We have held but three meetings, at which there were not from thirty to forty members present, and a large majority of them live in the country; and on those nights the weather was so inclement it could not be expected of them to attend. As a general thing, our members attend well, although we do not, like many Lodges, impose a fine for non-attendance of members.

These items may not be of much importance to you, but believing, as I do, from personal observance, that this is, emphatically, the *best* Lodge in the State, I love to tell of its prospects and appearance.

I regret that a stagnation, as it were, of money matters, prevents me from getting more subscribers for your valuable paper; it is thought very highly of here.

I go to-morrow to Wahalak, with the G. M., to assist in opening the new Lodge, and will send you a list of the officers, and the prospects. This will be the 27th Lodge in the State.

Yours, in the bonds of our Order, A. M.

THE OFFERING AND GOLDEN RULE.—It seems Bro. COCHRAN is not fully satisfied with our "arrangements," in New England, for the delivery of the Offering by means of our own Agents. We are sorry he is displeased, and cannot think he is the least *alarmed* lest we should encroach somewhat upon his subscription list. It surely is no fault of ours if the intelligent men composing the Order in all "Yankeedom," should prefer the G. R. to the O. F.; but if they *will* have our paper, from a coincidence of opinion with Bro. RIDGELY as to its merits, we have not the heart to refuse to place their names on our books. Indeed, we are doing quite a business in this way, and have an opinion that there will be a "pretty smart sprinkling" of the GOLDEN RULES and OFFERINGS "all along shore," by NEW YEARS DAY. Wait and see.

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

☞ The R. W. Grand Lodge of New York, I. O. O. F. will hold an adjourned Session, at their Hall, Canal street, on Wednesday evening next, the 15th inst.

SACKETS HARBOR, August 30, 1847.

WAMPANOAG LODGE No. 311, was instituted at this place last Wednesday evening, by D.D.G.M. ALEXANDER WILSON, assisted by brothers from Watertown Lodges. There were present also P.G. C. Girvan, of Little Falls and P.G. J. Van Vleck of Valatie. The prospects of the Lodge are really flattering, and we indulge the hope that we will have at least as fine a Lodge as can be found in Jefferson county. The officers installed are S. T. Hooker, N.G.; O. Robbins, 2d, V.G.; J. H. Magoffin, S.; J. C. Dann, T. M.

Iroquois Encampment No. 22, Ithaca—J. M. Ackley, C.P.; J. E. Hawley, H. P.; W. I. Tozer, S.W.; P. J. Partenheimer, S.; Daniel Place, T.; Samuel Stoddard, J.W.

Ithaca Lodge No. 71, Ithaca—L. Millspaugh, N.G.; C. S. Mills, V.G.; A. B. Clark, S.; P. J. Partenheimer, P.S.; Daniel Place, T.

Brockport Lodge No. 258, Brockport—Meets on Friday evening—Herman Field, N.G.; James L. Clark, V.G.; Bushrod W. Clark, S.; Edwin T. Bridges, P.S.; Joseph Ganson, T.

NEW JERSEY.

Extract of a letter dated BURLINGTON, Sept. 3, 1847.

BRO. WINCHESTER: * * * Our Lodge is in a flourishing condition, numbering about 125 members. We have just erected a new Hall, having under it three commodious dwelling houses. The brethren are imbued with the true spirit of Odd-Fellowship, and are moving harmoniously in the great path pointed out by the principles of our beloved Order. Our officers for the present term are: Robert T. Willitts, N.G.; John P. Goede, V.G.; Charles P. Smith, S.; George W. Norcross, A.S.; Lewis C. Leeds, T. Yours, N. S.

HUDSON DISTRICT.—We are pleased to learn that the Order in New Jersey is still upon the increase. An application for a Lodge to be hailed as MECHANICS LODGE No. 66, has been made to the Grand Master, to be located at Harsi

mus, Hudson county, and we learn there is a prospect of an application being made soon by worthy brothers at Hackensack, Bergen county.

Columbia Lodge No. 63, at Hoboken, is gradually on the increase, and meets regularly on Wednesday evening of each week.

Hudson Lodge No. 14, and Iroquois Lodge No. 32, at Jersey City, meet regularly, the former on Monday and the latter on Thursday evenings.

The work of the Lodges in this District is highly creditable to the members and Lodges of the District, which includes Benevolent No. 2, and Passaic No. 33, at Patterson.

Dedication at Dennisville Hall, Aug. 25, 1847.—The Hall built by the Odd-Fellows in our village was this day dedicated in a solemn and impressive manner to the sublime principles of the Order.

There were present D.D.G.M. Bateman, P.Gs. Mulford and McClung of No. 47, P.G. Brognard of No. 50, N.G. Richman of No. 47, and Cobb of No. 56. The brethren met in their Hall at 7 o'clock, P. M. whence, under the direction of the Grand Marshal, they marched in regalia to a pleasant grove, previously prepared for the occasion. There an address was delivered by Rev. Bro. Curran in his usual chaste and eloquent style, portraying the rise, progress and future destiny of the Order, based upon the principles of F. L. and T.

After singing of the beautiful Ode, "Brethren of our friendly Order," &c. the ladies of the village, through N.G. Richman, then speaker, (in which selection they were exceedingly felicitous,) presented to the brethren of Dennisville Lodge No. 60, a splendid copy of the Holy Scriptures—a gift significant of their views in regard to the principles of our institution—teaching us that while its sublime truth is calculated to enlarge the views and expand the minds—its equally sublime virtues should captivate our affections and prompt us to acts of Benevolence and Charity. The Bible was received in behalf of the Lodge by Rev. Bro. Curran with a few pertinent and appropriate remarks.

The procession was again formed under the direction of the Marshal and proceeded to the Hall. But here we found ourselves forestalled by an army of "smiling faces" who seemed determined to avail themselves of their *right*, and of the opportunity granted to ascertain why *Odd*-Fellowship could not be made *even*. As soon as silence could be obtained, the Hall was publicly dedicated to principles of Odd-Fellowship, by D.D.G.M. Bateman as G.M., P.G. Mulford as G.W., P.P. McClung as G.Mar., and Rev. Bro. Curran as G.Chap.

The services throughout were deeply interesting, and we hope and believe that a new impetus has been given to the Order in this place, which will be long felt in the community. The brethren that compose this Lodge, are all that we could wish them to be as Odd-Fellows, and under the auspices of its present efficient administration cannot fail to prosper.

After partaking of a sumptuous collation prepared by the Committee of Arrangements, the brethren again assembled at the Hall; the Lodge opened and proceeded to work. Six candidates were admitted and duly initiated into the mysteries of the Order. Several brothers having withdrawn by card, left the Lodge without sufficient degree members to work the same. They consequently applied for and received a dispensation from the D.D.G.M. and the degrees were conferred on several brothers. Yours Fraternally, A. M. N.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Sept. 7, 1847.

E. Winchester, Esq.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—On Saturday evening, 28th ult. Good Intent Lodge No. 261, was opened by D.D.G.M. Wright. at Forestville, Bucks county, and the following officers were duly installed, viz: P. D. Barthe, N.G.; H. H. Kemble, V.G.; S. W. Kirk, S.; Isaac P. Corson, T. In the evening 20 applications were received and referred to appropriate committees. Thus, you will perceive, that this Lodge has made a good start, so far as applications are concerned. Forestville is situated five miles from Doylestown.

On Monday, the 30th ult. the same officer opened St. Tamany Lodge No. 257, in the borough of Doylestown. This makes three Lodges in that place, which is the county town of Bucks county, and fears are entertained by some of our brethren that we have too many Lodges there. I however have a hope that all will live and be able to move along harmoniously, as there seems to me but one object which Odd-Fellows should have in view, and that is the good of the whole human race. Trusting that I shall have the pleasure of meeting you soon, believe me, Yours Fraternally.

Fort Necessity Lodge No. 254—we learn from the Washington Democrat—was instituted in that town, on the 6th of August, by D.D.G.M. James B. Ruple, of District of Washington. The following officers were elected and installed: Samuel Bryan, N.G.; Mathias Keely, V.G.; H. W. S. Rigden, S.; Martin Runyan, A.S.; David Clark, T. In the evening, 16 new members were regularly initiated into the mysteries of the Order, and one by card. This is a fair start.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Grand Lodge.—We are under obligations to G.Sec. W. H. Jones, for a printed copy of the proceedings of the R. W. Grand Lodge at its Annual Communication, held in the city of Boston, on the 5th of August, 1847.

The report of G.M. Wells is almost wholly devoted to local matters, of no particular interest. The reports from the several D.D.G.Ms. give a most satisfactory view of the condition of the several Lodges in the State. The G.M. closes his communication with the following eloqnent paragraph:

My Brothers! In closing this Report, and in taking official leave of you, I have to thank you for much good will as your brother; for much respect as your Grand Master. I cannot remember one intentionally unkind word or act from you, or one mark of official disrespect. Unwilling as I was a year since to accept this office, yet, you have made it so pleasant to me, that I would not now have the page of its record effaced from the book of my life. It will greet me in after times with many happy recollections of you. The illuminations of the page are from you; the errors and defects are my own. And as I now descend from this elevation of distinction and power, I feel that I am coming on the sweeter level of brotherhood, where the warm and ardent grasping of our hands shall animate each other's hearts and where, shoulder to shoulder, we will press on in the work of Good Will. So that, as this brotherhood shall gradually be broken up, we may each have Faith to see a better brotherhood beyond—a Hope of being members of it ourselves—a Charity gladly to extend it to others.

A resolution was adopted instructing the G. Reps. to vote for a return to the three months term.

A very able report was submitted by Rep. Ellison in favor of G.Sec. Ridgley's plan of a National Seminary of Learning, which was adopted We shall refer to it next week.

A special committee to which the subject had been referred, reported that when a brother becomes suspended for N. P. D. he does not become reinstated on paying up his dues, unless a vote of the Lodge declare him so, after a due investigation as to character and health.

A vote of thanks was passed to G.M. Wells and the Board of Officers for the very able manner in which they have discharged their duties.

The semi-annual reports of the 121 Lodges in the State, for the term ending June 30, shows the following condition of the Order: Initiations 834, admissions by card 169, withdrawn by card 166, reinstated 44, suspensions 262, expulsions 13, deaths 46: total number of members 12,613. Receipts $39,267: paid for benefits and charitable purposes $18,141.

RHODE ISLAND.

We are indebted to some good brother, (for which he has our thanks,) for a printed copy of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge at the Annual Communication held in Providence, Aug. 3, 1847. The proceedings are very brief. The Committee on Bro. Ridgley's Education Scheme reported adversely, and a resolution was passed instructing their G. Reps. to oppose any measure of the sort.

The result of the election of Grand Officers we have already given.

The reports of the Subordinates for the term ending June 30, show a small increase. Number of contributing members 1743. Amount of receipts $3905. Amount paid for relief $2626.

The Address of G.M. Barton on vacating the chair to his successor, contains much valuable information and suggestions for the Order in R. I. No new Lodges have been chartered during the year—there being few places left in the State where new Lodges could be sustained. Some of the Lodges have barely sustained themselves during the year, and in consequence some them have wisely raised the initiation fee and weekly dues. Friendly Union No. 1, Providence, has advanced her initiation to $25, and is in a prosperous condition. Others have gone to $10 and $15. Similar efforts having failed in other Lodges, the G.M. recommended an alteration of the Constitution—which it appears was not acted upon—making the minimum rates of initiation $10, and weekly dues 12½ cents. The G.M. reviews the condition of each Lodge consecutively, most of which are measureably prosperous. The six months term is almost unanimously approved. The G.M. fires a shot at the G. R. Certificate, which he says he interdicted—though the law on which his interdiction was founded remains to be discovered. In conclusion, the G.M. says:

Good feeling now exists among all the Lodges which comprise this jurisdiction. Much depends upon the action of this Grand Lodge to sustain those amicable relations which now exist. With grateful feelings, I tender my thanks for the assistance which I have received during my official term, from the past officers, and also from the members of the Grand Lodge. I add my hopes and warmest wishes for the individual welfare and happiness of every member of this body, for the success of the Order, and triumphal spread of those great and good principles which teach "Peace on earth and good will to man."

NORTH CAROLINA.

Extract from a letter dated Washington, Aug. 25, 1847.

Our Lodge—Phalanx No. 10—only instituted in November last, now numbers about 100 members, besides about 20 more elected, and we are now preparing to open an Encampment, which we hope to have organized in about two weeks. Our success has exceeded the expectation of the most sanguine among us, though we are still adding to our numbers almost weekly.

Yours in F. L. and T. T. H. H.

MISSISSIPPI.

Extract from a letter dated Coffeeville, Aug. 23, 1847.

Chickawa Lodge No. 27 was, I have the pleasure to inform you, instituted at this place on the 16th inst. by G.M. Thomas Reed, of Natchez, assisted by a number of brethren from Grenada Lodge No. 6. After the institution the G. M. made a short and very appropriate address, which was heard with pleasure. The officers elected are: N. C. Snider, N.G.; G. Q. Martin, V.G.; J. Q. Rayburn, S.; L. J. Choate, T. Our Lodge, as you perceive, bears an Indian name, the meaning of which is "good." We have every reason to think we will have a flourishing Lodge here. Your Certificate of Membership is received and is much admired. Yours Fraternally, S. H.

INDIANA.

Rochester Lodge No. 47—writes our correspondent J. H. S.—was instituted in the village of Rochester, Fulton county, on the (24th?) of August, by D. G.M. J. B. Eldridge, assisted by P.Gs. Warren of Neilson Lodge No. 12, J. P. Baker of Logan Lodge No. 40, and several brothers of said Lodges. The following officers were installed: J. H. Stalley, N.G.; A. F. Smith, V.G.; Saml. Stalley, S.; H. W. Maun, T. Four candidates were initiated, and several other propositions were received. The Lodge has a fine field for its benevolent operations, and will doubtless become highly useful. We are glad to hear that the Order in this State is highly prosperous, and rapidly increasing both in Lodges and members.

OHIO.

Extract from a letter dated Navarre, Aug. 17, 1847.

Heber Lodge No. — was instituted at Rochester, Stark county, on Saturday the 14th inst. by D.D.G.M. Wm. C. Euel, of Sippo Lodge No. 48, in the presence of a large number of brothers from the Lodges at Dover, Millersburg and Massillon. The following are the officers: William L. Warren, N.G.; Dr. A. Graves, V.G.; —— Philson, S.; S. Burwell, A.S.; —— Burgen, T. Nine candidates were elected and made acquainted with the mysteries [illegible] Meets on Tuesday night.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1847.

☞ Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, NEW YORK, by E. WINCHESTER, Editor and Proprietor, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms $2 a year in advance, or 6¼ per week, delivered by a carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

PHILADELPHIA.—The GOLDEN RULE is published in Philadelphia, by CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North Sixth street, by whom subscriptions will be received and papers delivered in any part of the city. Packages sent to the adjoining towns out of the mails.

BOSTON.—Office of the GOLDEN RULE, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L. WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the RULE sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

THE ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING.

Copies of this beautiful Gift Book can now be obtained at this Office, bound in the various *colors* of the Order—Price Two Dollars.

NEW ENGLAND AGENCY.—Bro. AARON PIERSON will visit all the brothers in the State of Connecticut, to supply the "Offering," and receive subscriptions to the GOLDEN RULE.

Bro. JAS. H. WHITNEY will visit the brotherhood in Rhode Island, and part of Massachusetts, commencing on the 21st inst.

Bro. L. BURKE will visit all the brethren in the States of Maine and New Hampshire, commencing immediately.

☞ Copies of the "OFFERING" can be obtained at our Boston Office, 40 Cornhill, up stairs, price Two Dollars each. Brothers visiting Boston on business or pleasure, from any part of New England, are invited to call, as above, and we promise them a cordial reception by Bro. L. WYMAN, Jr. our publishing Agent.

Agents for other sections will be announced soon.

TERRITORY OF WISCONSIN.

Bro. I. A. HOPKINS, Bookseller and Publisher, No. 146, U. S. Block, Milwaukie, has been appointed by us *Sole Agent* for the GOLDEN RULE in the Territory of Wisconsin, and all subscriptions paid to him, or his authorized agents, will be acknowledged by this Office.

Bro. Hopkins has also obtained the exclusive Agency of the "Odd-Fellows' Offering" for the Territory, and will visit every Lodge to carry out the objects of his Agency. From the high character for intelligence of the Wisconsin brothers, we expect a capital account of Bro. H.'s success.

LETTER FROM AN EDITORIAL FRIEND.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 8, 1847.

BRO. WINCHESTER:—I have been almost confirmed, within the past two or three weeks, in a belief which has been gradually forcing itself upon my mind, that in the machinery of nature and the seasons, a screw was loose somewhere; and that a very large quantity of caloric that *should* have been pent up for the use of some other region, had leaked out, and ran down its melting favors upon the "City of Brotherly Love." Why, we are all absolutely parboiled, evaporated, and almost annihilated, with the intense heat of the atmosphere; and the inhabitants, generally, go lolling about, lobster-like, and with the tongue protruding from the mouth to a dangerous length, in the hope of catching some faint, fresh breeze of air that *might*, perchance, stray among us. You, in New-York, don't know what *hot* weather is. Let it be ever so sultry in that place, at almost all times of day there is a cool, inspiriting, nerve-bracing breeze, wafted directly from the refreshing caverns of old ocean, which, when it reaches one, stimulates and invigorates the man; but here, the breeze is a hot flash, wilting down and enervating.

The city is full of strangers, at present, principally Western and Southern merchants purchasing their fall supplies of goods, and the hotels are filled to an uncomfortable degree. I had, previously to this time, been predisposed in favor of Southern and Western charter; but an intimate acquaintance, for a brief period, with many gentlemen from those regions of the country, has more than confirmed my impressions. There is nothing about them, which we see too much of in the Northern people, (and I don't speak it in disparagement,) of display, and boisterousness; but a quiet, calm, dignified bearing, so characteristic of the man who knows how to respect himself.

In the city, there is nothing of interest stirring. The fashionables are just beginning to return from the watering places; and we may hope, when this intolerable hot weather abates, for something worthy of noting.

A [illegible]teemed friend has sent me a most valuable and acceptable [illegible]n the shape of the "Odd-Fellow's Offering, for 1848." In [illegible]rtistical execution, it evinces a grateful improvement upon its predecessors, and the typography and binding is tasteful, and workmanlike. The engravings of "Reclaiming an Odd-Fellow," and "The Witch," I consider the best, and alone well worth the price asked for the book. The poem by Rev. Bro. T. B. THAYER, is the gem of the book, in my opinion. The presentation plate is happily conceived and tastefully executed; and the book is exactly adapted to the reasonable wants of any one having a desire to present to his lady love the best Annual of the season.

Philadelphia can boast, with justice, of the most beautiful theatres in the Union. The other evening I visited the Arch-street Theatre, R. E. BURTON, Manager, and there saw Mr. De Bar, an old and familiar New-York face, in some of his best characters. The interior of this theatre is very richly decorated, and the company one of the best in the Union.

Mdlle. BLANGY, the celebrated danseuse, who created such a *furore* at Niblo's, a season or two since, assisted by Mdlle. NEOMA, and Mons. BOUXARY, are at the Walnut street, performing the ballets of *L'Illusion d'un Peintre*, and *Gizelle;* and, notwithstanding the warm weather, attracting crowded houses. Mons. Bouxary is the best male dancer I have ever seen;—of Mademoiselle Blangy, she is perfection in her art, and I think, equal, if not superior, to Ellsler.

I intend, in a few days, when one can move with safety, to explore some of the nooks and crannies in and about the city, and I will then give you my impressions of matters and things.

Yours truly, D.

"THE ODD-FELLOW."—Bro. COCHRAN, the Editor of the periodical whose name heads this paragraph, and whose heart apparently overflows with the milk of human kindness, manifests his brotherly regard for us in the following peculiarly fraternal manner:

ANOTHER BOB TO THE KITE.—The publishers of the Golden Rule, with a tact peculiar to themselves, have seized upon the Odd-Fellows' Offering as a medium of extending their circulation in New England. The spurious certificate having become stale, the Golden Rule has been attached as the bob to another kite. No agent is allowed to distribute the Offering unless he will agree to act as the sole agent of the Golden Rule. Though the Offering *may shine*, we doubt whether it can soar with such a weighty attachment to its nether extremity. A bag of sand, or a huge stone, tied to the toes of a drowning man, would but feebly illustrate the companionship of the Odd-Fellows' Offering and the Golden Rule.

We are fortunately in a position in which such feeble missiles can do us no possible harm; and we have not the disposition to retaliate, by characterizing Bro. C.'s as an Odd-Fellows' paper only in *name*, containing seldom any intelligence of the progress of the Order, and only an occasional article on the subject, more frequently selected from country papers than from original sources, and the uniform dullness of whose pages is seldom relieved by either taste, industry or talent—we will not say a word of this—though there are few of its readers who could not testify to its truth. Neither will we institute a comparison with our cotemporary, but will rather leave all these matters to the judgment and taste of the readers of the two papers respectively.—We hope our worthy brother's spleen has not been unduly excited by paragraphs like the following, which we copy from the last number of the Olive Branch, edited by P. G. M. Rev. THOMAS F. NORRIS—a paper which has the largest circulation of any periodical in New England—a fact which speaks volumes in favor of the ability with which it is conducted:

"The Golden Rule and Odd-Fellows' Family Companion," is published every Saturday by E. Winchester, No. 30 Ann street, New York, in an elegant form for binding, sixteen large double-column pages, at two dollars a year in advance. This is the oldest, and best weekly periodical of the Order, in the United States. Read the following letter from James L. Ridgely, Esq., Grand Rec. and Cor. Sec'y. of the G. L. U. S., dated—

'BALTIMORE, June 22, 1847.

'The Golden Rule is to me a most welcome and valued visiter, and since it has fallen into your hands, I have witnessed its gradual and steady improvement, with great pleasure. It has now become, in my judgment, by far the best periodical in the Order; and I do trust that a discerning and intelligent Brotherhood, will, by a liberality worthy of your great exertions, enable you still more to augment its usefulness to the Order at large.

'With great respect, your friend and Brother, JAMES L. RIDGELY.'"

☞ WE tender our acknowledgements to our excellent brother, P. G. H. J. CANNIFF, of Lafayette, for a copy of the "Constitution, the standing Rules and Orders, and the General Laws of the Grand Lodge of the I. O. O. F. Indiana, adopted at the Semi-annual Communication held at Indianapolis, January 1847." It is a valuable document, which we shall carefully preserve.

☞ A correspondent at Quincy, Ill. writes us as follows:

Our late R.W.D.G.M. THOMAS ELMES, Jr. will, in a few days, leave us to make Birmingham, Conn. his future residence. We regret his departure, but what is our loss will be a gain to the Fraternity in that thriving place. He is an ornament to the Order. May prosperity attend him.

THE GAVEL.—The first number of a new volume of this monthly is on our table. We see that it has changed hands, both as respects publisher and editor; and also been removed from Albany to Hudson. From this last place it is now issued by Bro. Clark W. Bryan, under the editorial supervision of himself and Bro. James Batchellor. Bros. Donaldson and Tanner are also engaged as associate editors. The list of contributors is large, though we fancy some of them are what *were*, rather than what *are*. One of the *Misses*, at all events, has been *Mrs.* for a considerable period. And we have no recollection of another (T. B. T.,) engaging as a contributor. The most we remember, is having sent a communication to it a long time ago, since which we have never seen a number. We noticed an article, original in the Rule, copied without credit, and in a mangled form. This, however, we suppose to be unintentional, as the piece has been freely copied—far and near—in the same form. The present number of the Gavel (September,) is well filled with original and selected matter; and the Editor's table is abundantly provided. Success to it, and all engaged in it.

UNITED STATES CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.—We learn that this body meets in this city on Wednesday and Thursday of next week, 15th and 16th inst. It is expected there will be a large assemblage from all parts of the country. Many of the most distinguished clergymen of the denomination will be present. Services will be held in the several churches of this city, Brooklyn and Williamsburg. A full programme is printed in a neat form for distribution. They can be had at 140 Fulton st. second floor, or at the churches tomorrow.

SAD DISASTER.—On Monday morning, August 28, the boiler of the engine in the logwood extract mill of the Messrs. Sanford, at Stamford, Conn., exploded and killed four men. Of these, one was William Henry Downing, son of Bro. Benjamin Downing, of Columbia Lodge, No. 1, of this city, and keeper of Eaton's Neck Light House, Long Island. He was about 21 years of age, and has left a wife and child to deplore this irreparable loss. He was a painter, and was at work on the outside of the building.

His remains were carried to Newport, R. I., his late residence, for interment, and his funeral was attended on Thursday, the 2d inst., by the members of the two Lodges of Odd Fellows, "Ocean" and "Rhode Island," out of respect for his father, who is one of the oldest P. G.'s now living in the United States.

TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.—We have neglected to call the attention of our readers to this popular medicine, which has been frequently advertised in our paper. Its virtues have been highly extolled by Physicians, Clergymen, and thousands of the afflicted who have been made whole by its use. We have used it in our family, and can recommend it. Dr. T. is a worthy member of our Order, and would never sell a medicine which did not possess the virtues claimed for it.

O. F. BREASTPINS, JEWELRY, &c.—Brothers who desire an emblematic breastpin, at once neat, rich and beautiful, are recommended to call on Bro. S. HAMMOND, 44 Merchant's Exchange, William st. near Wall, where they will find a large variety from which to choose, at prices most resonable. Watches and Jewelry, of the most elegant description, can also be found at Bro. S's.

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM continues to attract crowds of Visiters. The view of the Moving Panorama of the City of London, is alone worth more than the price of admission—to say nothing of the innumerable other objects of attraction. No one should come to New York without visiting the Museum.

THE ODD-FELLOW'S OFFERING, FOR 1848.—*Twelve Elegant Engravings.* This beautiful and popular annual of the I. O O. F., for 1848, is now published at the office of the "Golden Rule," 40 Cornhill, up stairs, where brothers are invited to call and obtain their copies. Price two dollars, bound in the various colors of the Order, and stamped in gold, with a superb emblematical design. The literary contents are of the first quality, and the work in every respect superior to the previous issues. ☞ The publisher of the "Golden Rule," has the *exclusive agency* for the New England States, of this work.—[Boston Olive Branch.

Necrology.

QUINCY, Ill. August 23, 1847.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—A little more than a month has elapsed since the date of my last communication to you, informing you of the present organization of the Grand Lodge, &c. Now the sad duty devolves on me of announcing the demise of our R.W.D.G.M. WASHINGTON J. TAYLOR, Esq. of Canton, Fulton county. This fact has just now been communicated to me, without the attending particulars. He had not been in office one month at the time of his decease. Truly, in life we are in the midst of death.

But death has come nearer to us. Our Rev. Bro. S. S. PARR, P.G., who but a few weeks since left us to take up his residence in Hannibal, Mo. has also gone to his rest! I send you the very appropriate remarks of a brother, upon his decease, in a late number of the Quincy Herald.

The following resolutions were passed by Quincy Lodge No. 12, of which he was a member, at a special meeting called on receiving the intelligence of his death:

Whereas, we have received the painful and melancholy intelligence of the death of Rev. Bro. S. S. PARR, a member of this Lodge, and whereas in that death the Order has lost one of its brightest ornaments and ablest defenders—society a generous and worthy member—and christianity a pious and devoted advocate—and whereas it is proper on such an occasion to express our deep sensibility of the loss we, as Odd-Fellows and citizens of the community have sustained, therefore

Resolved, That we have heard with feelings of the most poignant grief of the decease of Bro. S. S. Parr, and that the high estimation in which he was held, an estimation based upon his virtues, will embalm his memory in our hearts, and his character pure and bright in our recollections.

Resolved, That we tender to the widow and relatives of the deceased, our sincere condolence for the overwhelming bereavement visited upon them, in the loss of a kind husband and indulgent father, and that they may rest assured though they have been deprived of their greatest stay and support and kindest friend, they can still lean with confidence upon the Order and find in it a friend.

Resolved, That the members of this Lodge wear the usual badge of mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, and published in our city papers and those of Hannibal.

REV. S. S. PARR.—In the last Herald, we perfoemed the painful task of announcing the decease of a friend and brother, Rev. S. S. Parr. Time, then, did not permit us to speak of him as his worth and talents deserve, and even now, ability is sadly deficient in paying the last office of friendship to his memory. Bro. P. moved to this city from Mississippi some two years since, and became the pastor of the first Baptist Church, where his fervid eloquence drew large congregations of attentive listeners. A revival was the result of his preaching, during which a number were added to the Church. For eighteen months he continued to preach to his brethren, when he accepted a call to go to Hannibal, where the grim messenger of death met him in his usefulness, and summoned him to the presence of his master.

There are minds, not cast in the common mould—far scanning and far seeing—minds that look into the vista of the future—minds far in advance of the age in which they live, holding little sympathy with the world with which they are surrounded, living in it, but not of it, and little understood by that world; of quick perception, acute sensibility, and warm affections Such minds are continually hungering and thirsting for the sympathy of communion of congenial spirits, but they are doomed to bitter disappoiniments, and to suffer, less dangerous, but more acute anguish than the starving body. The world knows almost nothing of this moral starvation, because it is incapable of appreciating the source whence it arises.

Bro. Parr's was such a mind; he lived fifty years too soon; he knew it, felt it, and uttered it in his pulpit. His preaching was fifty years nearer the millennium than any of his cotemporaries; hence he was little understood, except as an eloquent and forcible speaker, and less appreciated. As a pulpit orator he had no superior and few equals; and as an independent and fearless preacher, one that was wont to declare the whole counsel of God, and hold up and denounce the peculiar sins of his Church and hearers, he stood almost "solitary and alone." in his preaching he was plain, forcible and convincing. He presented the Gospel in all its simplicity, its power, its adaptedness to the wants and condition of the human family. He was a kind husband, and affectionate father; a warm friend, a devoted BROTHER, and a great lover of his race. In the meridian of his days and his usefulness he exchanged earth for heaven; he has gone to mingle with the "just made perfect," to receive the white robe and the palm of victory, and with the golden harp to add fresh notes to the melody of the redeemed.—[Quincy Herald.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 1, at Schaghticoke, N. Y. by Rev. Orrin Peer, Bro. JAMES G. GORDON, of Schaghticoke Lodge No. 216, and Miss CHARLOTTE T. COON.

Sept. 5, in Brooklyn, by Rev. T B. Thayer, Mr HORACE MORSE, of New York, and Miss JANE M. PILGRIM, of Brooklyn.

Sept. 7, by the same, Mr. JAMES B. ARMSTRONG, of Canada, and Miss ABIGAL B. BREWSTER, of Brooklyn.

DEATHS.

At Haverstraw, Rockland county, Bro. MORDECAI L. FOWLER, of Rockland County Lodge No 76. He was one of the best members of the Lodge, and an estimable citizen, and his loss is sincerely regretted by a large circle of brothers and friends. The Lodge passed the usual resolutions of sympathy and condolence.

August 19, at Little Falls, N. Y. JACOB J. K. son of P.G. Henry Link, aged six months and eleven days. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

The following appropriate Stanzas, by Miss LAURA EGGLESTON, from the Utica Evangelical Magazine, are selected in reference to the above:

Sweet child! sleep soft. Amid the flowers
Thy lifeless form is laid to rest;
The arbor-vitæ o'er thee towers,
In waves of sighing foliage drest;
The wild bird's song above thee floats,
And mingles with the zephyr's sigh;
And starry insects' dreamy notes
Breathe o'er thee as they onward fly!

This glad earth, with its rainbow flowers,
And ringing with its million sounds,
No more may lure thee to its bowers,
Translucent streams, and pleasure-grounds;
The moon, pale empress of the night,
Her silvery rays shall o'er thee cast;
Autumn thy emerald covering blight,
And winter o'er thee swell his blast!

Sweet child! sleep soft. The thunder-peal,
So startling, may not break the spell;
Upon thy brow is set the seal
Of the Death-Angel—pale and fell!
But *soon*, the trumpet's thrilling strain
Shall penetrate the voiceless tomb;
The sleeping dead shall rise again,
And thou, sweet child, wilt fadeless bloom!

DR. E. W OWEN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 330 Bowery.—Office 56 Bond-street, N. Y. feb27:tf

DR. TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD! This extract is put up in quart bottles; it is six times cheaper, pleasanter and warranted superior to any sold. It cures diseases without vomiting, purging, sickening, or debilitating the patient.

The beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other medicines is, while it eradicates diseases it invigorates the body. It is one of the very best Spring and Summer medicines ever known; it not only purifies the whole system and strengthens the person, but it creates new, pure and rich blood; a power possessed by no other medicine. And in this lies the grand secret of its wonderful success. It has performed within the past two years, more than 35,000 cures of severe cases of disease; at least 6,000 of these were considered incurable. More than

3,000 cases of Chronic Rheumatism;
2,000 cases of Dyspepsia;
4,000 cases of General Debility and Want of Energy;
7,000 cases of the different Female Complaints;
2,000 cases of Scrofula;
1,500 cases of the Liver Complaint;
2,500 cases of Disease of the Kidneys and Dropsy;
8,000 cases of Consumption;

And thousands of cases of Diseases of the Blood, viz: Ulcers, Erysipelas, Saltrheum, Pimples on the Face, &c. &c. Together with numerous cases of Sick Headache, Pain in the Side and Chest, Spinal Afflictions, &c. &c.

This, we are aware, must appear incredible, but we have letters from Physicians and our Agents from all parts of the United States, informing us of extraordinary cures. R. Van Buskirk, Esq. one of the most respectable druggists in Newark, N. J. informs me that he can refer to more than 150 cases in that place alone. There are thousands of cases in the City of New York which we will refer to with pleasure, and to men of character. It is the best medicine for the preventative of disease known. It undoubtedly saved the lives of more than

5,000 CHILDREN THE PAST SEASON.

As it removed the cause of disease, and prepared them for the Summer season.

UNITED STATES OFFICER.

Capt. G. W. McLean, of the U.S. Navy, and member of the N. J. Legislature, has kindly sent us the following certificate. It tells its own story:

RAHWAY, Jan 2, 1847.

A year since I was taken with the Influenza, and my whole system left in a debilitated state. I was induced to try Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and after taking two or three bottles, I was very much relieved, and attribute it entirely to the said Sarsaparilla. I have continued taking it, and would not be without it under any consideration. G. W. McLEAN.

SCROFULA CURED.

This Certificate conclusively proves that this Sarsaparilla has perfect control over the most obstinate diseases of the blood. Three persons cured in one house is unprecedented.

THREE CHILDREN.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1847.

Dr. Townsend: Dear Sir—I have the pleasure to inform you that three of my children have been cured of the Scrofula by the use of your excellent medicine. They were afflicted very severely with bad sores: have taken some four bottles; it took them away, for which I feel myself under deep obligation.

Yours respectfully, ISAAC W. CRAIN, 106 Wooster-st.

TO MOTHERS AND MARRIED LADIES.

This extract of Sarsaparilla has been expressly prepared in reference to female complaints. No female who has reason to suppose she is approaching that critical period, "The turn of Life," should neglect to take it, as it is a certain preventative for any of the numerous and horrible diseases to which females are subject at this time of life. This period may be delayed for several years by using this medicine. Nor is it less valuable to those who are approaching womanhood, as it is calculated to assist nature by quickening the blood and invigorating the system. Indeed this medicine is invaluable for all of the delicate diseases to which women are subject.

It braces the whole system, renews permanently the natural energies—by removing the impurities of the body, not so far stimulating the system as to produce a subsequent relaxation, which is the case of most medicines taken for female weakness and disease.

☞ Principal Office, 126 Fulton-st. Sun Building, N. Y.; Redding & Co. 8 State-st. Boston; Dyott & Sons, 132 North 2d-st. Philadelphia; S. S. Hance, Druggist, Baltimore; Durol & Co. Richmond; P. M. Cohen, Charleston; Wright & Co. 151 Charles-st. New Orleans; 105 South Pearl-st. Albany; and by the principal Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States, West Indies and Canada. au28:eow:2t*

DR. J. PETTIT'S AMERICAN EYE-SALVE.

This simple, safe and sure remedy for the cure of weak, sore and inflamed eyes, by external application to their lids, whether acute or chronic, induced or symptomatic of scrofula, measles, small pox, spinal disease, intense use or external violence, is now within the reach of ALL in this city and vicinity. The astonishing and successful results in its use for years past, has earned for it a well merited celebrity. It stands on its own merits. To prevent the imposition of counterfeits, any person desiring an agency for the sale of "Dr. J. Pettit's American Eye Salve," will apply to him personally, or to H. Winchester, Druggist, at the general depot, No. 108 John-st. N. Y. jy3:eow:6m

THOMPSON'S PREMIUM TRUSS,

Improved by J. R. BENJAMIN, 13 Beekman-st., is universally approved of by the Medical Faculty, and all who use them, as the pressure can be graduated from one to fifty pounds on the rupture without a back pad, which does so much injury to the spine, causing weakness and pain in the back and sides, and often permanent spinal disease. Six days trial given and if not perfectly satisfactory, money returned. Those sending for this Truss, need only mention the side ruptured, and the measure round the hips. jy10:eowtf

SHERMAN'S OLASAONIAN, OR ALL-HEALING BALSAM.

IMPORTANT TO CONSUMPTIVES!—Read the following:

BROOKLYN, May 27, 1847.

Extract from the minutes of Long Island No. 63, I. O. of O. F.

Whereas, the gratuitous supply of Dr. Sherman's Olassonian given to members of this Lodge, has been the means in the hand of God of saving a brother from the ravages of Consumption, and relieving two others from severe colds and pains in the side, therefore

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are justly due and are hereby cheerfully given to Dr. Sherman for his kindness in granting the free use of his invaluable Olassonian to members of this Lodge.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be forwarded to Dr. Austin Sherman. Signed, JOHN A. WHALBY, Sec. Long Island Lodge No. 63.

[illegible], wholesale and retail by Dr. Sherman, 106 Nassau street, N. Y.

[illegible]OTYPING.—JOHN McNICOL, Stereotyper and Printer, No. 11 [illegible] street, New York, 4th story.

MARIAN DESMOND; OR THE HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY CHARLES BURDETT.—A few copies of this beautiful and popular story are yet on hand. It has been greatly admired, and has added much to the literary laurals of the author. Price 25 cents. Five copies by mail $1. Postage about 3½ cts. each. Address E. WINCHESTER, Publisher, N. Y.

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THE Subscriber takes great pleasure in announcing to the Brotherhood that the Offering for 1848 will be the most attractive and elegant volume yet issued. Edited by JAMES L. RIDDELL, G. S. of the U. S. G. L. and P.G. PASCHAL DONALDSON. It will be illustrated with 12 beautiful Engravings, including a correct view of the Odd-Fellows' Hall, now erecting in New York, and an elegant Presentation Plate, both surrounded with borders composed of the Emblems of our Order. These 12 Engravings are from the skilful burins of Brothers MATTESON and LOSSING. The paper, print and elegant classic binding will be of the best quality, and the Publisher assuress the Fraternity that the Offering for 1848 shall be a suitable book to present to their sweethearts wives and daughters. Price $2.

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BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING,

The whole combining the greatest variety, and the largest Stock of

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And in fact, every article adapted to the wear of man and the rising generation; combining the greatest assortment and largest stock ever on hand, the whole of which is submitted to a discriminating public's examination; and if as cheap, or cheaper than thay can purchase elsewhere, *THEN PATRONIZE.*

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Fine Gold and Silver English Patent Lever Watches; fine Gold and Silver Detatched Lever Watches; fine Gold and Silver Lepine Watches; Ladies and Gentlemen's fine Gold Guard Chains and Breast Pins; Ladies' Bracelets; Gold Pencils. ☞ Gold Watches as low as $20 to $25 each.

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REMOVAL.

D. P. BARNARD'S Law Office has been removed to 16 WALL-st. 3d story, back room, where his friends will hereafter find him. mar13:6m

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CHARLES GILMAN, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Quincy, Illinois, will give particular attention to the collection of all claims entrusted to him, as well as to the payment of Taxes for non-residents, investigation of Titles, &c. Satisfactory references given, when desired. au7

T. C. MOORE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

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A. WHITE'S, CENTRAL HOTEL, UTICA, New York ap24:tf

HIGHLAND EATING HOUSE.—C. M. HAGGINS, L. LESLIE, No. 10, Lindall street, BOSTON. ap10:tf

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JOHN KNIGHT, CARVER AND GILDER,

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Fenney's Warranted Razors; Wilson and Southern's Table Cutlery, &c.
Rodger's, Stenton's, and Wragg's Pocket Knives.
Rimmer & Son's English Warranted Needles.
Furnished Tool Chests, from 8 to 100 dollars.

The subscriber gratefully acknowledges the liberal patronage bestowed upon him by the public generally, since he commenced the Hardware Business at No. 44 Fulton Street, and begs to inform them, that for the conveniehce of his rapidly increasing business, he has taken the large new store, 73 Chatham-street, two doors above Duane, and has made large additions to his general stock of Hardware and Fancy Goods. He begs also to assure his friends and the public, that he will not abate his solicitude to please them in the new store, and pledges himself to sell as good an article as can be purchased in the city, at the lowest market price HENRY F. FAIRBANK, 73 Chatham-st. jan3

AUGUST REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEEIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (No. 11 Wall-st.) issued 176 new Policies during the month of August,, 1847, viz: to

Merch. & Trad.	53	Lawyers	2	Agents	6
Clerks	9	Physicians	6	Farmers	4
Manufactur'rs.	24	Clergymen	8	Sea Captains	5
Mechanics	27	Ladies	9	Engineers	2
Bankr's & Brokrs	5	Hotel keepers	3	Public officers	5
				Other occupat.	8

Total new policies in August, 1847 176

Surplus exceeding $350,000.

ROBT. L. PATTERSON, Prest. BENJ. C. MILLER, Secy.

JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent. JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner, at the office daily form 2 to 3 o'clock. s4

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LONDON.

A SAVINGS BANK for the benefit of the Widow and Orphan. (Empowered by Act of Parliament.) Capital £500,000 sterling, or $2,500,000. Besides a reserve fund (from surplus premiums) of about $185,000, (part of the capital is invested in the United States.)

T. LAMIE MURRAY, Esq., George-street, Hanover Square, Chairman of the Court of Directors in London.

UNITED STATES BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS—(Chief office for America, 74 Wall-st. N. Y.,) Jacob Harvey, Esq. Chairman; John J. Palmer, Esq. Jonathan Goodhue, Esq., Jas. Boorman, Esq., Geo. Barclay, Esq.. Saml. S. Howland, Esq.. Gorham A. Worth, Esq., Samuel M. Fox, Esq., Wm. Van Hook, Esq., and C. Edward Habicht, Esq.

Pamphlets, blank forms, table of rates, lists of Agents, &c. &c. obtained at the chief office, 74 Wall-st., 131 Bowery, or from either of the agents throughout the United States and British North American Colonies. je19:3m

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent for the U. S. and B. N. A. Col's.

GENUINE POPULAR MEDICINES.

AT the MAGASIN DE SANTE, (*Magazine of Health*) 130 Washington-st. Boston, may be obtained the following articles of Popular Medicine, *pure and genuine:*

BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM, the Great English Remedy for Consumption.

UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY FOR THE PILES—the only positive cure for that troublesome disease.

SANDS', BRISTOL'S and BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, and numerous other popular remedies for Scrofula.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail, at the Proprietor's prices, together with all the Popular Medicines in general use in New England—and a fine assortment of Perfumery and Cosmetics. Jy24:tf

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, August 3d, 1847.—To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York: Sir, Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE—A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICTS—One Senator for the THIRD Senate District, consisting of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth wards of the city of New York; One Senator for the FOURTH Senate District, consisting of the Seventh, Tenth, Thirteenth and Seventeenth wards of the said city; One Senatorfor the FIFTH Senate District, consisting of the Eighth, Ninth and Fourteenth wards of the said city; and One Senator for the SIXTH Senate District, consisting of the Eleventh, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth wards of the said city.

COUNTY—Also the following officers for the said city and county, to wit: Sixteen members of Assembly, One to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully, N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, August 5th, 1847.—The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided. J. J. V. WESTERVELT, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Baord of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Rev. Stat. vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 3d, part 1st, page [illegible]

ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER. NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON. TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

VOL. VII....No. 12. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1847. WHOLE No. 168.

Original Tales.

FRIENDS IN ADVERSITY.

BY L. A. GOBRIGHT, P. G.

It may be supposed that Charity is shorn, in part, of her loveliness, by a public exposure of her deeds, and that the eloquence of silence would the better become her votaries, leaving her sweet and gentle influence, like that of the dews of heaven, to be felt only by those on whom it noiselessly descends. But, having no desire to controvert the sentiments, it may suffice that the subjoined narrative is written in no spirit of gasconade. It is simply a page of history, not altogether obscure in the volume of Benevolence, which may, it is hoped, afford an additional incitement to members of the Brotherhood promptly to discharge the duty which their "sacred honor" enjoins, when occasion shall require their presence in the habitations of the afflicted.

George Bennett was born in a neighborhood proverbial for its morality, and in a location on the margin of the Susquehannah. Blessed with parents the most kind and intelligent, and whose piety, devoid of despicable bigotry, extended far, very far beyond the remotest sound of the chapel bell that long had summoned the villagers to their devotions, from infancy to manhood the instruction he received was calculated to make a deep, a lasting impression on his heart, and to direct his conduct in maturer years. He learned the trade of his father, who possessed "neither riches nor poverty," and, emerged from his minority, he looked forward to the future with joyous anticipations. He was now free—it was a new, an important era in his history.

Scarcely a year had expired before his father died; and this was the first sore affliction which he had ever experienced. Upon him now devolved the support of the family; a responsibility from which he did not shrink; and he devoted himself to business with an energy proportionate to the exigency, to procure for them a support.

If we look abroad, we can behold many, the history of whose lives is a continuation of sorrows. One calamity is scarcely passed, ere another ensues; and we a e impressed with the truthfulness of the remark, as applicable to to this class, that

"Misfortunes never come as single spies,
But always in battalions."

The humble dwelling in which George Bennett first saw the light of heaven, and around which so many fond memories clustered, was surrendered to appease the demands of creditors. Honesty, industry, good health, were his capital, with one of which he could not part without a sacrifice of happiness.

In the hope to better his condition, he removed to a town not far distant. Here he did not realize his expectations, and it was only by the greatest perseverence in his vocation that he could procure a livelihood for himself and the objects of his charge. However, he toiled on; and five years had elapsed since his father's death.

It was about this time that he learned the principles which characterize and govern the Order of Odd-Fellows, and became an attentive member.

His mother's health had long been declining, and, rather unexpectedly, on a Sabbath morning, she bade farewell to the scenes of earth!

Yielding to the advice of a friend, he again changed his place of abode, and arrived in the city of ——— in the autumn. He rented a house; and, expending the small amount of money which he had received, at a sacrifice, from the sale of his effects, he procured a few of the articles which make home comfortable.

He deposited his "card" in one of the Lodges, but neglected, perhaps from poverty, to pay dues, and was, as a consequence, soon removed from the pecuniary advantages which result from a compliance with the requirements of the Constitution, and which every member, not too largely indebted, can claim, not as worldly charity, but as an indisputable right.

It has already been remarked that he was the staff on which the remnant of the family leaned for support. But soon another calamity befel him, and when his prospects seemed to assume a bright aspect. Disease was in the city, supposed to be contagious, and he was one of its first victims. He was predisposed to sickness by intense anxiety of mind and excess of toil. And now poverty began to gaze into the chambers of that lowly household! With scarcely a dollar, almost a stranger, (for he had visited the Lodge but thrice,) and not intimately known to those who furnish, on credit, the immediate necessaries of life, his two sisters began to apprehend a frightful future, hightened by the fear that their brother might die!

Elizabeth, after a brief absence, returned with a physician. The purchase of medicine deprived them of two-thirds of their little means, and there was just enough remaining to subsist them for the day. Young as they were, with heavy hearts, they were assiduous throughout the weary watches of the night. Mournful reality! bright picture of sisterly affection! upon which the thoughtless world seldom gazes, but which is not hidden to Him whose "eye never sleeps, and whose eyelids never slumber!"

On the return of the physician the next morning, he found the lovely guardians, faithful as the vestal virgins, still at the sacred post. The sick man was no better; he was still consuming with fever, and suffering with delirium.

Jane was the younger sister; but in their attentions there was no difference in the ages of the two. One object, one hope, animated their bosoms; as it were, one eye watched the prostrate form of their brother—one hand smoothed his pillow; and their hearts throbbed in unison!

A female, neighbor hearing from the physician of Bennett's sickness, came to proffer her services, which were gladly accepted. It did not occur to the sisters to communicate the intelligence to the Lodge of which their brother was a member; but the neighbor informed her husband, who was attached to the Order; and he, without delay, made the fact known. In the evening, the Noble Grand, and four or five of the brotherhood, were in attendance, and two of them remained until the day beamed through the window, and the sisters awoke to renew their pure ministrations of love!

Brother Bennett, it will be recollected, was in arrears, and was not entitled, *by the Constitution*, to the customary alimony. This, however, did not operate to his disadvantage. The simple recital of his condition—the helplessness of those depending on him for support—the series of sorrows to which he had been subjected, and the truth that he was suffering with disease, all created a deep sympathy in his behalf, and opened as freely the purse-strings of the treasury to him as to others who had not permitted their dues to remain unpaid. The few who feared to expose themselves to the poisonous atmosphere of the chamber, provided substitutes; and thus there was no neglect in attention.

Elizabeth was suddenly taken ill, and Jane, almost heart-crushed, was placed in circumstances which can be but partially imagined. True to the inherent kindness of woman, she was as faithful as her wasted strength would allow.

The symptoms of the sick man began to change, favorably, and he inquired for Elizabeth. But she lay in a worse condition than himself. That she was rapidly hastening to the grave was prudently concealed from him. Female friends were her attendants, and nothing requisite to comfort was withheld. But what avail human efforts, when earthly hopes are fled? She died! For fear that this, if communicated to Bennett, might produce a relapse, the corpse was quickly brought down stairs by Odd-Fellows, deposited in the hearse, and, followed by two hacks, containing those who wept, conveyed to the place of sepulture!

He frequently inquired about the health of his sister, as he was yet in ignorance that her spirit had taken its flight to the realms of eternal day! If ever equivocation was justifiable, it was when he was told she was "better;" yes, "better"—the weary was at rest:

> "Sickness and sorrow, pain, and death,
> She feared and felt no more!"

When he had nearly recovered, the truth was gradually imparted to him; it was impossible, and no longer necessary, to conceal it, for he strongly suspected, from an ungarded remark of one who was present with him, the poignant reality!

Six weeks had elapsed, and the hue of health returned to Bennett's cheek. And, oh! how painful were his reflections that he was not not permitted to take farewell of his dear Elizabeth! to render the last sad offices due to the departed! But she was "better!" He had been so occupied in thought of himself, that it was not until now he could think intensely of others.

"Sister," said he, addressing Jane, "we are alone—we two are all that remain of the family. You know that I have loved you tenderly as a brother, but your faithful and inexpressible kindness in my misfortunes has drawn you nearer to my heart. And how shall I repay it?"

"By not talking to me on the subject, my brother," she replied, with a choked utterance; and her large blue eyes began to fill with tears, and she threw her head upon his breast, and wept aloud!

Bennett resumed business. Subsequently, in making inquiry of the undertaker, he was surprised to learn that the bill for the funeral expenses had been paid, as were those of the physician and the apothecary.

Since the occurrences above related, he drew his card, and again removed. And here the writer (without continuing the narrative further, and without wearying the patience of the reader,) will conclude by expressing the hope that Bennett, and every other true Odd-Fellow, may, in misfortune, find friends in need, and that Jane may experience a happy life in contrast with the woes that marked her adolescence!

City of Washington, August, 1847.

Original Poetry.

THE SPIRIT-LINKS.

BY BRO. H. L. STILLMAN.

I WANDERED out one summer eve,
When all was fresh and still;
The dew-drops lay within the vale,
The moon-beams on the hill.

The flowers were hid in beauty's mass,
Enfolding petals fair,
And balmy breathings from the south
Play'd gently through the air.

No gloomy shadows moved on earth,
No clouds upon the sky:
A fairy world seemed this below—
And *fairer* that on high.

I paused—to drink the fount of bliss,
Which flooded that fair night;
I sat me down to taste of joys
I ne'er had known so bright.

And as I sat, and gazed, and drank,
A vision o'er me stole—
So bright, so fair, so heavenly pure,
It thrilled my inmost soul.

It did not come with gorgeous glare,
It was no dream of earth:
But robed in modest purity
It sprang from heavenly birth;

And passing lightly o'er the sky,
To where the day-god set,
It left a track of golden light
My heart can ne'er forget.

Three Links upon the star-gem'd sky
Shone brilliantly and bright,
Out-shining in their sparkling rays
The fairest orbs of night!

Three glistening Links of purity,
The brightest gems of even:
Twin-sister Links of loveliness,
That chained the soul to Heaven.

The spirit-ties had linked them well
In the bonds of holy love,
And beauteous, burnished, golden rays
Encircled them above.

I sought to know what charms they bore,
Thus rivaling all on high?
When on the balmy gales of night
There came this soft reply:

"The light of FRIENDSHIP and of LOVE
To those fair links were given;
The light of purity and TRUTH
Has lured them home to Heaven."

Pulaski, Oswego county, August, 1847.

THE VOICES OF NATURE.

BY C. COLLINS VAN ZANDT.

Hast thou seen the sky at even,
When the sun was hastening home,
And the gorgeous arch of heaven
Glittered like some fabled dome?

For 'tis then the voice of nature,
Breathes in tones of earnest love,
A low prayer for every creature,
To our Father that's above.

Every little brook that's leaping
Like a silver thread along,
Every flashing torrent sweeping,
Lend their voices to the song.

E'en old ocean's waves, when rushing
Madly onward to the shore,
Chant a chorus, wildly gushing,
From the trembling billow's roar.

'Tis a dirge for the departed,
Those who sleep beneath its breast,
For the loved, the noble hearted,
Gone for ever to their rest.

See the giant tree-tops bending,
'Neath the breeze at close of day,
Up to heaven their voices sending,
Joining in the tuneful lay.

Then let mortals chant a chorus,
When the twilight closes dim,
To the God of love that's o'er us,
In all nature's vesper hymn.

WATERTOWN, Aug. 25, 1847.

BRO. WINCHESTER: A lady residing in Massachusetts, (that State where proscription of Odd-Fellows is the order of the day,) sent a beautifully worked wreath and motto of the Order to a gentleman of this place—a brother O. F. and friend of mine—accompanied by the following lines. Coming as it does from a young lady residing in that State, being so tastefully executed, and the verses themselves possessing much to be admired, a perusal of the whole being offered by the lucky donee to myself, I took the occasion to copy the verses which I now send you for publication, should you be willing to find them a place in your paper. Knowing your great desire to accumulate "rare bits," I feel confident this will be acceptable. I think that such young ladies as the author of this proves herself to be, are deserving of first rate Odd-Fellows for husbands. May they get them. But the verses:

A wreath for the Odd-Fellow, thus may it be
Composed of the richest of flowers
That e'er can be gathered in Poesy's land,
Or that flourish in Intellect's bowers.

I'll take from the green tree of *Friendship* a branch,
And seek for a fresh bud of *Love*,
With the blossom of *Truth*, elixir of life,
All sparkling with life from above.

Then the pure gem of *Charity*, holy and true,
With dew-drops of *Mercy* around,
And evergreen *Kindness* united to these,
A hallowed effulgence surround.

A sprig from the Olive, sweet emblem of *Peace*,
With some flowers of *Justice* entwined;
And leaves from the tree of *Benevolence* placed,
Give joy and content to the mind.

The sweet voice of *Hope* must not be forgot,
And *Faith* should come in for a place;
They are valued exotics of holiest birth,
A spotless bouquet for a vase.

E'en thus do I weave a choice garland of flowers,
To place on the Odd-Fellows' shrine;
'Tis an unfading wreath to cheer the lone hours,
All teeming with perfume divine.

But yet should the breath of neglect or abuse,
Pass over its beautiful form—
Believe me, 'twill fade, all its fragrance depart—
It lives in an atmosphere warm.

Respectfully yours, R.

The Ladies' Column.

THE ART OF DRESSING WELL.—Far different from all we have hitherto reviewed are the dress doctrines of her who next follows, though not so easily exemplified in details as in generals. The first study seems to be the becoming, the second the good, her third the fashionable, which, if it be both good and becoming, it always is, or may be. You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen and the recommendations of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be if it be ugly, or how recent a shape if it be awkward. Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows laws of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things, which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or at least made up by a French milliner, but which as often as not are bought at the nearest town and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is either rich or new. On the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors; nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gilt buttons, or twisted cordings. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress. All her inner borders and beadings are delicate and fresh, and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen it is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is no great art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of dress, her own station, her own age, and her points! And no woman can dress well who does not. After this we need not say that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome, nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even tempered, well-informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady.—[Quarterly Review.

GENOESE MATCH-MAKING.—Marriage is, at Genoa, a matter of calculation, perhaps more so than any where else; it is generally settled between the relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another; and it is only when everything else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her figure or manners, he may break up the match, on condition of defraying the expenses incurred. But this is seldom the case; the principal object, that of interest, being once settled, the bride follows the portion as a matter of course, and is often scarcely minded. There are in Genoa marriage-brokers, who have pocket-books filled with the names of marriageable girls of different classes, with notes descriptive of their figures and their fortunes. These people go about endeavoring to arrange connexions; if they succeed, they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion. The contents of their memorandums are often very curious.

HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.—Averroes was an Arabian philosopher of the twelfth century; and a young gentleman desired him to give his daughter in marriage. "Give me her," says the gallant to him, "and I will pay you her weight in gold!"—"Do you know," answered Averroes, "whether my daughter be beautiful or ugly; or whether you shall be pleased with her or not?"—"I have seen the copy of her," replied the other; "that is, her brother." "I am fearful," answered Averroes, "that your violent passion has hindered your knowing her." The young gentleman went away in confusion, and did not return to solicit again. It is a remarkable incident enough to see a gallant who will give her weight in gold for a young lady whom he never saw. The price seemed to be very high even in Spain, where people are not so fat as in other countries. Averroes would have been in the right to have asked the youth, "Do you know whether my daughter be little or great?" This explanation might have been of consequence, since in the latter case the price would have been greater, and the value less.—[Hottinger's Bibl. Theology.

HEARTS.—We see it stated by some wiseacre that the heart of a man weighs about nine ounces, that of a woman eight. As age increases, a man's heart grows heavier, and a woman's lighter, after thirty. Some girls lose theirs at sixteen.

WOMEN, though so amiable in themselves, are never quite so amiable as when they are useful; and as to beauty, though men may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love like seeing them at work.

PRETTY women kiss one another on coming into a room, because it is a graceful custom; they do the same on going away, because they are delighted to lose sight of one another.

The Family Circle.

"WATCH YE."

When summer decks thy path with flowers,
And Pleasure's smile is sweetest—
When not a cloud above thee lowers,
And sunshine gilds thy happy hours,
Thy happiest and thy fleetest—
Oh, watch thou, then, lest Pleasure's smile
The spirits of its hope beguile!

When round thee gathering storms are nigh,
And grief thy days has shaded—
When earthly joys bloom but to die,
And tears suffuse thy weeping eye,
And Hope's bright bow hath faded—
Oh, watch thou, then, lest anxious Care
Invade thy heart and rankle there!

'Mid all life's scenes, 'mid weal and wo,
'Mid days of mirth and sadness,
Where'er thy wandering footsteps go,
Oh, think how transient here below
Thy sorrow or thy gladness!
And watch thou always, lest thou stray
From Him who points the heavenward way!

Content and Discontent.—Two little girls went into the fields to gather flowers. Here they found buttercups, dandelions, violets, and many other pretty blossoms. One of the children was pleased with everything, and began to pick such flowers as she met with. In a little while, this girl had collected quite a bunch of flowers, and though some of them were not very handsome, yet altogether, they made a beautiful bouquet. The other child was more dainty, and determined to pick no flowers but such as were very beautiful. She disdained to gather the dandelions, for they were so common; and she would not pluck the buttercups, for they were all of one color, and did not take her fancy. Even the blue violets were not good enough for her. Thus the little pair wandered on through the fields, till they were about to return home. By this time, the dainty child, seeing that her sister had a fine collection of flowers, while she had none, began to think it best to pick such as she could get. But now the flowers were scarce; not even a dandelion, a buttercup, nor a violet was to be found. At length, the little girl begged a single dandelion of her sister, and thus they returned home. When the two children went to their mother she asked how it happened that one had so pretty a bouquet, while the other had but a single flower. The children told their story, and their mother then spoke to them as follows: "My dear children, let this little event teach you a useful lesson. Jane has been the wiser of the two. Content with such flowers as came in her way, and not aiming at what was beyond her reach, she has been successful in her pursuit, and has brought back a beautiful bunch of flowers. But Laura, who could not stoop to pick up buttercups and dandelions, because she wanted something more beautiful than could be found, collected nothing from the field, and was finally obliged to beg a dandelion of her sister. Thus it will always happen, my children, in passing through life. If you are content with simple pleasures and innocent enjoyments, such as are scattered freely along your path, you will, day by day, gather enough to make you contented and happy. If, on the contrary, you scorn simple pleasures and innocent enjoyments, and reach after those which are more rare and difficult to be obtained, you will meet with frequent disappointments, and at last become dependent upon others. Seek not, then, my children, for costly enjoyments or extravagant pleasures. Be industrious in gathering those which are lawful, and which are adapted to your situation. In this way you will cultivate a contented spirit, and secure your own peace. If, on the other hand, you disdain enjoyments that are suited to your taste and capacity, you will be hard to please, and perpetual discontent will dwell in your bosom. Thus you see, that one course will result in something better than riches, while the other will bring evils that are worse than poverty."—[Green's Annual.

"He is Somebody's Child."—A young lad was driving a spirited horse through the streets of the city, when the animal became frightened at some military music, and commenced running at a fearful rate, the arm of his driver being too feeble to restrain him. The excitement in the street was intense as the terrified creature kept increasing his speed, and dragged after him the frail vehicle and its frailer tenant, whose destruction seemed unavoidable. Presently the carriage struck a post and was dashed to pieces, and the boy was thrown on the pavement. At this moment all eyes were attracted to a lady who appeared in a state of distraction at what had happened. The people gathered around her to support her from sinking in the street, all supposing, from her suffering, that she was the mother, or at least a near relative of the boy who had been run away with. Some one inquired if the lad was her son. "My son," said she, "no, not mine; but he is *somebody's son*." She was a stranger to the child, but she was a mother, and the thought that the poor boy was a son of somebody was enough to overwhelm her as she followed with her eye the mad flight that threatened his destruction. How often has that same thought, "he is somebody's son," touched our own heart. We have looked upon a group of condemned criminals in their prison, and marked the fierce eye, the lowering scowl, the hard features, and then in a moment each man's innocent infancy would seem to stand before us; each of these is somebody's son. Once a mother's fond eye feasted on the smiles that played over that face, and her heart leaped with hope as she thought of the future. That future is come, but it is blighted and frost-bound; and if the parents yet live to see their disappointments, and are not themselves hardened in sin, how severe the calamity, because entailed upon them by the sin of him who was once that fair and sweetly smiling infant. What a dreadful thing is sin, viewed in such relations and bearings, turning into a spectre, a demon, the object of all others the most dearly loved. This single thought, "I am a son," the best loved of all created things by the parents from whom I sprung, ought to be enough to make me shudder whenever I am tempted to sin, lest by a course of sinning I should become that loathsome thing from which even a mother's love and a father's proud fondness may hereafter recoil. The thought that each individual, however steeped in guilt, is "somebody's child," has another use. It forbids me to despise or think lightly of any of human kind. There is no being of all the miserable around us, who is not "somebody's child."

The Almond Blossom.—"Dear mamma," said a lovely little girl to her mother, as they were walking together in the garden, "why do you have so few of those beautiful double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets, and they are so much plainer! what *can* be the reason?"

"My dear child," said the mother, "gather me a bunch of each. Then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violet."

The little girl ran off, and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almond and a few violets.

"Smell them, my love," said her mother, "and see which is the sweetest."

The child smelled again and again, and could hardly believe herself, that the lovely almond had no scent, while the plain violet had a delightful odor.

"Well, my child, which is the sweetest?"

"O, dear mother, *it is* the little violet!"

"Well, you know now, my child, why I prefer the plain violet to the beautiful almond. Beauty without fragrance, in flowers, is as worthless, in my opinion, as beauty without gentleness and good temper in little girls. When any of those people who speak without reflection may say to you—'What charming blue eyes! What beautiful curls! What a fine complexion!' without knowing whether you have any good qualities, and without thinking of your defects and failings, which everybody is born with, remember then, my little girl, the almond blossom; and remember also, when your affectionate mother may not be there to tell you, that *beauty without gentleness and good temper is worthless*."

Occupation for Children.—The habits of children prove that occupation is of necessity with most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing, still more to be usefully employed. With some children it is a strongly developed physical necessity, and if not turned to good account, will be productive of positive evil, thus verifying the old adage, that "idleness is the mother of mischief." Children should be encouraged to industry, and, if disinclined to it, should be disciplined into performing for themselves every little office relative to the toilet which they are capable of performing. They should also keep their own clothes and other possessions in neat order, and fetch for themselves whatever they want; in short, they should learn to be as independent of the services of others as possible, fitting them alike to make a good use of prosperity, and to meet with fortitude any reverse of fortune that may befal them. I know of no rank, however exalted, in which such a system would not prove beneficial.—[Hints on the Formation of Character.

Influence of Domestic Habits.—The man who lives in the midst of domestic relations will have many opportunities of conferring pleasure, minute in detail, yet not trivial in the amount, without interfering with the purposes of general benevolence. Nay, by kindling his sensibility, and harmonizing his soul, they may be expected, if he is endowed with a liberal and manly spirit, to render him more prompt in the service of strangers and the public.—[Goodwin.

Choice Miscellany.

THE WORLD.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

WANT sense, and the World will o'erlook it;
Want feeling—'twill find some excuse;
But if the World knows you want money,
You're certain to get it's abuse:
The wisest advice in existence,
Is ne'er on its kindness to call;
The best way to get its assistance
Is—show you don't need it at all!

"Man's the Gold!" said the Bard, with a feeling
That still his discretion outran;
For each day of our life is revealing
The bard should have said—"Gold is Man."
Gold is genius, and greatness, and merit;
Want gold—you want all that gold brings!
But if *fortune* you only inherit,
The World will excuse other things.—[London Jour.

SOVEREIGNS OF PERU—THE INCAS.—The sovereign was paced at an immeasurable distance above his subjects. Even the proudest of the Inca nobility, claiming a descent from the same divine original as himself, could not venture into the royal presence unless barefoot, and bearing a light burden on his shoulders in token of homage. As the representative of the sun, he stood at the head of the priesthood, and presided at the most important of the religious festivals. He raised armies, and usually commanded them in person. He imposed taxes, made laws, and provided for their execution by the appointment of judges, whom he removed at pleasure. He was the source from which every thing flowed—all dignity, all power, all emolument. He was, in short, in the well-known phrase of the European despot, "himself the state."

The Inca asserted his claims as a superior being by assuming a pomp in his manner of living well calculated to impose on his people. His dress was of the first wool of the vicuna, richly dyed, and ornamented with a profusion of gold and precious stones. Round his head was wreathed a turban of many colored folds, called the *llautu;* and a tasseled fringe, like that worn by the prince, but of a scarlet color, with two feathers of a rare and curious bird, called the *coraquenque*, placed upright in it, were the distinguishing insignia of royalty. The birds from which these feathers were obtained were found in a desert country among the mountains; and it was death to destroy or to take them, as they were reserved for the exclusive purpose of supplying the royal head gear. Every succeeding monarch was provided with a new pair of these plumes, and his credulous subjects fondly believed that only two individuals of the species had ever existed to furnish the simple ornament for the diadem of the Incas.

Although the Peruvian monarch was raised so far above the highest of his subjects, he condescended to mingle occasionally with them. and took great pains personally to inspect the condition of the humbler classes. He presided at some of the religious celebrations, and on these occasions entertained the great nobles at his table, when he complimented them, after the fashion of more civilized nations, by drinking the health of those whom he most delighted to honor.

But the most effectual means taken by the Incas for communicating with their people, were their progresses through the empire. These were conducted, at intervals of several years, with great state and magnificence. The sedan, or litter, in which they traveled, richly emblazoned with gold and emeralds, was guarded by a numerous escort. The men who bore it on their shoulders were provided by two cities, specially appointed for the purpose. It was a post to be coveted by no one, if, as is asserted, a fall was punished with death. They traveled with ease and expedition, halting at the *tambos*, or inns, erected by government along the route, and occasionally at the royal palaces, which in the great towns afforded ample accommodations to the whole of the monarch's retinue. The noble roads which traversed the table-land were lined with people, who swept away the stones and stubble from their surface, strewing them with sweet-scented flowers, and vying with each other in carrying forward the baggage from one village to another. The monarch halted from time to time, to listen to the grievances of his subjects, or to settle some points which had been referred to his decision by the regular tribunals. As the princely train wound its way along the mountain passes, every place was thronged with spectators eager to catch a glimpse of their sovereign; and when he raised the curtains of his litter, and showed himself to their eyes, the air was rent with acclamations they invoked blessings on his head. Tradition long commemorated the spots at which he halted, and the simple people of the country held them in reverence as places consecrated by the presence of an Inca.—[Prescott's Conquest of Peru.

ANCIENT ROAD ENGINEERING IN MEXICO.—One of these roads passed over the grand plateau, and the other along the lowlands on the boarders of the ocean. The former was much the more difficult achievement, from the character of the country. It was conducted over pathless sierras buried in snow; galleries were cut for leagues through the living rock; rivers were crossed by means of bridges that swung suspended in the air; precipices were scaled by stairways hewn out of the native bed; ravines of hideous depths were filled up with solid masonry; in short all the difficulties that beset a wild and mountainous region, and which might appal the most courageous engineer of modern times, were encountered and successfully overcome. The length of the road, of which scattered fragments only remain, is variously estimated from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles; and stone pillars, in the manner of European mile-stones, were erected at stated intervals of somewhat more than a league all along the route. Its breadth scarcely exceeded twenty feet. It was built of heavy flags of freestone, and in some parts, at least, covered with a bituminous cement, which time has made harder than the stone itself. In some places, where the ravines had been filled up with masonry, the mountain torrents wearing on it for ages, have gradually eaten a way through the base, and left the superincumbent mass—such is the cohesion of the materials—still spanning the valley like an arch! Over some of the boldest streams it was necessary to construct suspension bridges, as they are termed, made of the tough fibres of the *magney*. or of the osier of the country, which has an extraordinary degree of tenacity and strength. These osiers were woven into cables of the thickness of a man's body. The huge ropes, then stretched across the water, were conducted through ring or holes cut in immense buttresses of stone raised on the opposite banks of the river, and there secured to heavy pieces of timber. Several of these enormous cables, bound together, formed a bridge, which, covered with planks, well secured and defended by a railing of the same osier materials on the sides, afforded a safe passage for the traveler. The length of this aerial bridge, sometimes exceeding two hundred feet, caused it, confined as it was only at the extremeties, to dip with an alarming inclination towards the centre, while the motion given to it by the passenger occasioned an oscillation still more frightful, as his eye wandered over the dark abyss of waters that foamed and tumbled many a fathom beneath. Yet these light and fragile fabrics were crossed without fear by the Peruvians, and are still retained by the Spaniards over those streams which, from the depth or impetuosity of the current, would seem impracticable for the usual modes of conveyance.

THE DELTA OF EGYPT.—One impression has taken me by surprise. I used to wonder, and always did till now, at that stupidity of the Israelites which so angered their leader—their pining after Egypt, after finding it impossible to live there. It was inconceivable how they could long to go back to a piece of such cruel oppression, for the sake of anything it could give. I now wonder no longer, having seen and felt the Desert, and knowing the charms of the valley of the Nile. One evening lately, just at sunset, the scene struck upon my heart, oppressing it with the sense of beauty. A village was beside an extensive grove of palms, which sprang from out of the thickets and richest clover to the height of eighty feet. Their tops waved gently in the soft breeze which ruffled the surface of a blue pond lying among grassy shores. There were golden lights and sharp shadows among the banks where a stream had lately made its way. The yellow sandhills the of desert just showed themselves between the stems of the more scattered palms. Within view were some carefully rilled fields, which strong wheat, lupins and purple bean blossoms, and some melon and cucumber patches, were not far off: cattle were tethered beside the houses, and on a bank near sat an old woman and a boy and a girl, basking in the last rays of the sun with evident enjoyment, though the magical coloring given by an Egyptian atmosphere could not be so striking as to the English eyes. But what must it have been in the memory of the Israelites, wandering in the Desert, where there is no color except at sunrise and sunset, but only glare—parched rocks and choking dust or sand. I will not attempt now, for no one has ever succeeded in such an attempt, to convey any impression of the appalling dreariness of the depths of the Desert. I can only say that when it rose up before me in contrast with that nook of a valley at sunset, I at last understood the surrender of heart and reason on the part of the Israelites, and could sympathise in their forgetfulness of their past woes—in their pining for verdure and streams, for shade and good food, and for a perpetual sight of the adored river, instead of the hateful sands which hemmed them in which ever way they turned.—[Miss Martineau.

Rules for ascertaining the Weather.—The perplexity even shrewd guessers of the weather often labor under, as to whether an umbrella should be exchanged for a walking-stick, or an extra coat be taken for the journey, must render this branch of information extremely useful. By attending to a few simple rules, drawn from nature and confirmed by experience, the veriest tyro in meteorology, may predict with accuracy the probable changes of the weather from day to day.

Dew.—If, after one fair day, the dew lies plentifully on the grass, it is a sign of another. If not, and there is no wind, rain must follow. A red sunset, without clouds, indicates a doubt of fair weather, but after a red sunset in clouds a fine day may be expected. A watery sunset, diverging rays of light, either direct from the sun, or behind a bank of clouds, is indicative of rain.

Clouds.—When the clouds increase very fast, and accumulate huge masses of vapor, much rain, and, in the summer time, thunder will follow. When the clouds are formed like fleeces, but dense in the middle and bright towards the edge, with the sky clear, they are signs of a sharp frost, with hail, snow, or rain. When the clouds (*cirri*) are formed like feathers, and appear in thin white trains, they indicate wind; when formed into horizontal sheets, with streamers pointing upwards, rain is prognosticated, but with depending fringe-like fibres it is found to precede fair weather. When a general cloudiness covers the sky, and small black fragments of clouds fly underneath, wet weather will follow, and probably of long continuance. Two currents of clouds always portend rain, and in summer thunder.

Plants.—These are truly the barometers of Nature, and are most faithful in their indications. Chickweed forms of itself an excellent criterion. When the flower expands fully, rain will not fall for many hours, and should it continue expanded, no rain will disturb the summer's day; when it half conceals its diminutive flower, the day will be showery, but when it entirely shuts up, or veils the white flower with its green mantle, then let the traveller provide an umbrella and top-coat, for the rain will be lasting. If the Siberian sow-thistle shuts at night, the following day will be fine; if it remain open, rain will ensue If the African marigold continues shut in the morning long after its usual time for opening, rain is approaching; and the convolvulus, tulip, bindweed, scarlet-pimpernel, and all the different species of trefoil, contract their leaves on the approach of a storm or wet weather.

Mountains.—Although the earth at the distance of Venus, or even at the smaller distance of the moon, would appear to be a perfect sphere, yet those bodies, when examined with a telescope, like the earth, exhibit great inequalities. Nevertheless, in such a mass as the earth, the mountains subtract less from its spherical figure, than the roughness on the rind of an orange subtracts from its sphericity. For although few mountains on the earth are four miles high, that elevation is but the 2000th part of the diameter; and the roughnesses on an orange being taken at the 100th part of an inch, and the orange at three inches, those roughnesses are the 300th part of the diameter, and, in proportion, six times greater with reference to the whole orange, than the highest ridge of mountains is with reference to the earth. Such being the case in regard to the ridges of the Himalayas in Thibet, and the Andes in South America, the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the mountains of Scotland and Wales, sink into comparative insignificance.—[Shaw's Nature Displayed.

Labor to make a Watch.—Mr. Dent, in a lecture recently delivered before the London Royal Institute, stated that a watch consists of 902 pieces, and that forty trades, and probably 215 persons, are employed in making one of these little machines. The iron of which the balance-wheel is formed is valued at something less than a farthing; this produces an ounce of steel worth 41.2 pence, which is drawn into 3,250 yards of steel wire, and represents in the market £13 13s.; but still another process of hardening this, originally a farthing's worth of iron, renders it workable into 7,650 balance springs, which will realise, at the common price of 2s. 6d. each, £956 5s.; the effect of labor alone. Thus, the mere labor bestowed upon one farthing's worth of iron gives it the value of £956 5s.; which is 918,000 times its original value.

A Pastoral Scene delights not the husbandman, to whom it is an every-day affair: but the courtier, to whom it is a novelty. In the same way, an elevated discourse on right and freedom affects a free republic less than the subject of a despotism. In both cases the reality destroys the effect of the fiction.

[Jean Paul Richter.

Sugar.—The art of refining sugar was discovered by a Venetian in 1503, who is said to have realized 100,000 crowns by the invention. Our ancestors made use of it as it came in juice from the canes, but most commonly used honey in preference.

Incidents of Travel.

ETCHINGS OF ITALY.

The "Piazza di San Marco."—Let us enter the "Piazza di San Marco," and place ourselves opposite to the Church. It is early, yet the rays of an Italian sun are darting down an intolerable heat; every one looks wearied, and on all sides is heard the incessant cry of "acqua," accompanied by the tinkling of the apparatus of the water-sellers. The gondoliers lie stretched asleep in their boats, and the only individuals who preserve the semblance of activity are the waiters of the "cafes," who hurry continually to and fro to supply the wants of their various customers. There is a peculiar charm about Venice, arising from the varied scenes which it presents to the stranger. There the Greek, and Turk, the Jew, and Frank, the sturdy boatmen of the Adriatic, and the wandering minstrel of Lombardy, meet beneath the colonnades; then above all is the Church of St. Mark, with its Eastern domes and marble columns, for which every clime has been ransacked. There is the Doge's palace, the slender columns and rounded arch bespeaking a Saracenic origin, while its massive solidity, and the gigantic "campanile" frowning above it, recall the thoughts to the dark materialism of the West. Let us enter the gorgeous portico beneath the celebrated horses of St. Mark, and having trod upon the stone which marks where an Emperor knelt, let us survey the interior of the Church, redolent with eastern perfume. A dim light is shed around by the few lamps at the altar, where the priests are officiating, and the smoke is rising from the censers. A religious gloom pervades the whole, but it lacks the majestic simplicity of the Duomo at Milan, the severe grandeur of our own St. Paul's. There is magnificence; but it is that of the Indian pagoda, glittering with marble and gems—not such as calls forth the spontaneous tribute of admiring devotion. We are dazzled, but not impressed; and it is a relief to the aching sight to exchange the solemn gloom for the broad light of day. Many a recollection is renewed by the sight of that piazza. Many a scene recurs to the memory, fraught with the triumphs and disgrace of the Queen of the Adriatic. Again, we seem to behold the crowd of merchants—of traders from the distant East—of those who had welcomed her palmy days, when the wealth of India poured into her ports. From so many recollections which throng upon the mind, let us select two scenes (it is enough) of her triumph and her disgrace:

"It is a glorious afternoon, and all Venice is poured forth beside her quays, where resounds the busy hum of merchandise, and upon her canals, alive with a thousand gondolas. And now a crowd has collected to view a stranger bark, whence descend three knights, the flower of the western chivalry. The cross embroidered on their mantles denotes the object of their mission—it is to seek the aid of the republic against the Saracen. A few days have passed away, and the people are assembled in the piazza, and again those knights are before them, beneath the shadow of the winged lion; and their heads are bare, and beside them stands the blind old chieftain, bearing the banner of the republic; and a few words are uttered, of entreaty and supplication, to the sovereign multitude, and then the sounds of approbation are heard—the voice of thousands shakes the drooping banners—their arms are grasped—their galleys are manned, and the fiat of Venice decides the doom of Constantinople."

These were glorious times—the age of Italian freedom. Now let us reverse the picture.

Once more the piazza is filled by an anxious crowd; but the triumph of power, the joy of success is no longer there. The fire of enthusiasm—of patriotic zeal—no longer animates their expressive countenances; their faces are bent downward; they wait in mournful expectancy of some melancholy pageant, prepared by violence and oppression; and high above their heads floats the banner of the House of Hapsburgh—high on those masts, once the pride, but now the monuments of the disgrace of a nation. And a proclamation is read, which asserts the stranger's claim to those gorgeous palaces, and the thunder of artillery mingles with the acclamations of a few hirelings, and Venice has fallen—a base compromise of French expediency with Austrian ambition.

There are those who deem railways, and pensions, and patched-up palaces, a sufficient compensation for the loss of liberty—who affect to praise the paternal administration of Austria, and extol the present tranquillity of a people when compared with the stormy scenes of national freedom. Such political theorists consider the feelings and motives which actuate mankind as of no value in their material calculations. But there is that which treasures can never buy, the loss of which no benefits can compensate. It is the spirit of a free-born nation—the consciousness of independence—which elevates and sublimes the man; it is the fire of patriotism, whence spring (as the mystic Iacchus amidst the raging flame) that soul which animated the strains of Petrarch, Dante, and Tasso. Italy may yet boast her railroads, her harvests and luxurious clime, but never shall those strains recall aught but ruin and disgrace—never shall the light of native genius beam on her land, until her sons have learned, by bitter experience, that freedom is their last and noblest blessing—until the spirit of liberty again descends to raise their hearts to high and glorious deeds.

The Doge's Palace.—Beside the Church of St. Mark, extending to the water-side, is the magnificent palace of the Doge. After ascending a splendid marble staircase, down which rolled the head of the ill-fated Marino Faliero, the stranger is conducted through a spacious hall hung with portraits of the doges, and paintings illustrative of their deeds, among which those of Dandolo are justly conspicuous. Here are many bronze statues, and other trophi

brought to Venice after the siege of Constantinople. The historian and artist have reason to be thankful that the previous capture of that city by a Christian host diffused the monuments of learning and art over Europe, before the barbarity of the Turk had completed the work of desolation. After having visited the hall of the Council of Ten, and looked down the chink where was once the famous lion's mouth, an aged "cicerone" conducted us to the dungeons. Some of them were beneath the level of the canal; and very moist, slimy, unpleasant places they are, admirably calculated as the winter residence of a toad, but not agreeable quarters for a prisoner. Many a tragedy, we have no doubt, was consummated in the dark waters of the narrow canal, which flows beneath the Bridge of Sighs, and between the palace and the prison. There is one step in a passage leading to a part of the prison, where the words of Dante, "Lasciate ogni sporanza," might well be applied, as those who passed that fatal bound never returned. The Bridge of Sighs spans the narrow canal, which, as it has been sighed and sung about by so many poets, both fledged and unfledged, since the time of Byron, we shall dismiss for the present with the single remark, that the proximity of the prison and palace is more the characteristic of Oriental despotism than of the free institutions of Europe. This is one among the many similarities which may be traced in comparing the Venetian government, its spirit and institutions, with the unchanging dogmas and tyranny of the East.

Venice by Moonlight.—Would you wish to realize to yourself the glories of an age long gone by, to evoke the memories of the past, and summon the mighty dead to people a scene of ancient days—look not to revive those recollections beneath the broad and garish light of day, when the hurry of business of man's material pursuits, interrupt and chase away the labored thought. But when the vulgar, the "ignobile vulgus," who turn into bed to sleep away their supper, have disappeared—when the full moon looks down over dome and tower, and all that shocks the imagination by day, all the contrast of splendor and wretchedness, of former grandeur and splendid misery, is thrown into the shade; when nothing is abroad to disturb the meditations of him who, reckless of colds and night air, ventures forth to enjoy the evening breeze; then it is that the spirit shakes off its earthly trammels, and soars far into the regions of thought. It was our last evening in Venice, when, having escaped the crowd still lingering on the Piazza, we took our gondola, and passed along by the broad stream of the "Canal Grande." The light gleaming in the pure vault of heaven, was reflected back from magnificent churches and palaces, many retaining but a semblance of their pristine splendor. Not a sound was heard, but the buzz of the musquito, or the gurgle of the water beneath the oar of the gondolier, and the many boats which passed us, dark and noiseless, added more to the mysterious character of the scene. Away with those who would banish romance and enthusiasm from this world of ours—who would reduce everything to their dull material notions, their day-books and ledgers—who mix up Shakspeare and cabbages, a reminiscence from Dante and a cure for corns. With such there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. There are many of this description to be met with—of those who could not stop to behold a splendid sunset, because dinner was waiting, and the soup would be cold, and who are afraid to venture out in the evening lest they might catch rheumatic gout. The question naturally arises, why did they undertake such a perilous exploit as leaving their fireside, and well-aired sheets, to encounter damp, and indigestion, and cold on the continent? Let us leave them to their unenvied ease, and glide slowly beneath the shadow of the Doge's Palace, and view the domes of St. Mark glistening beneath the vault of night. How often, in her palmy days, have the throngs of giddy revelers paused, enchanted by the beauty of the spot, while the thousand gondolas glanced by, filled with the votaries of pleasure, and echoing with the strains of Tasso! These were times when Venice was indeed Queen of the Adriatic, enthroned upon her isles, rising like the Cyprian goddess from the waters. How changed is the scene! how gone the beauty! Her merchants are beggars, pensioned by the charity of Austria—her sons the subjects of a stranger—her commerce decayed—her spirit broken. How different from the time when she dared to stand almost single-handed against the banded powers of Europe! The Bucentaur lies rotting in the deserted docks, once filled with shipping, the admiration of Europe. Her palaces are falling to decay—many a broken column and fallen capital attests the perishable nature of human greatness. A stranger inhabits her halls, and insults her fallen majesty. But away with these gloomy reflections, they suit not such a scene as this—the beauty of the midnight hour. Let us summon the recollections of chivalry and romance to our aid—let us people the solitude, and wake its pristine life within the withered frame. It is not the thought of what she is, but of what she has been, which should influence our spirit, when passing by so many scenes of ancient glory. Not thus did the Roman muse, when he paused amidst the ruins of fallen Carthage. He sat, indeed, upon a broken column, his eye rested on the ruined temple, the fallen arch; but he regarded them not, his thoughts were far away—he held communion with those of ancient time, the spirits of the mighty dead. He thought of when the Carthaginian shook in his iron grasp the gates of the seven-hilled city—when the legions were mowed down by the African sword, and Rome trembled for her empire. He thought of the last struggle of expiring patriotism, when women and children rushed to the fight, and the astonished foe quailed before the determination of despair.

Had Venice perished like Carthage, her beauty might indeed have been more defaced, her buildings less worthy of the admiration of the stranger; but her name should have been a watchword of freedom to remotest ages, her death-knell had waked a chord of sympathy in every patriot's heart. Again, we see the triumphant march of the Crusaders, the gonfalon of the republic, waving on the towers of Zara and Constantinople—the return of her victorious fleets, when the setting sun had witnessed the defeat and shame of Genoa. These are memories which incite to great and glorious deeds; would that they had availed her to add one more laurel to her unpolluted brow, would that she had known, when hope was gone, to descend again into the waters, from which she rose, her flag unstruck, her honor unsullied.

Venice, farewell! long would we linger beside thy waters, charmed by the spell attached to the memory of an age coeval with the brightest scenes of Italian glory, the age of Raphael and Michael Angelo, of Dante and Tasso. Thine has been a mysterious career; thou hast been the witness alike of a falling and a rising empire. As the prophet of old, thou hast stood between the dead and the living—a connecting link in the chain of centuries, between tottering Rome and the vigorous growth of modern Europe, between the Hun and the Frank, Attila and Napoleon. Thy architecture, thy institutions, the spirit and manners of thy people, all attest the two-fold nature of thy destiny, as placed between the old and new civilization, sharing in the characteristics of both, uniting the immutable dogmas, the despotism of Oriental unity with the changes and revolutions of the West. We leave thee with regret; for never shall we look on a fairer scene—a scene so full of teeming recollections, so pregnant with the memory of bright and varied fortune, as that which we now gaze upon, beneath the brilliant moonlight of an Italian sky.

(Dublin University Magazine.

Varieties.

One of the Fruits of Odd-Fellowship.—If there be a single element in the character of Odd-Fellowship which commends itself to our favor above another, it is that which recognizes the principle of a universal brotherhood. In this we hail a mighty agent for the breaking down, and the everlasting extinction of those absurd prejudices which divided men of the same common origin in sentiment, by more imposing barriers than the arbitrary lines which distinguish nations. Odd-Fellowship has gone forth on a mission of peace, opening avenues of communication between those whom national jealousies and hereditary animosity have long and widely separated. Blessed is its mission, and its happy results already begin to be felt among the enlightened of the earth. The signs and passwords of the Order are emphatic testimonials to the confidence, and ready passwords to the tender regards of every member of the Order, in all parts of the world. If there were no other argument to sustain Odd-Fellowship, than its agency in promoting fraternal feelings among those of different nations, this alone should be sufficient to screen it from reproach of bigotry, and to elicit the applause of philanthropy.—[Odd-Fellow.

Raising Watermelons.—Mr. Williamson at a recent meeting of the New York Farmer's Club, gave the following new method of raising Melons, which he has known it to succeed admirably: Make the hills two feet high six feet in circumference, and place a barrel on the top of each hill, and fill it with good manure. Plant the melon-seed on the outside of barrel, all round it, and every morning pour into the barrel one pail of water. When the plants reach eight feet in length down the bottom of the hill, cover the ends over with soil. By this means you get melons weighing 40 pounds, and three weeks earlier than in the common way. Melons raised this way this season brought $40 the hundred, when others raised on the old plan brought only from $10 to $15 for the same quantity.

Curiosity in France.—There has lately been discovered near Sceaux, in the Loiret, a large stone jug of rude workmanship, containing 600 Roman coins. The jar is about sixteen inches in hight and eight inches in diameter. It was found in a species of chamber about two yards square, the walls of which were coated with a cement of extraordinary polish. It was at the same time enclosed in a niche which had only one opening, of sufficient size to admit a man's hand to drop in the coin. It is believed to have been the secret treasure of some economical Galli Roman.

The Wire-worm.—Mr. Alexander Vivian, Patentee of the ore-dressing apparatus now used at New Roskear, and other mines, states that he has found the following method to answer well in destroying the red wire-worm, which is so destructive to the turnip and other crops:—above 100 bushels of lime per acre, broken to the size of hazel nuts, spread over the ground, and turned in with the plough. The heat occasioned by the first shower destroys the insect, while the land has the benefit of the manure.—[Falmouth Packet.

Conversion of the Diamond into Coke.—M. Dumas communicated to the Academy of Sciences on Monday last, that M. Jacquelin, by submitting a diamond to a very high temperature between the poles of a Bunsen battery, succeeded in converting it entirely into a carbonaceous matter, having the appearance and characteristics of coke.

Alteration ordered in the Italian Time.—The Pope has altered the manner of reckoning time at Rome, where the people used the Italian mode of counting, twenty-four hours from half an hour before sunset, and has ordered the public clocks to be adapted to the common European reckoning.

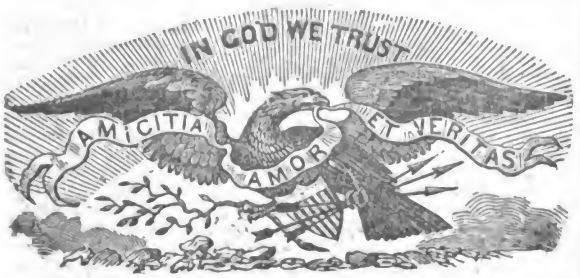
Magnesia, highly calcined, or what is still better, in a gelatinous state, is an antidote to arsenic, as it rapidly absorbs that poison when administered within a proper period.

To Cure Warts.—Dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up; wash the warts with this for a minute or two, and then let them dry without wiping. This, repeated, will gradually destroy the most irritable wart.

A Lucky Fellow.—The King of Ashantee is allowed by law 3333 wives—a privilege of which every sable monarch of that kingdom is said to avail himself.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."



NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1847.

THE R. W. GRAND LODGE OF THE U. S.

The Annual Communication of this body commences at Baltimore on Monday next, and appearances indicate that a full representation will be in attendance. Probably it will exceed in number any previous session, and certainly it will be inferior to none n the weight of character and sterling talent of which it will be composed. Indeed, we doubt if, in the latter respect, a more respectable deliberative assembly of any kind has been gathered in this country, not excepting even our National Senate, of which we can so justly boast. The action of this body will be regarded, as it has been anticipated, with an observing interest by the whole of our vast fraternity, and we cannot refrain from expressing a hope that the expectations of our brethren throughout the Union may be fully realized, in the wisdom and prudence that shall characterize the action of that august assembly which possesses and exercises the supreme authority of our beloved Order.

At no former communication have there been matters of more grave importance than those that will claim the attention of the Representatives at the present session. The question of a continuance of the six months, or a return to the old three months term of office in subordinate Lodges—the plan of G. Sec. Ridgely for the establishment of an Institution of Learning—the question submitted by Alabama, and perhaps in other forms, of the proper constituency of State Grand Lodges, involving that of the rights of P. G's. and the whole system of representation—the difficulties which exist in the jurisdiction of New York—the adoption of a uniform code of Laws and Regulations for the Order in general—several appeals from State Grand Lodges upon questions of vital importance—the grave proposition to dispense with Grand Encampments entirely—the installation of the newly elected executive officers, and various other matters, will render the present session peculiarly interesting and important. With the men who compose the Grand Lodge for the present term, embodying as it does the profoundest wisdom of the Order, we can safely trust the issue of all these subjects, as well as the little personal interest we have in another question involving the legality and propriety of certain acts of our own.

While men so thoroughly versed in all the laws, customs and usages of the Order, from the commencement up to the present time, are to be heard in the Grand Lodge, we cannot doubt that its proceedings will be characterized with the utmost prudence and justice to all concerned. We confess, however, we are not without our fears that the precedent of holding the sessions of the Grand Lodge for a few brief days only, may lead, as it has heretofore done, to an action that shall be found too hasty for a full and mature consideration of all these subjects. When it is remembered that our Order now embraces a constituency of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand men, and a revenue of probably not less than twelve hundred thousand dollars per annum—and that the general oversight, and the supreme legislative authority of this great body, is exercised by the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, it will appear obvious, that nothing is more preposterous than the supposition that this vast amount of business can be thoroughly discussed and *deliberately* acted upon in the brief space of four or five days, which has generally bounded the sessions of the G. Lodge. No matter who or what may be its composition, no body of men on earth can, by any possibility, pass with due caution and deliberation upon such a mass of business in so short a time. We hope therefore, that the representatives of the present year will "take their time," and do the business of the Grand Lodge not in haste, but with all that caution and mature reflection that its importance so imperiously demands. According to our judgment, two full weeks is the least period of time that any one should think of continuing the sessions of that body, and we hope the present session will continue that length of time, and as much longer as may be necessary. We are well aware of the sacrifice of time and money which a prolonged session involves; but we cannot but think, that if the well-being of the Order demands it, the Representatives will submit to the sacrifice cheerfully. It seems to us that no Grand Lodge or Encampment would hesitate in appropriating a sum sufficient to cover the additional expense.

We have made arrangements to give our readers the earliest notice of the proceedings, so far as it can be done with propriety, and we wait the results with no ordinary interest.

"COGITATIONS OF AN ODD-FELLOW."

In the articles that have appeared in the Golden Rule under the above caption, it has been assumed that all power in Odd-Fellowship, in the United States, exists originally and independently in the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, and thence flows down to all the subordinate departments of the Order. Hence there is no real analogy between our political government and that of the Order; because, in the one case the people possess the original power, and create the Government; whereas, in the other, the Government exists beforehand, creates the people and gives them all of power or privilege they possess in Odd-Fellowship. The writer had supposed that these positions were so obviously true that they needed only to be fairly stated in order to commend themselves to the acceptance of all who are acquainted with the organic structure of our order; and he was not therefore careful to guard them with the evidences of their truth. The article of M. H. T. which appeared in the G. R. for May 15th, seems to demand that this omission should be filled, and to that work the present article will be devoted. If less direct attention is given to the letter of M. H. T. than he may deem desirable, let him be assured that it is from no disrespect to him or his production, but from a real desire that the grave subjects treated upon in these "Cogitations" should be separated from every thing that wears the appearance of personal controversy. It is believed that these articles will bear witness, that their author has, as far as possible, kept himself out of sight, and endeavored to fix the attention of his readers solely on the important principles he has attempted to develope. He is therefore unwilling to assume an attitude of controversy, in which the desire of personal victory might possibly mingle. Let the important principles set forth in these "Cogitations" stand or fall on their own merits—their author has little time and less inclination to engage in a controversy in their defense. The fundamental truth on which rests all the superstructure of these articles is, that the power or authority in Odd-Fellowship exists not in the people, but in the Grand Lodge of the United States, and that every right or privilege in any branch of the Order, or any individual member thereof is given or delegated, from a power above them. Is this true? Read the following:

"This Lodge shall be known by the name, style, and title, of 'the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of the United States of America,' and possesses Original and Exclusive jurisdiction in Odd-Fellowship over the territories of the Federal Government of the United States. It is the *Source* of all true and legitimate authority in Odd-Fellowship in the United States of America. All state, district and territorial Grand Lodges and Encampments assemble under its warrants and *derive their authority from it.*"—(Constitution G. L. U. S. Art. I.)

Now, if the author of these "Cogitations," in placing the power of Odd-Fellowship in the Grand Lodge of the United States instead of the people at large, has "placed the fountain at the wrong end of the *stream*, which must flow *upward* if it flows at all," then it is at least evident, that he has erred in very respectable company. Nay more: if it be not true, that the Grand Lodge of the United States, possesses "*original* and *exclusive* jurisdiction in Odd-Fellowship in the United States"—if it be not true, that "it is the *source* of all true, legitimate authority in Odd Fellowship," in the same territory; then, manifestly, that august body starts with a lie in its right hand, for such are its clear and distinct claims. And further: Every S[illegible]

Grand Lodge receives its charter from the G. L. of the United States, and holds that charter on the sole condition that it shall recognise the authority, and "pay due respect and *obedience* to the Grand Lodge of the United States," in default of which the charter is void. Every officer and member of a Grand Lodge is placed under a solemn obligation to support the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of the United States. And then again, each subordinate Lodge receives its charter from a State Grand Lodge, and holds it on the like condition of *obedience*, and every member, binds himself on the threshold of his Lodge, to "support and abide by the rules and regulations" of the Grand Lodge of his State. So then, in point of fact, every Odd-Fellow in this Union has bound himself by solemn obligations to support and abide by the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of the United States. That constitution asserts in its first article that the said Grand Lodge "possesses *original* and exclusive jurisdiction," that, "it is the *source* of all true and legitimate authority in Odd-Fellowship," and that all departments of the Order "derive their authority from it." This is the constitution we have all bound ourselves to support. And is it false? In God's name, let it be asked, have we all bound ourselves to support *a lie*, and obey an authority that does not exist? These are grave and solemn questions, and they are earnestly commended to the attention of those who deny the positions assumed in these articles.

It is indeed true, that the "Grand Lodge has made a free and voluntary offer of certain conditions, on a compliance with which, any and every one may become an Odd-Fellow." But it does not thence follow that, "once initiated, distinctions vanish, and he comes in possession of privileges and rights as full and complete as those who made him;" because the very first, and most important condition of admission to the Order is *obedience*. At the very first step, and before one of the mysteries of Odd-Fellowship were entrusted to our keeping, we were bound by a solemn obligation to *obey* the power that made us. Let those who have taken that obligation settle the matter with their own consciences, whether in claiming to be *sovereigns* instead of *subjects*, in assuming the right to *command* instead of *obeying* the power that made them, they are in the way of duty? It may indeed be a pleasing business "to trace analogies between our Government and that of the Order," and the stereotyped cant of "the broad platform of equal rights," and the "inherent powers of the sovereign people" may tickle the ears of a thoughtless multitude, and touch the springs of national and democratic pride; but to the sober and thoughtful Odd-Fellow, there is a "stubborn affair" very like "a fact so plain that he who runs may read." It is this, the very first article of the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of the United States asserts that, in that august body resides the "*original* and exclusive jurisdiction," that it is "the *source* of ALL legitimate authority;" and this Constitution every Odd-Fellow has bound himself to support. It is worth the while of every one to ask, whether he is supporting that Constitution, when he is publicly denying the authority and truthfulness of its first article?

It surely is no cause of complaint against any man, that he believes the authority in Odd-Fellowship *ought to be* in the people, or that he judges the powers of the Grand Lodge to be too great. Believing thus, let any member labor to procure a change by all legal means. Let him convince the brotherhood that a change of organic structure is desirable, and let him *petition* with all earnestness for a change which shall make our Order conform in structure to the government under which we live, and the writer of these articles will throw no straw in his way. But let no one pave the way to rebellion by denying the authority he has sworn to obey, or falsifying the Constitution he has obligated himself to support.

Thus far, then, it is plain, that by the constitution of the Grand Lodge of the United States, that body is the "*source* of all true and legitimate authority in Odd-Fellowship in the United States," and that authority is recognized by all subordinate charters, and by the obligations of every Odd Fellow. By what right, or by what tenure, does the Grand Lodge hold that authority? is the next question to be considered.

Here the writer has to regret, that, being five hundred miles from home, and without documents, he is obliged to depend upon his memory entirely, and cannot, therefore, vouch for entire accuracy in language or dates. He has not, however, spoken heretofore unadvisedly on these matters, and he trusts the sequel will show, that he is not altogether unprepared to give the grounds of the doctrines he has advanced. Attend, then, to the history of this matter.

Washington Lodge No. 1, was established at Baltimore, April 26, 1819. It was self-constituted, and whatever of power or legality there was of Odd-Fellowship in the United States, more or less, belonged to that Lodge. What were the powers of a Lodge, thus constituted, does not seem to be clearly defined. It is presumed, how-[illegible], that they could admit and make Odd Fellows, but could not [illegible]lish other Lodges, a right belonging "PER SE" to every legally authorized Lodge. Accordingly, a dispensation was obtained from the "Duke of York's Lodge," Preston, Eng., and thus Washington Lodge stood alone, and invested with all power in Odd-Fellowship in the United States. Thus it continued until 1821, when Washington Lodge voluntarily surrendered her authority to the Past Grands. Mark: not to the people; but to the *Past Grands*. *They* organized the Grand Lodge of Maryland and of the United States; Washington Lodge then acknowledged the supremacy of that body, and received a charter from its hands, and henceforward bound her every member to obedience to that Grand Lodge. Thus the Grand Lodge of Maryland and of the United States, continued the supreme head of the Order until 1825, when there were Lodges in Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania, working under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Maryland. At that time, the Grand Lodge of the United States was organized, as a separate and distinct body, from the Grand Lodge of Maryland. All the Grand Lodges surrendered their charters to that body and received charters from it, thus acknowledging its supremacy. And in 1826, the Manchester Unity, the suprême head of the Order in England, granted a charter to the Grand Lodge of the United States, ratified all its action, and in that same document, *renounced* forever in its behalf, all jurisdiction over the Order in this country. Thus leaving the Grand Lodge of the United States the legal inheritor and sole possessor of all authority in Odd-Fellowship in this Union.

See now the difference between this and our political institutions. The people of this country were originally under the government of Great Britain. This allegiance they renounced—asserted and maintained their independence. The authority then reverted to the people, and they made one Government and gave it its powers. But there has been no such revolution as this in Odd-Fellowship.

Here the authority *never* has been in the hands of the people, except subordinately in Washington Lodge, No. 1; then, subordinately again, in the Past Grands who formed the Grand Lodge of Maryland, still acknowledging allegiance to England; and, finally, and, for the first time, *fully* and independently in the Grand Lodge of the United States, when the Order in England renounced all jurisdiction in favor of that body. Had the parent country, the government of which was acknowledged, established a Congress in the United States, and renounced all authority over that Congress, leaving it to inherit all the powers of the original government, then the cases would have been somewhat analogous; but, at present, they are far otherwise.

But, would we come at the true merits of the case, we must go farther back even than this, and search for the tenure by which authority in Odd-Fellowship is necessarily held; and we shall find that, instead of being analogous to the case of our government, it is exactly, and in all respects, the reverse of it; and that, too, of necessity. Our government commences with an extended people, in all their natural and unalienable rights about them. Some of these rights they surrender, and concentrate in an individual. But if we trace Odd-Fellowship, it will lead us up to some single man, or small body of men, who invented it, and in whom was vested by a natural law, all right and authority in and over it. The best analogy can be found in the following: A man invents a system of stenography. Now, by that law which gives to every man the fruit of his labor, either mental or manual, that invention is his, and to him belongs all right and authority over it. He may keep it to himself or communicate it to others. If he communicates it, his is the prerogative of dictating the *terms* and presenting the conditions. Suppose he instructs a thousand men in it, and defines the manner in which they shall employ it, and binds every one of them by a solemn obligation to support and obey a certain code of regulations, in which he is declared to be the owner and source of all authority in this matter. What superlative folly, for these men to rise up and claim that they are the people, and that to them belongs the right and the authority over this system!

Yet so it is, in this case. Odd-Fellowship is a peculiar system of social organization, invented sometime and by somebody, no matter when, or by whom. But thus it started, and at that time, it belonged to the inventor, and to no one else. There was the source and center of all power over it; and from this necessarily flows down all authority in the premises. All who partake of the system derive their rights from this source—and all claims to authority from any other direction are spurious, and all exercise of it usurpation. The inventor of the system of stenography, in the case supposed, might transfer his original right to another, or to a body of men, and in their favor renounce all claim to it; and in that case, in them would be vested the original right. Precisely on this ground is based the claim of the Grand Lodge of the United States to supreme and original authority in Odd-Fellowship. To her the original owner and proprietor transferred all his right and title—in her favor he has renounced all authority, and she is the inheritor of all his full, ample

and complete power. Some portion of this authority she has given to the State Grand Lodges. And these again have delegated a portion of *their* powers to the subordinate Lodges—and these still again have clothed *individual members* with some of their priviliges. When, behold! these individual men, who exercise all their right and title, by a mere lease from a "*tenant of a tenant*," rise up and claim that they are the people—the original owners of the soil, and the proprietor himself, is but the depository of powers delegated from them!! Were ever claims more preposterous, or pretensions more absurd!!

It is presumed the reader by this time clearly perceives the grounds upon which the writer of these articles rests his position, that the Grand Lodge of the United States is the source of all authority in Odd-Fellowship in the United States. It rests upon the positive assertion of the Constitution of that body, which every Odd-Fellow is bound to support; and flows as an unavoidable consequence from the fact that power and rights, in all such cases as this, necessarily belongs *first* to an individual, instead of a whole community, and must therefore be granted by that individual; *not* derived from the people.

And now to conclude the whole. If the Odd-Fellows of the United States, think there is too much power in the Grand Lodge of the United States, and too little in the hands of the people at large—let them seek by constitutional means—by appeals to reason and truth, by memorials and respectful petitions, to remedy the evil; but in the name of all that is just and true, let them not disgrace the name of Odd-Fellowship, by publicly denying the truthfulness of the very first sentence of that Constitution they have bound themselves to support, nor forswear their consciences by assuming to *command*, where they have solemnly promised to *obey*. Thus endeth this epistle. I.D.W.

☞ We notice that Bro. Patten of the Boston "Odd-Fellow," has retired from the concern, having sold his interest in the O. F. to the remaining partners, by whom it will continue to be published as heretofore. We wish Bro. Patten the fullest measure of success in his new vocation; and cannot doubt, that the additional labors which will devolve on Bro. Cochran in the editorial department of the Odd-Fellow, will be performed with eminent industry and zeal, and to the entire satisfaction of his patrons—possessing, as he does, every requisite talent to give the periodical over which he has so long presided, a high standing and a pleasant influence in our Institution: and while at times he seems to write hastily, and perhaps injudiciously, we would not for a moment believe it to be an impulse of the heart, for we can truly say, that in our mutual intercourse we have ever found him a kind, courteous, and generous-hearted Odd-Fellow. We sincerely wish him and his paper abundant prosperity.

The Serpent's Slime.—The following is an extract from a letter from a worthy brother—a P.G. of No. 123—dated Dansville, Livingston county, Sept. 1. Our brethren can form their own opinions of one who goes about the country, retailing such base untruths and malignant insinuations: and he a clergyman, too! We should like to know what his Lodge thinks of him and his conduct:

I see by the Golden Rule of Aug. 28, that a Bro. Welton had gone up the valley. He did indeed arrive at this place about a week ago, and visited Canaseraga Lodge No. 123, and enchained (if I may use the expression,) the members by his flatteries to them, and his praises of the Gazette of the Union, and made out that all, or most all of the organs of the Order would be swallowed up by this great and mammoth paper. He did not publicly, in the Lodge, say that the G. Rule was included among the number, but in a conversation the next day with me, when he asked me to subscribe for his, I told him I had paid for the G. R. until next April, took the Odd-Fellow and two others, and could not take his: he said I might get the G. R. and might not. I was surprised to hear such hints, asked him if you were going to stop: he said time was the best revealer of secrets. To tell you plainly, we considered him here a good hand on a puff, (of wind.) Wishing you success with your valuable paper, and from my personal acquaintance with you and the G. R. I have reason to believe it will be well conducted, and be a valuable auxiliary to the Order of Odd-Fellowship.

I remain yours in F. L. and T. A. L.

"Cogitations of an Odd-Fellow."—We this week give the closing article of I. D. W., on the fundamental construction of the Order, which has been some time on hand. Like all that Bro. Williamson writes, it is vigorous in style, and able in argument, and will command attention on the part of every thinking Odd-Fellow.

—We have this week had the pleasure of taking Bro. W. by the hand, after an absence from the city of several years; and we were delighted to find him completely restored to health by his residence in the "Sunny South." To see and converse with so old a friend and zealous an Odd-Fellow, made our hearts glad; and his visit to his old home and many friends at the North, cannot fail to be a source of mutual satisfaction. Bro. Williamson comes as the Representative of the new Grand Encampment of Tennessee to the G. L. U. S. where his voice and counsels will ever be for "the good of the Order."

The Odd Fellows' Record, for July, (published at Montreal,) contains three articles taken from the Editorial columns of the Golden Rule, to only one of which is the proper credit given. What is singular, the August number fails to make the *amende honorable!*

GRAND FESTIVAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

City of Cork—Ireland—G. M. of Manchester Unity—Commodore DeKay—Father Taylor—Father Mathew—Officers of the Macedonia.

We devote a considerable space to the account of this interesting and splendid affair, believing the brethren will find it as agreeable and instructive reading as could be selected. It is from the English papers, copied into the Symbol, from which we take it in a condensed form. It will show our friends the position which our institution is taking before the public of Great Britain; it will show the work it has done during the terrible season of famine and pestilence, which we trust in God is now nearly passed over; and it will show also how it is forcing its way, by the power of good works, against all prejudice, into the confidence and affection of all classes and all parties of men.

The brethren of the City of Cork Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, entertained the Grand Master of the Order, and several other guests, with a Tea Festival, at their Lodge Room, on Monday evening, July 19th.

The room, which is most spacious, was fitted up in the best possible style on the occasion. At its farthest end was placed the head table, from which three other tables ran parallel the entire length of the room. Immediately over the Chair was hung one of the beautiful engravings of the Order; under which was conspicuous, the good old Irish motto "*Cead Mille Fealte.*" At the other end of the room was placed a painting, representing the "All Seeing Eye;" under which were devices emblematic of the charity and virtues which the rules of Odd-Fellowship inculcate:—a hand, with a heart in the center, resting on the Globe; an hour glass; a hive; a lamb, bearing a banner on its back, with the inscription *Amicitia, Amor, Veritas;* a dove, bearing the olive branch; and a rose, entwined by a shamrock and a thistle. At either end and side of the room appeared in prominent characters, the mottoes of the Order:—"Faith, Hope, and Charity." "Benignity, Justice, Chastity." "Friendship, Love, and Truth." "Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude." The entire affair was arranged in the most imposing manner, and everything went off with an order and regularity which we have seldom seen equaled, and which drew forth the encomiums of the entire company.

The Chair was taken at half-past 8 o'clock, at which hour the room was filled by the members of the Order, by John F. Maguire, Barrister. On the right sat the principal guest of the evening, Wm. B. Smith, Grand Master of the Order; the Right Worshipful the Mayor of Cork; Commodore DeKay, ship Macedonion, United States; Rev. James O'Regan. On his left sat Father Taylor of America; —— Hanshaw, America; Ald. T. Lyons, J. P., Ald. Dowden, (Rd.) Around the table were, Rev. Wm. Cunningham, Rev. J. O'Connell, F. A. Walsh, barrister, Mr. Wallace, ship Macedonian; Dr. M'Evers; Francis Maguire, J. Tracy, solicitor, &c.

When the tea equipages had been removed, and fruits, and confectionery and lemonade served up, the following letter of apology, among others, was announced:

My Dear Mr. Harris—I deeply regret that an unexpected and insurmountable obstacle will deprive me of the pleasure of attending your Festival this evening. It would have gratified me exceedingly were I to assist in paying this mark of respect to your Grand Master, for whom I entertain a high esteem.

I am, dear friend, yours devotedly.

Monday. Theobald Mathew.

After proposing the loyal toasts that are generally given on similar occasions, the Chairman rose and said:

I am sure I will have your attention and your sympathy in favor of the toast I am about putting from the chair. I am about to ask you to pay a tribute of your respect and of your gratitude to our English brother (cheers,) who represents in his own person the kindly feeling and charitable sympathy of the English Order toward the poor of this country; and shows by his presence here among us, that he considers the tie of brotherhood, which is the basis of our Order, among one of the most sacred that could bind man to man, and Christian to Christian (cheers.) I had the pleasure, as many of the brethren also had, to compliment him on another occasion; I had the pleasure of hearing from him an exposition of the principles of the Order in England, which are exactly the same as those of the institution that is growing up and flourishing under those principles in this country (hear, hear.) We have had the pleasure of hearing him fully on another occasion, and his brethren in England will have an opportunity of seeing his recorded sentiments, and how nobly he supported the character of his country, and vindicated the principles of the Order (cheers.) The guests who are here to-night, and our dear friends from America (cheers)—who, perhaps, without being members of the Odd-Fellows Society, are members of the *good* fellow's society (cheers)—who have come over to this country on a blessed mission of peace; they will sympathise in the compliment we here pay this night to the Grand Master of the Manchester Union of Odd-Fellows (hear, hear.) Our English brethren have sent upwards of one thousand pounds to this city, which sum has been placed at the disposal of the Relief Committee, and which has been the means of dispensing relief, not only to the poor of this city, but to our suffering fellow creatures in the remote parts of the country, where many a father and mother have been made happy, many a child has been made strong, and many an old man and aged woman have been rescued from the grave by the blessed bounty of the Odd Fellows of England (loud cheers.) It is unnecessary for me to dwell on the merits of that excellent Order; but it is a cheering fact for me to communicate to all here present, that the respected Grand Master, the representative of the honor, the intelligence,

kindliness of the English Order—that he is satisfied with the proceedings of the Relief Committee, and that, being fully satisfied, he will give a favorable report to his brethren in England (cheers)—and that that report will certainly be the means of having about one thousand pounds more placed in the hands of the Relief Committee of this city, to be distributed in the same judicious and admirable manner in which they have administered the former relief confided to their care (loud cheers.) You will have the pleasure of hearing that gentleman yourself, and I shall not trespass either on his modesty or your time by expressing my high admiration of his intellectual and moral qualities—(cheers). It is sufficient for us, on this occasion, to express in a strong and earnest manner our deep and undying attachment to our brethren in England, our lasting gratitude for their sympathy, and our devotion to them now and henceforward (loud applause.) With these sentiments, I beg leave to give for the acceptance of the brethren and strangers present—"Grand Master Smith and the Odd-Fellows of Great Britain."

(The toast elicited the most intense enthusiasm, and received the vigorous and long continued cheers of the brotherhood.)

Mr. Smith (Grand Master of the Order) on rising to respond to the sentiment, was received in the most complimentary manner. After speaking in favor of the Relief and the Committee, Cork Lodges, he proceeded as follows:

There was another matter which he would occupy their attention on, for few moments only; as he had so favorable an opportunity of drawing their notice on a former evening to the principles and constitution of the Order, he felt it quite unnecessary to indulge in any repetition of those principles or objects—they were now tolerably familiar to the public, and, he had no doubt, before long, the whole population of the city of Cork would be found enrolled (hear, hear.) He had been made acquainted on the former evening by their excellent Chairman, that one of the principal objections in the way of numerical progress was the fact of being a secret society, and not a legalized association. On that occasion he (Mr. Smith) had occupied considerable time in calling the attention of the meeting to the peculiar position in which they were placed, and to the fact that they were about making application for a legal position for their society and the probability of success. He held in his hand a petition adopted at the last annual committee of the order; and to those gentlemen not familiar with the society, he might explain that every year an annual committee was held in some part of the Unity, which was generally attended from by 140 to 150, and up to 200 members. On that occasion the question of legislation had been brought before them, and it was agreed on, that in the ensuing session of Parliament an application was to be made for that purpose. (Mr. Smith then mentioned that Sir. J. Campbell, now Lord Campbell, and Sir. F. Pollock, at present Lord Chief Baron had been consulted, and both gentlemen bore honorable testimony to the honesty and integrity of the society, and the great advantage that would result from its legallization.) He might just observe that in England they stood exceedingly high in the estimation of their fellow men, and the matter of legality there was not so much an obstacle as it appeared to be in Ireland. It might be the consequence of the annoyances, inconveniences and disturbances that had arisen from time to time in Ireland from illegal societies, as they had a greater amount of it in Ireland than they had in England, probably that was the cause why illegal societies in Ireland were looked on with a greater amount of suspicion (hear, hear.) The Order of Odd-Fellows stood very high in the estimation of the public of England—they had 150 members of their society representatives in the House of Commons; 14 or 15 in the House of Lords; they had one judge, 30 or 40 mayors, and a large number indeed of local officials of one kind or another, in fact he might say, in a word, that they had the approbation of the whole local authority of the country (cheers.) He would not trouble them or occupy their attention longer—he thought the explanation he had given as regarded the legalization of the society would be tolerably satisfactory to the majority of his friends, and he sincerely hoped the approbation which he, as an humble individual, bore to the proceedings, conduct and services of the relief committee, would be equally satisfactory to them (loud cheers.)

The Grand Master again rose and said: Ladies, Gentlemen and Brothers, I will occupy your attention for a few moments in a most pleasing duty. I have to propose a sentiment, it is the health of our respected Chairman, (loud cheers.) You are aware, gentlemen, that I am about to make an application to the legislature of Great Britain and Ireland, for an act of legislation for our order (hear, hear.) It would be unnecessary for me to call your attention to the fact that our Chairman moves in a sphere and in a profession which makes him of immense value in such an application. It appears, gentlemen, that our Chairman is connected with, I believe is proprietor of, a newspaper, which I understand, above all others, is most calculated to render the greatest amount of benefit to our society (cheers.) The very gentlemanly and dignified manner in which he fills your chair this evening; the manner in which he has vindicated the conduct of your Relief Committee; the manner in which he has acted toward our society, and toward the advancement of our constitution, our objects and our views, is of such a character as to be of immense value not only to our society at this side of the water, but to the community at large (loud cheers.) I therefore, gentlemen, propose with great pleasure, the health of our respected chairman. (The toast was drunk amid loud and enthusiastic cheering.)

The Chairman then rose, and after some preliminary remarks, spoke of Father Mathew and Father Taylor in terms of highest laudation; and closed as follows: Expressing my regret that circumstances have prevented Father M. from meeting here the men who represent the humane feelings of England, and the noble friendship of America—with those feelings strong upon me—with great reverence his fame and admiration of his character—I call on you, brothers of this order—on you, noble-hearted Americans—and you, Sir, the representative of our English brothers, to rise up and give one hearty ringing cheer for the representative of all that is good and noble in this world. (The entire company here rose and cheered most heartily for several minutes.) I am sure I will please you most by calling on one of his best friends, his most efficient aids, and his most devoted followers, to respond. I call then on my eloquent and gifted friend, Mr. Walsh (loud cheers.)

Mr. F. Walsh, on responding to the sentiment was met by the heartiest acclamations of the assembly. He said: Ladies and Gentlemen, I am deeply grateful to your distinguished and highly eloquent Chairman, and my dear and old friend, who now is your chairman, for the kindness he has personally shown to me on such an occasion as this, in confiding to me such a toast as the one he has proposed (hear, hear.) I look on it as a great personal compliment, the highest in the power of any society to confer on an individual. I shall best show my sense of that kindness, my personal gratitude to the Chairman, and my true appreciation of your feelings, by not venturing to dilate on the name of Father Mathew. All that could be said by pure and living eloquence, by a warm and generous heart, by a mind capable of understanding and estimating the magnitude of his services—the devotion of a life-time to humanity—has been spoken by your Chairman in language I could not presume to imitate, and which I could never approach. But I can say this, that he could say, that each of us has had the advantage of close and private intimacy with Father Mathew, which has enabled us to see what was not apparent to the world: and to state with truth, truth as pure as truth itself can be, that great, and good, and noble as Father Mathew appears to the world, no one can know the extent of his goodness, or the devotion, intense and unexampled, which animates him toward everything that can exalt humanity—no one can know that has not had the advantage of close private intimacy, and observation, daily and hourly, in the most unguarded moments of his life (hear, hear.) What your Chairman has told our American friends of the last nine months' labors of Father Mathew would be imperfect if we did not also add this to it (hear, hear.) And while attending with an extraordinary vigilance, with indefatigable watchfulness, with intense care and eager anxiety to the distribution of the food in every petty detail, watching that no official should counteract, no mean minister should frustrate, no petty motives should restrict the value of the bounty, or diminish it to those on whom it was intended to confer relief (cheers;) he has been in the midst of pestilence, in the most frightful dens where fever exhibited its most awful and pestilential effects, hanging over the bed where not one, but three were stretched, in a room where not one, but sixteen were in disease together, perishing of fever—he has risked his life hourly and daily. But in the midst of all his cares, and labors, and toils, it is right to let the world know, as we in Cork do, that besides being one of the most distinguished men of our time, he is one of the most hard working, patient, zealous, Catholic priests with whom God has blessed mankind. He has been in Cork, his selected and adopted city, before his name became so justly celebrated, so beloved and honored for his devotion and anxiety to the poor that he was one of those most revered as a christian clergyman; and, now independent of the glorious movement which he represents, by his personal virtues, his charity, his amiability and goodness, he is at present a link of union between christians and all denominations (great applause.) And on such an occasion as this, how glad, how proud and exulting should we feel that he, who lives amongst us, who has made us his children, and friends, who looks on every single individual in this room and elsewhere as under his care—those whom he loves and honors by his friendship, that we should be now, before an assembly composed as this is, be received not with more enthusiasm by us, not with more reverential honor even by us than he has been by what my eloquent friend has termed "the representative of all that is high-minded and benevolent, and noble and philanthropic in America" (enthusiastic applause.) And, Sir, not an individual object of that bounty, who will be saved from perishing by the blessings brought over from America will hail with more affection or receive with warmer gratitude those who have brought the relief, than the great and good Father Mathew himself (continued applause.) I should think it indeed unreasonable, unfair and unkind were I to trespass on your time. I am most grateful to the chairman for doing my humble name the very great honor of associating it with the name of Father Mathew, and I must say that I feel it particularly an honor in such a society as this; to which, although I do not belong, I have watched with great attention (hear, hear.) And knowing nothing of the mysteries of your order, I am at all events very well able to pronounce that where so much of good has been done, so much of mercy exhibited, so much of kindness in the demeanor of the members, so much of practical, useful, untiring, fearless charity amongst those who dispensed the relief, and went to the sick bed to do so, there can be no vice where virtue is a duty. I have also seen with admiration that the funds collected amongst the members in England, and sent over here, have done immense service amongst the distressed in all parts of the country (cheers.) I have seen letters of acknowledgment from some of my oldest friends amongst the Catholic clergy, stating how the relief sent by the Odd Fellows' Society has saved many a perishing family, when the wealthy of their own districts were either absent in person or absent in heart, where there was no charity amongst them proportionate to their means or the distress by which they were surrounded—that the stranger, like the Samaritan, came amongst them or sent his bounty amongst them, and the poor were saved from the degradation of the workhouse, and those who would be now destitute orphans on the world, have had their parents restored to them by the bounty of your order. When some few months before this visitation had exhibited its most dreadful effects, when the brave, and stalworth, and warm-hearted peasantry, even

in the midst of privation were cheerful and vigorous, and, at last, when bowed down, with all their physical strength gone, wasted, pale, and ghastly, when they had no place to turn, or no place to retreat to, the relief sent by your order cheered their hearts, saved them from the grave open to receive them, and enabled them to give food to their children, and to wait until the bounty of Heaven in the new harvest, exhibiting a merciful withdrawal of the scourge that has afflicted us, gave hope to the country and the blessed chance and prospect of saving some of those who were perishing in thousands, when deaths were only numbered by the red graves in the green fields. I must say, seeing much good effected by the order, I have a deep respect for it—I do not seek to penetrate your mysteries, I am satisfied to see that an Attorney-General and a Judge are amongst your members, and I am perfectly satisfied to be ranked among your supernumeraries (cheers.) And as my worthy and very dear friend, the Mayor, tells me there are honorary members amongst the Odd Fellows, and if you add another to them, by introducing a very odd fellow amongst you—I can only say I will feel I have established a new link of connection with those who are most worthy of being respected and admired, who by their humanity, their virtue, and their kindness have shown themselves deserving of the respect, the confidence and the gratitude of society (enthusiastic acclamations.)

The Chairman again rose and said: Brothers, we have among us here to-night, men who do honor to their species (hear, hear;) who illustrate, by their conduct, the great principle of brotherly love by which they are actuated; who have shown that neither clime nor country—neither the breadth of oceans, nor the hight of mountains—neither barriers nor boundaries—can make an effectual difference between man and man, nor destroy those holy sympathies of the human heart, which link mankind together, however distant—sympathies which God has implanted there, and religion has divinely strengthened (loud cheers.) We have here to-night the stern man of war, who has, ere this, trod the quarter-deck, and waded ankle-deep in blood—now lost in the angel of peace and mercy (cheers.) We have here the gallant warrior, who has come to our shores, not with hatred in his heart, and the sharp steel in his hand, but with blessings in that hand, and tenderness in that heart (cheers.) We have here the dauntless hero who, in his own vessel, with 40 men and 8 guns, desperately encountered a vessel of the enemy, with 130 men and 20 guns, and vanquished that foe, and captured that ship, by the resistless force of his bravery (great cheers;) we have this hero amongst us to-night—with sternness banished from his brow, and his face wreathed with smiles (cheers;) he sails not to our coast armed to the teeth, and breathing of war and courage, but as a messenger of peace, and a loving agent of a nation's bounty (tremendous cheers.) Oh, Ireland, Sir, will never forget America (renewed cheering.) America has ever had the strong sympathies and warm affections of the people of Ireland (hear, hear;) and America has ever had irresistible claims on their sympathies and affections—for when driven from their own land, self-exiled, or the victims of social oppression or political wrong, they were received and succored, and sheltered by your glorious Republic (great cheers.) They crossed the wide waters, feeble and hopeless; but under your proud banner, Sir, they grew strong again in health, and hope, and manhood (renewed cheering.) And as there is a reward for nations in doing good, as there is a retribution for nations in doing wrong, so was America repaid for the protection she gave, and the benefit she conferred; for they who would have starved at home, or filled the pauper's grave, have helped, by their skill and industry, to make her great, and by their valor have supported her flag in triumph and in honor (cheers.) Sir, the noble munificence of America is not only good in itself, but it is good as an example (hear, hear;) it reads a lesson to the whole world; it reads a lesson, and speaks a rebuke to those who rule us—who have all that we once possessed in their hands, but whose hearts are too often callous and insensible to our sufferings (cheers.) Your glorious country, by its spontaneous generosity and unsolicited liberality, has given an example well to be imitated by those who bow down in slavish worship before the cold, stern, iron idol of Political Economy, and sacrifice human sympathies and human claims at the shrine of a cruel abstraction (cheers.) You have moved the hearts of some of those men by your example, startled them into something like a feeling of humanity, warmed them into something like an affectation of charity, and made them assume the appearance of virtues that they had not (loud cheers.) In the midst of your prospérity, Sir, you thought of Ireland; you thought of the land from which one of your parents derived life—for, gentlemen and brothers, the man who sits here before you—the present commander of the food-ship that now floats in peace in the waters of your harbor—the representative of all that is good and generous in America—he has warm Irish blood flowing in his veins (loud cheers.) And understand this fact—he did not calculate consequences in a matter of charity—he did not weigh personal convenience against christian benevolence—he did not closely deliberate on the risk or cost of his noble undertaking—he did not hesitate to enter heart and soul in a cause which he felt to be the cause of God and humanity:—and he has jeopardized, by his undertaking, a sum of 30,000 dollars (great cheering.) Yet, if he never ran that risk of private fortune, but merely gave up his leisure time, and sacrificed those pleasures and duties of America, he would be still entitled to our gratitude, and to the best wishes of our hearts (cheers.) Let me, however, assure our American friend—for he is our friend; and though your hands do not clasp his in the grasp of friendship, still all your hearts leap to his in love and sympathy (cheers;) let me assure him that the Angel of Death has not yet furled his dark wing, nor sheathed his terrible sword; for still that wing overshadows the land, and that sword is not weary of slaying; for still the strong man, and the comely matron, and the beauteous virgin, and the tender child are silently mowed down into the yawning grave (sensation.) The grave is still yawning for new victims, and the fields are red with new death-mounds. Fever is in the hovel; fever is on the hill side; fever is in the valley—pestilence and famine are in our land (deep sensation.) Feel then, Sir, the dignity of your mission, the blessedness of your charity, the usefulness of what you are doing;—think, Sir, with Christian pride, of what your noble heart has suggested, and your manly energy has carried out (cheers;) feel, Sir, the greatness of the service which you render; and believe, Sir, that you, your people, and your country will be ever remembered in the grateful prayers and blessings of the Irish people (loud and continued cheers.) I will not say more; but I could not have fulfilled my duty; I would not have respected your feelings; I would have done violence to my own, if I did not give free vent to emotions that are strong and warm within my breast (cheers.) I give you then, brothers, from my heart of hearts, with all the intensity of my warm feelings—I give, on your part, and on the part of grateful Ireland—on the part of the starving poor, and the fevered sick—on the part of those for whom the grave yawns, but over whom it may not now close—on the part of hungry mothers and shriveled children, who long for American bread—on the part of suffering, hungry, but grateful Ireland, I give you—"honor, health and happiness to Commodore De Kay, and the benevolent contributors to the cargo of the American Frigate, Macedonian." (It would be perfectly impossible to give an idea of the manner in which the toast was received, it was so vehement and so intense.)

Commodore De Kay then rose, and after some statements respecting the contributions from America, and the universal sympathy felt for suffering Ireland, said: The charity that has thus been brought out, Sir, has been greatly augmented by the fellows of your order—ten thousand dollars of bread stuffs were promised to me before I went to Washington from the Odd Fellows of New York. I received letter after letter encouraging me to go on, and stating that the Brethren in Ireland had written to them stating that they wanted bread, not money. After the ship had been lying at New York they sent their contributions on board—part for Ireland and part for Scotland (hear, hear.) The amount was not as large, perhaps, as might be expected from so large a society, or for the great want and destitution that required it, but such as it was, it was cheerfully given (cheers.) I stand here, sir, not as you say, the representative of all that is good in America—there is a great deal more good in America, sir, than what I represent—Father Taylor, (loud cheers) who represents the suffering American sailor, who has done more to meliorate the condition of the American sailor than any other man has done in so good a cause, except your Father Mathew. He stands before you the representative of what is great and good in that respect. Understanding, sir, that Father Mathew was in Cork, and that it was his intention to come out before the Macedonian was loaded, I wrote to him, and requested he would honor me with his presence on board the ship, and I still hope to do so; as I stated in reply to an address presented to me this evening, I would consider that quite a sufficient return—a loan of Father Mathew for two years would be quite sufficient return to the people of America (loud cheers.) I have been so greatly indebted to the ladies of the President and the Vice-President of the United States and the members of the Cabinet, in their endeavors to push forward the matter of these ships, that I must request you will suffer me to give you the sentiment of "the President and Vice-President of the United States"—(the toast was received most enthusiastically.)

The Chairman again rose and said: Now, gentlemen, I don't think I shall tresspass much on your time. In some cases the mere mention of a man's name carries its own eulogy, and certainly the name of Father Mathew does carry its own eulogy (cheers.) Captain Forbes has made us as much acquainted with Father Taylor as Captain Forbes will make the sailors of Boston acquainted with Father Mathew, for the very description given by Commodore De Kay now has been the description given by Captain Forbes; and it is unnecessary really, for I am sure I would trespass on the modesty of a worthy, a kind, and a good man, if I indulged in any thing like a suitable commentary on the introduction of his name. He has come here on a most important mission—he has been intrusted, I believe, by the people of New York in a certain degree with the management of the great bounty which has been brought over here. It is also his object to see for himself, to judge for himself, and to ascertain how the people of America might be useful by further contributions. Hence his mission is of the most important possible character, and he brings to it kindliness of heart, great intelligence, and the advantage of sustaining and enforcing by his personal character and many virtues the adoption of any recommendation he may give the people of the States (cheers.) It is unnecessary for me then to say more than that his mission is one of mercy, and he is a most fitting representative of the goodness and charity of the body whom he represents. I shall now give, without any further preface, "Father Taylor, and the Odd Fellows of the United States" (loud cheers.)

Father Taylor came forward and was received in the most complimentary manner by his brother Odd-Fellows of this City. He said—Honorable Chairman, Ladies, and Brothers of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows—I might enumerate and go on, Sir, and I should have to ask you where I could stop; I would include, Sir, with inexpressible emotions of heart the Christian Catholics of the Church in Ireland before whom I stand and whose presence fills my eyes and affects my heart, both of the clergy and the laity (hear, hear.) Sir, you have not excited my envy at all in the encomiums which you have not sprinkled out but poured out, like the tumblings of our own Niagara, on the head of Father Mathew—a man of his soul, his depth of mind, his elevation of heart would drink a sea of praise and not be drowned (cheers.) I would pour upon him more if it were necessary; but, as Napoleon said of General Washington, his cup is full and what can he have more, but the respect and ho

of his brethren, and the benedictions of the lambs who follow in his footsteps. I have no complaints, sir, against this world—having been thrown out on it from my cradle. I have been floated by the ocean's kind wave to every part of the world, I have seen its best face (hear). I have now become an old man, and am nearly done with life, with war and peace, changing climates and excitement. I am cautioned against entering into excitement here, for I have been burning like a steam machine that has not time to let off my gas for thirty years (laughter). During all this time, sir, I have had no occasion to find fault with the world—I have never seen an unfortunate day in my life (hear, hear). Though I have lain between the guns and my youthful hands have pulled the halyards, and I have watched with eagle's eye my enemy's motion, and in my younger days I cruised on your coasts looking for you like a young wolf; I thought then my country's honor and my country's glory, and the liberty and rights of my class, the blue jackets of the deep, demanded my heart's best wishes and my heart's best blood if it were necessary; but in my old age, when war is over, when manhood sits upon my brow and I am feeling my way with my cane, and the stumbling of my foot and my dim eyes tell me to come and lie down and rest awhile before I enter the eternal glory. God has favored me. Why I should be in Ireland now I know not—it was long the desire of my heart, but I had given it up, having traveled so long, having just returned from Jerusalem and Palestine, and the old world, I concluded I would have left my family no more, for I have not given to my wife and children three months in thirty years (cheers). But the committee joined between New York and Boston took the Macedonian and appointed me to attend this voyage and accompany the ship to Ireland for purposes best known to themselves; and it is a God send (hear, hear). May be I will find a grave in the soil of Old Erin ("no, no") but if I do I shall not think myself unfortunate—I have learned to love your soil, night and morning—your hills move my heart, and I wonder why such lovely valleys should be trod by hungry individuals—your waters move like lakes of oil, and the sun blazes upon you with double brightness, Providence has written your destiny, and Heaven will yet declare that Ireland is not dead (great applause). I am a citizen of the world—I say it because it is due, it has been my doctrine at home and for it I have received some little squibs of abuse, but in my old age, they are like the bee's sting in the hide of the elephant (hear, hear). I have my own creed, deep-rooted, yea to the depths of my soul's fathoming line, I think for myself, no man shall think for me, and every man shall have the same liberty I enjoy; I will take care of my own creed depend on it, and I hope every other man will make me respect his. Society is a large moral institution, I believe we are improving creatures, I believe much in the virtue and the innate purity of the human soul, I believe it is very difficult for a man to walk so far from God that God has no property in him—I believe the Gospel is sent to redeem the fallen and bring the wandering home to Him, and therefore I believe that it is kindness alone that can effect it. I know—for I make it my business in every country I go to, to visit the highest and lowest, to attend at the rich man's house and pass down to the lowest grade, I make it my business to seek the haunts of vice and misery for I would go to the very mouth of the port of perdition for knowledge, leaving myself room to wear my ship around and back out of the gulf (cheers). I search every place I go to, I take every possible means I can to gain information (hear, hear). For the first time in my life I think I have discovered in this dearly beloved and highly favored land, some evidence of some departure from that course of purity that is bright as an angel before me. I can trace it to want of bread—bread—want of bread disorders the brain, want of bread so affects the nerves and drives the system out of its beautiful and perfect order, and may bring on disease and mental derangement till the whole physical system shall become deranged and unable to bear up against it. The strong man becomes exhausted; hunger creates disease and causes pestilence, and what is then to be expected of the delicate heart-broken, poor mother or child sinking under a heavy cloud and yet another cloud gathering over them—then is no time to give long lectures on virtue or lessons on morality. That is an argument why the people must not starve—let not a nation be hungry—send them bread, and bread they must have (cheers). Bread you can have, and if my life lasts, though my race is nearly run, still I can heat my furnace and screw it up to pitch the thunder yet, and I will go home and say to my brothers to send the bread, for our brothers here are worthy of the best portion (cheers). But, lo! and behold I am caught among the Odd-Fellows (laughter)—and it happened to me, unfortunately, that I have become odd before I knew you, but my brother Odd-Fellows in New York requested me to inquire if there were any here, and what could be done for our brethren? Surely something was said by the noble orator in the chair about prejudice—men can weave prejudice out of anything when jealousy's green poison stains their teeth (hear, hear). Is that the sword of danger? Temperance and chastity yonder—the handle faith—and the toil that annoints the sword charity. The Odd-Fellows society, with the Masonic society, is the last in the world to excite jealousy, even in the most whimsical and most notionary man, for there are no elements to disturb either church or state among Odd-Fellows; and to my very great surprise I found among the Odd-Fellows to night Catholic priests, and Father Mathew that holds the world and old time by his long grey beard—by my word he was coming here to night but some of his callings have turned him away.

We long wanted the countenance and assistance of the Catholic priests; but, now, to make us complete, we have got all—all denominations of Christians—all sections of learned men, all grades in the ministry, can be found mingling in the Order of Odd-Fellows, and in the Lodge upon a level, one Odd-Fellow as another (cheers). All grades and politics, Whigs and Democrats—I don't know whether you have got any locofocos here, federalists and liberals, whatever they may be you will find them guarding each other as so many guardian angels in the Odd-Fellow's Lodge (hear, hear). There can be no conspiracy there—neither against church nor state; they are pledged for God, they are pledged for religion and government, and therefore they cannot be mischievous, even if they endeavored; for each Odd-Fellow is a guardian upon the other. Faith, hope, and charity; whom did they ever murder (hear, hear)? Hope, fellowship and love, whoever suffered by this Trinity (hear, and cheers)? Her majesty has not on the earth, nor anywhere between the two extremes of the world, more faithful guardians than faithful Odd-Fellows (cheers). But the charge is secrecy—secrecy to whom? To those who are not worthy of being trusted, to those whose skulls cannot hold the truth—there is no secrecy to virtuous, honest, honorable high-minded men, if they will come to our door, ask for admittance, pass through the crucible, and prove themselves worthy. There are some mice who would eat the cheese without helping to make it, but virtuous men would not wish to enjoy the hard earned fruits and incomes of others. Our secrets are but the safeguards of treasures—our secrets are no more than the nice little key that keeps the property secure, and why should a man have or seek to get a key to meddle with that did not belong to him (hear, hear). They object to secrets. Secrets—are not there secrets in the church and secrets in the legislature, secrets in the bible and secrets in nature—secrets in the laws of Heaven and the inscrutable decrees of the Almighty? If secrecy be treason, let us stone Heaven! And why call it Odd-Fellowship?—because it is odd, exceedingly odd. There's the Christian law thousands of years old, and yet your churches have not desisted from being theological battering rams—the men in politics are out in the field throwing dust in the air, they can scarcely meet in common friendship at a pool of water: we can go into our Odd-Fellow's Lodge and our bosom is open, like a sun flower (cheers). I have found among them Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, and all orders, I often said—Well, when will the time arrive when we shall have the Catholics—lo! I have got them. Now, Noble Grand Master, you have got the universe in your arms—tell it to England [great applause]—give the love, sir, of the American body of Odd-Fellows to their brothers in Old England—tell them to continue just what they are, for they have been found faithful to Government and true to their principles. Hope in God and wipe away the widow's tears [continued cheers.] I said, Sir, odd—how odd it is to find all denominations clasped and bound together in a circle of unity. Comfort the widow. Oh! what pleasure so tender and touching in the world—she has her thousands, her worshippers, her menials, and servants, and palaces—she is a widow—she wants a comforter, a brother to cheer the heart; on whose bosom can the bereaved widow of an Odd-Fellow so firmly confide as in her husband's own brother [cheers.] Feed the widow and orphan children. Sir, we have lately cleared the foundation of the largest college in America, for the education of the children of Odd-Fellows.

The Society of Odd Fellows, only commenced the new organization in America in 1819, and they now number between one and two hundred thousand, spreading all over the country. In my lodge, [Suffolk] when a member happens to get ill, we send for no stranger, a brother is always willing to volunteer. I am strictly imbued with religion, I am high for church principles, I am a religious devotee, yet I will tell the truth if the stars should fall; I have not known in my life the original apostolic christianity in all its purity such as I have found since I entered the Odd Fellows' lodge [hear, hear.] Recollect I am no skeptic, I believe in the Bible, I believe in the Gospel, but I would that the church had never departed from the old apostolic custom; but as they have, I am glad the Odd Fellows have picked it up, and washed its face and held it up in the air, that the world might see brotherhood without partiality and affection without distinction. But we do not confine our charity or narrow our assistance to those only among ourselves, we give as liberally to all the moral, philanthropic, missionary, poor and charitable societies, as though we were not a society of our own. I find the purest religion among the Odd Fellows; and as a handmaid to the church of God, there is not a more useful institution in the world [cheers.] I shall go home, my brethren, feeling well about the heart, for I have met my brethren with whom I wish to lay my life, and near whom stretch my form when I am gone—I have found the body with whom I hope to leave my darling, idol, tender son—I would commit him to the bosom and fidelity of Odd Fellows as soon as any body I know of, and from my knowledge and present connexion, I prefer them to be his tender guardians [cheers.] Odd Fellows—I am glad to find them in Ireland—the poor, I know, will not suffer while an Odd Fellow can make two sixpences of a shilling. And lo, Mr. Chairman, they said at first the ladies were against us, but they found that their husbands were taken care of, that their conduct was improved since they joined the lodges, and up rose the Ladies' Odd Fellows themselves; and it is their intention to establish a Grand Lodge, called the Maternal Lodge: this does not look like having the ladies against us. May the wives of Odd Fellows never have to complain of the Order; may they be our advocates when modesty will close our mouths. Forgive me, Sir, for the time I have occupied; oh, if I were Joshua, I would make the sun come back, not one, but ten degrees [cheers.] Sir, I cannot give you eloquence, but I can plead for bread—another cargo of corn—after that another cargo, and another, for we have got it, and with our granaries you have got our hearts [great applause:] we don't mean Ireland apart from dear old England, from whence my father sprung. I love the nation of my father's birth, my father's land—England the reservoir of the waters of life, and religion; and, England and America together, let the rest of the world tremble. [The Rev. gentleman sat down amid loud and long sustained applause.]

The Chairman rose and said: Ladies, gentlemen, and brothers,

after the magnificent discourse we have listened to with such intense pleasure, I will call on brother Whelan for a song [hear, hear.]

Brother WHELAN here sung, with the most refined taste, and in excellent style—"The Red Cross Banner," and was warmly applauded when he had finished.

The Chairman again rose and gave "the Mayor and the Corporation of Cork" [cheers,] who were well represented there that night by Aldermen Thomas Lyons and Dowden [cheers.]

The MAYOR rose and was loudly cheered. He felt greatly honored by the approbation with which they had kindly received his name. He was proud, he assured them, that he was the first member of the Corporation who had become an Odd Fellow [loud cheers;] and then that he was one, and that he hoped to practice the admirable rules of their society, he trusted that his example would lead every member of the Corporation to embrace it [loud cheers.]

The Chairman next gave the "Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the Cork District" [cheers;] and he would couple with it the "Munster," the "Oak," and the "City of Cork" lodges [loud cheers.]

Prov. G. M. KEANE rose, and thanked the meeting for the honor they had conferred on the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the Cork District, on that glorious night, when they felt honored and proud at the presence among them of some of the best of Irishmen, of noble-hearted Americans, and of their respected Grand Master of the Manchester Unity [cheers.] He repeated it was a glorious night for Odd Fellows [cheers,] for that night had developed what was in obscurity before. The presence of the good Commodore De Kay, the commander of the Macedonian, and of the great and good Father Taylor, had conferred much honor on them [cheers.] The gallant Commodore had told them that their brothers in America had contributed a portion of the cargo towards the Irish relief, now he claimed that the portion given by the Odd Fellows of America, should be at the disposal of the Odd Fellows of Cork [hear, hear, from Father Taylor.] He thanked God that he lived to see that night. Well indeed may the officers and brothers of the Cork District rejoice at the number of influential citizens assembled there that night, to pay a tribute of respect to the representative of the finest and most humane body of men in the known world, the Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity [cheers:] many of whom he had the honor of knowing, and was proud to say their late acts in the case of suffering Ireland had raised them higher than ever in public estimation [hear, hear.] He was likewise delighted to have such gentlemen as Counsellor Walsh, Dr. M'Evers, and other noble characters, offering themselves that night to become members of their noble institution, thereby adding to the name we have already earned.

Vice Grand SMITH, of the City of Cork Lodge, should say that he felt highly pleased by the manner in which the Odd-Fellows of Cork had been honored that evening. When he saw the respected gentlemen from the United States present, the number of Roman Catholic Priests, and the collection of the most influential citizens, of whom he need only mention the name of Alderman Thomas Lyons, [cheers] he felt proud indeed. He thanked them on the part of the City Cork Lodge [cheers].

The Cairman next gave the health of one of the most respected officers in the Society—Dr. M'Evers [cheers].

Dr. M'EVERS, who was loudly cheered, said that the compliment just paid him was unexpected. For their kindness in connecting his name with the delightful proceedings of that evening he thanked them. Although not yet connected with their society, he had an opportunity of seeing the practical working of the brotherhood, and as an opportunity then presented itself it would be almost a dereliction of duty, did he not offer his opinion of the general working of the Odd-Fellows in Cork [hear, hear]. From all that he knew he assured them that they deserved the highest commendation [cheers]; and though he before kept aloof from connecting himself with the society, for reasons not then necessary to name, so highly did he then approve of it, that he would take the earliest opportunity of joining it [loud cheers]. He would do himself that honor whenever it pleased them to admit him [cheers]; and he felt such a regard for it, and knew so well its importance he would do all in his power for its advancement [loud cheers]. He would again thank them for the honor they had conferred on him.

The Chairman—I feel obliged to express my delight at the charming evening we have spent. Let us wind it up with harmony [hear, hear]; and to carry that out I will call on Brother Whelan for a song [hear, hear].

Mr. WALSH—Before he does, will you allow me, who have been present at a great variety of festivals and seen as many Chairmen occupy the seat of honor, to bear my humble testimony to the admirable and exemplary deportment of the gentleman who fills the chair on this evening [loud cheers]. I have never seen a Chairman—even Richard Dowden himself whom I consider the prince of chairmen, combine such lofty eloquence with conciseness, so befitting every subject as Mr. Maguire has done this evening [loud cheers]. I have seen so many chairmen that I must not permit his own bashfulness to conceal that truth from you [cheers]. Allow me further to say that, though I have heard some of the first orators of the day, some of the greatest men at the English bar, so noble a specimen of eloquence coming from the heart, or such a glow of warm feeling I have never witnessed as that of Father Taylor this evening [hear and cheers]. And when he thinks of all his triumphs, both by land and sea, let him consider it one of the strangest and oddest that he drew tears from a lawyer's eyes [cheers and laughter].

Brother WHELAN then sang, in the most effective style, Balfe's beautiful ballad from the opera of the daughter of St. Mark, "We may be happy yet."

The Company then, after expressing their delight at the manner in which everything had been conducted during the evening, broke up.

THE ODD FELLOWS' COLLEGE.

THE plan proposed by Bro. RIDGLEY for the establishment of a college for the education of the orphans and children of the Order, seems to meet with favor or opposition, according to the fancy of brothers in different portions of the Union. Little Rhode Island, little in territory but great in spirit, reports adversely, and instructs her representatives to oppose the measure in every form it may assume. On the other hand, staid and grave Massachusetts reports strongly in its favor; and argues its importance, and the necessity, or, at least, the salutary influence, of such an institution. The Joint Committee of the G. Lodge G. Encampment say:

In our own day and generation, and in our own land, it has given to the masses that mental culture which has built up for us the noble structure of a Republican Government, and surrounded us with institutions of science and learning that will ever be the great palladium of our liberties. To educate and enlighten the mind is to free it from the yoke of error. Such is the splendid aggregate in which our Association is called upon to form an integral part; for it is to the establishment of public institutions of learning, that the world is indebted for preserving the wisdom of past ages for the use of those to come. Our own age is not so much distinguished for uncommon display of genius, as by its general intellectual improvement and the enthusiasm enkindled for liberal studies. It is the peculiar mission of our institution to enlarge the circle of human sympathies, and to lead on the spirit of enterprize, in its philanthropic efforts to erect a structure in the hearts of men that will endure for ever. ** * The question that first naturally presents itself to our minds, in considering this subject, is, Has the Order the means to carry out this project, without embarrassing its finances or impairing its usefulness? Your Committee have directed their attention to this point of inquiry, and find from the Annual Reports of the Grand Corresponding Secretary, the gross revenues of the Order, from 1840 to 1846, to exceed two million dollars; while the relief expenditures, for the same period, amount to five hundred and thirty-nine thousand, six hundred and twenty-two dollars. From this balance is to be deducted the current expenses of the Lodges, which will not exceed twenty-five per cent, leaving a million of dollars surplus as the aggregate means of the Order, which is invested in the public securities of the country. The estimated expense of carrying out this project, as illustrated by Grand Corresponding Secretary Ridgely, affixing an extravagant sum by way of hypothesis, would be for the cost of a college building, with a suitable site, and providing it with a library, philosophical apparatus, and cabinet of minerals, about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The annual outlay for the boarding, clothing, and educating three hundred pupils and the endowment of twelve professorships, will reach the sum of thirty thousand dollars.

These are large sums, adds the Grand Secretary, but to the reflecting mind, capable of appreciating the already vast resources of our Order, they will appear comparatively insignificant. To provide the ways and means for the accomplishment of this scheme, the following plan is suggested: and your Committee would beg leave to state that they are presenting the plan and details assumed by the Grand Secretary, with some slight alterations. Let the twenty-seven Grand Lodges contribute each $500; one thousand Subordinate Lodges $100 each; one hundred Subordinate Encampments $150 each; Grand Encampments $200 each; the Grand Lodge of the United States $20,000—making an aggregate of $150,000. These appropriations could be made gradual, by periodical installments. For the general support of the Institution, the Grand Cor. Secretary makes the following suggestion. The estimated number of contributing members to the Order is one hundred thousand. If each of these brethren will add one-half of one per cent. per week, or twenty-six cents per year to this present assessment, the sum of $26,000 per annum will thus be collected, to be applied to the support and thorough education of three hundred of the children of their deceased brethren, which will be constantly increasing, and thus enlarging the ability to augment the number of pupils.

After setting forth the elements of the plan of the Grand Secretary, which have been already published in our columns, the Committee proceed to answer the objection on the score of state lines. We like the spirit of the reply. It sounds like old Massachusetts, the dear old state we love so well, the home of our childhood:

It is our duty to do good to the extent of our ability, and not to fold our arms in cold indifference, and close the portals of our affections because we cannot dry up the ocean of tears that fall from the lids of the afflicted. The divine parable of the widow and her mite should triumph over selfish considerations. Our Order itself is founded upon the principle of taxing the many for the benefit of the few. If every one of its members should demand an equal share of its benefits, under any circumstances, where would be the safety-valve of the Institution? Our Association would become a thing of shreds and patches. And does the Grand Lodge of a sister State object to this project, because only *ten* of her orphans will receive that mental aliment that nature craves? In Massachusetts, the cause of education has been, for a series of years, the especial object of our government. We have been favored beyond some of our younger and sister States, in the growth and nurture of that noble sentiment—the principle of education, which has scattered with profuse liberality its blessings and its benefits, even beyond the confines of our own Commonwealth. With us this noble sentiment has opened the door of poverty, and has assisted the indigent in climbing the steep ascent of science. With us, the tree of knowledge is made to bear its rich fruits by a continual watering of the parent stem. If we should suffer the "rank grass to grow around the portals of our halls of learning," we should be false to our race, and false to our destiny. Narrow and sordid must be our views, if they are bounded by State lines, when, by an expansion of sympathy, we can aid, however feebly, in giving freedom to the mind.

The Report closes with the following Resolution, which was adopted by the Grand Lodge and the Grand Encampment. We are not yet prepared to admit all it claims, however. These things are always easier prophecy than history:

Resolved, That the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of Massachusetts, I. O. O. F. approve of the proposition submitted by the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, in regard to the establishment, by the Order, of a National Seminary of Learning, regarding it as a measure which, in its adoption, would have a tendency to extend and increase the benevolent purposes of the Institution, strengthen its bond of union and perpetuate the principles of our social organization.

☞ "THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BALLET GIRL," by Albert Smith—a piquant and amusing little work, comically illustrated—has been recently published by Messrs. Appleton & Company, Broadway.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1847.

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BOSTON.—Office of the Golden Rule, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L. WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the Rule sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

☞ Our columns are crowded, this week, with interesting matter pertaining to the Order, which we trust none will overlook. The "Festival at Cork," is condensed from a very voluminous account—and the *cream* presented to our readers. Many favors of correspondents, already in type, and many more on file for insertion, are necessarily omitted. They will have the earliest attention possible.

☞ Our lady readers must not be surprised if, for several weeks to come, the affairs of the Order occupy a large share of our columns. The Annual Communication of the G. L. U. S. commences on Monday next, and the publication of the important documents and Proceedings of that R. W. Body will preclude our usual literary variety Our fair friends will remember that this happens, like Christmas, but "once a year," and like good Odd-Fellows, we are sure they will suffer their department to be encroached on, for a time, for the welfare of the Order.

☞ We have been gratified with visits, this week, from Grand Representatives Day of Ohio, W. Duane Wilson of Wisconsin, Daniel T. Clark of New Jersey, P. G. M. Dimick of Ct., and many esteemed brothers from the various States of the Union. The intelligence they bring of the peace and prosperity which prevails throughout our great jurisdiction, is cheering; and we trust this prosperity is destined never to be impaired by the harsh tones of discord or disunion.

☞ The M. W. Grand Sire, Thomas Sherlock, of Cincinnati, accompanied by his lady, passed through our city early in the week on his way to Baltimore. His stay among us was short. In company with G. Rep. Wilson, we called at his hotel on Tuesday, but had not the pleasure of paying him our respects, inasmuch as he had departed for Philadelphia that afternoon.

"Friends in Adversity."—This simple and affecting story will be read with deep interest. Many such scenes are constantly occurring among us—and many an afflicted brother has similar reason for blessing the merciful ministrations of Odd-Fellowship.—We give Bro. Goebright a hearty welcome to our columns; and we trust our readers will often have the pleasure of being instructed by his eloquent pen.

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

The R. W. Grand Lodge of New York held an adjourned session at the room, National Hall, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 15—Grand Master Taylor in the chair, and a very large attendance.

After the admission and instruction of new members, petitions were presented and referred for six new Lodges, with a large number of applications for processions, public addresses, &c.

The D.G.M. and G.T elect were duly installed by the G.M. The following appointments were made by the G.M. and approved by the G. L.

E. H. Housel, of No. 150, G.Mar.; H. Bremer, of No. 14, G.Con.; John Remick, of No. 73, G.Guar.

Committee on Laws: A. A. Phillips of No. 107, H. Hunt, of No. 28, T. O. Davis of No. 17, —— Lame of No. 43, and —— Leweck of No. 82.

Committe of Correspondence: P.G.M. Charles McGowan of No. 1, P.D.D.G.M. Daniel P. Barnard of No. 166, P.G. George H. Andrews of No. 235.

A portion of the D.D.G.Ma. were also appointed and confirmed, but we are obliged to defer the list until our next.

The Finance Committee made a detailed report of the condition of the finances during the year—ending with resolutions, pending the question on which, at a very late hour, the G. L. adjourned until Thursday evening, Sept. 16, at 8 o'clock.

During the evening, the Grand Lodge was honored with visits from Grand Master Hilyer and P. G. Rep. Morris of New Jersey; P. G. M. Demick, G. Rep. from Conn., and G. Mar. Page, of the Grand Lodge of Wisconsin, who were received with the usual courtesies.

The Grand Encampment of N. Y. at its session on the 7th inst. passed resolutions, unanimously, against the adoption of the proposed amendment to the Constitution of G. L. U S. by which G. Encampments would be deprived of a Representation in that R. W. Body; and the Representatives were instructed to use their influence to prevent its adoption. An adjourned session of the G. E. will be held on the first Monday Evening in October.

Owahgena Lodge No. 223, meets at Cazenovia, Madison county, every Tuesday evening. Officers for the current term: George W. Carpenter, N.G.; William Willis, V.G; William H. Barns, S.; S. R. Hall, P.S; M. W. Shapley, T. Owahgena has about 100 members, and is steadily increasing in numbers and usefulness We are privileged to greet as brethren, some of the purest spirits, in the shape of young men, that our beautiful village can boast of. The principles of Friendship, Love and Truth have a deep hold on their affections, and their aim is to live in the constant practice of the doctrines of our beloved Institution. Yours in F. L. and T. W. H. S.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Sept. 14, 1847.

E. Winchester, Esq.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—On Saturday evening last, Templar Lodge No. 258 was opened and constituted by our R.W.D.G.M. in the district of Southwark, and the following brothers were installed into the respective offices, viz: W. M. Riley, N.G.; Amos S. Kelly, V.G.; Jno. Clayton, S., R. M. Berry, A.S.; A. Napier, T. This makes twelve Lodges in the district of Southwark, where some four or five years ago none existed, and I am inclined to believe they are all doing well, (with but one exception, however.)

Yesterday our brethren at Roxborough dedicated a splendid building which they had erected to the purpose of our Order, and I assure you it was one that any body of men may justly be proud of, and particularly so this Lodge, as it has struggled along for several years against as fierce an opposition as could possibly be waged against them. A short history of this Roxborough Lodge No. 66, may not be uninteresting to your readers, as it shows that a determination to carry out our principles will eventually succeed.

In May 1841, a charter was granted to five petitioners for a Lodge to be called Roxborough Lodge No. 66. The Lodge was opened with many misgivings by those who were authorized to perform that duty. Year after year, as the officers of the Grand Lodge performed the pleasing duty of visiting the Subordinate Lodges, they heard that this Lodge had about 30 members, and that they were accumulating some money; they also learned that the utmost harmony prevailed among them. And now we have the pleasure of saying that their numbers during the past year have increased to 60, and they have put up a Hall at a cost of some $5000.

Long may the harmony which has attended them from their organization continue. May no unkind or angry word ever be heard within their Hall, and may success, such as they wish, be theirs. Yours Fraternally.

WISCONSIN.

Milwaukee, Sept. 4, 1847.

Dear Sir and Bro.—Since the session of our Grand Lodge, Excelsior Lodge No. 20, has been instituted in this city, and meets every Thursday evening, in the north part of our city, called Killbourntown. The officers are: E. Bridgeman, N.G.; Thomas W. Taylor, V.G.; John B. Vleit, S.; Wm. Doughten, P.S.; A. J. Langworthy, T. The G.S. has just received a petition for a Lodge at New-Diggins, and a dispensation has been forwarded for Lodge No. 21! A goodly number for as new a Territory as this. Our cause is onward! G.

P.G.M. Wm. Duane Wilson has kindly forwarded us the printed proceedings of the new Grand Lodge of Wisconsin, from its institution on the 9th of June, to the session of the 21st of July. The doings of the session of the 9th of June we have already made our readers acquainted with, through the aid of our Milwaukee correspondent.

At the session on July 21, a charter was granted for a new Lodge in Milwaukee, to be called Excelsior Lodge No. 20, and a petition for another Lodge at Sheboygan was denied.

A Constitution was adopted for Subordinates. A motion to instruct the G. Rep. to vote for the repeal of the six months term was adopted—8 to 6 by Lodges. The G. M. was instructed to furnish a P. W. for Subordinates every three months. The Grand Officers were instructed to procure blank charters from the G. L U. S. (the "Diploma" printed blank) and to adopt a form of charter. The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That this G. L. approve of the Certificate of Membership issued from the Golden Rule Office, and do recommend its purchase by the brethren of the Order.

The G. Secretary's report embraces the returns and work of the Lodges for the month of June, during which month the initiations were 40; number of members 720.

The G.M. reports the institution of three new Lodges—Hope No. 17 at Madison, Friendship No. 18 at Rochester, and Green Bay No. 19 at Green Bay—since the organization of the G. L. in June, all of which are in good and faithful hands. He earnestly warns the Lodges to beware of an undue anxiety to increase their numbers with an unhealthy rapidity, which shall lead them incautiously to admit the unworthy. "Already numbering 800 members in this Territory, we need not fear a want of recruits." The following remarks of the G.M. are excellent, and we would commend them to all:

Again, another trouble growing out of the frankness and free heartedness of our people, is this, there has been too much every day conversation, too much out door talk in regard to Odd Fellowship. Too much prominence and importance has been unnecessarily given in public to our symbolic language—the Order and its peculiar principles and qualities have been too frequently the topic of conversation out of the Lodge Room. My own view on this subject is, that such course is neither wise nor expedient. A portion of the community are yet sensitive on the subject of institutions similar to our own, and while on all proper occasions we should manfully defend our principles and the Order, yet we should ever avoid forcing ourselves or our particular views into the notice of those, who from a want of knowledge of our aims and objects, still stand aloof from our number. Our symbolic language should never be resorted to, but in cases of necessity. And this necessity can never arise when among friends and acquaintances, and seldom at any time, save when traveling, or among strangers. We should rarely proclaim with our lips that we belong to the I. O. O. F. while we should constantly strive so to live and act in our daily intercourse with our fellow citizens as to compel them to admit, that, judging from our moral worth, we are indeed worthy members of that mystic band.

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AUGUST REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (No. 11 Wall-st.) issued 176 new Policies during the month of August,, 1847, viz: to

Merch. & Trad.	53	Lawyers	2	Agents	6
Clerks	9	Physicians	6	Farmers	4
Manufactur'rs.	24	Clergymen	8	Sea Captains	5
Mechanics	27	Ladies	9	Engineers	2
Bankr's & Brokrs	5	Hotel keepers	3	Public officers	5
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Total new policies in August, 1847.....176

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The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of August, 1847, (27 months) 4160 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a nett capital of over $350,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No, 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

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STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, August 3d, 1847.—To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York: Sir, Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE—A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICTS—One Senator for the THIRD Senate District, consisting of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth wards of the city of New York; One Senator for the FOURTH Senate District, consisting of the Seventh, Tenth, Thirteenth and Seventeenth wards of the said city; One Senator for the FIFTH Senate District, consisting of the Eighth, Ninth and Fourteenth wards of the said city; and One Senator for the SIXTH Senate District, consisting of the Eleventh, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth wards of the said city.

COUNTY—Also the following officers for the said city and county, to wit: Sixteen members of Assembly, One to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours respectfully N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, August 5th, 1847.—The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided. J. J. V. WESTERVELT, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Rev. Stat. vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 3d, part 1st, page 140.

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VOL. VII....No. 13. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1847. WHOLE No. 169.

Original Tales.

THE WRECK OF JOY.

BY MRS. H. LIGHTHIPE.

"WE are going to John Fieldings to dine," said my friend Dick Benton to his wife one morning, as we were all assembled in the breakfast room just before that sociable meal. "I sent them word by Tony, last night, when he left his work, and they will expect us."

"Oh! I am so glad!" replied Sarah, and she clasped her hands with delight—and turning to me she said: "we shall have such a charming day."

"You forget," said I, somewhat abashed, "that I do not know them, and it would be highly improper to go."

Sarah laughed heartily, and her husband protested against such unnecessary ceremony.

"You should have left all that reserve on the other side of the Potomac," he remarked; "but stay with us a few months and I promise you it will be all gone, and you will be like the rest of us. So be ready by 10 o'clock, and say no more of it."

Richard Benton and I were old friends; he was a native of Virginia, and had been sent to the North for his education; he was a whole souled, noble-hearted fellow, passionately attached where he loved, and partial to a fault concerning his native State. He had been married but a short time, and I had promised to spend some time with his wife and himself when they were settled on their own plantation, and this was my first week with them, "to be initiated," as Dick said, "into the socialities of life."

"And who is John Fielding?" I asked of Sarah, as a short time after, we were seated in the carriage driving rapidly toward our place of destination.

"He is one of our choice spirits," she answered, "and a prodigious favorite of Richard's, who considers him a genuine specimen of a southern gentleman. He is a well-educated man, and extremely hospitable—he came into possession a few years since of his uncle's estate and negroes, and has lately married a wife who is reputed as extremely beautiful. I have never seen her, as they have been traveling ever since the wedding, and this is our visit to the bride. John insisted there should be no formal calling, but a whole day's visit."

"He must be very happy," I said, "if outward appearances constitute happiness—more bliss than usually falls to one poor mortal."

"So it would seem," replied Sarah; "but here you come to judge for yourself," she added, as we drove up before a snug little mansion, whose front was covered with running white roses and coral honeysuckle; the walks were clean and white, and the grass which formed the front lawn was as green as the first bursting of spring.

The master of the mansion came hastening to meet, and gave us a cordial greeting, and before I had reached the steps of the front porch, I was as much at home with him as if I had known him for years.

His bride was even more beautiful than I had anticipated; her complexion was the most perfect blending of red and white I had ever beheld, and her dark chesnut hair was parted in bands over her forehead and ears, and fell in light ringlets over her neck and shoulders. Her eyes were deep blue and very soft and gentle in their expression, while the smile that played around her mouth was matchless. But she was so very quick in her mirth compared with her merry hearted husband, and so studied and graceful in her movements, that I did not feel so much at ease with her as I did with Mr. Fielding.

We passed, as Sarah had predicted, a most charming day, and I returned home quite as enthusiastic in their praise as even Richard Benton himself. During the many months that remained of my visit, I saw them frequently and every time with renewed pleasure. Mr. Fielding I had learned to admire as much as my paragon Dick, and though often when in company with his wife, I felt that soul and heart were both very deficient in that perfect form, yet a few moments, under the magic of her fascinations, and I would grow bewildered with her loveliness, and feel that her equal I had never beheld: and I left their southern home on my return northward with the impression, that if felicity—of wealth, beauty, hospitality and comfort—existed any where, it was in the pleasant dwelling of John and Miranda Fielding.

Six years had passed away since my sojourn in Virginia I had almost forgotten many incidents of the visit. Cares, troubles

and strange faces had banished some of the pleasant memories, when I met Richard and Sarah again. We had talked over old times, and laughed long and merrily at jokes of the bye-gone days; I had inquired after every friend whom I could remember, until casually mentioning John Fielding's name, I observed a shade of intense grief quickly rest upon my friends face, which did not immediately pass away. I wisely forebore questioning, as I saw something was the matter, but Dick soon took his hat and walked away.

"Poor Richard!" said Sarah, "you have touched one of his tenderest points; he can never bear any allusion to poor John's fate. You remember how beautiful Fielding's wife was. Such beauty as hers ever commands admiration, and I believe is always fond of it. John, you know, was fitted for home and a domestic life; but Miranda doated upon balls and public entertainments. She soon grew weary of her home, delightful as it was, and pined for a gayer life. She had very little warmth of affection, and no cultivation of intellect, and by a weak-minded mother she had been taught to believe beauty of person the only important item in a woman's thoughts, and admiration the sole thing worth living for. No wonder then that the little circle of home was not her world, and the brilliant beauty which had captivated John's affections, should sigh for other flattery, and become weary of his kind attentions. He humored her caprices, and went with her into the gay world for which she seemed best fitted. But the society which he met there had a prejudicial influence upon John, so susceptible as he was to others control.

"At length, after two years, the birth of a boy gave a new light to its father's existence. I never saw a man so devotedly attached to his child from the very beginning of its life, and after it became old enough to return his caresses, it was more than idolatry which he lavished upon it. He called it Richard Benton, and I never saw him without his son in his arms; but alas! it died during its second summer, and from that time John was a changed being. He rushed even more madly than his wife did into dissipation, and perhaps her indifference to the child's loss, made him more reckless of consequences. He was often intoxicated, and as often at the gaming table, until his beautiful estate was sacrificed piece by piece, and he was compelled to leave his home and take up his abode at a hotel, the most congenial place now for both parties.

"Richard used all his influence to win his old friend back to sobriety, but a wild laugh was all he could obtain by his reasoning, and the brief question, what had he to live for?

"Thus time wore on, when Richard received one day a letter, which I knew to be in John's writing. It agitated him very much, and springing upon his horse he rode away rapidly. In a few hours a servant returned with a note from my husband, requesting me to pack him some clothes in his valise ready for traveling; that he should be obliged to leave home for some days, he scarce knew how long; begged me not to be alarmed, he would explain all when he returned.

"I waited at home very patiently for three weeks. Alone as I was, time seemed to pass very irksomely. At last he returned, but worn and haggard with excitement and traveling. *That letter* had been an appeal from John. If he wished to save him from suicide; for the love of heaven to come immediately. Miranda had eloped with a dashing young officer, a boarder at the same hotel. and hearing, as he did, the character of her paramour, her after fate was easy to predict. John besought Richard to follow her and save her if possible—to restore her to her friends, and not to leave her until she was safe—but not to let him look upon her again, for she had filled his cup with bitterness to overflowing.

"Mr. Benton traced them to Alabama—pursuaded her to return with him—and placed her once more in her mother's house, where I believe she is still, then came on to bring the tidings to John. But when he came to the place where he had left him, Mr. Fielding was nowhere to be found. He had been gone since two nights before, and that was all they knew. Weary as he was, anxiety of mind induced him to go in pursuit of his friend. He followed him from one place to another, and from tidings he gathered, he found he had been wandering about a raving maniac. The course of the poor stricken fugitive seemed to tend toward his old home, and hoping to find him there, although among strangers, Richard urged his horse until after sundown, and the full moon had began to give her light for the further search he had projected. On a high piece of ground which overlooked his lost paradise, they found the corpse of John Fielding—stiff and cold, and the moon shining fairly upon his pale brow and glazed eyes. He had sought in the delusion of an overwrought fancy, to gain once more the fountain of his happiness. It was beside his boy's grave that his last footsteps were traced, and in the cold hand that rested on his breast, was a small ringlet of sunny hair, and a few green leaves from the tiny grave.

"He was borne into the dwelling that had once been his own, and from the room in which he had been the life of our group, he was carried to his last resting place, a sad memorial of an ill-sorted union, and the certain shipwreck which our affections shall meet, placed upon creatures of flesh and sin, unmindful of Him who is our hope for ever."

Orange, N. J. August, 1847.

Original Poetry.

A MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY,

ON THE DEPARTURE OF HER CHILDREN FOR THE WEST.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

I'M lonely, very lonely, gone are they
Whose presence o'er me held mysterious sway;
Lifting the soul and sinking it again
Just as the wind in its wild fitful strain
Breathes o'er the harp, enchanting, soft and clear,
Making strange music on the listeningear.

When they were happy, then my heart grew young,
I shared their mirth, their pastime and their song.
As o'er the keys their joyous fingers flew
Their hearts grew warm, and mine grew warmer too;
I soared with Poets in their airy dreams,
O'er mountains, woodlands, groves and purling streams.
Tracked the bold hunter as he onward sped
Thro' the dense forest, with a mournful tread;
On St. Helena, by Napoleon's grave
Where willows bend, where rolls the tearful wave,
Subdued, I've listened to the touching strain,
"No sound the Conquerer can awake again;"
Melted, to list the soft impassioned air,
"Hushed are the lute-strings, vacant is the chair;"
Wept, when I thought how soon from me they'd roam,
"O'er far blue mountains, and the white sea foam."
For well I knew the hour must come to part,
And they too knew; in every beating heart
There was a trembling; cheeks turned pale, and eyes
Suffused in tears—sighs answering unto sighs.
The laugh, the music, and the song were hush'd,
As from the face, the full round drops were brush'd.

Within my heart enshrined, my children were,
I worshiped then, so young, so kind, so fair;
I'm lonely, very lonely, now they're gone,
And mourn for them, my beautiful, my own!

Morning, and noon, and eve, they me surround,
Breathless I wait, I listen for the sound
Of their light footsteps, stretch my eyes to see
If not one dear one is approaching me.
I list their voices in the gentle breeze,
I catch their accents in the trembling leaves,
I court thoir presence, but in vain, to hear
One whisper, from the lips I loved so dear.

Gone—gone—departed—never will return
Past hours of converse—never on life's urn
The fire as brightly burn—the torch is dead!
The joys we've tasted—ah, those joys are fled!

That happy band in foreign lands now stray,
Like summer flowers they've bloomed and past away.
I look around, here the same things appear,
Tho' far away, I feel them ever near,
And here the chair, and there the sofa stands
Press'd by their forms, or polished by their hands;

My home, how full of them, but where are they?
Gone—like the sun-beam from my sight away.

From life's first budding, every day my care,
The burden of my morn and evening prayer;
Often when sad, their warm reviving breath
Came like the south wind o'er the violet heath,
So soft, so sweet, so fraught with love and bliss
My cares and sorrows vanished in their kiss.

Oh, why stern fate should we thus parted be,
Father above, why this our destiny?
Oh, why, when life so fleeting and so frail,
So like the leaf borne on th' autumnal gale,
So early blighted—withered—scattered—gone—
Should we be parted--and I mourn alone?

What have I done, thy smitten child inquires,
That life declines, 'mid these consuming fires?
Have I had idols? have they shared thy throne?
Thou answerest Yes. Then let thy will be done.

Heavenward, hereafter, help my thought's to rise,
My warm devotions pierce the upper skies,
My spirit wing its way with morning's light,
And soar still higher in the noon of night;
Submissive, help me to resign to thee,
What thou for many years hast lent to me.
When weary, lonely, heart and soul oppresst,
My children wandering in the sunny West,
Help me obedient, at thy feet to fall,
And yield to thee, myself, my children, all.

Sag Harbor, July, 1847.

Original Notes of Travel.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

NUMBER ONE.

LIVERPOOL Aug. 14th, 1847.

Voyage out—Halifax—its appearance externally and internally—At sea—change of temperature—the chief business—Sunday at sea—divine service—its effect—Variety of passengers—dining labors—night at sea—the Creator's works—Land ahead—Concert on board—Ireland's Coast—Arrival in Liverpool—Course and rate of progress.

MY DEAR W.—We got under way at noon on Sunday Aug. 1, and after discharging our pilot, at 2 o'clock, with a fair breeze on our quarter, we hoped to reach Halifax after an unusually short run. But the fogs and mist which I believe ever choke up the Bay of Fundy, soon aided by rain, enveloped us in a gray shroud, and wet as a soaked blanket, giving those who chose to remain on deck a specimen of hydropathic treatment. Without much wind there was but little opportunity for any, save the land lubbers, as Jack calls all who are to the sea unused, to indulge in the luxury of seasickness Old Neptune, therefore, had received slight tribute, when at noon on the 3rd we were hailed by a skiff, which coming alongside, one of its two weather-beaten occupants came on board to pilot us into Halifax. The hardy fellow must have been out lying in his cockle-shell all night to catch the chance of taking in the "steamer." In half an hour, through the fog on our left, came the booming sound of a gun, telling us that the light-house was there-away. In another hour the fog melting away before the rays of the outbursting sun, disclosed to our pleased eyes, a view of the hills of Nova Scotia on either hand, at a distance of a mile or two; and ahead, rising beautifully upon the hill and stretching in a segment of a circle around the bay, the, as it then appeared, beautiful town of Halifax. As the bright sun, to us doubly bright after two days of fog and rain, lit up the sloping landscapes and the hill sides bordering the bay, whilst the light green of the grass, and the darker hue of the trees clustered in groups lent variety to the foliate green, so grateful after our confinement to the bottle green of the sea, the town seemed with its white houses, neatly made, and set in beauteous guise. We were presently alongside the wharf, and then for a nearer view of the charming scene. Alas, then I felt sensibly the force and truth of the oft quoted "distance lends enchantment to the view." Dirty streets, unpaved, and with sidewalks unflagged, gloomy warehouses near the water, and high up the hill, unpainted, clapboarded, rough and old dwellings and shops, the latter without any of the attractive display of their character, which with us renders them so agreeable to look upon. Red coats were met at short intervals, some going their way, some seemingly on duty, watching what might be going on. Groups of un-American looking people were standing about, and children of both sexes promiscuously engaged in pugilistic encounters; Some boys of eight or ten years, in the long frock of a girl, while their heads were protected by a "broad brim" appropriate to the head of sixty winters; women whose prominent characteristics were dirty and a masculine appearance. The heat and the dirt soon drove me back to our noble vessel for rest and comfort.

At 2 P. M. we again got under way, with a fresh westerly breeze to aid our steam, and ho! for the old world.

On the 4th our table began to show diminished numbers, but having made some half a score of voyages on Old Neptune's domain, I felt no stomachic movements rebellious. On the 5th, at sundown, we took our farewell view of the western world, leaving Cape Race the easternmost point of Newfoundland far behind. On the 6th, after dinner, the thermometer fell in a short time 30 degrees. We were upon the banks of Newfoundland, and though no icebergs were in sight, they could not have been far off.

At sea, the important business is eating, and it is brought forward as frequently as is compatible with the physical abilities of the cooks and stewards, and more so then is favorable to complete digestion. Our attention is called to it so frequently, probably, that it may act as a foil to ward off the monster *ennui*, that most dreadful of all sea monsters to passengers. Breakfast is brought on at half past eight, and stands an hour. At twelve, the cloth is again laid, and a plentiful lunch of soup and cold meats &c., is spread, and stands an hour. At four, dinner is served, which, with its five courses, occupies gastronomically one hour and a half. At half past seven, tea with cakes and sweetmeats; and from nine till ten, for those desiring it, supper is served.

On the 7th, with a fair wind aiding our steam, we "walked the waters" of the deep sea at a rapid rate. On the 8th, Sunday at 11 A. M., the Episcopal service was read in the saloon by a clergyman of that denomination, and he was followed in a short sermon by a clergyman of the free church of Scotland. It was an agreeable sight, when, on the tolling of the ship's bell, the sailors, clean and dressed in their best, with tarpaulins in hand, were seen marching into the saloon; and seating themselves, were followed by their officers in uniform, all decorously preparing to listen to that beautiful ritual, which, when heard in the eloquent tones of the man of God, spoke to all hearts a language that found a response in every conscience. As our vessel rolled upon the waves of the mighty waters, I felt that we indeed lay in the hollow of His hand, to be dealt with only as He listed.

Monday Aug. 9th, we continued our progress at a rapid rate, going about 12 knots per hour, by the aid of steam and wind. The sun shining upon the deep waters of a beautiful blue, and the sharp wind cresting the waves with foam, and the pleasurable sensations produced by the sense of rapid motion, combined to make this a bright day in the calender of our voyage. The passengers are mutually becoming acquainted, and social intercourse lends its aid to highten the charm. We have a sufficient variety, including English Nobleman and German Jews, Moravian Bishops and traveling Musicians, Yankee merchants and far west Lawyers, Scotch sportsmen and American government agents, British officers bound to the East Indies for a lengthy term of military service, and Californian speculators, Russians and Italians, Chinese, &c., &c.

We number 120 passengers including 9 females, and a half a dozen children; and now that seasickness is loosing its hold of the victims, the tables are crowded, and the rush at dinner for fresh salmon, and delicacies of that sort, is tremendous. The poor stewards, each with as many plates as he can hold in his hands, and embrace in his arms, by some dextrous sleight known only to packet stewards, with perspiration rolling from their perplexed foreheads, crowd around each corner of a favorite dish with a desperate eagerness of toil seen only here, not even witnessed in that scene of rushing in North River steamboat's saloons at supper times.

Tuesday Aug. 10th, and Wednesday 11th, with the wind still holding the same, we make over 11 miles an hour, and hopes are confidently entertained that we shall reach Liverpool on Friday evening. At night, when all is sinking into quiet on board, most having sought their berths, an impressive scene is presented to the senses of the lone watcher, who at that hour walks the deck. The surging of the billows, the rushing of many waters past the vessel's sides, the thunder of the waves breaking against the bows of our stout ship, the dark mass of canvass bellowing in the breeze over head, and the blue heavens over all, brilliant with myriads of stars and streaked with the white track of the milky way, lighting the alternate dark blue and foam crested surface of the ocean around, present a sublime scene,—that must be witnessed, as it is now, to be understood. The Almighty presence is felt as a mantle wrapping its folds about me.

More has been seen and more impressions have been cut upon the inner surface than are herein set forth, but in this and in all my succeeding letters, a flying sketch only will be set down—this for brevity's sake, a necessity perforce of want of writing time in me, and want of reading space in your pressing round of occupation.

Thursday, 12th, at 11 A. M. made land—the Skilig rocks—off the coast of Ireland, and about 40 miles north of Cape Clear, the westernmost point of land, which we must round to enter the channel. The upper deck, like a beehive, is crowded with the busy passengers all gazing ahead to get a sight of the land. We took the Swiss Bell Ringers on board at Halifax, and last evening they favored us with a display of their music. Their bells do not tinkle nor ring, but melodiously give forth sweet music; all the sweeter, perhaps, for coming to us bringing the incense of those enjoyments the land affords:—for at sea, deprived of many comforts and enjoyments that we have been accustomed to ashore, a familiar one is received with a double zest. They anticipate a tour of two or three months in England, and as many years upon the Continent, where they have never yet been.

All the afternoon, coasting along the ironbound shores of Ireland. At intervals, bold rocks are seen rising out of the sea at a distance from the land of a mile, more or less—distinct, and isolated solid hills of stone. The breakers, dashing against their sides, wreath around their base a snow white garland that in a moment after dissolves, leaving the giant rock unshaken, dark and rugged, like a grim warder standing guard on the coast of his beloved emerald isle. The sun sets behind a lofty headland, and while the clouds are fringed with most gorgeous splendors, his body glows deep red, and seems to rest upon the summit of the headland like a beacon fire lit to give the old world notice of our approach.

As we move swiftly along the coast of Ireland at a few furlongs distance from the bluff rocky shore, the steam power places us out of danger of that lee shore which has so often proved destructive to sailing vessels. There are no trees to be seen, every root having been, ages ago, grabbed up for that fuel which is now supplied by their bogs. Occasionally, a miserable shealing is seen in which live the fishermen we see sailing about us in small boats with each a red painted sail. A small potato patch is seen at rare intervals; and at distances of a few miles apart old watch towers, with forts attached, in which are stationed the coast guard whose business is to prevent smuggling.

On Friday the 13th, with land occasionally in sight, whilst steaming up the Irish channel we might have imagined ourselves on Long Island sound. The few whom seasickness had kept out of sight now made their appearance, and all, enlivened by hope, are rejoicing in the certainty of setting foot on terra firma to-day.

With a map before you, and referring to this schedule, you may trace our course and rate of progress.

Tuesday Aug. 3 left Halifax at 2 P. M.								
4th, at noon had made			190	miles.	Lat.	45,10,	Lon.	59,20.
5th,	"	"	"	210	"	" 45,10,	"	54,30.
6th,	"	"	"	207	"	" 47,30,	"	50,20.
7th,	"	"	"	220	"	" 49,20,	"	45,30.
8th,	"	"	"	271	"	" 50,40,	"	38,50.
9th,	"	"	"	270	"	" 51,30,	"	32,00.
10th,	"	"	"	270	"	" 51,34,	"	25,10.
11th,	"	"	"	275	"	" 51,40,	"	18,20.
12th,	"	"	"	275	"	The Skillig Rocks 15 miles to the N.E.		
13th,	"	"	"	281	"	Holyhead 15 miles to the East.		
13th, at 9 o'clock P. M.				83	"	And reached Liverpool.		
				2361	"	from Halifax to Liverpool made in 12 days.		
				401	"	" Boston to Halifax		
				2761	"	" Boston to Liverpool.		

Yours, in F. L. and T. ORION.

Popular Tales.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE FIFTY YEARS AGO,

AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WEARY traveler, have a care
Of robber's quick surprise;
Youthful traveler, beware
Of woman's glancing eyes.—(Old Song.

NIGHT had fallen; the crescent moon rode high in the heavens; a rough wind was loose, which roved blustering over a wide heath, shaking off the withered bells that still clung to the stems of the delicate shrubs that clothe the moors so richly, and making havoc among the brown leaves that here and there clung steadily to the oak. The boughs of the stately firs bowed gracefully to the blast, while the bright holly crackled cheerily with its vigorous leaves.

A wild wind it was, and ranged above as well as below; the sky was overcast with vapory clouds, which were sometimes swept from the moon's disc, leaving her a clear sea of light to ride in, with the few bright stars that kept watch near her, while the silver-tipped clouds formed a belt on all sides. Sometimes the wanton wind rushing with unspent violence broke up the unsubstantial barrier, drove the scattered fragments into one mass, and impelled it over the recently clear space, blotting out the azure sea, and only allowing a faint light from the moon to struggle through the thinner portions of the cloud. Those were no days of traveling by steam, of running races with time; the world jogged on in a good old-fashioned way; and a journey from one end of the kingdom to the other was an epoch in an ordinary man's life, not as now a common after-breakfast excursion. The dear old mail, antiquated as hoops and farthingales, who is so iron-hearted as not to give a sigh to the memory of its cheerful bugle and strong horses dashing gaily through the night.

But it is not with it that we have to do—he with whom we travel is a gallant, mounted on a strong and handsome steed, booted and spurred, and with a substantial valise attached to his saddle, which seems to show that he is either very independent, or not over rich. His broad-brimmed hat shades a young and handsome face: he rides with perfect ease; and, as he follows the beaten track, every now and then he trolls forth a snatch of a song in a full rich voice that mingled cheerily with the night wind.

Edward Sutton, though he had enjoyed the then unusual indulgence of visiting the south of Europe, viewed with the pleasure of a novice the sweet scenery of his native land, nowhere more beautiful, perhaps, than in the county he was now traversing—healthy, sea-washed, Hampshire.

But the night is wearing on, the moon is hid behind a temporary veil, and the road passing from the heath is leading through two high banks. Our traveler, recalled from his airy fancies by this change in the scene, pauses to see if there be any sign of human habitation near; he glances around to no purpose, and as there is no choice of roads, enters the lane. The wind whistled more wildly than ever through the tall trees that crowned the banks, and his thoughts turned to home with its cheerful remembrances; thence they as naturally strayed to the object of his present journey, and a strange object it was; he was bound for Devonshire, by his father's desire, for the express purpose of winning a wife. He was an open-hearted fellow, and though he had some slight compunctions at the idea of going on a visit for the express purpose of falling in love, he thought the amusement would probably be very pleasant; at all events such objections as he offered were overruled by his father; and he had set out full of hope and "fancy-free," determined, if possible, to comply with the paternal request, and woo and win the fair unknown, previously stipulating, however, that the lady's choice should be perfectly unbiassed. As he road leisurely along, with the reins thrown loosely on his horse's neck, his thoughts were wandering to flower enamelled Devon, and busy with the lady in whom he had so strange an interest. Often had they been employed on the same subject before; and sometimes he had fancied the damsel tall, and sparkling with a brow fit for an imperial diadem—sometimes as an airy creature with long light ringlets, shading a face of the most winning loveliness; but now the vision wore a homelier, but a dearer character—he dreamt of a cheerful room, a spread table, and a woman, all his own, waiting his return.

So fully was he occupied with these imaginings that he did not for a few moments perceive that his horse was pricking up his ears, and evincing signs of apprehended danger. Sutton, at first, could discern nothing, but he knew his horse too well not to be aware that there was some reason for his alarm; he accordingly patted his neck and allowed him to advance according to his pleasure. They proceeded a few paces in this manner, but

looking steadfastly into the night, Edward thought he could perceive some dark object in his pathway. The next moment his suspicions were confirmed, for the moon once again shone forth and showed a party of men, to all appearance engaged in a scuffle; our traveler straightway dismounted, secured his horse to the stump of a tree, and grasping his pistols and a heavy riding whip, advanced cautiously, shaded by the pendant bushes; now he could hear the dull sounds of blows varied by a sharper note when one was parried; now the heavy breathing of the combatants; and, climbing up the bank, he saw that a man with his back against the opposite side was keeping at bay three ruffians who were assailing him with knotted sticks.

"Come, come, squire," shouted a voice, "this 'll never do—give up your shiners like a gentleman, or by —— I'll finish you off like a dog."

Edward shuddered, for he heard the sound of cocking a pistol, and he grasped his own convulsively.

"Never," shouted the assailed; "shoot me if you like, cowards as ye are. But I 'll be dead as a stone before any money of mine shall go to feed your vile carcases!"

"Your blood be upon your own head, then," muttered the ruffian, raising his piece.

"Scoundrel, stop! for heaven's sake!" shouted a strange voice; and a powerful blow struck down the raised arm, and the pistol went off without effect.

All turned at once to the new comer, and blows fell about his ears in quick succession, but they were returned with interest; the system of the attack was gone, and after a few moments the ruffians took to their heels, not, however, before Edward had received very earnest marks of their displeasure at his interference. When the moon again shone forth he stood alone with the gentleman, whom he had so opportunely rescued. He was a tall man, rather beyond the middle age, but full of vigor. He was much exhausted by the late conflict, and it was some time before he could gather breath enough to speak.

"Tough work this," he said, at length, wiping his forehead, from which the blood was streaming. "Upon my word, sir, I am mightily obliged to you—the scoundrels—I shouldn't have had much chance with 'em but for your assistance. I hope they hav'n't hurt you—those knotted sticks are confounded things. Serves me right for coming out without my pistols. Just been to call on my neighbor, Sir Charles Wingrove. Very deeply indebted to you, sir. Don't think I have the honor of your acquaintance?"

"No, sir. I was riding through the lane when the sound of the scuffle attracted first my horse and then me. I am a stranger in this part of the country."

"Believe me, Mr. Stranger," said the squire, grasping his hand, "I am for ever indebted to you—but with your permission we 'll be stirring. These knaves may come back, and I have no stomach for more of their company—besides, the women will be anxious. Come on, my lad, we shall both be better for some supper; but where 's your horse—did you not say you were riding?"

Edward replied in the affirmative, and having released his good steed, pressed his new friend to mount.

"Tut, tut!" said the sturdy old man; "twenty years ago, I'd have thrashed a round dozen of such churls. Well, well; you're a capital fellow, and my wife may thank you that she has not put on her weeds a year or so too soon."

In spite of his cheery tones, the old man could not conceal certain contortions of the frame, which betrayed uncontrollable uneasiness, and Edward so earnestly pressed his offer that he at last consented to fill the empty saddle. Walking by his side, Sutton maintained a desultory conversation, though he was sensible of a racking headache. He made no difficulty of accepting his new friend's hospitality for the night; he took occasion to inform him of his home and of his destination, though from the peculiar nature of his visit he avoided mentioning other names; in return, he learnt that his companion's name was Ralph Mayhew, that his house was not far off; that his son was away with his regiment; and he had only his wife and daughter, though they were at present enlivened by a visit from his neice, and such conversation brought them to the gate of a pleasure ground. Here Edward would have taken leave, but to this Mr. Mayhew would by no means consent, and his companion was not sorry to accept his hospitality, especially as the rain had begun to fall, and the next town was ten miles off. So they passed the gate, and proceeding up a path girt by spreading trees, arrived before a low arched doorway. As soon as they reached this haven, the door was opened and two young ladies came forth, who had evidently been on the look out for Mr Mayhew's return.

"Why, papa," said the latter of the two, patting the neck of the weary steed, "is this Charles' horse? We were quite frightened about you; it was very thoughtful of him to mount you, for really Bullock's Lane is hardly safe."

"So I found, Nell; and but for the intervention of Mr. Sutton here, your old father would hardly have been able to dance at your wedding."

So saying he turned to Edward, who, being a little in the rear, had escaped the notice of the ladies This introduction naturally gave rise to earnest inquiries as to what had happened. The unusual delay brought forth Mrs. Mayhew from the parlor, and it was some time before their excitement subsided sufficiently for them to hear a quiet account of the matter.

When they understood the real state of the case, and how opportune Edward's assistance had been, their eyes turned upon him with such gratitude and admiration that he could only smile, while the ready blood mounted to his cheek at being compelled to listen to his own praises.

Presently Mrs. Mayhew, a comely gentlewoman in the early autumn of her days, dressed her husband's wounds, the chief of which was a deep cut on the forehead, not, however, before she had satisfied herself that Edward's injuries were not of a serious nature; both gentlemen were early sent to bed, and, though he bore up bravely, Edward was not sorry to betake himself thither.

Country folks are not early risers, at least, it is not generally the case; and though it was full nine o'clock before Edward made his appearance next morning, he found the breakfast-room still empty, though a tempting display of crockery ware, bread, butter, ham, &c., clearly indicated that a meal was in contemplation. He was looking out of a window at a wide prospect of undulating landscape when a lady entered by another; it was Constance, Mr. Mayhew's neice. Edward had thought her marvellously pretty on the previous evening, but now he was surprised at the extreme elegance of her motions. She addressed him in a friendly manner, inquiring after his wounds; a little conversation very agreeable to both ensued, and it seemed a very short time when Mrs. Mayhew and the rest of the family entered the room.

The squire, who appeared with a bandage round his head, shook Edward heartily by the hand, and earnestly bade him welcome, declaring at the same time that it would certainly be unsafe for him to ride again so soon.

Edward laughed, but Mrs. Mayhew putting on a grave countenance, pronounced that he was feverish, "besides," she said, "Mr. Sutton is too generous not to allow us some opportunity of showing him our sense of the immense service he he has rendered us."

As the younger ladies joined in this request, Sutton bowed in acknowledgment, and not unwillingly consented to accept their hospitality for that day at least. They were still discoursing, and Edward was every minute strengthening the good opinion already formed of him, when, through the same window by which Constance had entered, the figure of a young man was seen; he bowed, and seemed to be asking permission to enter. Mrs. Mayhew beckoned him to come in. At the sight of a stranger he bowed again, but the next moment going up to Edward, exclaimed, grasping his hand—"Why Sutton, my prince of good-fellows, how are you—where did you come from—how have you been since we parted at Dover?"

Edward cordially replied; and it was soon explained to the wondering hosts that he and Sir Charles Wingrove, the new-arrival, had traveled over the continent with the same tutor. This announcement gave general satisfaction, and Sir Charles insisted that Edward should not leave the county without paying him a visit. Everything was most agreeably arranged, Mr. Mayhew insisted on retaining him for at least a week longer; and a pleasant time they had of it. The spring was just breaking, some of the frail flowers that first part the dank earth were opening their bells; the blue violet sighed under her leafy covering; the snowdrops hung like ivory from their fresh green stems, while the crocus drank the moisture in his deep cup, and the almond tree was clothed with its pale, fragrant blossoms—not less fresh than the season were the hearts of the young people who wandered together, abandoning themselves to all the luxury of enjoyment.

O! those spring days! passing sweet and passing short! It wanted even less penetration in such matters than Sutton possessed to discover that Miss Mayhew and his friend were affianced lovers, even had not her mother considerately afforded him the information; her cousin then naturally fell to his share, and her sweet low voice lent such a charm to all she said; her mind was so well stored yet so cheerful in its tone, that Sutton began to feel more than ever disinclined to prosecute his journey into Devonshire, and very much disposed to avail himself of the pressing invitation of his friend to come down again for some shooting in the autumn.

A fortnight had wore itself out, and the lovers took longer walks than ever, seeming to forget that the world held aught beside themselves; but when Constance playfully spoke of recalling them, Sutton so earnestly pleaded for a little indulgence that it was no wonder that she could not refuse.

"Oh," he said on one occasion, "you would not surely shorten their happiness—brighter hours than these shall ever again shine on them, be their wedded life never so happy."

And Edward sighed, for he thought of his expectant wife in Devonshire.

"May I ask the reason of so deep a sigh, Mr. Sutton?" asked Constance, smiling.

"Tell me," returned Edward earnestly, after a moment's silence, "is it not hard that a man's choice should be interfered with in the dearest of his earthly interests—the selection of a wife?"

"Most decidedly," returned she, warmly, "but harder still for the woman—what chance of happiness has she with a man who begins by regarding her not only with indifference, but as a burden rigorously imposed upon him?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Edward, fervently; then, in a few minutes, he added, "I set out on my journey, by the desire of my parents, to bring home a wife of their choosing, not that they ever saw her, but only it was a kind of compact between our fathers years ago; but, upon my word, my feelings have altered so much upon this subject since I left London, that I—no—I 'll tell my father—it's a preposterous idea—I 'll go back to-morrow—yet—but don't you think that would be the best plan, Miss Constance?"

"I don't know," returned she, coldly.

Edward was silent—he felt miserable.

"Yes," he said, moodily, "that's the only way. I 'll go back to-morrow."

"Without giving the lady a chance?" said Constance, with a forced smile.

"It is impossible I could love her!"

"But very likely she is pretty and amiable."

"If she were the loveliest of created beings, I could not love her. No, no, I am a ruined man. My poor father, it is his pet scheme; but I won't marry where I do not love—no, no. Oh, Miss Mayhew, pity me, I am of all men the most miserable. What can I do?"

"Call me by my right name," said Constance, who to judge from the expression of her countenance, was not in a much more enviable state of mind.

"Is not your name Miss Mayhew? I beg your pardon, I never heard you called anything but Constance; what is your name?"

"My name is Johnson," returned his companion.

"Johnson!" exclaimed Edward, in astonishment, "not Johnson of Burnie Lodge, Devon?"

"Yes!" said Constance, surprised at his vehemence.

"Then, why, is it not wonderful, is it not quite providential? Oh! Constance, Constance, my heart will break with happiness."

Miss Johnson, greatly astonished at this address, withdrew to a safe distance, and glanced with surprise at the impassioned speaker.

"I am the happiest fellow in existence," continued he, with unabated eagerness; "speak to me, Constance, thou loveliest of created beings; tell me if you would not have me die—tell me that it is not impossible for you to love me."

"Really, Mr. Sutton. this is most extraordinary conduct. You see me separated from my friends, and you take the opportunity of addressing me in this very strange manner;" and as she spoke she cast a distressed look at the distant figures of the lovers.

"Pardon me, pardon, I entreat you!" said Edward, with a downcast look; "excess of joy almost turned my brain, but your coldness has restored me. I can only entreat your indulgence."

There was a certain "pique" in his manner that greatly surprised his companion, and they resumed their walk in uncomfortable silence; in a few minutee, however, Edward's constitutional good temper prevailed, and he said, with a smile:

"Do acknowledge, at least, that it is a singular coincidence."

"What?" asked Constance, in surprise.

"What? why don't you know that you are the lady to whom I was sent wooing?"

"I!" exclaimed Miss Johnson, of Burnie Lodge, Devon, finding time to blush in the excess of her astonishment.

"You, yes, you; why what an impudent scoudrel you must have thought me. I am the son of your father's old friend, Edward Smith."

"But your name is Sutton, unless you 've an alias," said Constance, smiling.

"True, I inherit my mother's name with my uncle's property; he died not six months ago, leaving me his heir with this condition; now, Miss Johnson, have you forgiven me?"

"Yes. But how very droll."

"And very delightful if it may terminate to the satisfaction of all parties."

"Oh, you are going to London to-morrow."

"London! no, no, not while I can so earnestly strive to obey my father's wishes. I will henceforth devote myself most heartily to the work—say you wish me success."

Our tale is told—what reader will not imagine the double wedding, the blushing brides, the happy bridegrooms, and all the paraphernalia of a wedding; not those certainly for whom we have the honor of writing. Long and happily did Edward and Constance live together, and often did they laugh about Miss Johnson, of Burnie Lodge, Devon, nor, if the truth must be told, were they free from a certain very unconstitutional feeling of gratitude to the three ruffians who broke Mr. Mayhew's head, on that wild night, in Bullock's Lane.

Scenes in the Wilds.

ENCOUNTERS WITH SAVAGE BEASTS.

Conflict with a Crocodile.—In Mungo Park's travels in Africa, while the party were crossing a river, Isaaco, Park's servant, was very active in pushing the asses into the water, and shoving along a canoe; but being afraid they would not all get over in the course of the day, he attempted to drive six of the asses across the river a little farther down where the water was shallower. When he reached the middle of the river, a crocodile rose close to him, and instantly seized him by the left thigh, pulling him under the water. With wonderful presence of mind he felt for the head of the animal, and thrust his finger into its eye, on which it quitted its hold. Isaaco attempted to reach the farther shore, and called out for a knife; but the crocodile returned, and seized him by the other thigh, and again pulled him under water. Isaaco had resourse to his former expedient, and thrust his fingers into its eyes with such violence, that it again quitted him. When it rose, it floundered about on the surface of the river as if stupified, and then swam down its middle. Isaaco proceeded to the other side, bleeding very much. As soon as the canoe returned, Mr. Park went over, and found him much lacerated; but through the surgical aid he was able to afford him, his wounds were gradually healed.

Affective Bereavemant.—In the description of a tiger hunt, upon the banks of the Ganges, which took place in 1784, we find these affecting particulars.

The chase being over, the party of huntsmen returned in triumph to their encampments, and were followed by the spoils of the morning and by an accumulating multitude of peasants from the circumjacent villages, who pressed around with gratulations, blessings, and thanksgiving. The tigers were laid in front, four in number, the natives viewing them with terror, and some with tears.

An old woman, looking earnestly at the largest of the animals and pointing at times to his lashes, and at times lifting his fore paws, and viewing his talons, her furrows bathed in tears, in broken and moaning tones narrated something to a little circle composed of three Brahmins and a young woman with a child in her arms No human misery could pierce the phlegm and apathy of the Brahmins, and with them there was not a feature softened; but horror and sorrow were alternately pictured in the face of the female; and from her clasping at times her child more closely to her breast, it was not difficult to guess the subject of the old woman's story, which, upon inquiry, was found to be as follows:—she was widowed childless, owing these misfortunes to the tigers of that jungle, and most probably to the very animals that lay dead before her: for they, it was believed, had recently carried off her husband and her two sons, grown up to manhood, and now she wanted bread. In the frenzy of her grief she alternately described her loss to the crowd, and in a wild scream demanded her husband and her children from the tigers.

Boldness of a Tiger.—A most distressing accident took place in the year 1792, the particulars of which, as related by an eye-witness, we give below. The unfortunate victiim of this event was Mr. Munro, the son of Sir Hector Munro.

"We went," says the writer of the narrative, "on shore at Sangar island to shoot deer, of which we saw innumerable tracks as well as of tigers; notwithstanding which, we continued our diversion till near three o'clock: when, sitting down by the side of a jungle to refresh ourselves, a roar like thunder was heard, and an immense tiger seized on our unfortunate friend, and rushed again into the jungle, dragging him through the thickest bushes and trees,—every thing giving way to his monstrous strength; a tigress accompanied his progress. The united agonies of horror, regret, and fear, rushed at once upon us. I fired on the tiger; he seemed agitated; my companion fired also, and, in a few minutes after this, our unfortunate friend came up to us bathed in blood. Every medical assistance was vain, and he expired in the space of twenty-four hours, having received such deep wounds from the teeth and the claws of the animal as ren-

dered his recovery hopeless. A large fire consisting of ten or twelve whole trees was blazing by us at the time this accident took place, and ten or more of the natives with us. The human mind can scarce form any idea of the scene of horror. We had hardly pushed our boat from that accursed shore when the tigress made her appearance, almost raging mad, and remained on the sand all the while we continued in sight."

THE GUARDIAN SNAKE.—On a journey from Baroche to Duhboy, in India, a Mr. Forbes stopped at Nurrah, a large ruined town, which had been plundered and burnt by the Mahrattas. The principal house had belonged to an opulent man who emigrated during the war, and died in a distant country. Mr. Forbes was privately informed that under one of the towers there was a secret cell formed to contain his treasure; and the information could not be doubted, as it came from the mason who constructed the cell. Accordingly, the man accompanied him through several spacious courts and apartments, to a dark closet in a tower: the room was, about eight feet square, being the whole size of the interior of the tower; and it was some stories above the place where the treasure was said to be secreted. In the floor there was a hole large enough for a slender person to pass through; they enlarged it and sent down two men by a ladder. After descending several feet, they came to another floor, and here also was a similar aperture. This was enlarged like the former; torches were procured, and by their light Mr. Forbes perceived from the upper apartment a dungeon of great depth below, as the mason had described. He desired the men to descend, and search for the treasure; but they refused, declaring, that wherever money was concealed in Hindostan, there was always a demon in the shape of a serpent, to guard it. Mr. Forbes laughed at their superstition, and repeated his orders in such a manner as to enforce obedience, though his attendants sympathised with the men, and seemed to expect the event with more of fear and awe than curiosity.

The ladder was too short to reach the dungeon; strong ropes, therefore, were sent for, and more torches. The men very reluctantly obeyed; and as they were lowered, the dark sides and the moist floor of the dungeon extinguished the lights which they carried in their hands. But they had not been many seconds on the ground before they screamed out that they were enclosed with a large snake. In spite of their screams, Mr. Forbes was incredulous, and declared that the ropes should not be let down to them till he had seen the creature. Their cries continued to be dreadful, but he was still inflexible; the upper lights, however, being held steadily to give as distinct a view as possible into the dungeon.

There he perceived something like billets of wood, or rather, he says, like a ship's cable from the deck, coiled up in a dark hole; but no language can express his sensation of astonishment and terror, when he saw a serpent actually rear his head, over an immense length of body, coiled in volumes on the ground, and working itself into exertion by a sort of sluggish motion. "What I felt," he continued, "on seeing two fellow-creatures exposed by my orders to this fiend, I must leave to the reader's imagination." To his inexpressible joy, they were drawn up unhurt, but almost lifeless with fear. Hay was then thrown down upon the lighted torches which they had dropped. When the flames had expired, a large snake was found scorched and dead, but no treasure. Mr. Forbes supposes that the owner had carried away the money with him but forgot to liberate the snake which he had placed there as its keeper.

Whether the snake was venomous or not, Mr. Forbes has omitted to mention, or perhaps to observe. If it were not, it would be no defence for the treasure; and if it were, it seems to have become too torpid with inanition, confinement, and darkness, to excite its powers of destruction. Where the popular belief prevails that snakes are the guardians of hidden treasure, and where the art of charming serpents is commonly practised, there is no difficulty in supposing that they who conceal treasure—as is frequently done under the oppressive governments of the East—would sometimes place it within such protection.

AN Irishman, who had just landed, said the first bit of *meat* he ever ate in this country, was a *roasted potato—boiled* yesterday. And if you don't believe me, I can show it to you, for I have it in my pocket.

"I never shot a bird in my life," said some one to his friend, who replied, "For my part I never shot anything in the shape of a bird, except a squirrel which I killed with a stone, when it fell into the river and was drowned."

IN the reign of Charles I., a Mayor of Norwich actually sent a fellow to prison for saying that the Prince of Wales was born without a shirt.—[Lincolnshire Times.

The Ladies' Column.

I WILL NOT GIVE MY HEART AWAY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

I WILL not give my heart away!
I am too proud, I don't deny it;
And so, whatever you may say,
I will not give it—you must buy it!
It is not gold—it is not land—
Nor name, nor fame, nor high degree;
But if, indeed, you wish my hand,
I'll tell you what the price shall be!

And first, the House—I'd have it good;
And furnished nobly, of the best!—
Its inward worth well understood,
Its soundness equal to the test!
I'd have it warm in every part;
In every trial, firm as well:
If that House is to be your Heart,
And in that Heart I am to dwell!

Oh, some with *counterfeits* will try,
Before with Love's true gold they'll part;
They think, but once deceive the eye,
'Tis easy to deceive the heart!
But with no counterfeits, though new,
And bravely gilt, will I be caught;
Though glittering brighter than the true,
With no such coin will I be bought.

Give me the heart that's rich in worth,
Although in worldly riches poor;
The want of fortune upon earth
Is not the worst want we endure!
The want of feeling—temper—trust—
The want of truth, when hearts are sought,
Gold, *linked to these*, is worse than dust.
With no such gold will I be bought.

No; 'tis not gold—it is not land—
Nor name, nor fame, nor high degree;
But if, indeed, you wish my hand,
I've told you what the price shall be.

[London Journal.

FASHIONABLE PARTIES.—In the good old days of our grandmothers, when *soirees* and *conversaziones* would have sounded like the dialect of Timbuctoo, and had as much meaning as an Egyptian hieroglyphic, parties and balls were given for comfort, chat, and friendly intercourse, a rubber of whist and a contradanse were the order of the evening, a hearty supper crowned the festivities of the night, and the company were sound asleep by the time when the balls of the present generation are commencing. In those days, ten or a dozen couples were looked upon as a goodly company; at present, they would be considered as a comparative solitude. People then died of old age, or the doctor at the worst; consumption, dyspepsia, and a frightful catalogue of diseases, only known within the last half century, now decimate society. Different manners produce different maladies, and consumption arises less from climate than from habits.

WOMEN make their advances as Time makes his. At twenty, when the swain approaches to pay his devoirs, they exclaim, with an air of languid indifference, "Who is he?" At thirty, with a prudent look towards the ways and means, the question is, "What is he?" At forty much anxiety manifests itself to make the hymenial selection, and the query changes into "Which is he?" But, at the *ultima thule* of fifty, the anxious expectant prepares to seize the prey, and exclaimes "Where is he?"

THE LAUGH OF A CHILD.

I love it—I love it—the laugh of a child,
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;
Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush,
Like the trill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush;
Floating up on the breeze like the tones of a bell,
Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell.
Oh: the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,
Is the merriest sound in the world for me!

ONE of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to women insinuation and persuasion in order to be surly; it did not make them weak in order to be imperious: it did not give them a sweet voice to be employed in scolding.

"PRAY, Miss C." said a gentleman the other evening, "why is it that ladies are so fond of officers?" "How stupid," replied Miss C., "is it not perfectly natural and proper that a lady should like a good *offer, sir!*"

Choice Selections.

THE SABBATH OF THE HEART.

BY CALEB LYON, OF LYONSDALE.

'Tis not when the crowd are 'round me
That the holiest moments come,
Nor when scenes of worldly sorrow
Make the weeping spirit dumb.

'Tis not in the tall old forests,
'Neath whose shadows dark and dim,
Nature's fountains pour undying
From her bosom their sweet hymn.

But when daily toils are ended,
And the early loved are near,
Then the twilight brings a healing
Balm for wounded spirits here.

Then I feel a glorious presence,
Glimmerings of another shore,
Of an unremembered being
That was mine in days of yore.

Then the silent thoughts are tolling
Service to the heart's own shrine;
Unseen spirits there are thronging
Viewlessly at day's decline.

Mercy comes with white arms folded
As a nun's, when lost in prayer,
And with eyes up-raised, eternal—
Blue, as Alpine violets are.

Faith arrayed in changeless raiment,
Such as cherubs wore of old,
And her smile is filled with brightness,
Angel brightness, never told.

Memory, with a faded chaplet,
And a garland in her hand,
Wandering sadly as a pilgrim
From a dim and distant land.

Hope, with gentle mein, advancing,
Boweth humbly near the shrine,
On her lips are Aves trembling,
In her eyes are tears divine.

Peace the lengthened aisle is treading,
Incense floateth from her gaze,
Blessings o'er her pathway sending,
While her soul exhales in praise.

Truth and Honor, Love and Virtue,
Kneel in lowly reverence there,
And the quick ear of ambition
Listens unto Glory's prayer.

Charity, with meekness bending,
Breathes in seraph accents low,
While the Hours are vespers pouring
For the the weal of earthly woe.

Then etherial strains re-echo
Songs of joy and hymns of praise;
Through the spirit's true cathedral,
Spirit voices worship raise.

In that moment are re-fastened,
Chords the passions tore away:
'Round the heart be angel fingers,
Leading to the better day.

And the soul in vigor stronger,
Rises with a heavenly seal,
Nerved to do life's earnest bidding
With a pure and saintly zeal.

Such are consecrated moments
That the world cannot impart;
And I hail their radiant coming
As the Sabbath of the Heart.

City Hotel, August 25, 1847. (N. Y. Herald.

ANECDOTES OF WATERLOO.

During the battle a British artillery officer rode up to the Duke of Wellington, and said, "Your Grace, I have a distinct view of Napoleon, attended by his staff; my guns are well pointed in that direction, shall I open fire?" The duke replied, "Certainly not, I will not allow it; it is not the business of commanders to fire on each other."

Towards the close of the day, made ever memorable by this glorious victory, and just previous to the final and decisive charge of the British, the remains of that gallant corps the Scots Greys, took up a position close to another regiment of horse (the Enniskillen) that had also suffered severely. A young Irish officer, recognising a friend in the Greys, immediately shouted out in a gay tone, "How are you, Mac?"

"Ugh! as well as I can be, after such butchering work as we've had," answered the gallant Scot; "I'm thinking just now of my poor mother and sister in Edinbro'."

"By the powers, darling!" exclaimed the devil-may-care Hibernian, "and I'm thinking what a tremendous funk *my tailor* would be in if he knew where I was at this moment."

"What did you think of Waterloo?" I inquired of an old fellow I found one morning digging in my garden, where he had been hired to assist by the head-gardener. "Think of it," said the old crab, stopping and leaning upon his spade; "I thought it hell upon earth. I was utterly deaf with the continued roar of artillery on one side or the other, and the sound of the musketry of the men beside me. I could not see my companion's face for one minute (as he stood next me) for the thick smoke; and the next I found him choking, retching, and vomiting in the agonies of death, and clutching my very feet. Sometimes a shot went tearing through our ranks, and almost shaking that part of the square where I had been for some hours standing, seeming to loosen our files as it knocked the poor fellows head over heels, like nine-pins on a bowling-green; and then we heard the familiar tones of the old colonel, to prepare for cavalry, as those devilish Cuirassiers poured upon us, and we were wedged together into a wall of iron again to receive them. That is all I know about my feelings: sir," said the old soldier. "It was a terrible sight and awful to look upon. It was hell upon earth," he muttered once more as he resumed his spade, and commenced digging with fearful energy.—[United Service Magazine.

Chinese Burial-Place.—No people profess so much veneration for the memory of their fathers as the Chinese; and the worship of their tombs is by far the most solemn, and apparently sincere, ceremonial in the shape of religious worship they exhibit. In order to perform its rites, men (women take no part in it) who emigrate to distant lands often return, at much expense and trouble, to the place of their birth; and their fond clinging to the memory of the dead, more than love for its institutions, seems, and is said to be, the strong bond that binds the Chinese to their country. But they have no consecrated place of interment; and, if they have any rite analogous to episcopal consecration, it must be so simple and easily executed as to have effect any where. At any rate, they have no accumulation of graves in particular enclosed spots; they do not set apart a few acres for that purpose and surround them with walls, separating the silent tenants from the living world, and forming a great prison-house for the dead. On the other hand, every one chooses the spot he likes best for the final resting place of those he loved. The country residents bury their dead on their own land, often very close to their own dwellings. On the hillsides, especially in stony, barren places, are seen tombs and graves, thinly scattered in rural districts, and nore numerous in the neighborhood of towns. The choice is wise, and its effects anything but unpleasing to the eye. The tombs are often of porphyry, finished with some minute chiselling, and sometimes in tolerable monumental taste. Placed on rocky eminences, often in particularly picteresque situations under the shadow of cedars and cypresses, they present every here and there objects of pleasing, perhaps profitable contemplation.—[Wilson's Medical Notes on China.

Tomb of the Prophet Ezra.—On the Muntifij, or Chaldean side of the river, and opposite to the Hadd, was a village called Zeit-chiyah, with a few palm-trees and olives, and a ruined mosque, and beyond this was the most interesting object on thd lower Tigris—the tomb of the celebrated Jewish scribe ane priest Ezra—who about the year B. C. 458, led the second expedition of the Jews back from the Babylonian exile into Palestine. The tomb is of the form common to Imams of the second class; an elliptical dome, roofed with glazed tiles, surmounts a square mausoleum, and over the doorway are two tablets of black marble with a commemorative inscription in the Hebrew language. The mausoleum is surrounded by an outer wall of sun-dried bricks, and within the enclosure grows a solitary palm-tree. This monument, as seen from the river rising out of these monotonous wastes, had a striking appearance, and more especially so when the sun shone upon it. The statement of the Talmud is, that Ezra died at Zamzuma, a town on the Tigris, while on his road from Jerusalem to Susa, whither he was going, as usual, to plead the cause of the captive Jews before King Artaxerxes. The name of Zamzuma is unknown in the present day, but the position of the tomb is on the Tigris, and certainly on the way to Susa. According to Josephus, Ezra died and was buried at Jerusalem with great magnificence, but the traditions of the Babylonian Jews coincide with the Talmudic statement. They perform frequent pilgrimages to the tomb of their great benefactor, upon which occasion the Arabs waylay, rob, and strip them, and in this state they almost invariably return to their homes.—[Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

Human Brotherhood.—The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.—[Sir W. Scott

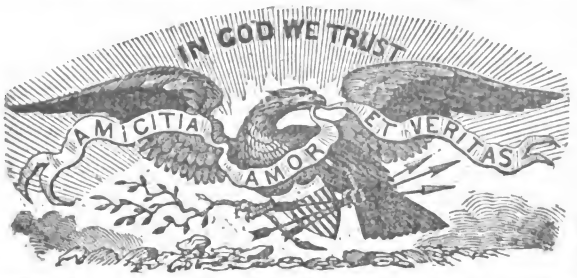
The Benefts of Travel.—One of the chief delights and benefits of travel is that we are perpetually meeting men of great abilities, of original mind, and rare acquirements, who will converse without reserve. In these discourses the intellect makes daring leaps and marvellous advances. The tone that colors our life is often caught in these chance colloquies, and the bent given that shapes our career.

The Way to be Missed when you Die.—Whilst you are living, be very kind, generous, and do as much good as you can to your relations and friends, but leave them nothing when you die, and you will sure to be missed by them.—[Skene's Hints to the Living.

Whose promise may you depend upon? His who dares to refuse what he knows he cannot perform; who promises calmly, strictly, conditionally, and never excites a hope which he may disappoint.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."



NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1847.

BY MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

THE SIX MONTHS TERM.—We have a dispatch from Baltimore, dated at 5 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, stating that the question had just been taken on the "Six Months Term," and the present law SUSTAINED BY THIRTY-THREE TO TWENTY-NINE—a majority of four votes. We suppose the law is now definitively settled, and we hope all further agitation of the matter will cease, and every brother be ready and willing to serve the Order in whatever station he may be called upon to fill, for the general "good and welfare."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Grand Lodge of the United States—Installation of Officers—Address of the Grand Sire, &c.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 21, 1847.

THE R.W. Grand Lodge of the U. S. convened in Annual Communication at Egyptian Hall, in this city, at 10 o'clock yesterday morning. There is a very large representation present, from some twenty-five Grand Lodges, and sixteen or eighteen Grand Encampments. We believe the Grand Lodge of Texas is the only one unrepresented. Of the members present, only about ten were members of the G. L. last year.

The proceedings of yesterday, including the Annual Report of Grand Sire SHERLOCK, we send you, knowing the great interest which our subscribers feel to obtain the earliest record of the doings. These we have materially condensed for publication, retaining the spirit and essence; so that the reader will have, in briefer compass, a bird's-eye view of all the transactions of the Grand Lodge that are proper to be laid before the public. Still, it will be found that, though only preliminary, the first day's proceedings occupy a considerable space in our columns.

To-day, at twelve o'clock, took place the august ceremony of installing the Grand Officers elect, for the ensuing term of two years. Grand Sire SHERLOCK installed the Grand Sire elect, and the latter performed the ceremony to the others. The following is a list of the new officers.

P.G.M. HORN R. KNEASS, of Pa., M.W. Grand Sire.
P.G.M. NEWELL A. THOMPSON, of Mass. R.W.D.G. Sire.
P.G.M. JAMES L. RIDGELY, of Md. R.W.G. Cor. and Rec. Sec.
P.G.M. ANDREW C. WARNER, of Md. R.W. G. Treas.

The following appointments were made by the Grand Sire, and confirmed by the Grand Lodge: P.G. Rev. JAMES D. MC CABE, of Virginia, W.G. Chaplain; P.G. SMITH SKINNER, of Pennsylvania, W.G. Marshal; P.G. SAML. L. HARRIS, of the D. of Columbia, W.G. Guardian; and P.G. JOHN E. CHAMBERLAIN, of Maryland, G. Messenger.

After the installation and appointments had been completed, the Grand Sire addressed the Grand Lodge briefly and eloquently as follows:

"Called upon, as I have been, to preside over your deliberations, I should be uncandid if I did not confess the poor ability with which I approach this station of honor and responsibility. Relying, however, upon that kind and forbearing spirit, which it is the peculiar province of our Institution to foster and exhibit, I feel that I need not hesitate in entering upon the Sireship's complicated duties, a discreet and full discharge of which will, at all times, in a great degree, contribute to preserve the peace, secure the integrity, and advance the prosperity of our Order.

"Still, important and arduous as may be the functions of the chief presiding officer, while presiding during the session, yet it is obvious that they but feebly compare with those which that officer, under our fundamental rules, finds imposed upon him, when the representatives of the States, retiring from the scene of their honorable and benevolent labors, commit the general welfare to his guidance and control. Then, indeed, must he feel the weight of high official duty. When so separated, deprived of your wise counsels, I shall realize the entire responsibility of this position. I trust that if I cannot merit the applause of our extended brotherhood, I can, at least, escape censure—that if my administration is not distinguished by any great measure of general utility it will, nevertheless, not be marked by any departure from any well-settled landmarks. Such is my earnest hope—and if a devotion to the principles of Odd-Fellowship, enkindled by a conviction of the substantial benefit which their enforcement invariably affords, can lead me to its realization, then surely I will not be disappointed."

After the conclusion of the address, which was listened to with deep interest, G. Rep. Williamson presented the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, unanimously, That the thanks of this Grand Lodge be and are hereby tendered to P. G. Sire THOMAS SHERLOCK, for the dignity, courtesy and ability with which he has presided over its deliberations, and the able discharge of his laborious duties during the term of his official service as M. W. Grand Sire of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

Resolved, That the G. Cor. Sec. cause a copy of the above resolution, properly attested, to be inscribed in a diploma, and presented to P. G. Sire Thos. Sherlock.

There is a strong disposition manifested to get through with the business and adjourn this week; but it is extremely doubtful whether the G. L. will be able to do so. The important measures of the session have not yet been reached. The return to the three months term is very doubtful. The appeal case from New York is before the committee, who will not probably report before Thursday.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS—ITS INFLUENCE IN ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

"The discussion of the internal affairs of our institution by a portion of the public press, claiming to be the organs of Odd-Fellowship, will, I fear, be seriously detrimental to its best interests. While I cheerfully accord to the brethren who have so zealously labored to extend the field of its influence, the purest motives, and freely acknowledge that they have accomplished much good, yet I am constrained by a sense of duty to say, that many erroneous constructions of law and usage have been, by means of that press, scattered abroad throughout this jurisdiction. The domestic relations of the institution, as well as the laws by which it is governed, have been made the subject of comment and controversy; paper has warred against paper, each enlisting in its support a portion of the Order; and discord has been fostered, if not created, where peace and harmony previously existed."—*Extract from Grand Sire Sherlock's Annual Report.*

With regard to this portion of the Grand Sire's remarks, we think a word or two may be in place. And first of all, we do not know of any papers claiming to be Organs of Odd-Fellowship, in the official and authoritative sense which attaches to that expression. We are sure the GOLDEN RULE sets up no such claims. On the contrary, it has from the beginning declared itself an independent journal, resting on its own merits in its efforts to illustrate and defend the teachings and aims of our beloved Institution; and to furnish such a literary repast as may suit the wants of the family circle. This, we presume, is the position occupied by all our papers.

As to the dissension and strife engendered by the journals of the Order—this is merely a fancy of the Grand Sire. That there have been discussions of opinion, usage and law, in their columns, is true; and it is also true that where there has been any strife or wrong feeling, it existed always *before* the discussion began. The discussion, which, by the way, has been very limited, was the effect, not the cause of the dissension.

The charge of the Grand Sire against us, in another part of his Report,—that we have continued to violate the rights of the Grand Lodge in the sale of our certificate,—we leave for a higher tribunal to determine. His accusation is not only against us, but also against the Grand Lodges of New York, New Jersey, Wisconsin, &c., who have fully confirmed our position in reference to the supposed misconstruction of the laws. If such high authorities are charged with "erroneous constructions of law,"

an humble editor can bear the accusation with perfect calmness and resignation.

But these particulars do not come to us very seriously, compared with the principle involved in this paragraph of the Grand Sire's Report. The not very indirect thrust at the liberty of the press, and the individual right to think and speak freely—this is to us the most painful part of the matter. We deprecate every attempt or tendency to put shackles on the press; every movement which may aim to abridge that right of speech and discussion, of petition and appeal, so necessary to prevent corruption and oppression; so indispensable indeed to the very existence of liberty and justice in all political, religious and moral institutions. Destroy this right, muzzle the press, and silence all free speech; and you open the way to all manner of abuses, to all kinds and degrees of corruption and wrong, until, at last the whole fabric falls into wreck and ruin, crushed by the weight of its iniquity, and the maledictions of all good men.

That there are evils connected with the perfect freedom of the press, no one will deny; but that the evils of an opposite state of things would be infinitely greater, and infinitely more destructive to the best interests of man, is equally undeniable. At any rate, let the press, or its liberty be banished from Odd-Fellowship, and the change that would speedily come over the institution, would abundantly verify our prediction; and show that the Order owes to it vastly more of its rapid progress, its present strength and influence, than even the most careful inquirers have estimated or imagined.

It is altogether too late in the day to attempt, directly or indirectly, to interfere, in this respect, with the established rights of the people: or contend against principles which have interwoven themselves with the whole warp and woof of our political and social institutions. What is thought will be spoken, not wisely always, perhaps; but experience will gradually correct the evils of hasty speech, and mold it into a calmer and more instructive utterance.

As to Odd-Fellowship, if any brother has tact and ability to make a good paper, and the people think it worth the money asked for it, they will take it; and no power on earth can prevent it. And as to the internal character and construction of our Order, we care but little what it *is;* we know what it *must* be, sooner or later. The representative element, the great democratic principle, that power resides in the people, is diffusing itself through the whole political and social world, even into Berlin, Rome and Constantinople. And if Odd-Fellowship separates itself from this movement, and pertinaciously clings to the past; why, the mighty tide, which is rising slowly but irresistibly, will finally sweep over it, and bury it in the depths of the sea.

STAMFORD CELEBRATION.—We expect our friends will have a great time on the first of October. They are making the most liberal arrangements, and are determined that every thing shall be done up in the most approved style. The Oration will be delivered by Professor Hows, of Columbia College, an able and eloquent speaker, who will perform his part well, and will furnish a feast to those who are there to hear. He is well known as a zealous defender and expositor of Odd-Fellowship, and we doubt not our Connecticut friends will be the wiser and better for listening to his address.

We are confident that New York and Brooklyn will be well represented on the occasion, and are sure that those who go will be welcomed in the true spirit of the Order. A Boat might be chartered to leave at 7 A. M. and reach Stamford in time for the exercises; and the excursion alone would be worth the expense. We shall endeavor to be with our brothers on that day. (See card in another column.)

☞ A large number of communications, together with interesting "News from the Lodges," editorials, literary notices, &c., are unavoidably omitted to make room for the proceedings of the G.L.U.S., which we commence this week, and shall continue to publish with as much dispatch as will be consistent with our usual literary variety. It is to be hoped that no member of the Order will fail to read them attentively, and thus acquaint himself with the important measures which may be ordained by the supreme tribunal of Odd-Fellowship, for the government of its extended jurisdiction.

☞ Grand Secretary RIDGELY's Report will be published in our next paper. It is usually the most important document of the session.

Journal of Proceedings.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

ANNUAL COMMUNICATION OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES,

HELD AT THE CITY OF BALTIMORE, SEPTEMBER 18[illegible].

MONDAY, September 20, 9 o'clock, A. M.

THE R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States convened this day at Odd-Fellows' Hall, City of Baltimore, being the regular Annual Communication, when the following were present:

THOMAS SHERLOCK, M.W.G.Sire.
JAMES L. RIDGELY, R.W.G.R. and C. Secretary.
ANDREW E. WARNER, R.W.G.Treasurer.
Rev. JAMES D. McCABE, R.W.G.Chaplain.
JOHN G. TREADWELL, R.W.G.Marshal.
LEVIN JONES, W.G.Guardian.
J. E. CHAMBERLAIN, W.G.Messenger.
THOMAS WILDEY, P.G.Sire.

A quorum being present, the G. L. was opened for the transaction of business—Prayer by Rev. J. D. McCabe, R. W. Grand Chaplain. The G. Sec. presented the credentials of the Representatives elect, which were read and referred to the Committee on Credentials.

The chair named Reps. Ellison, of Mass., Macdonough, of Mo. and DeSaussure, of S. C. as the Committee on Credentials, who reported the certificates of the following Representatives as correct:

FROM GRAND LODGES.

Maryland.
P.G. Wm. L. McCauley,
P.G.M. Geo. J. Roche.
Virginia.
P.G.M. J. Harrison Kelly,
P.G. E. S. Hough.
Connecticut.
P.G.M. P. Demick.
Massachusetts.
P.G.M. E. M. P. Wells,
P.G. W. T. Davis.
Pennsylvania.
P.G. Andrew Yohe,
P.G.M. John C. Yeager.
New Hampshire.
P.G. T. G. Senter,
P.G.M. S. H. Parker.
Maine.
P.G. E. S. J. Neally,
P.G. Allen Haines.
New Jersey.
P.G. Daniel T. Clark.
District of Columbia.
P.G.M. W. W. Moore,
P.G.M. John Sessford, Jr.
New York.
P.G. James A. Coffin,
P.G. John W. Dwinelle.
Kentucky.
P.G.M. A. K. Marshall,
P.G. G. W. Johnston.
South Carolina.
P.G. J. H. Taylor,
P.G. W. G. DeSaussure.
Ohio.
P.G. Thomas Spooner
P.G. Wm. B. Kerlin.
Louisiana.
P.G. Henry McCinnell.
Missouri.
P G. Henry Holmes.
Georgia.
P.G.M. J. W. Anderson,
P.G. M. Woodruff.
Alabama.
P.G.M. John Affron.
Michigan.
P.G. John Winder,
P.G. N. R. Ramsdell.
Tennessee.
P.G.M. S. P. Smith.
Indiana.
P.G. J. P. Chapman.
Mississippi.
P.G.M. Wm. H. Brown.
Illinois.
P.G.M. S. S. Jones.
Wisconsin.
P.G.M. W. D. Wilson.
North Carolina.
P.G. Wm. E. Anderson.
Delaware.
P.G. Geo. Gill.

FROM GRAND ENCAMPMENTS.

Maryland.
P.C.P. Levi Taylor.
New York.
P.G.P. John Green,
P.C.P. Theo. Dimon.
Pennsylvania.
P.G.M. J. W. Stokes,
P.G. Geo. S. Morris.
Connecticut.
P.G.P. Wm. L. Brewer.
New Jersey.
P.C.P. Samuel Lilly.
Massachusetts.
P.G.P. Wm. Ellison,
P.G.H.P. Raymond Cole.
Ohio.
P.G.M. A. G. Day.
New Hampshire.
P.G. Stephen Brown.
Maine.
P.C.P. F. P. Theobald.
Virginia.
P.G.M. G. M. Bain.
Kentucky.
P.C.P. Wm. F. Davis.
Missouri.
P.G. Edward F. Macdonough.
South Carolina.
P.G.P. P. De La Torre.
Michigan.
P.C.P. A. S. Kellogg.
Rhode Island.
P.G. A. P. Ware.
North Carolina.
P.C.P. D. G. MacRae.
Tennessee.
P.C.P. I. D. Williamson.
Georgia.
P.C.P. Robert H. Griffin.

And as incorrect, P.G.M. Samuel Y. AtLee, of Grand Encampment, District of Columbia, which wants the seal of the Encampment.

On motion Rep. AtLee, of D. of C., was admitted to his seat, notwithstanding the informality of his certificate of election.

The chair announced the appointment of the following committee.

Committee on Petitions—Reps. Dwinelle, N. Y., Chapman, of Ia. and Kelley, of Va.

Rep. Wells, of Mass., presented the petition of the Surbordinate Lodges, of Vermont, praying for a Grand Lodge, which was read and referred to the Committee on Petitions.

The M.W.G. Sire, presented his Annual Report, which was read, and 1000 extra copies of the same ordered printed for distribution.

M. W. GRAND SIRE'S REPORT.

To the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, I. O. O. F.

IN obedience to the requirements of the Constitution, I have the honor to submit my annual report. It is a source of much pleasure to me to be enabled to congratulate you upon the continued prosperity with which our institution has been blessed. The additions

to our membership during the year have fully equalled those of former years, and the consequent increase of the means, and the application of those means toward the fulfilment of the great objects of our Order affords the best evidence to the world of the benefits of Odd-Fellowship. One year since there were reported about 90,000 contributing members attached to Lodges under your jurisdiction; there are now about 120,000. The amount expended for the relief of brethren and for purposes of charity as reported at your last session for the year then expired, was about $205,000: during the year just past for the same purposes the expenditures have been about $300,000.

Nothing has occurred seriously to mar the prospects of the Order, or to retard it in its career of usefulness. From the assults of those, who, strangers to our institution, denounce and condemn it, no harm can result. The day has gone by when the mass of mankind could be moved blindly, by the efforts of a few designing men. Institutions as well as individuals are judged by their actions, and so long as our Order adheres to its ancient landmarks, pursuing closely the line of its duty, and thus evincing its capacity as a great agent in the work of ameliorating the condition of man and of creating and sustaining the feeling of a common brotherhood, ignorance and fanaticism cannot affect it. It is from internal dissensions alone that any danger need be feared, and I regret to say that there are indications that this danger is at hand.

The proposition in various States to change the fundamental laws upon which State Grand Lodges are organized will be a fruitful source of discord, unless the principle be settled by your body. Under our present laws, every Past Grand in good standing is entitled to a seat in his State Grand Lodge. This is guaranteed to him as a reward for the labor performed in filling the different chairs in a Subordinate Lodge. It is proposed in some sections of the country to organize State Grand Lodges upon the representative system, representation in proportion to numbers; whilst in other sections there is already a system in operation by which, on many questions, a representative elected by his Lodge, casts the vote of that Lodge and other Past Grands are disfranchised. Two points are presented here, the decision of which will be of great importance to the Order.—1st. Can a P. G. be cast out of a State Grand Lodge which he has entered as a member under the solemn guarantees of the organic law of that body, and under the stipulations made by the Grand Lodge of the United States? and 2nd. Can a system be adopted which in effect is the same, that is, that a P. G. may be defranchised on certain questions, or that the voice of one P.G. may be made less in the body of his State Grand Lodge than that of his fellow member who may be the special representative of his Lodge. I am satisfied that in some States it will be necessary to change the present system in order that the Grand Lodges may be reduced to a working number, but the difficulties involved in the two points presented, have appeared to me to be a bar to any better plan.

On the last day of the session of 1846, there was reported to the Grand Lodge by a special committee a form of funeral ceremony, processions and regalia. The report was adopted by the Grand Lodge. So much of it as refers to regalia can in my opinion be viewed only as a proposed amendment to the 25th By-Law, and as such it could not legally be considered on the day it was presented. Accordingly I ruled that the 25th By-Law was still in full force, and that the regalia as therein defined was the only regalia known to the Order.

In accordance with the directions of the Grand Lodge, the Grand Lodge of Wisconsin, and the Grand Encampment of Michigan have been instituted. There have also been instituted under dispensations issued during the recess, Grand Encampments in Georgia, Tennessee, and North Carolina, and

Eleven Surbordinate Lodges, and ten Surbordinate Encampments in Iowa, Wisconsin, Florida, Vermont, Delaware, Arkansas, Louisiana, Alabama, North Carolina, and Mississippi; the petitions, returns, and other documents in relation to which, will be laid before you for final action.

From Iowa an application in due form for a Grand Lodge charter has been received, and in view of the near approach of your session it was reserved for your decision. I take pleasure in recommending that the charter be granted, believing that the Order there is in safe hands, and that a Grand Lodge will be properly conducted.

An application for a charter for a Subordinate Lodge has been received from petitioners residing in Honolulu, Oahu, Hawaiian Islands. The petitioners represent themselves to have been members of Lodges in New York, New Zealand, Liverpool, Doncaster and Hobart Town; and as all save one of the applicants, hail from Lodges unknown to the Order here, nothing could be done to forward the wishes of the petitioners. Among the papers accompanying the petition are copies of a correspondence had by the signers with P. G. Watson, who it will be remembered, was furnished by the then D. D. G. S. of Massachusetts with a commission as D. D. G. S. of Oregon.

There will be presented to you for ratification, a dispensation issued by P. G. Watson, to certain brethren, residents of the same place, under which a Surbordinate Lodge has been instituted. It is recommended that the act of P. G. Watson be legalized, and that Excelsior Lodge, No. 1, of the Hawaiian Islands be recognized as a legitimate Lodge. By the instrumentality of that Lodge, if its institution be sanctioned, it is hoped that the benefits of Odd-Fellowship may be extended to a vast territory hitherto unoccupied by it.

As at present constituted, the board of the Grand Officers cannot in my opinion grant dispensations to open Lodges, but upon the application of five members with cards in possession. If it is deemed desirable to extend to foreign countries the blessing of American Odd-Fellowship, it will be necessary to vest in the officers of the G. Lodge some discretionary power, by which the application of five members may be dispensed with, as it is scarcely possible, that at many points which it would be desirable to occupy, a sufficient number of qualified petitioners can ever be obtained. It will require an amendment to the By-Laws to accomplish this. I take leave to commend this subject to your attention, in the hope that you will adopt some plan by which the Grand Officers may be enabled to act.

On reference to the report of the Grand Secretary, it will be seen that the revenues of the past year have fallen far short of the previous year. There can be no doubt, however, that a strict enforcement of the present laws will produce a sufficient revenue to defray the necessary and proper expenditures of the Grand Lodge, and that an increase of direct taxation need not be resorted to. The representative tax alone forms but a small portion of the revenue, the principal part being derived from the sale of the work, odes and diplomas. Notwithstanding the assertion by the Grand Lodge at the last session, of its sole right to print and publish the work, cards, odes and diplomas, an individual member of the Order, has continued, in violation of that right, to offer for sale a form of diploma, and in some sections of the Union portions of the Order have sustained him in that course. If the sources of revenue now in possession of the G. Lodge be cut off, it will be requisite to resort to some other mode of raising a sufficient amount to meet its current expenses.

The committee to whom was referred the preparation of a Digest of the Laws of the Order will report at the present session. This important duty has been discharged in a manner worthy of the thanks of your body. Every law decision and usage bearing upon the government of the institution as well as upon its internal affairs have been sought out and arranged, so that any member of the Order may see at once his rights and duties. It is proposed to publish the report in such a form as that it may be placed in the hands of all, and that the Grand Lodge may be reimbursed the expense of its preparation.

The Grand Lodge of Texas has, by resolution, requested the appointment of a visiter to instruct in the work of the Order. It is feared by that body that errors have crept in, and it is desired to correct them if they do exist. That body represents that a brother qualified to represent it in this Grand Lodge at the present session could not be procured, and that it is deemed necessary that some one duly authorized should visit it. It is supposed that several new Lodges will be instituted during the coming year, and that the Order there, having surmounted the many difficulties with which it was surrounded, will now progress rapidly.

The same Grand Body prays to be relieved from the payment of its indebtedness incurred previous to its removal from Houston to Galveston. It may not be known to the members of your body, that at the time of the removal the members of the G. Lodge of Texas, residing in Houston, and who were in possession of the books and effects of that body, refused to transfer them to the new officers; and that the efforts of the D. D. G. S. and of the Grand Master of Texas to obtain possession of them have been of no avail. Under the peculiar circumstances, it would, in my opinion, be but justice to relieve that Grand Lodge from the claim alluded to.

At your last session I had the honor to report that in Arkansas the Order had been revived under favorable auspices, and I now have the satisfaction of reporting that the anticipations then entertained have been fully realized. The Lodges in existence there have done well, and the prospect of a further increase of Lodges, and of the application in a short time for a Grand Lodge charter is promising.

In consequence of the reclamation of the charters granted to Pioneer and Oriental Lodges in England, the members of Pioneer Lodge (the only one organized) have been thrown out of the pale of the Order and are not in possession of any evidence that they have any claim to membership. P. G. M. George Bolsover, who was a member of Pioneer Lodge, is now in this country, and is desirous of attaching himself to the Order. There is not, to my knowledge, either authority or precedent to warrant the Grand Officers in furnishing the facilities to enable brethren so situated to become members of other Lodges. Justice to those who, in good faith undertook and labored for the extension of the sphere of Odd-Fellowship, requires that some plan should be adopted to relieve this class of brethren.

An appeal from the action of the Grand Encampment of South Carolina, in the election of officers of that body on the 2d January last, signed by John W. Cleaper, and eight other members thereof, was presented to me in the month of July last. The appellants set forth that said election should have been held in accordance with the Constitution, on the 31st December, that at that time a quorum not being present the session was adjourned agreeable to rule, to the next day at the same hour and place; that there was then a general attendence of the officers and members of the body, and that the Grand Patriarch refused to open the session. They further represent that the G. P. then ordered a session for the following evening, at which time the election of officers was held. They claim that the election was illegal and void, for the reason that it should have been held at the Constitutional time, and pray that the officers elected be restrained from discharging the duties of officers, and that justice be done in the premises. In the absence of any information from the Grand Encampment of South Carolina, no action has been had, and the appeal is now submitted to your body in accordance with the desire of the appellants.

A charter, in conformity with the instructions of your body, was prepared and forwarded to "The Grand Lodge of British North America." By the terms of that charter that body was "erected into a distinct sovereignty, with power, in all matters relating to Odd-Fellowship within British North America, independent of this Grand Lodge," with certain reservations as therein set forth. That charter was accepted and "The Grand Lodge of British North America" was duly organized under it.

No correspondence has been had between the authorities of that grand body and the officers of the Grand Lodge; but from other sources of information, the fact is derived, that that grand body has not confined its labors to the territorial limits assigned it. It has instituted one or more Lodges in foreign countries, and has, as an absolute independent power, opened negotiations with the authorities of the Manchester Unity.

In these particulars, that Great Body has, in my opinion, transcended the power with which it was clothed; and it is recommended that some action be had by which a strict fulfilment of the stipulations of the Charter be required on its part. If the right to constitute Lodges in foreign countries, be conceded to that body, collisions of jurisdiction will be the inevitable result. The hope was entertained that through the mediation of our Canadian brethren, a connection with the Manchester Unity on such terms as this Grand Lodge could, in justice to the Order in this country, accept, might be obtained. It appears, however, that in the negotiations opened by the Grand Lodge of British North America, with the authorities of the Manchester Unity, no reference has been made to this body, or to its expressed views.

In calling your attention to our relations with that Grand Lodge, the hope is entertained that some plan of action will be adopted that will prove satisfactory to both Grand Lodges, and that the peace, harmony and concord hitherto existing, will not be disturbed. I entertain no doubt that our brethren of British North America will acquiesce in any decision that may be just and proper in the premises.

Since your last session, the Order has sustained a great loss in the death of two of its most distinguished members. Grand Rep. Joseph Beardsley, of the District of Columbia, and Grand Rep. D. J. Hoit, of New Hampshire, have been called from among us to receive the reward of their labors. Having faithfully performed their duties here, we may humbly hope, that their spirits are at rest.

The discussion of the internal affairs of our institution by a portion of the public press, claiming to be the organs of Odd-Fellowship, will, I fear, be seriously detrimental to its best interests. Whilst I cheerfully accord to the brethren who have so zealously labored to extend the field of its influence, the purest motives, and freely acknowledge that they have accomplished much good, yet I am constrained by a sense of duty to say, that many erroneous constructions of law and usage have been, by means of that press, scattered abroad throughout this jurisdiction. The domestic relations of the institution, as well as the laws by which it is governed, have been made the subject of comment and controversy; paper has warred against paper, each enlisting in its support a portion of the Order; and discord has been fostered, if not created, where peace and harmony previously existed.

To the D. D. Grand Sires and special Deputies, I have been much indebted for the prompt and able manner in which they have discharged the duties of their respective stations. And to D.D. Grand Sires John G. Potts, of Illinois and Iowa, Wm. Duane Wilson, of Wisconsin, and A. S. Kellogg, of Michigan, the thanks of the Order are especially due, for the fidelity and zeal with which they have labored to forward the interests and to extend the sphere of Odd-Fellowship.

In concluding the last official communication that I shall probably be called upon to make, I deem it my duty, to urge respectfully upon you the importance of permanent laws and usages in an Institution so vast and so wide spread as ours. Sudden changes will ever cause much dissatisfaction among the great mass of our members, and much confusion in the administration of our affairs.

Fully assured that you will give all subjects that may be brought before you the most careful and mature consideration, and that your decisions will be such as the welfare of the Order demands,

I have the honor to be, in F. L. and T.,

BALTIMORE, Sept. 20, 1847. THOS. SHERLOCK, *G. Sire.*

On motion of Rep. De Saussure, of S.C., the Grand Sire's Report was referred to a Select Committee, for the purpose of distributing the several subjects therein referred to, to appropriate committees.

The chair named the following as the committee: Rep. Jones, of Illinois, Day, of Ohio, and Clarke, of N. J.

The revised Constitutions of G.L. of S.C. the Grand Encampment of Ohio, and the G. Encampment of Va., were presented on his motion, and referred to the committee on Constitutions.

On motion of Rep. Yohe, of Pa., it was resolved that a committee be appointed, to report the unfinished business of last session. The chair named Reps. Yohe, of Pa., Anderson, of N. C., and Hough, of Va., as the committee.

Rep. Senter of N. N., rose in his place and addressed the Lodge as follows:

It is with deep regret that I announce to the M.W. Grand Sire and the Representatives of this Grand Lodge, the death of P.G. Daniel J. Hoyt, late Representative of the Grand Encampment of New Hampshire to the Grand Lodge of the U. S. During his connection with the Order, he ever manifested that zeal in promoting its blessings, which so endeared him to the fraternity, as to bestow upon him the highest gift of their esteem. Though removed from his usefulness in this terrestrial Lodge, we receive comfort in the reflection, that he is enjoying the light of the celestial Lodge above. I beg leave to offer the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, it has pleased the Ruler of the Universe to remove from us, our late brother D. J. Hoyt, late Representative in this body—

Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of the United States do duly sympathize with their brethren of New Hampshire, and the friends of our deceased brother, in the loss they have sustained.

Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, and the friends of our deceased brother be presented with a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions.

Whereupon, on motion Rep. AtLee of D. of C., the resolutions proposed were unanimously adopted.

Rep. Sessford of D. of C., rose in his place and addressed the G. Lodge as follows:

I rise, M.W. Grand Sire, to announce to this Grand Lodge the death of P.G.M. Joseph Beardsley, a Representative in this Grand Lodge at the session of 1846, and a Representative elect to the present session.

In making this announcement, M.W. Grand Sire, it is not my intention to detain you with an extended eulogy upon our deceased brother. He was one of the oldest members of the Order in the District of Columbia, and had been elevated by his brethren to the highest office within their gift. None knew him but loved him for his kindness of heart, and devotion for, and strict adherence to, the principles of our beloved Order. I submit the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, it has pleased the Almighty Grand Master of the Universe, to remove from among us our late brother P.G.M. Joseph Beardsley, late a Representative elect in this body, from the District of Columbia—

Resolved, That the members of this Grand Lodge sincerely sympathize with their brethren of the District of Columbia in the loss they have sustained.

Resolved, That the members of this Grand Lodge wear the usual badge of mourning during the session.

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions be entered upon the journal, and a copy thereof be transmitted by the Grand Secretary to the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.

Whereupon the resolutions proposed were unanimously adopted.

Rep. Dwinelle, of N. Y., from the Committee on Petitions, made the following report, which was read, and on motion accepted:

To the R. W. Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. of the United States:

The undersigned, the Committee on Petitions of this R. W. body, to whom were referred the petitions for the institution of Grand Encampments in the States of North Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia, together with the returns showing the institution of the same, would respectfully report, That the petitions and papers placed in the hands of the Committee, show that the applications for Grand Encampments were regularly made, and dispensations issued by the M. W. Grand Sire in each case; and that the Grand Encampment of the State of Georgia was regularly instituted on the twelfth day of July, 1847, and the Grand Encampment of the State of Tennessee on the 21st day of July, 1847. Your Committee would further report, that they are not in possession of any official return from any officer authorised to institute the Grand Encampment of North Carolina, showing that the Grand Encampment of that State has been instituted; but they are informed from undoubted authority, that the Grand Encampment of that State was regularly instituted on the 17th day of July, 1847, and the credentials of a Representative from that Grand Encampment to this body, under its seal, which displays that fact, are in the possession of the Grand Secretary of this body. We, therefore, recommend the ratification by this body of the dispensations issued in each instance.

Respectfully submitted, JOHN W. DWINELLE,
J. P. CHAPMAN,
J. HARRISON KELLY.

On motion of Rep. Torre, of S.C., it was resolved that a Standing Committee on Appeals be appointed.

The chair announced the following as the Standing Committees:

Committee on Credentials.—Ellison, of Mass., Macdonough, of Mo., DeSaussure, of S. C.

Committee on the State of the Order.—Griffin, of Ga., Wells, of Mass., Stokes, of Pa.

Committee on Petitions.—Dwinelle, of N. Y., Chapman, of Ia., Kelly, of Va.

Committee on Finance.—McKinnell, of La., Anderson, of Ga., Wilson, of Wis.

Committee on Returns and Reports.—Morris, of Pa., Demick, of Conn., Ramsdell, of Mich.

Committee on Constitutions.—DeSaussure, of S. C., AtLee, of D. C., Brown, of Miss.

Committee on Correspondence.—Spooner, of Ohio, Haines, of Me., Bain, of Va.

Committee on Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments not represented.—Marshall, of Ky., Smith, of Tenn., Coffin, of N. Y.

Committee to distribute Grand Sire's Report.—Jones, of Ill., Day, of Ohio, Clark, of N. J.

Committee on Appeals.—Torre of S. C., Williamson of Tenn., Parker, of N. H.

Rep. Ellison of Mass., submitted the following resolution, which was agreed to:

Resolved, That the Committee on the State of the Order be directed to consider the expediency of restoring the three months term for Subordinates.

Rep. Spooner, of Ohio, presented the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, upon the subject or the six months term, which were referred to the Committee on the State of the Order.

Rep. Griffin, of Georgia, submitted the following resolution, which was agreed to.

Resolved. That P.G. Rep. Wm. E. Parmenter, M.W.G.M. of Massachusetts, and a member of the Digest Committee, be invited to attend the sessions of this body, and that said Brother and G. Secretary Ridgely, be permitted to participate in its discussions on the Digest.

Rep. Parker, of N. H., submitted the following resolution:

Resolved, That each Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment hereafter have power to hold their sessions at such places as they may deem expedient, within their jurisdiction.

On motion of Rep. Parker, of N. H., to refer the subject to a special committee, Rep. Stokes, of Penn., objected to the resolution as out of order, being in conflict with the Constitution—the Chair ruled the question to be in order—whereupon Rep. Marshall, of Ky., appealed from the decision of the Chair, and the question being "Shall the decision of the Chair stand as the judgment of the Lodge." It was resolved in the affirmative.

The question recurring on the motion to refer the subject to a special committee, it was agreed to. The Chair named Reps. Parker of N. H., Lilly, of N. J., and Kerlin, of Ohio, as the committee.

Rep. Ramsdell of Michigan submitted the following resolution, which was agreed to:

Resolved, That it be referred to the Committee on the State of the Order, to take into consideration, and as soon as may be, report to this Lodge their opinion on the propriety of changing the term of elective officers in Subordinate Lodges, from six months to one year.

On motion, the Grand Lodge adjourned.

MONDAY, 4 o'clock, P. M.

The R. W. G. Lodge assembled pursuant to adjournment: Present Thomas Sherlock, M. W. G. Sire, and the same Grand Officers as of the morning session.

The G. Secretary presented the appeal of P. G's Jno. W. Dwinelle and W. H. Jewett, of N. York, from the decision of the Grand Master of N. York; also appeal of Magnolia Lodge, Ohio; also protest of P. G. Dibb and others, members of the Grand Camp of South Carolina; also the memorial of Lilly, of the Mound Lodge of Wisconsin; also the memorial of P. G. M. T. Benteen and others, of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, against the decision of the Grand Lodge of that state; also petition and appeal of Lake Dunmore Lodge, Vermont; also the petition of Telulah Lodge, Arkansas, praying leave to change the night of session of said Lodge; also proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, on the six months term; also the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Maine on the same subject; also various communications from P. Pr. G. M. Geo. Bolsover, of Pioneer Lodge No. 1, England, now defunct, praying that the Grand Corresponding Secretary may be directed to issue to him a card of membership—which were severally read.

On motion of Rep. Dwinelle that the appeal of the P. Grands of the State of New York lie on the table, it was resolved in the negative.

Whereupon the several appeals were referred to the Committee on Appeals.

Rep. Wells, of Mass., offered the following, which was read and referred to the Committee on the State of the Order:

The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts ask "the decision of the R. W. G. L. of the U." as to their right so to amend the Constitution of Subordinates, as to make a scarlet member eligible to the office of N. G after having served one term in any subordinate office.

Rep. Ellison, from the Committee on Credentials, reported as correct the certificate of P. G. William Simons, Rep. from the G. L. of Rhode Island, which motion was adopted.

Rep. Moore, of D. of C., presented the memorial of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, complaining of the decision of the G. L. of the U. S. at its last session, touching the interest of said Grand Lodge.

Rep. Affron, of Ala., presented various memorials of Subordinate Lodges in favor of and counter to the removal of the seat of government of the Grand Lodge of that State, and the resolutions of Cahawba Lodge of that State upon the six months law; also the memorial of P. G. Salomon, of Ala., against the decision of the Grand Lodge of Alabama.

On motion of Rep. Griffin, of Ga., the memorial of P. G. Salomon was referred to the Committee on Appeals.

On motion, the residue of the memorials were referred to the same committee.

Rep. Jones, of Illinois, from the special committee to whom the subject was referred, made a report allotting the various subjects contained in the Grand Sire's Annual Report to appropriate standing committees, which was adopted—so much thereof as refers to the discussion of the internal affairs of the Order being referred to a special committee. The report was adopted.

G. Secretary presented the reports of D. D. G. Sires, which on motion of Rep. Atlee, of D. of C., was referred to the Committee on the State of the Order.

Rep. Bain, of Va., submitted the following, which was read, and on his motion, referred to the Committee on the State of the Order:

Is it according to the laws of the Order, for a N. G. or C. P. under any circumstances; to give the A. T. P. to any other than a member of his own Lodge or Encampment?

Can an individual belonging to an Encampment in one State, and a Lodge in another, there being a Lodge and Encampment in each place?

Rep. Torre, of S. C., submitted the following, which, on his motion, was referred to the Committee on the State of the Order:

I. O. O. F., R. W. Grand Encampment of S. C.

Extract from the minutes of the Annual Communication held at Charleston, S. C. on January 2, 1847.

"WHEREAS, The R. W. Grand Lodge, U. S., I. O. O. F. at its session in September, 1846, passed the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That the granting of a withdrawal card by a Subordinate Lodge, to one of its members, who is also a member of an Encampment, has the effect of severing at once the connection with his Encampment; but on the renewal of his membership in a Subordinate Lodge, his membership in his Encampment is thereby renewed. *Provided*, such renewal shall occur within one month from the date of such withdrawal card."—*p.* 352. *And whereas*, it would appear from the said resolution to be obligatory upon such member to again become attached to the Encampment of Patriarchs, therefore,

Resolved, That the R. W. Grand Representative, of this Grand Encampment, to the Grand Lodge of U. S. at its next session, be instructed to inquire whether such is the construction to be placed upon the said resolution: Whether such member, by the renewal of membership in a Subordinate Lodge, is obliged to become a member of his Encampment again, although against his desire so to do, and whether he must under such circumstances apply to his Encampment for a withdrawal card before his connection therewith will be severed."

True extract from the minutes. WILMOT G. DeSAUSSURE, *G. Scribe.*

Rep. Torre, of S. C., submitted the following resolution, which was read, and, on motion, referred to a Select Committee. The chair named Griffin, of Ga., Ellison, of Mass., Moore, of D. of C., as the Committee.

R. W. Grand Encampment of S. C., I. O. O. F.

Extract from the minutes of the semi-annual communication, held at Charleston, S. C. on June 30, 1847.

"On motion the R. W. Grand Representative was directed to communicate to the R. W. G. L. of the U. S. a its next session, that in the opinion of this Grand Encampment the establishment of an educational system is inexpedient." True extract from the minutes. W. G. DeSAUSSURE, *G. Scribe.*

Rep. AtLee, of D. of C., submitted the following, which was read and referred to the Committee on State of the Order:

Can the Constitution of a Grand Lodge, or Grand Encampment, or an amendment thereto be valid, unless the same be submitted to and approved by the G. L. of the U. S?

Rep. Jones, of Illinois, submitted the following preamble and resolutions, which was read, and adopted. The chair named on the committee, MacRae, of N. C., Simons, of R. I., Lilly, of N. J.

WHEREAS, the G. L. of the State of Illinois, at its last annual session, passed a resolution removing the G. L. of that State from Springfield to the city of Peoria, provided the Subordinate Lodges under her jurisdiction, and the G. L. of the U. S. concur therein; and whereas several of such Subordinate Lodges have concurred in such removal, by petitioning this G. L. for the same; and whereas certain other of said Subordinate Lodges have remonstrated against said removal, therefore,

Resolved, That said petitions and remonstrances, together with the action of said G. L. be referred to a special committee of three.

The Constitutions of sundry G. Lodges and Encampments were presented and referred to the Committee on Constitutions.

Rep. Chapman, of Indiana, presented the petition of the Subordinate Encampments of Indiana, praying for a Grand Encampment in that State, which were referred to the Committee on Petitions.

Rep. Anderson, of N. C., presented the following resolution of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, which was read, and, on his motion, referred to the Committee on the State of the Order:

Resolution adopted by the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, May 10, 1847.

WHEREAS, the Grand Lodge of the United States thought proper, at its last annual session, to change the term of service for Officers of Subordinate Lodges from three to six months; and whereas, the said alteration was made without any previous expression of opinion from the members of Subordinate Lodges, without being called for by any irregularity in the working of the old system or dissatisfaction with the three months term; and whereas, we believe it will operate injuriously to the Order in this State. Therefore,

Resolved, That the Grand Representative of this Grand Lodge be instructed to urge the repeal of the law requiring six months terms, and a return to the ancient usage of the Order—three months terms.

Rep. Brown, of Miss., presented the petition of the Subordinate Encampments of that State, praying for a Grand Encampment, which were referred to the Committee on Petitions.

Rep. Chapman, of Indiana, submitted the following resolution, which was agreed to:

Resolved. That the Committee on the State of the Order be instructed to inquire into and report upon the expediency of so changing the place of meeting of the Grand Lodge of the United States, as to provide that they shall hereafter be held at the city of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Rep. Ellison, of Mass., presented the petition of Alfred Mudge, of Mass., praying indemnity for losses sustained by him, by reason of the law of the last session, forbidding the publication of the Odes, which was referred to the Committee on Petitions.

On motion of Rep. Lilly, of N. J., the claim of P. G. P. Taylor, of N. J., on the same subject, was referred to the same committee.

On motion, the Grand Lodge adjourned.

VISIT THE SICK AND BURY THE DEAD.

THIS command of our Order is well illustrated in the following Correspondence, to which we made allusion a few weeks ago, between Mariner's Lodge No. 23 of this City, and Washington Lodge No. 3 of New Orleans, La.

NEW ORLEANS, May 25th, 1847.
Washington Lodge No. 3, I. O. O. F. State of La.

To the Officers & Brothers, of Mariners Lodge, No. 23 I. O. O. F. State of N. Y.

RESPECTED SIRS AND BROTHERS: Your much esteemed favor of the 10th inst. was duly received and read at our last meeting, and I was instructed to write you with the necessary information solicited by you, and to inform you of the pleasure we felt on hearing that what we had done for the late Bro. Anderson, had given you so much satisfaction, and we beg to assure you, that should a member of yours, or any other Lodge in yours, or any other City, be placed at any future period, in a similar situation, we shall be happy and consider it our bounden duty to see him properly cared for. I have made inquiry as to the length of time the late Bro. Anderson was sick in our city, and ascertained it to be two weeks, he was also sick coming up the river, before he arrived here—the length of time I could not ascertain.

The amount of funeral expenses by Washington Lodge was $30,65, a bill of particulars I enclose as per your request. I have also been instructed to inform you, that a Committee of three of our members was appointed to see after the deceased Brother's widow and family, who also waited on the different Lodges of this city, and succeeded in collecting the following sums as donations, viz: Union Lodge No. 6, $40,00, Commercial Lodge No. 12, $30,00, Crescent Lodge No. 8, $25,00, Howard Lodge No. 13, $10,00, Louisiana Lodge No. 1, $40,00, which, including $30,00 donated by our Lodge, made a total of one hundred and seventy five Dollars, which was expended as follows: paid to the captain of the ship "Orleans" for passage of widow Anderson, four children and servant, one hundred dollars, paid for drayage of her goods to the ship, five dollars, making the amount of the different sums collected from the Lodges, namely, one hundred and seventy five Dollars. Hoping the above information will be satisfactory to you, I beg to subscribe myself

Very Respt. Yours in F. L. and T. JOHN S. MACUSELL.
Sec. Washington Lodge No. 3. I. O. O. F.

Mariners' Lodge, No. 23, I. O. O. F. NEW YORK, June 23, 1847.

To the Officers and Brothers of Washington Lodge No. 23, I. O. O. F. of the State of Louisiana.

WORTHY AND ESTEEMED BROTHERS: Your highly valued favor of the 25th of May was received in due course of mail, and has been read in our Lodge, and I have been selected as the honored medium of communicating to you, and through you, to the Officers and Brothers of Louisiana Lodge No. 1, Union Lodge No. 6, Crescent Lodge No. 8, Commercial Lodge No. 12, and Howard Lodge No. 13, of the

City of New Orleans, the grateful acknowledgments and heartfelt thanks of Mariners' Lodge No. 23, of the City of New York, for the practical exposition of the principles of Odd-Fellowship, which you have given to the Membership and to the world, in the case of our late lamented Brother Anderson of Mariners' Lodge No. 23.

Well and faithfully, Brethren, did you perform your duty and sustain your high character as Odd-Fellows, in obeying the sacred injunction of the Order, to "Visit the Sick, Relieve the Distressed, and Bury the Dead."

Our grief for the loss of a beloved brother is very much assuaged in the reflection, that though in, to him, a strange city, he was not a stranger there—nay, he was surrounded with friends and brothers, who were closely united to him by the mystic cord of Friendship, Love, and Truth, and whose pleasure it was, to minister cheerfully to his wants, comfort him in his afflictions, watch at his bed-side, and as far as practicable, to alleviate his sufferings, and in his last moments to smooth the pillow of death with the consolatory truth, that, as he was dear to them in life, so would his mortal remains be provided with a decent sepulchre after death, and brotherly care and protection be extended to his bereaved widow and fatherless children.

Brethren! you comforted and sustained Bro. Anderson in sickness, and realized his last dying hopes in the kind care and protection of his widow and fatherless children. Inasmuch as you have done it unto them you have done it unto us. We thank you in the name of our beloved and honorable Order again, and thrice do we thank you. And be assured that the members of Mariners' Lodge No. 23, collectively and individually, will ever and always be found with heart in hand, and the hand open, ready to relieve the wants and necessities of a sick or distressed brother—ever holding in affectionate remembrance our Brethren of New Orleans.

I am, respected Brethren, in the bonds of F. L. and T., yours most fraternally,

NAPOLEON B. MOUNTFORT,
Of Mariners' Lodge No. 23, P. G. Chap.

P.S. Enclosed you will receive a Draft of the Phenix Bank of the City of New York, on the Canal and Banking Co., of New Orleans, for $30.65 the amount of Funeral expenses paid by your Lodge in the case of Bro. Anderson. Yours Fraternally, N.B.A.

DEDICATION AT CATSKILL, N. Y.—The brethren of Hendrick Hudson Lodge No. 189, having just completed a new and commodious HALL, will dedicate the same on Wednesday, the sixth of October, with appropriate services—procession in Regalia, Oration, &c.,—and have invited all sister Lodges to join them on the occasion. The ceremony of Dedication will commence at half past one o'clock P. M., and the procession be formed at half past two o'clock, and proceed to the place appointed for the delivery of the Oration.

The Village of Catskill is a delightful place, situated on the west bank of the Hudson, about 120 miles from this city; and the trip will be a pleasant one to all who can go up. We hope there will be a good attendance of Lodges from this city and vicinity, for these interchanges of courtesies tend to make members acquainted, and draw closer the bonds of friendship between them.

CELEBRATION AT NEWPORT.—This affair, which took place on the 9th inst. according to the representation of those present was very splendid. The procession was formed under the direction of Chief Marshal John W. Davis, assisted by Bros. Knowles, Devens, and Tilley; and proceeded through the principal streets of Newport to the North Baptist Church, where the Orator, P.G. M'ARTHUR Esq. of this city, delivered a highly instructive and beautiful address, giving a sketch of the progress of the Order, and answering objections to its utility. The church was filled from floor to roof. After the exercises, the procession moved to the Ocean House, where some three hundred sat down to a capital dinner—after which followed the toasts. Altogether it was a day long to be remembered.

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

PULASKI, Sept. 16, 1847.

E. WINCHESTER, Esq.—*Dear Sir and Bro.:* Permit me, through the medium of your valuable and popular paper, to introduce to the knowledge and remembrance of our many brothers, the existence of a new and flourishing Lodge of Odd-Fellows at Pulaski, Oswego county, N. Y.

Oscola Lodge No. 284, (instituted last April) now numbers some 80 members, and under the government of brothers A. W. Towsley, N.G., A. Strong, V.G., H. L. Stillman, Sec. and E. M. Hill, Treas., is not only enjoying the pleasures and benefits of Order, but is still increasing in number—is overcoming the prejudices of those who were at first disposed to regard its efforts with the Lynx eye of suspicion—and is effectually diffusing the social and delightful influences of the institution throughout all this great "wooden country."

To brother visitors, they would not promise a gorgeous and glittering reception, but would welcome them with warm hearts to the worthier and sublimer pleasures which spring from an intercourse with the happy influences of Friendship, Love and Truth. Faithfully and Fraternally, HAL.

Utica Degree Lodge No. 18—Wm. England, N.G.; A. White, V.G.; Isaac Bronson, S.; I. J. Knapp, T.; J. Benedict, A.N.G.; A. Coburn, D.A.N G.; N. E. Platt, P.G.

Tri-Mount Encampment No. 24, Utica—J. A. Button, C.P.; Mark Perkins, H.P.; N. E. Platt, S.W.; A. M. Bennett, Scribe; B. F. Brooks, Treas.; A. White, J.W.

NEW JERSEY.

JERSEY CITY, Sept. 15, 1847.

GOLDEN RULE: Last evening, I was present at the institution of Mechanics Lodge No. 66, which took place in the Hall of Hudson Lodge in this place. The ceremonies were conducted by P.G. JAMES B. TAYLOR, as Special Deputy, appointed by the Grand Master for that purpose, assisted by P.G. James Morrison, Jr. Selah Hill, J. M. Corneleison, Wm. Stiff, Wm. Thomas, H. N. Fryatt, J. T. Gilbert, and other brothers and P.Officers of Hudson and Iroquois Lodges. The ceremonies were very interesting, although rather lengthy, in consequence of the small number of petitioners who had the degrees requisite to qualify them for office. After the institution of the Lodge, and while the G. Officers occupied the chairs, six worthy applicants were admitted and instructed, after which the five subordinate degrees were conferred by dispensation on several of the members. The Officers were then installed into their respective chairs, except the Subordinate Officers, whose installation was deferred until the next Lodge night. They contemplate meeting on Tuesday evening of each week, in Hudson Lodge room, until they can fit up a room in the village of Harsimus. The officers installed were: John T. Mellor, N.G.; Wm. McGee, V.G.; Geo. Farrier, S.; Timothy D. Witherell, T. The prospects of this Lodge are highly favorable, and it will be well sustained. I would add that the petitioners have formerly been attached to a Rechabite Tent, and preferring the system of Government in Odd-Fellowship, they have withdrawn from the Tent, and will by a proper course admit most of their former associates into the Lodge.

Yours in F. L. and T. H——s.

MAINE.

We learn from an esteemed brother, that the cause of Odd-Fellowship in Maine, is steadily progressing, and that a lively interest is manifested in the work, in nearly every Lodge in the State.

A new Lodge has been recently instituted at Solon, under the style and title of CARRITUNK LODGE No. 49, by D.D.G.M. AMASA DINGLEY, assisted by P. Gs. Turner and Bates of Somerset and Franklin Lodge No. 21, and P.Gs. Dascomb and Weston of Carrabassett No. 34, with the officers and brothers of Samaritan and other Lodges. The evening of the installation of officers was a pleasant one to the brotherhood. After the usual services of installation, eight brothers were admitted by card, and ten persons were initiated into this new Lodge. There are six also, to be received at the next meeting of the Lodge, all "good men and true." Surely, when we can report such cheering news from the State of Maine, we shall always be happy to add our "*benison* gentle," and the whole Order will rejoice in the prosperity of our eastern brethren. The Officers of this new Lodge are men every way qualified to uphold and sustain the principles of the Order of Fellowship, and whose character and reputation as men are such, that this new Lodge cannot fail to exert a most healthful influence, not only in the immediate neighborhood of the Lodge, but the community in which it is located. The officers for the present term are: Homer Percival, N.G.; E. W. McFadden, V.G.; J. C. Barnes, S.; J. Pierce, T.

MICHIGAN.

Extract from a letter dated ANN ARBOR, Sept. 14, 1847.

I am happy to inform you that the Order in this place is in a highly flourishing condition. We have besides the Lodge, which numbers 130 members, an Encampment, both of which are rapidly increasing. The brethren have been to the expense of some $800 in fitting up a new Hall, which for size, convenience and beauty, is unsurpassed by any country Lodge in the State. The utmost harmony seems to prevail. To visit the sick and relieve the distressed is the willing employ of every Odd-Fellow. God grant that this feeling may ever continue!

One word in commendation of the GOLDEN RULE. In the amount of original matter, in the amount of information relative to Lodges, Encampments and the general work of the Order, it far surpasses any other published. To say that it is the best Paper published in the Order, is but doing justice to its Publisher, and speaking the minds of all its readers. Yours in F. L. and T. C.S.W.

OHIO.

AKRON, Sept. 9, 1847.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—Not having noticed in the G. R. (of which, by the way, I am a regular reader,) anything from this region recently, I thought I would drop you a line, to let you see we are "alive and kicking." Our Lodge (Summit No. 50) is moving along in a steady, onward course, dispensing its benefits where they are justly deserved, and in every way carrying out the principles of the Order. The officers for the present term are: P. Osborn, N.G.; Geo. Laurie, V.G.; W. Sinclair, S.; M. Burton, P.S.; T. Waggner, T. None more deserving could have been selected. We celebrate our second Anniversary on Thursday, 16th inst. and anticipate an interesting time. Rev. Bro. N. DOOLITTLE of Columbus is to deliver the address. Yours, X.

MISSISSIPPI.

Extract from a letter from Bro. JOHN B. DICKS, R.W. Grand Sec. of the State of Mississippi, dated RAYMOND, Sept. 6, 1847.

I was present at the Annual Communication of our G. L. held in Natchez on the 19th, 20th, and 21st days of July. I never witnessed a fuller attendance of members. Much zeal is manifested by the brotherhood under this jurisdiction to promote the cause of Odd-Fellowship. As an evidence of the prosperity of the Order in Mississippi during the past year, the reports from Subordinate Lodges show near 400 initiations, against 167, for year ending July 1846. Revenue of Lodges increased one hundred per cent. There were eight Lodges chartered during the year, seven of which were put in successful operation. During the late meeting application was made for charters from five other locations, three of which were granted; and no doubt before the close of this year, there will be an addition of some ten or twelve Lodges to the present number. The Grand Master is now absent on a tour to the northern part of the State, and will organize some three or four Lodges before he returns.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1847.

☞ Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, NEW YORK, by E. WINCHESTER, Editor and Proprietor, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms $2 a year in advance, or 6¼ per week, delivered by a carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

PHILADELPHIA.—The GOLDEN RULE is published in Philadelphia, by CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North Sixth street, by whom subscriptions will be received and papers delivered in any part of the city. Packages sent to the adjoining towns out of the mails.

BOSTON.—Office of the GOLDEN RULE, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L. WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the RULE sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE—MINISTRATION OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.—One of the most affecting and melancholy occurrences that has come under our notice, took place, recently, at Manchester, N. H. On the 3d inst. a lady—wife of Bro. Lord, of this city—who had gone to Manchester for the benefit of her health, and for the purpose of visiting a relative, was proceeding from the counting room of the Stark Mills; and intent upon avoiding a cart, with which she was fearful of coming in contact, stepped upon the railroad track, when a train of dirt cars, which she did not notice, threw her down and so seriously injured her as to require the amputation of both her legs. It was evident that she could not survive, and this melancholy fact was communicated to her by the medical attendant. In this trying moment, with a presence of mind so often shown by women in moments of great danger, she informed him that in her reticule would be found her husband's "Card," showing his membership in the I. O. of O. F. This was handed to the principal officers of the Lodge in Manchester, who were promptly made aware of her dangerous condition, and who hastened to her relief. They lost no time in procuring additional medical advice—the best that could be obtained—smoothed the pillow of the dying woman, who expired the same night, and so far as human aid and kindness could effect it, ameliorated her sufferings, while her spirit hovered on the brink of eternity; and then closed her eyes in death.

The members of the Fraternity, after this sad event, were immediately summoned to follow the departed to the grave—the second that had been opened in their burial ground—thus discharging their duty to the dead, and contributing their utmost to ameliorate the sorrow of her surviving friends.

She was buried on Sunday, the 5th inst. aged 35 years, leaving our brother, and his family, to mourn a loss, to them, irreparable—but softened by the kind offices of the noble hearted brothers of Manchester.

THE FALL RIVER ROUTE—BAY STATE.—Last week we had the pleasure of going on this route to Boston; and we must express a greater degree of pleasure than we expected. The road from Fall River to Boston, is through a delightful country, which on a bright morning looks like a garden. But the BAY-STATE! we had heard much, but we saw and enjoyed more. Her fitting up is splendid every way; she is a floating palace. And then the way she rides on the water, rising and falling with the swell like a duck—she is a perfect beauty. We never was on board any boat the movement of which we liked so well. There is no straining or wrenching, but she moves as if made of one piece throughout, so perfectly taut and compact is she in her work, from keel to promenade deck. And then you have a first rate Captain and Clerk, and a band of music! so the evening passes delightfully, and in the morning you are waked by strains of delicious melody, which are worth your passage. R. E. LOCKWOOD Esq., the popular and gentlemanly agent of the Vanderbilt on the Stonington route, another gem of a boat, is also the agent for the Fall River route; and is always ready to oblige you in every way possible. He is well enough known for his courtesy and kindness without words from us; but we know how to appreciate these qualities, for they are not over common, and they make life so pleasant.

☞ "THE SABBATH OF THE HEART," by CALEB LYON, Esq., in another column, is genuine poetry—to our mind—breathing a spirit that must find a response in every bosom. Mr. LYON, though yet a young man, possesses an excellent poetic talent, and we hope ere long to see a volume of his pieces issued by some one of our enterprising publishers. We predict for him a high reputation in the walks of literature and poesy.

THE BROADWAY THEATRE, a vast and imposing structure, next to the corner of Anthony-street, is nearly completed, and is to be opened to the public on Monday evening. We took a stroll through it a day or two since, and were surprised at its magnitude, as well as the superior adaptation of the interior arrangements to the purpose of its construction. The boxes are spacious, the seats handsomely cushioned, and the dome, proscenium, pillars, &c., elegantly finished in white and gold, giving to the whole an exceedingly rich appearance. We particularly remarked the drop-curtain, painted by Mr. J. R. SMITH, and which cannot fail to give him a high reputation as an artist. It represents a Swiss scene, and the effect, in a brilliantly lighted house, must be extremely magnificent. The capacity of the house cannot be less than four or five thousand persons—the gallery alone, we are told, being large enough to accommodate twenty-seven hundred. There is no doubt but this theatre will be the most elegant, as well as extensive, in the U. S., and attract a large concourse of citizens and strangers.

"CONNECTICUT ODD-FELLOW."—This is the title of a new aspirant to public favor. The first number, dated Hartford Sept. 25, 1847, comes to us with a face bright and pleasant as the morning; and it is well filled with original and selected matter, interesting and instructive, and showing tact and good taste on the part of the editor, of whose whereabouts we have an inkling. It is very handsomely printed on good paper, and we doubt not will be a valuable auxiliary in the good cause. It reads as if there would be some *soule* in it. Every Odd-Fellow in Connecticut who does not take any other paper, ought to take this; and those taking another, if able, ought to take this too. We give the "Connecticut Odd-Fellow," and all concerned in it, the hand of fellowship, a hearty welcome, and lots of good wishes for future prosperity.

☞ MISS PARDOE'S "Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the 17th Century," Nos. 5 and 6, have been issued by the Harpers. It is a fascinating work.

ODD-FELLOWS CELEBRATION AT STAMFORD, CONN.

The Celebration of the Anniversary of RIPPOWAM LODGE No. 24, Stamford, Conn. will take place on FRIDAY the first day of October next, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The undersigned, Committee of Arrangements, respectfully tender an invitation to the Lodges of the City of New York, and vicinity, to be present on that occasion.

Professor Howe, of Columbia College, an ardent and popular advocate of the principles of our Order, is engaged to deliver the Address.

Dodworth's celebrated Band will be present, and will give a Concert in the evening of Friday.

All necessary arrangements have been made to make the day one of great interest and pleasure to all who may honor us with their presence.

May we not hope to see, at least, a hundred of our Brethren from the city?

B. B. HALLOCK,
SANDS SEELY,
SAML. LOCKWOOD, Jr. } *Committee.*

Stamford September 18, 1847.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 15, by Rev. Mr. Allen, D.D.G.M. ISRAEL HARRIS, of Covenant Lodge No. 13, and Miss SUSAN EVERITTE, daughter of John Stuart, Esq. all of Belvidere, N. J.

Sept. 21, in the Universalist Church, Brooklyn, by Rev. T. B. Thayer, Mr. JOHN S. ROBINSON, and Miss ALETHEA G. FRICKE, all of Brooklyn.

CHURCH, LODGE AND PARLOR ORGAN MANUFACTORY.

GEORGE JARDINE, Manufacturer of Church, Lodge and Parlor Organs. Since the distruction by fire of his former place of business, he has re-opened his Manufactory at 548 Pearl-st. near to, and opposite the City Hospital in Broadway, where he is prepared to execute Orders. The patronage of the Order, and especially the Board of Managers of the New Hall, is respectfully solicited. Finger Organs with Barrel Attachments made expressly for Lodge Rooms. jy31

CARPETING FOR LODGE ROOMS.

ALDRICH BARSTOW & Co. 440 Pearl-st. N. Y. are now manufacturing a style of Carpeting peculiarly adapted for the use of Lodge-rooms, to which they would invite the especial attention of those of the Order purchasing Carpets. Also, a great varietyof Carpeting, Floor Oil Cloths, &c for general use. au21:13t*

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER,

NO. 99 Madison street, NEW YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New Work

REGALIA.---M. I. DRUMMOND, 309 Grand-street,

NEW-YORK has on hand at all times Camp, P. G. and Scarlet Member's dress Regalia, cheap. Lodges and Encampments furnished, at short notice and first rate style. Stars, Fringes, Gold and Silver Laces, at Importers' prices.

REGALIA.—ELIAS COMBS, 260 Grand-st. N. Y.

CONTINUES the Manufacture of Regalia of every description. Lodges and Encampments furnished at short notice. Orders from city or country thankfully received, and no pains spared to give satisfaction. Stars, Tassels, &c. for sale. je26:tf

ENCAMPMENT AND LODGE REGALIA.

TENTS, Crooks, Cushions, Emblems, Costumes, and every other accoutrement for the Work of the Order supplied at the shortest notice and in the best possible manner, by JOHN G. TAYLOR, Costumer, 58 Prince-st. N. Y.
☞ Letters immediately attended to. jan2:tf

LODGE JEWELS.—E. AYRES,

MANUFACTURER of LODGE JEWELS, 98 Nassau-st. Jewels for Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. always on hand. N.B. Seals cut at the shortest possible notice. my15: tf

REGALIA AT ALBANY.

THE Subscriber Manufactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of GILT AND SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction.
Jan2:tf E. VAN SCHAACK, 385 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

REGALIA MANUFACTORY AT UTICA, N. Y.

THE Subscriber is prepared to furnish every article for Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, at short notice, and at reasonable charges. Orders solicited. Address ISAAC TAPPING, Utica N. Y. je5tf

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds, and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. (fe13:tf.) T. PARSON, 270 Main-st.

BANNERS AND FLAGS PAINTED OR EMBROIDERED,

AND furnished complete by H. LIEBENAU, Military Standard and Banner Painter, 491 Pearl-st. Societies and Lodges supplied with official insignia, such as gavils, pens, keys, rods, &c. in sets, gilt and trimmed with velvet in the first style. Je5:6m

ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA AT PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. &. E. B. STOKES, 194 Market street, Philadelphia, Manufacturers of REGALIA, SASHES, ROBES, &c., for Lodges and Encampments. The members of the Order, Lodges and Camps, wishing to purchase a *SPLENDID ARTICLE* of *REGALIA*, at a very low price, can be accommodatedby calling at the store, where they will find a great variety, adapted to the different degrees and ranks in the Order. Orders from a distance attended to with punctuality and despatch. oct10:tf

ODD-FELLOWS DEPOT AT PHILADELPHIA.

CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows Hall, North Sixth-st., below Race, Philadelphia. THE GOLDEN RULE, and other publications, together with all kinds of Books, Regalia, and all necessary articles used in furnishing Lodges and Encampments. Also on hand, a general assortment of miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Varieties, &c.

F. W. & W. F. GILLEY, 430 Grand-street,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRY GOODS MERCHANTS. Material for REGALIA and DRAPERY, the best assortment in the U. States. f27

COLLECTIONS, &c. IN ILLINOIS.

CHARLES GILMAN, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Quincy, Illinois, will give particular attention to the collection of all claims entrusted to him, as well as to the payment of Taxes for non-residents, investigation of Titles, &c. Satisfactory references given, when desired. au7

T. C. MOORE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

CHICAGO, Illinois. Will attend to Securing and Collecting Claims, in any part of Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana. Business from a distance attended to. References if required. mar13:tf

DR. J. PETTIT'S AMERICAN EYE-SALVE.

This simple, safe and sure remedy for the cure of weak, sore and inflamed eyes, by external application to their lids, whether acute or chronic, induced or symptomatic of scrofula, measles, small pox, spinal disease, intense use or external violence, is now within the reach of ALL in this city and vicinity. The astonishing and successful results in its use for years past, has earned for it a well merited celebrity. It stands on its own merits. To prevent the imposition of counterfeits, any person desiring an agency for the sale of "Dr. J. Pettit's American Eye Salve," will apply to him personally, or to H. Winchester, Druggist, at the general depot, No. 108 John-st. N. Y. jy3:eow:6m

THOMPSON'S PREMIUM TRUSS,

Improved by J. R. BENJAMIN, 13 Beekman-st., is universally approved of by the Medical Faculty, and all who use them, as the pressure can be graduated from one to fifty pounds on the rupture without a back pad, which does so much injury to the spine, causing weakness and pain in the back and sides, and often permanent spinal disease. Six days trial given and if not perfectly satisfactory, money returned. Those sending for this Truss, need only mention the side ruptured, and the measure round the hips. jy10:eowtf

STEREOTYPING.—JOHN McNICOL, Stereotyper and Printer, No. 11 Spruce street, New York, 4th story

HIGHLAND EATING HOUSE.—C. M. HAGGINS, L. LESLIE, No. 10, Lindall street, BOSTON. ap10:tf

SAMUEL HAMMOND & Co. IMPORTERS OF FINE WATCHES,

NO 44 Merchants' Exchange, 1st door in William-st. have constantly on hand a large and valuable assortment of Fine Watche of their own importation, which they are now selling at lower prices (when quality is compare 1,) than can be purchased of any dealer in New York. A written warrantee, in all cases, will be given to the purchaser. S. Hammond having attended solely to the repairing of Chronometer, Duplex, and other fine Watches, in the late firm of Benedict & Hammond, will continue to give his undivided attention to that branch of the business, in connection with his present partner, whose reputation has long been established, having worked for the last ten years for the trade in this city. m23:tt

J. M. DUBOIS, MANUFACTURER OF SILVER SPOONS,

FORKS, &c. of the newest patterns and finish, the Silver warranted equal to coin. All orders attended to punctually, at 47 Dey-st. N. Y. je19:tf

FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.

THOSE who wish to purchase GOLD or SILVER WATCHES, will find it greatly to their advantage to call on the subscriber, who is selling all descriptions of fine Gold or Silver Watches, at retail, LOWER than any other house in the city.

Fine Gold and Silver English Patent Lever Watches; fine Gold and Silver Detatched Lever Watches; fine Gold and Silver Lepine Watches; Ladies and Gentlemen's fine Gold Guard Chains and Breast Pins; Ladies' Bracelets; Gold Pencils. ☞ Gold Watches as low as $20 to $25 each.

Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought. All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and retail, 51 Wall-st, (late 36) jan2:tf corner of William-st, up stairs.

CHEAP BOOK-BINDERY, 106 Chatham-st. corner of Pearl.

OWEN C. OWENS respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to do every description of Book Binding in the best manner, and in every variety of style, low for cash. Harper's Bible handsomely bound, at various prices. Blank Books ruled and made to order. Music, Periodicals, and Books of every description, bound cheap, and at the shortest notice. o17:1y

AUGUST REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (No. 11 Wall-st.) issued 176 new Policies during the month of August, 1847, viz: to

Merch. & Trad.	53	Lawyers	2	Agents	6	Bankr's & Brokrs	5
Clerks	9	Physicians	6	Farmers	4	Hotel keepers	3
Manufactur'rs.	24	Clergymen	8	Sea Captains	5	Public officers	5
Mechanics	27	Ladies	9	Engineers	2	Other occupat.	8

Total new policies in August, 1847 176

Surplus exceeding $350,000.

ROBT. L. PATTERSON, Prest. BENJ. C. MILLER, Secy.

JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent. JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner, at the office daily form 2 to 3 o'clock. s4

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE No. 11 Wall-st. This Institution is distinguished by the following peculiarities:

1st. When the premium is over $50 annually, one fourth may be paid in cash, and three-fourths in a secured note at 12 months, bearing six per cent. interest, or it may be paid half-yearly, quarterly or monthly.

2d. Parties taking life policies and paying 50 per cent. of premium in cash, and those taking policies for shorter periods and paying 60 per cent. in cash, may give their individual notes for the balance, if satisfactory to the officers. There is an annual dividened of profits to the insured.

The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of August, 1847, (27 months) 4160 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a nett capital of over $350,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No, 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

DIRECTORS.—Seth Low, Wm. A F. Pentz, Henry McFarlan, Chas. S. Macknett, John A. Underwood, Wm. H. Mott, Robt. L. Patterson, Andrew S. Snelling, Thomas B. Segur, Edward Anthony, Wm. M. Simpson, Lewis C. Grover.

ROBERT L. PATTERSON, President.

BENJ. C. MILLER, Sec. JOS. L. LORD, Agent.
JAMES STEWART, M. D., Med. Ex. at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock.
VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.,
JAS. VAN REN SSALAER, M. D., Medical Board of Consultation. au1:tf

GENUINE POPULAR MEDICINES.

AT the MAGASIN DE SANTE, (*Magazine of Health*) 130 Washington-st. Boston, may be obtained the following articles of Popular Medicine, *pure and genuine:*

BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM, the Great English Remedy for Consumption.

UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY FOR THE PILES—the only positive cure for that troublesome disease.

SANDS', BRISTOL'S and BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, and numerous other popular remedies for Scrofula.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail, at the Proprietor's prices, together with all the Popular Medicines in general use in New England—and a fine assortment of Perfumery and Cosmetics. Jy24:tf

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, August 3d, 1847.—To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York: Sir, Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE—A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICTS—One Senator for the THIRD Senate District, consisting of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth wards of the city of New York; One Senator for the FOURTH Senate District, consisting of the Seventh, Tenth, Thirteenth and Seventeenth wards of the said city; One Senatorfor the FIFTH Senate District, consisting of the Eighth, Ninth and Fourteenth wards of the said city; and One Senator for the SIXTH Senate District, consisting of the Eleventh, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth wards of the said city.

COUNTY—Also the following officers for the said city and county, to wit: Sixteen members of Assembly, One to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully, N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFCE, NEW YORK, August 5th, 1847.—The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided. J. J. V. WESTERVELT, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Rev. Stat. vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 3d, part 1st, page 140.

ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER. NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON. TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

VOL. VII....No. 14. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1847. WHOLE No. 170.

Original Poetry.

We welcome the following beautiful Lyric, as one of the finest that has been written during the war, and it will be read with a sad pleasure by many who have shed tears for the fallen upon the plains of Mexico.—[Ed. G. R.

THE DYING VOLUNTEER.

BY CALEB LYON OF LYONSDALE.

It was after Churubusco's fight—after that iron rain,
That cleft the foeman from our path, as reapers cleave the grain,
Where ghastly bodies, thickly piled, gleam by the camp-light near,
That his comrade knelt and comforted a Dying Volunteer.

He lay upon the battlements that with his blood were won,
On the spot where he had fallen before the setting sun;
He was brave among the bravest that have battled in the war,
And the standard he bore proudly was our own Excelsior.

Toward the gates of Mexico his glazing eyes were turned,
Where domes and holy temples with evening sunlight burned;
The goal that he had longed for, before him tempting lay,
And his spirit madly struggled ere it parted with its clay.

And when the breeze of even—Lake Chalco's gentle breath—
Came laden with dim wailings—'twas then he thought of death;
And Taycubaya's vespers floated on the midnight air,
Blended with groaning wretchedness, and echos of despair.

"Press me closer to you—bathe again my burning brow,"
Cries he, to the veteran who is bending o'er him now—
"For my pulse is growing fainter—what! a tear within thine eye?
Weep not, for it is blessed for our country thus to die.

"Come nearer—comrade, nearer—there is cold about my heart,
For I would send some tokens to loved ones ere we part;
Oh promise—wilt thou promise?—that from a soldier's grave
My dying words shall reach them beside the Hudsons wave?

"And tell them how we battled, 'gainst the Mexican array,
'Gainst Alvarez the dauntless, and Torrejon that day,
And how their reinforcements poured from the city gate,
But Contreras had fallen—Valencia came too late.

"Tell them how Santa Anna—a double traitor born—
Fled from us with his army, all broken and forlorn;
And when the bullet struck me, (a blessed thought the while,)
The kind words of our General my suf'rings did beguile.

"What makes the moonlight quiver? I do not fear to die,
But oh, I'd love to gaze upon my native northern sky—
I see once more the Highlands—or seem to see them here—
With the inmates of my homestead, the gentle and the dear.

"And laughter now is ringing, joyous upon the air,
And one is bending o'er me, a blue eyed maiden fair—
To her my faith was plighted in the happiest hour known—
Oh, press me closer, comrade—for the blissful vision's flown!

"Seek thou my aged father, when the battles are no more,
Say, tho' wayward was my boyhood, my wanderings are o'er—
And with my last words give him this well-tried blade of mine,
To hang beside my grandsires—it will not dim its shine.

"And bear unto my mother this simple ring of gold,
For it is one she gave me, it was her own of old;
To me it has been priceless, and I send it to her now,
With blood a-welling from my heart and death upon my brow.

"And tell my gentle sister that I loved her to the last,
That of the Holy Bible she gave, I've but the clasp;
For it was my heart it shielded in Cerro Gordo's fray,
All but that precious relic in blood was borne away.

"Take from my neck the locket—you'll find when I am dead—
And a curl of shining chesnut then sever from my head—
They're for her—my tongue now falters—who hath ever been to me
The star that lit my pathway upon life's stormy sea.

"And again I hear the Hudson majestic sweep along,
While sails are flitting by me with melody and song;
And I tread our empire valleys—whose city by the sea
Holds all that life had ever of loveliness for me.

"I feel my eyes are closing, and faintly comes my breath—
And voices murmur 'round me—say, comrade, is this death?"
And his eyes were closed for ever in their eternal sleep;
But the man of many battles had turned away to weep!

And on that field of corpses the moon looked calmly down,
With no cloud to mar her glory above the mountain's crown—
She looked upon the soldier who bowed his snowy head,
Where the starry flag hung weeping above the gallant dead.

The three great enemies to tranquillity, are vice, superstition, and idleness: vice, which poisons and disturbs the mind with bad passions; superstition, which fills it with imaginary terrors; idleness, which loads it with tediousness and disgust.

Original Notes of Travel.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

NUMBER TWO.

LONDON, August 20, 1847.

MY DEAR W.—On the evening of the 13th, I set foot upon the shores of the old world, just twelve days and four hours after leaving Boston. On looking from the window of the cab that took me up at the dock, the first impression was, that the streets of Liverpool were very clean. On one point, at least, a comparison had already arisen in my mind unfavorable to my own country. The next impression was, the strange appearance of the buildings in their color, structure &c. On arriving at the hotel, the impression of strangeness was renewed. All was novel—new to me, yet all wore an air of antiquity. At the end of the hall of entrance was a bar, not like ours, but a place where the bills of customers were presented by a bar-maid. Off, was a coffee room, as it is called, where were stalls with tables, at which guests were expected to do their eating—to be served with what they might call for. In the hotels I have seen here, quiet and neatness seem to be the predominant features. The great number of females employed as servants also strikes me as peculiar.

Left Liverpool at 11 o'clock on the morning of the 14th, in a mixed train, as it is called, and which is a slow train that does not carry you past the objects in the country so fast that one cannot distinguish form or color. Yet this train brought us to London, 310 miles, in 10 hours. The weather was fine, and the country beautiful. The striking characteristic was its great cultivation; the finish, and completeness of all things. The hedge-rows seen everywhere as fences, seemed in such perfect keeping with the rural scenes about us, and the houses, strong built and old, were seen, nestled down among the trees and hedges in such complete habitual coziness, that it must have been in this country, that the expression of "love in a cottage" was first heard. These country places all seemed like *homes*, and an air of comfort hung about them. It is the harvest season, and the yeomanry were at work in the fields about us, dressed in short breeches and stockings, with heavy shoes, and smock frocks. Women also were at work, binding what the reapers cut. This produces a disagreeable impression upon an American, who is unaccustomed to seeing women engaged in the laborious out-of-door work.

The railway treveling here is much more comfortable than with us. This is mainly owing to the small amount of jarring and shaking, compared with that we feel at home. The roads are firmly laid, and the cars short, and divided into about three partitions, with seats for six persons in each. Nearly as much room is allowed for three persons, in seats running across the car, as with us is allotted to four. The first class cars are upholstered with cloth lining throughout, and stuffed into comfortableness, with arms partitioning off the seat of each individual into an easy chair. A line of telegraph wires is laid upon the road. Unlike ours, much of the way, the wires are laid upon supporters, that do not rise more then six or eight inches above the ground. The road of the company's railway is so well secured against intrusion, by the admirable police regulations they keep up, that this bringing of the lightning within reach of all is safe. With us, this proximity would, perhaps, prove an unresisted temptation to the enterprising newsboys to grasp the wires, for the purpose of appropriating the news, in advance of the telegraph itself. Policemen in uniform are stationed at short intervals along the track, with a flag in hand, which is raised or lowered as a token of the existence, or not, of any obstruction.

On the same day, two weeks, and about the same hour, that I left New York in the fine boat Oregon, I was set down at the Castle and Falcon hotel in London—a very orderly, quiet and most comfortable house, with the post office building immediately on its left, and the great dome of St. Pauls rising but a few paces beyond. I write my letters at a table in one of the coffee room stalls, and some half a dozen gentlemen are occupied in like manner about the room. Perfect order and quiet reign around, and writing and reading is prosecuted with the same ease, as in the reading room of your Mercantile Library Association. A light tinkle of the hand bell, with which each table is provided, calls one of the three or four light-footed, cleanly waiters, who are standing about the room. Your order is executed with dispatch, and noiselessly. In the same way, at any hour you choose, and what you choose, is ordered, and your breakfast, dinner, &c., are served in the same manner. At breakfast, after you are seated, the morning paper is handed to you, and you can leisurely, in quiet, enjoy the cutting jokes of "Punch," the more gravely severe lashings, or profound politico-economical articles of the "Times;" and withal, we simple republicans can learn who of the royal family, and who of the nobility, whether his or her royal highness, or the Right Hon. Lord ——, or His Grace the ——, &c., &c., were seen in their boxes last night at the Royal Opera. With dinner, the practice seems to prevail universally to drink porter, ale, &c., instead of water, as with us. After dinner, comes wine. The water is not good, and ice is a rarity, which perhaps accounts to some extent, for the practice, though long custom and habits, have most to do with it, probably. On the other hand we do not here, at the same expense, get the variety and amount of good eating that is to be had in our first class hotels. It would cost about twice the sum per day, to order what would make up as good a dinner, as with the other meals and lodging, is to be had at the Astor for two dollars.

Perhaps not less than five dollars per day would be the expense of living here under the system in practice, as well as they live at the New York hotels for two dollars. Clothing is but little if any cheaper, and in all small matters, a sixpence or a shilling is required here, where it is asked in New York. Consider that it takes two of our sixpences to make one sterling, and you will see that the cost here is just double.

The police regulations of London are excellent. Everything I see out of doors and within, tends to remind me that I am in a land of law and order. At every step you encounter a policeman, with his blue coat and silver lace, or red star, on the standing collar. A London omnibus presents the appearance of an advertising van. So numerous are the divisions of the town, and so various the streets through which each passes, that they are covered with names in every imaginable color wherever there is room for a letter. They have seats for outside, and the attendant at the door is a man, and not a boy, as with us. It is he who receives the money and not the driver, there being no aperture for communicating with the latter, nor string to be pulled when the passenger wishes to stop. The place is named to the doorkeeper upon entering the "'bus," and when reached, the passenger is called on to get out. In one respect the London "'bus," as they call it here, is more comfortable than ours. It is wide, and the knees of passengers need not be knocking against those on the opposite side of the carriage. The fare is sixpence sterling—some short distances are taken for threepence.

Notwithstanding the great size of London, it is constantly extending, and although it loses by deaths 1000 to 1200 per week, its population is increasing. The buildings are of a blackish gray and a dirty drab. The bricks are not red, but of a yellowish mixed color, and the smoke of the city soon discolors them. Tiles are used a great deal for covering roofs. The town residences of the nobility are in Portland-place and the upper West End, many of them with their owners' coats of arms, emblazoned on the front. Most of them are closed at this time, "the season" having closed with the rising of the parliament in July.

There is not as much importuning by beggars in the day-time as might be expected, owing to the police being everywhere. At night, however, there is an amount of annoyance from a certain class of the destitute beyond what we can conceive of in our young country. Driven, we will charitably hope, by want of means for procuring food and clothing, females walk the streets from night till morning—singly, in couples, and in companies—accosting the males they meet in terms of word and manner that betray a depth of depravity beyond anything conceivable with us. Degraded to a point below the offering of themselves, some beg for the privilege of conducting to others with more of charms than are left to themselves, for a shilling fee. In despite of silence or angry words, around blocks and through streets they

persevere in following until they get the poor shilling, or until a police officer is requested to take them in charge.

In this modern Babylon, night is indeed turned into day, and people are seen trifling with their breakfasts in the coffee-room as late as mid-day.

I was amused one evening in stepping into a house of entertainment in Bow-street, to see a sign at the landing of the stairs in large gilt letters, which read—"American sitting-room." On entering, we saw a new showy-looking room containing twelve tables, by the side of each of which was a spittoon. They were the first of those disgusting utensils I had seen in London, and the practical comment on American habits elicited from my Yankee companion and myself a hearty laugh.

On entering a chop-house in Chelsea, one day, I accidentally came upon a room which, from the appearance, I supposed was occupied for the sittings of a lodge of the Manchester Unity. Upon inquiry I found it to be so, and the proprietor expressed much gratification on learning that an effort was making for the bringing of the two hemispheres into more intimate relations, fraternally.

Of course you will ask if I have heard Jenny Lind. I succeeded in procuring a seat at "Her Majesty's Theatre," on the last night but one of the nightingale's appearance in London. The opera was "The Marriage of Figaro." The cast was powerful. Lind as Susannah, Lablache as Doctor Bartolo, Castellan as the Countess, and Staudigl as Figaro. Jenny Lind does not at all resemble the pretended likenesses of her that I have seen. She looks young, is not beautiful, yet exceedingly pleasing. With light brown hair and eyebrows, light eyes, nose full, and swelling at the nostrils, and standing out from the face almost *trousse;* chin *prononce*, and cheeks not over full. She is of a medium hight, with a good manner, and an *expression* in her acting that is perfect. There is a good-natured archness and lively simplicity quite charming. Her voice is perhaps more sweet than powerful. It is, however, amply powerful for Susannah, even should it be too weak for some of the heavier parts of deep tragic passion, in which, it is said, Grisi excels her. In the charming *aria*,

"Then come delay not, my beloved jewel,"

her performance was superb. It was never my lot to hear anything so fine; and with the entire house, was carried away with her into the more exquisitely beautiful regions of song. In that air Jenny Lind justified herself to the highest pitch of the song worship that had been lavished upon her. I could, after hearing it, account for the Lind mania which has turned the heads of London opera-goers. At times I saw an expression of determination, a projecting of the chin, and compressing of the lips, that indicate a power of taking care of herself. She is said to be very popular with all her fellow singers. She very kindly volunteered to Lumley, the manager, to sing for the benefit of the choral singers attached to the opera, and, on the 20th, a concert came off which yielded a handsome sum for the benefit of those poor subs.

Castellan is an admirable singer, with more regular features than Lind; but when singing, the expression is not so good. Lind makes no faces. Castellan's voice is charming. Its tones, smooth and round, fill the ear with a soft melody, leaving nothing to wish for, save more "of the same sort."

Lablache is as near the size of Bro. Lewis, our great Senator, as he can be, and have any less bulk, with an all-powerful voice, and full of comic humor. Great in person, great in good humor, and great in voice. You must admire his management of his great voice; and his attempts at skipping lightly off the stage, and his other comicalities are irresistible. He has gone to Paris. Lind is making a tour of the provinces.

Staudigl is an easy, as well as good, singer and actor. Without the slightest appearance of physical exertion, he does Figaro to the life.

In the ballet of "The Judgment of Paris," which succeeded the opera, the three dancing celebrities, Taglioni, Cerito and Rosato, appeared. Taglioni blazing with jewels, and well made-up, floated through her graceful style of the Society of Motion with credit to herself. Her day has passed, however, and the jumpers and bouncers are in the ascendant. Cerito and Rosato, who are both young, graceful and agile dancers, are great favorites here, and deservedly so. The theater in the Haymarket is a very large one. There are five tiers of boxes above the pit, including the gallery. The dress circle, though not very thin, was less crowded with the nobility than it had been during the season. There were enough of low-necked dresses and short sleeves to furnish a *fair* display of the much boasted of physically superior English women.

I occupied a seat in the pit stalls, which are the front half of the pit, partitioned off, and tossed into low-backed arm-chairs, and secured at a double price, in order to avoid the jam and crowd of the pit. Just at my left sat our Minister in his stall; and many beautiful women, and some young ladies, looking quite lovely, fair, delicate and Americanish, were scattered about the stalls. In passing, permit me to remark of Mr. B., that his personal bearing and talents create for him the highest consideration here. And, after seeing him often in private life, and having had repeated opportunities of witnessing his intercourse with officials here, I am impressed with the opinion that our representative here is felt by both Americans and Englishmen to reflect honor upon his country.

With much to see here of interest, I regret that, in the brief intervals snatched from my pursuits, I cannot give you a more complete sketch of life and things in this modern Babylon, as it has not inaptly been called. Yours, in F. L. and T., ORION.

Scenes in Palestine.

THE HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

I.—ENTRANCE.

It was on Sunday, March 28th, that we were to enter the Holy Land. I had been too much engrossed by the objects which interested us at every step in Egypt and Arabia to think much of this beforehand; but when I came forth from our tent in the dawn of that morning, there was enough of novelty in the scene around me to make me feel that we were about to enter upon a new country, and a new set of interests; and I became eager to know at what hour we were to pass the boundary which separated the desert from the Holy Land—the home of the old Faith from that of the new. We had followed the track of Moses from the spot where his mother placed his bulrush cradle to that on which he died; for to the east we could this morning see the mountains overhanging the Dead Sea; and among them the summit of Nebo, whence he looked abroad over the Land of Promise; and now we were to enter upon the country of Jesus—certain to walk in his very footsteps, and see what he saw—perhaps this very day. I never remember feeling such an interest in every wild flower, in the outlines of the hills, and the track of all the water courses.

We had left the stony desert behind us, and were encamped in a nook of the hills where the ground was green, and weeds grew thick. There was grass under my bed in the tent; and when I came out this morning, the dew was heavy on the daisies and buttercups and flowering mallows which grew abundantly on the turf. After breakfast, while the camels were loading, I walked in the early sunshine on a strip of sand overlooking the valley, impressing on my memory every feature of the landscape, and impatient of the rising ground to the north, which prevented my seeing where we were going. It was about ten o'clock when we passed the boundary. It was impossible to tell the exact moment; but within a mile or two we felt that we were indeed in the native land of Christ, and probably on his very track. He might have been here. His relations lived at Hebron; and during thirty years of his life he had probably visited them after meeting them at the feasts of Jerusalem. He might have walked over the hills which swelled higher and higher as we advanced, and rested beside some of the wells which yawned beside our track. At any rate, the trees and flowers which we saw must have been familiar to his eyes; the thorny acacia which began here to rise and spread from the stunted shrub of the desert to the dimensions of a tree; the scarlet anemone—with us a precious garden flower—which here strewed the ground for acres round, the cyclamen, which pushed forth its tufts of white and lilac blossoms from under many a stone and bush; and the poppy, mallow, hemlock, and wild oats, which grew as thickly as in any English hedge. I did not know before that these weeds

were as common here as with us; and never before did the sight of them give me so much pleasure. It would have been pleasant anwwhere to meet these familiar weeds so far from home; but the delight to-day was to think that He and his disciples were as much accustomed to them as ourselves, and that a walk in the early spring was, in the pure country, much the same thing to them as to us.

But we soon came upon traces which showed that the expanse of pure country here was small in those days, compared with what it is now. The towns must have been more thickly set here than in any country I ever was in. Patches and masses of ruins showed themselves on every hand, so near each other as to indicate that the land must have been peopled to a degree now nowhere known. The first plowing we had seen for many weeks was a striking sight to us; a mere scratching of the soil at the foot of the hills: but close by lay a heap of building stones, the remains of a town or village. Presently we saw a rude plow, with a single camel at work; and at hand was a long foundation wall, laid in a far distant century. On a hight further on, were the remains of a large ancient building, with two broken pillars standing, marking the site of the Aroer of scripture. Then, though there were water-courses, about every hill, wells began to abound; substantial, deep wells, built with a rim with holes in it, to receive the covering stone; such wells as tell of a settlement beside them. We stopped early this day —partly because it was Sunday, and partly because our Arab guards, who know nothing of our Sunday, found a convenient place among the hills, somewhat sheltered from the cold wind; and here, a very few miles from the boundary, the gentlemen of the party discovered that we had sat down in the midst of what was once a large town, though the place appeared a mere stony tract, like many that we had passed. In the morning early, I went out to see for myself, and was astonished at the extent of the ruins which I should not have observed while merely riding by. I could trace the lines of foundation walls for half a mile; and building stones, overgrown with grass, lay in hillocks for a considerable distance round. The many caverns in the limestone rocks, now used as beds for the goats, were found to be the vaults of large buildings now gone to ruin. In a few minutes, we traced three temples, or other such buildings, by their overthrown pillars. Our eyes being now opened, we this day saw more and more remains, till we were convinced that all the way from the boundary to Hebron, the land was thickset with towns, and swarming with inhabitants in the days of its glory—the days when the Teacher went up and down in it, meditating the changes which must make it what I have seen it now. Its hills and streams, its skies and flowers, are to-day what they were before his eyes: but where he saw towns on every hight, and villages in every nook, there is now hardly left one stone upon another. A group of black Bedouin tents on a hillside, a camel or two browsing here, and a flock of goats there, are all that relieve the utter solitude, where there was then an innumerable throng of men.

As we advanced, on the Monday, the soil became richer, and field was joined to field, so that we began to look for the landmarks which are here used, instead of fences, to bound field property. We entered upon thickets and shrubberies, where white roses, the cyclamen, convolvulus, and fragrant herbs abounded. Soon after noon a new scene opened upon us. On our left hand lay a wide, deep basin among the hills, full of vineyards and olive-grounds, where the stones from the soil were built up into fences, and in almost every plot rose a garden-house. This was a sure sign that we were near a town; and as we rounded the hill on our right, we came in sight of the two eminences on which Hebron is built. There stood the town where John the Baptist was born; and here were the scenes which he must many a time have talked of with his cousin, in their boyish meetings at Jerusalem for the feasts. Hebron, too, is only twenty miles from Bethlehem; only twenty-six from Jerusalem; and in those days, when a large amount of yearly traveling was a solemn religious duty incumbent upon every family, it is scarcely possible but that relatives must have often visited each other, and that Jesus and his parents must have come to Hebron.

The cave of Machpelah is there; and the burial-place of Abraham and his family was a sacred locality, and an object of pilgrimage to Jews of all ages. As we inquired for it, and walked round the inclosure, which the Mohammedans now permit no Christian to enter, I could not but think who might have been before us in the same quest.

A Perfect Man.—The Brahmins say that eight qualities must combine to form a perfect man: namely, forbearance, self-knowledge, true allegiance, judgment in placing confidence, secrecy, power to obtain respect at court, self-command, and reserve, both as to speech in general society and intermeddling with the affairs of others.

Popular Tales.

THE BROKEN SPIRIT;

OR, THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.

BY JOHN ST. CLEMENTS.

It was on a very hot summer's afternoon, in 18—, that I was leisurely strolling along the center boulevards of Paris, on my road to that peaceful and beautiful resting-place of the dead, Pere-la-chaise. Somewhat fatigued by the excessive heat, I was just calculating upon the probable distance I yet should have to walk, half doubtful whether to proceed or not, when an old man overtook me, and of him I forthwith inquired the extent of my intended walk. He did not give me a direct reply, but, in a somewhat off-hand way, invited me to bear him company, as he, also, was about to visit the cemetery.

I shall not describe his appearance in detail, but merely state, that he was one of those men who are met with in every clime, who seem never to have been otherwise than what they are—aged and dejected; as though the racing blood of youth had never coursed along their veins; as though their years had been all winters, and they looked forward to but one summer—in the world to come; as though they were bowed down by a weight of woe, placed to their account not so much for their own follies as by others' fault.

"I am about visiting the grave of a friend," said I, by way of commencing a conversation to beguile the way.

"A relation or an acquaintance, I presume you mean," replied my companion, with a sneer, which seemed for the moment to chase away the little of the kindly expression which I thought I had discovered in his generally melancholy countenance. "A friend, sir—mark the word—is a being which should possess so many of heaven's best attributes, that it is vain to seek them in an earthly form."

"Are you not harsh?" said I, speaking in a deferential tone. "Why, even I, younger by some years than you, have found a friend—ay, more than one, even in the strictest, purest sense of that, I acknowledge, often misapplied appellation; and, sir, I have been buffeted by the world's rough waves; but then it was, and not till then, I learned the real existence of a friend, and such an one as raised me high up from the depth of my despair, renewed my spirit, and brought me to the world again a better and a happier man."

"Your enthusiasm, or a mistaken gratitude for, no doubt, interested services, rendered you blind to the real motives which induced such acts toward you," returned my companion, in the same cold and sneering tone. "Experience will teach you what those motives were, and time will, sooner or later, show how hollow is your faith in friends. Some tricking schemer, probably counting so to make an easy tool—to win you first—to bind you afterward, and use you as he lists, like the puppet dangled by its strings, perhaps——"

"No more," interrupted I, sharply, "you are not near the mark; this best, this dearest friend, sir, was and is my wife."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the old man's feet, he could hardly have started more suddenly, at the same time that he grasped my arm with convulsive energy, while an expression of deep and rancorous hatred spread over his countenance. Then, seeming to check himself, and gulp down as it were the curse upon his lips, he said, with a totally changed expression, and in a kindly tone, "May you live and die in that belief!"

This extraordinary change of manner disarmed me of reply, and the remainder of our walk was completed in silence on my part, from deference to the old man's feelings, for the tears were, in spite of his efforts to restrain them, trickling down his furrowed cheeks, and he was evidently too much occupied with his inward thoughts to seek for further conversation.

I shall not trace our acquaintance from that moment, step by step; let it suffice, that before we left the cemetery, sometimes by enduring his humor, sometimes by an expressson that jumped with his feelings, I had established a sort of intimacy, and exacted a promise that he would visit me the following evening. He did so, and, in answer to my request, that he would sketch the leading features of his earlier life, he thus began:

"Were it not, sir, that my present position corroborates the fact, I could almost rest content to think the past had been a dream, and all that has been gay or joyous in my life to have been formed by some imaginative fancy, so little possible does it seem to me that the shadow of happiness could ever have fallen over my path. But, to the truth. I inherited a comfortable patrimony, and, following the bent of my inclinations, entered the army young: those were stirring times, and marching and countermarching, battles and triumphs, made up the life of a soldier under the First Consul. It was upon our return from Marengo, full of excitement and covered with glory, that I first saw as beautiful and bright-eyed an Italian girl as ever smiled

under a southern sun. Little time elapsed ere I was the accepted suitor; and each day, each hour, found me more fond, more sincerely attached to her, as the time for our union drew nigh. Suffice it, sir—for I like not to dwell upon these things—suffice it, that we were married, and no cloud, not even of the size of a man's hand, was to be seen where all was, then, so bright and fair. Happiness seemed to have taken possession of our dwelling; what could surpass our mutual love? what was there yet wanting to complete our earthly bliss? By your smile, sir, I perceive you guess. Well, that came at last; and, if I could now call up one hundredth part of the joy I felt on being made a father, I still should say, I was a happy man. How my heart's blood seemed to pulsate with joyous leaps, as I first kissed that little offspring of our love! How my very frame trembled with nervous joy, when I was first assured of its mother's safety!"

"Allow me, sir," said I, interrupting the old man's narrative, and filling his glass; for I had myself been lately placed in the same enviable position, and the remarks came home.

"Thanks, thanks," replied he, and again proceeded. "In this frame of mind, it can easily be imagined that my heart was swollen with kindly feelings to all mankind; and to have refused any assistance that was in my power to give, would have seemed to me an insult offered to our common nature. It was while laboring under this weakness—nay, sir, nay,"—(as I made a gesture of dissent)—"it needs no better name—I became bond for one of your so-called friends. I little heeded the amount; had it been the whole of my resources—and it was nearly so—I should have done it still.

"And, now, let me pass over the trivial details of the next six months; they would not amuse *you*, while they would only pain *me*.

"I had never resigned my commission, so I was called on active service: the war had again broken out. The Alps, the Rhine, and Italy, were again to echo the cannon's roar and the Consul's triumphs in a breath. I left my home—left it, did I say—but how? as perhaps man never left a home before—at least my love induced me so to think—but, after all, confident of a happy future.

"I joined my regiment, and the many attendant duties of my career in some measure divided my home recurring thoughts. And now commences the influence of my evil destiny. I had the command of a foraging party, and, having wandered some distance from head quarters with my men, we were surprised by a detached body of the enemy. To meet was of course to fight. We were few in number, in comparison to our foes, and desperate was the struggle that ensued. The lieutenant in command singled me out; we met; I recognized him in an instant. He was an Italian; a rival in my courting days; an old lover of my wife's. Vengeance gave weight to every blow of his, while passionate rage disarmed him of requisite caution. The advantage would soon have been mine. I was, in fact, striking the last deciding blow, when, at the instant, I felt my horse reel, stagger, and in a moment it fell—a bullet had pierced his heart. Immediately, I was surrounded, disarmed, and in the hands of the enemy—a lonely, melancholy prisoner of war."

Here, my old friend paused. The recollection of that moment seemed almost more than he could bear; yet, struggling to suppress his feelings, and accepting some profferred refreshment, he again went on.

"Let me," said he, "at once hasten to my destination. I was confined, contrary to the rules of war, in a dungeon, as though murder of the basest kind had been my crime. Scanty food, little light, and noisome air, were all I had to cheer me in my solitary exile: no one to complain to, consequently no one to redress my wrongs. Still, in all my misery, as days, and months, and even years rolled on, one picture ever rose before my eyes. There, I fancied, at our little window, looking on the road, would sit my wife, hoping, watching for my coming back; and, as the darker shadows of the night came on, gently would she teach our little child its prayers, and to lisp its father's name in supplication to Almighty God to guard and tend him in his utmost woe. The thought that she might suppose me dead, never entered into my imagination. I had sorrow enough without that. No: upon this, and such like visions, would I spend my time.

"My hair, my jailer told me, now was growing gray; my frame, I felt, was growing weak; the rack of mental agony was at its harrowing work, and so effectually, that my very nature seemed to be converted to an apathetic state of inanition. The days, at last, seemed all alike to me—not even varied by any effort at changing the thought.

"Eight years passed on; winter had again commenced; and, how or by whose orders I could never learn—but I was free. With new light, pure air, and my prison left behind, new hopes sprang up, and I almost felt myself a man again. Oh, how anticipated joy seemed to give me fresh life! and with what fervency I thought of seeing my country and my home again! At the same time, and from the same unknown source from which I received my freedom, was I supplied with money; and, traveling as fast as it was possible in those days, ultimately drew near the capital.

"Vain would be the attempt to describe my feelings as I entered Paris. Evening was drawing on, but what mattered the darkness of the outer world to me? had I not a joy—a life—a light within, which made that moment one of dazzling glory and delight? was I not about to clasp my wife and offspring to my throbbing heart? had I not found my country? ere long, should I not regain my home? No sooner had I alighted than I sought a fiacre, and, as I passed a group of drivers, I thought I recognized a face I knew—and yet the change of circumstances rendered it almost an impossibility. I called to him, however, and with a searching glance, and in a hurried tone, I ordered him to drive to the 'Avenue des Champs Elysees.' He stared—said nothing—and, in a minute after, we were whirling through the streets.

"With my body leaning half out of the window of the vehicle, I strained my eyeballs till they ached, to gain a glimpse of my old loved home. Quickly as the coachman really drove, it was a snail's pace to my eager desire. In imagination I was already there. Long years of misery and grief repaid in one short, joyous moment! My feelings were becoming painfully happy, as I drew the picture of the future; and, then, reclined in a corner of the coach, awaiting our arrival at the door, soon sunk in a delicious revery. I was aroused by the sudden stoppage of the coach. I looked out: it was *not* the house I left; that was small and pretty, this was large and imposing. How, or for what reason I know not, but a sudden chill came over me, as I stared in wonderment around. The neighborhood had altogether changed. Though instinctively feeling that it was useless, I inquired for Madame ———. "Not known here," was the reply. I asked the coachman; he changed color, and looked inquiringly in my face. He had known such a person once, but had never heard of her since *she lost her child!* I was smitten to the heart. I felt this evil news was but the forerunner of even worse. I inquired the coachman's name; my suspicions were correct; he was the same man for whom I had formerly become bond. My property had been sold to pay the debt, but had not saved him. The deception practised on me had ruined him, and he was what I saw him then.

In my anxiety to find my wife, even this melancholy rencontre made little impression on my mind. I felt my strength failing me when I had most need of it; and the coachman, anxious to escape from further questioning, drove off. What could I do? My pleasing dreams all gone; my ardent hopes all crushen; my counted happiness all wrecked; I stood there a stranger now, lonely, desolate and sad!

Distractedly, I walked hither and thither, hardly knowing where. Night, however, was coming on, and I became fatigued, and almost insensible as to what I was about. I entered a cafe and called for wine. I drank freely, and, in my exhausted yet excited state, the liquor quickly had effect. I sought for something in which to employ my unnatural energies, and the idea of play entered my brain. No sooner thought of than I walked into the billiard-room, where poole was playing. I bought my "bille," and, choosing a cue, was, at once, about to play, neglectful of my regular turn, but I was soon set right. "I beg your pardon," said a voice from the end of the room—a voice that seemed to freeze my blood as it coursed along my veins, so well I knew it, such reason had I never to forget it—it was that of my former antagonist, to whom I had attributed my eight long years of exile! Feeling that he would not recognise me, my plan was formed in an instant. I would have my revenge—and oh, how sweet it was—that thought! An opportunity soon occurred. I charged him with unfair play; he retorted; I persisted; and, then, at last gave him the lie. He retired, while a friend of his requested I would name my second. I replied, I had none—I needed none—when a bystander politely offered me his services, which, after further parley, I accepted; and the two seconds retired also to arrange the weapons and the whereabouts. Shortly after, they returned; the Bois de Boulogne was named as the place: short swords as the instruments—of what I determined should be death; the time, daybreak.

Fatigued as I was, still I slept not. I went home with my impromptu friend, and watched the passing hours with almost fiendish joy. At last the time arrived, and, after sluicing myself in cold water, and taking one glass of eau de vie, we hurried to the ground. My antagonist shortly after arrived, and preliminaries being arranged, the duel began. Oh, with what a thrill of triumph did I grasp that sword! I felt as though the victory was as sure as if he there lay dead before me. But it was a fierce fight; he was a first-rate swordsman, but he lost his temper, and I pierced his arm. The sight of blood, as though I had been a beast of prey, only urged me on, and so eager was I, that I hardly heard the noise of carriage-wheels that drew up close

behind us. Again I made a thrust straight at his heart, but in vain; again I tried, and, at the very moment that a female figure rushed by me, he staggered, reeled, and fell. In an instant she was on her knees beside him, and, with one long shriek, she rent the air, exclaiming, "My husband! oh, my murdered husband!"

"Oh, sir, that I could dash that picture from my eyes! Sick at heart, I gazed without the power to speak, till, somewhat calmer, I advanced, and placing my hand upon that woman's shoulder, I exclaimed, 'Woman, *whose* wife art thou?' She rose—turned toward me—stared with a bewildered stare—attempted to ejaculate—but, her speech failing her, she fell fainting in my arms. It was *my* wife!

"Long she lay senseless, but at length recovered, and, when she looked again upon my face, oh God! why did I not die, in exile and alone, ere I saw that smile—that vacant eye—that piteous, mournful look? It needed but a glance to tell the tale; the united shock had been to great—her reason had fled." And the old man's utterance almost choked him, as he said, "She's in a madhouse now!"—[Hood's Magazine.

Choice Miscellany.

THE OLD MAN AND SPRING.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

The Earth is waken'd from a spell
There's sunshine in the air;
The cowslips and the lily-bell,
The primrose too, are there!
The snow has melted on the hill,
The hedgerow's green again,
And wood-notes wild make vocal thrill
In echoes through the lane!
But the old man wends his weary way,
And nothing he sees but a sad decay:
And the beautiful flow'rs they only bring
A vain regret for his own life's spring.

The Earth is robed in glad array;
The roses are in bloom;
And every flow'r that's bright and gay
Sheds forth a sweet perfume!
The corn stands in the harvest field,
There's plenty in the land;
The clustering vines their riches yield
To fill Earth's bounteous hand!
But the old man sighs for the days of yore;
The young, bright days, when he look'd *before;*
And the riches of Earth they only bring
A vain regret for his own life's spring.

The Earth is chain'd—the year has pass'd—
The flow'rs are faded all!
The night wind wails with fearful blast
Around the abbey wall!
Over the land the clay-cold snow
Has made a mighty shroud;
There's not a vacant spot to show
The field so lately plow'd!
And the old man sighs, for the wintry day
Tells him how soon he *must* decay.
And *then* he prays, "When my soul takes wing,
Oh! let it be in the blessed Spring!"

A Tatooed Englishman.—The canoe came alongside. In it were eight or ten natives, comely, vivacious-looking youths, all gesture and exclamation; the red feathers in their headbands perpetually nodding. With them also came a stranger, a renegade from Christendom and humanity—a white man in the South Sea girdle, and tatooed in the face. A broad blue band stretched across his face from ear to ear, and his forehead was the taper figure of a blue shark, nothing but fins from head to tail. Some of us gazed upon this man with a feeling akin to horror, no ways abated when informed that he had voluntarily submitted to this embellishment of his countenance. What an impress. Far worse than Cain's—his was perhaps, a wrinkle, or a freckle, which some of our modern cosmetics might have effaced; but the blue shark was a mark indelible, which all the waters of Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, could never wash out. He was an Englishman. Lem Hardy he called himself, who had deserted from a trading brig, touching at the island for wood and water some ten years previous. He had gone ashore as a sovereign power, armed with a musket and a bag of ammunition, and ready, if need were, to prosecute war on his own account. The country was divided by the hostile kings of several large valleys. With one of them, from whom he first received overtures, he formed an alliance, and became what he now was, the military leader of the tribe, and war-god of the entire island. His campaigns beat Napoleon's. In one night attack his invincible musket, backed by the light infantry of spears and javelins, vanquished two clans, and the next morning brought all the others at the feet of his royal ally. Nor was the rise of his domestic fortunes at all behind the Corsican's: three days after landing, the exquisitely tatooed hand of a princess was his; received along with the damsel, as her portion, one thousand fathoms of fine tappa, fifty double-braided mats of split grass, four hundred hogs, ten houses in different parts of her native valley, and the sacred protection of an express edict of the Taboo, declaring his person inviolable for ever. Now, this man was settled for life, perfectly satisfied with his circumstances, and feeling no desire to return to his friends. "Friends," indeed, he had none. He told me his history. Thrown upon the world a foundling, his paternal origin was as much a mystery to him as the genealogy of Odin; and, scorned by every body, he fled the parish work-house when a boy, and launched upon the sea. He had followed it for several years, a dog before the mast, and now he had thrown it up for ever.—[Adventures in the South Seas.

Desolation of Judea—Fulfilment of Prophecy.—As I traveled from Jaffa to Jerusalem over some as fine soil as could be found any where, I did not see as much as one single blade of grass, though I looked for it as one would search for a diamond. This to me seemed very strange, for I knew that in England grass will grow where nothing else will; but here, neither among the fine stubble fields, not even along the roadside, where no plough comes, was there to be found so much as what might with strict propriety be called a blade of grass. This is something very astonishing. Not having even seen this taken notice of in any books of travels that I had read, I cannot help thinking that surely I must be the first English farmer who has paid a visit to this land. Upon my arrival in Jerusalem, and perceiving that all the milk that was brought into the city in one day, for about twenty-four thousand inhabitants, did not exceed ten or twelve quarts; and that even that small quantity was only goats' milk well watered; and when I could find no honey, but a small piece which I had the pleasure of tasting while taking tea with the bishop's chaplain, I could not but exclaim to myself, how completely have God's judgments been executed on this devoted land! And most clearly did I perceive that the natural cause of all this evil was the absence of seasonable rain. Rain, which waters the earth, and blesses it with fertility, God has withheld, and thus brought all these evils, and many more which I need not stay now to enumerate, upon the land which once "flowed with milk and honey."—Lowthian's Jerusalem.

Cooking Trout.—But to our poor thinking, a trout never eats so well as when broiled. Do not wash them, but rub them dry; after cleansing them anoint the fish with the best salad oil, fold them in paper, and lay them on the gridiron at a respectable distance from the fire, which should be charcoal or wood-ashes. While they are passing this culinary ordeal, burn about a quarter of a pound of fresh butter in a well-tinned saucepan; when we say burn, we mean melt the butter (alone) until it ceases to his and fiz, and the creamy froth subsides; the butter will then be of a fine gold color; add about a spoonful and a half or two spoonfuls of French vinegar, three or four eschalottes, or (Anglice) shalots, with pepper and salt to taste. This is the most relishing accompaniment extant; and if the reader does not lick his fingers, and invoke a blessing on our bald pate for this hint, there is no gratitude extant.—[Sportsman's Magazine.

Books.—In the best books great men talk to us, with us, and give us their most precious thoughts. Books are the voices of the distant and the dead. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society and the presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If learned men and poets will enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakspere open to me the worlds of imagination, and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin enrich me with his practical wisdom—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.—[Channing.

When people who are in the wrong, happen to have some little matter of fact on their side, they turn and wind it a thousand ways, till they become perfectly insupportable.—[Madame de Sevigne.

"Why don't you limit yourself?" said a physician to an intemperate person; "set down a stake that you will go so far and no farther." "So I do," said the toper, "but I set it so far off that I always get drunk before I get to it."

The Ladies' Column.

THE FOUR QUESTIONS.

When the belle of fifteen gets sight of a beau,
She scarcely can peep through the sticks of her fan;
Her heart all a flutter, her cheeks all a glow,
She tremblingly simpers out, "*Who* is the man?"

Sweet twenty has brought her to years of discretion;
She blushes no longer, but alters her plan;
She thinks of the pocket, the place, the profession,
And looks round the circle with "*What* is the man?"

At thirty, each day that she looks in the mirror,
She sees that some leaf of the rose has grown wan—
Sees the circle of lovers grow thin, and in terror
She duns the deceivers with "*Which* is the man?"

At forty she changes her tune, grows romantic,
Finds it pretty to sigh, plays the harp, and looks wan;
Haunts watering-places, and stems the Atlantic,
For the point of her travel is, "*Where* is the man?"

A True Picture.—Before marriage, the condition of women is frequently so depressed, that a marriage with any man of respectability, however unsuited to their taste, or faulty in temper, is the least of two evils. Destitute as they already are of any heart filling affection, they gain at least some station in society, and some pursuit in the avocations of a home. In their father's house, it too often happens that, without any intentional unkindness, nothing is theirs. In childhood this is no evil. The mind of youth is so elastic, the spirits so volatile, that nothing checks happiness except present and positive harshness. Theirs is "the tear forgot as soon as shed." They live in the present; amusement is their highest degree of happiness, and they find amusement in everything that is variety. But soon a great change takes place; the heart and the hand demand fuller and more earnest occupation. The present is no longer enough. Hope and pursuit become necessary to the full-grown creature; but a meagre education has left her nearly incapable of the latter, and dull restraint has compelled the tenacious vitality of the former to run wild among deceitful and dangerous regions. Even if disposed to self-improvement, a disposition which very slender opportunities sometimes arouse very strongly, what, under such circumstances, can women do who remain many years unmarried? The first and best portion of life, while health and faculties are in their highest vigor, perhaps till the age of five-and-thirty or more, is spent without the command of money, or of their own time, or the choice of their own mode of life, whether retired or social; unable to pass a short time from home, except by permission, and almost without the power of cultivating a friendship. Surely, there seldom has been a system more calculated to prevent the formation of judgment and experience, and to blight those years that are flying past for ever.—[Woman's Rights and Duties.

The Female Dress of the Present Day.—We are inclined to think that the female attire of the present day is, upon the whole, in as favorable a state as the most vehement advocates for what is called nature and simplicity could desire. It is a costume in which they can dress quickly, walk nimbly, eat plentifully, stoop easily, loll gracefully, and, in short, perform all the duties of life without let or hindrance. The head is left to its natural size—the skin to its native purity—the waist at its proper region—the heels at their real level. The dress is calculated to bring out the natural beauties of the person, and each of them has, as far as we see, fair play. Flounces are nice questions. We like them when they wave and flow, as in a very light material—muslin of gauze or barege—when a lady has no outline and no mass, but looks like a receding angel or a dissolving view; but we do not like them in a rich material, where they flop, or in a stiff one, where they bristle; and where they break the flowing lines of the petticoat, and throw light and shade where you don't expect them. In short, we like the gown that can do without flounces, as Josephine liked a face that could do without whiskers, but in either case it must be a good one! [Quarterly Review.

Mother and Child.—The tie which links mother and child is of such pure and immaculate strength, as never to be violated, except by those whose feelings are withered by the refining of vitiated society. Holy, simple, and beautiful in its construction is the emblem of all we can imagine of fidelity and truth—is the blessed tie whose value we feel in the cradle, and whose loss we lament on the verge of the very grave where our mother moulders in dust and ashes. In all our trials, amid all our afflictions, she is our friend. Let the world forsake us, she is still by our side. If we sin, she reproves more in sorrow than in anger; nor can she tear us from her bosom, nor forget we are her child.

WHEN FORTUNE BEAMS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

When Fortune beams around you,
When hearts with pleasure leap;
And hopes and joys surround you—
Forget not those who weep!
When friendship's smile invites you
To bless, and to be blest;
And every charm delights you—
Oh, think of the distrest!

When golden gales betide you
As if by Heaven decreed;
And plenty stands beside you—
Forget not those who need!
When pleasure's cup seems endless,
Oh, *prove* it without end;
By being to the friendless
In every hour a friend!

Bachelorism Unnatural.—Men may say what they will, but we know there can never be a Paradise without some daughter of Eve within it; and home is only a place to eat and drink, and sit and sleep, in, without the hallowing charms of a woman's presence. Men may say what they will about the jovialities of their Liberty Halls: but many a weary, joyless hour passes within them; many a discontented, peevish, snarling feeling is experienced, many a vacuum of heart and thought, many a comfortless rainy day, many a long winter's evening, when the ticking of the clock is the only sound, and that does but echo like the knell of departed moments that might have been joyous if spent in cheerful companionship. And, then, for the lonely old bachelor to come into his dwelling wet, and weary, without a creature to welcome him with either a word or a smile, or a single gleam of pleasure to brighten the place; nobody to consult his tastes and his comfort; nobody to prattle to him—to tell him the gossip of the neighborhood, and to link his sympathies and his interests with surrounding people; nobody to double his joys and to halve his sorrows; nobody to nurse him if he be sick, to console him if he be sorrowful; and then, as time creeps on, and age overtakes him, to hear no joyful prattle near him—no dimpled smiling girls, no stalwart hopeful boys, in whose youthful enjoyment he might be young and happy again; and, at last, to leave none behind to lament him. Heigho! Nature will not suffer her laws to be violated with impunity, and Nature never designed that men should be old bachelors.

Tight Lacing and Red Noses.—If a foolish girl, by dint of busk and bones, and squeezing and bracing, secures the conventional beauty of a wasp-waist, she is tolerably certain to gain an addition she by no means bargained for, namely, a red nose, which in numberless instances, is produced by no other cause than the unnatural girth obstructing circulation, and causing stagnation of the blood, in that prominent and important feature. Often, in assemblages of the fair, have we seen noses, faultless in form, but tinged with the abhorred hue, to which washes and cosmetics have been applied in wild despair; but, alas, in vain! If the lovely owners could have known the cause, how speedily the effect would have vanished; for, surely, the most perverse admirer of a distorted spine and compressed lungs, would deem the acquirement of a dram-drinker's nose too heavy a condition to be complied with.

Idle Daughters.—It is a most painful spectacle in families where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease, with their drawing, their music, their fancy work, and their reading—beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days, and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities; but, as a necessary consequence of a neglect of duty, growing weary of their useless lives, lay hold of every newly invented stimulant to rouse their drooping energies, and blaming their fate, when they dare not blame their God, for having placed them where they are. These individuals often tell you, with an air of affected compassion, (for who can believe it real?) that poor dear mamma is working herself to death: yet no sooner do you propose that they should assist her, than they declare she is quite in her element—in short, that she would never be happy if she had only half so much to do.

The Marquis F——— inquired of his young wife, "What is the reason that you can't enjoy my company at home, instead of running abroad? ought we not to be one person?" "Oh, yes," replied the lively brunette, "we certainly are, and I hate solitude!"

Sharp Reply.—A knavish attorney asked a very worthy gentleman what was honesty? "What is that to you?" said he: "meddle with those things that concern you."

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1847.

THE WORK OF THE YEAR.

It must be gratifying to every member of our Order, and every friend to the great benevolent and social movements of the present era, to witness the growth of an institution which possesses within itself so vast a power for good, and which has really accomplished more for the alleviation of sickness and distress, than any similar organization of this or former times. The ministrations of Odd-Fellowship, in noiselessly "going about to do good," have endeared it to the hearts of almost every community in which one of its temples has been reared; and if it continues to pursue, in the spirit of love, the objects and purposes inculcated by its obligations and teachings—avoiding whatever may tend to mar its internal peace and harmony—the world will never have looked upon a spectacle more noble and cheering to the philanthropic mind, than Odd-Fellowship will present in the magnitude of its benevolent operations, and its power to aid in the restoration of a better and truer life.

The Report of Grand Secretary Ridely, which we give this week, furnishes the data upon which to judge of the future. It will be seen that the number of Lodges is nearly *fourteen hundred*, not including those under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of British N. America, now numbering about twenty-five more.

At the late Session of the G. L. U. S. a charter was granted for a Lodge in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, and one at Carraccas, in Central America; and no doubt these small beginnings are destined to prepare the way for the extension of Odd-Fellowship over the whole continent, as well as "the Isles of the Sea."

The increase of Lodges for the year ending on the 30th of June last, is four hundred, exceeding those of the previous year by seven only; while the initiations during the same period are nearly the same, being 32,316 for the year ending June 30, 1846, and 32,794 for the past year. From this, it appears that the large addition to the number of Lodges has not been followed by a corresponding increase of membership. The rate of progression, however, of the year 1846, over that of 1845, cannot be looked for, if a healthy increase only is desirable. The increase of revenue in 1846, over 1845, was over $250,000, while the increase of the past year over 1846, has been but $180,000.

But in the great feature of mutual relief, it will be seen that the amount for the past year has reached over $300,000, an increase of $104,000. The total number of contributing members reported is little short of 120,000; and the total revenue of the last year nearly $900,000. Of the Lodges New York has 309, and of the membership 30,296, or over one-fourth of the whole. Her revenue amounted to $232,980, and her expenditures for relief to over $86,000. Pennsylvania stands next, having 253 Lodges, 23,000 members, with a revenue of $139,789, and a relief expense of $42,915.

The other States exhibit equally flattering features, and in all of them the progress of the Order is onward—gaining upon the confidence of the people, by its unostentatious practice of the sublimest Christian virtues. So may it ever be, and no stone of so fair a fabric ever be thrown down by unhallowed hands.

Adjournment of the G.L.U.S.—The Annual Communication of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States was brought to a close on Saturday evening last, at 6 o'clock, after a laborious session of six days. The most important measure consummated, was the adoption of the Digest of the Laws of the Order—a work of great labor, which will prove of vast benefit. It is to be published immediately, and every member of the Order who wishes to understand its laws, simply and clearly expressed, will have an opportunity of procuring a copy.

THE NEW YORK CASE.

The following is the report of the Committee on Appeals, on the matters referred to them from New York. It was discussed and adopted in the Grand Lodge of the United States on Saturday last. The great interest felt in the subject in this jurisdiction, induces us to present this report to our readers, to the entire exclusion of Editorial matters. We may refer to it hereafter.

The committee on appeals, to whom was referred the appeal of the P.G.s. John W. Dwinelle and W. H. Jewett, of New York, from the decision of the Grand Master of New York, and who were entrusted also with the duties embraced in the following resolution: "*Resolved*, That so much of the proceedings of this R.W.G.L. of New York, as relates to any alterations of the constitution of that body, during and since the session of May, 1846, of the same, and which shall have been officially presented to this R.W.G.L., be referred to the committee on appeals, with power to send for persons and papers: *Provided* no expense to this G.L. be incurred thereby" —beg to report:

They have given the subject the careful and anxious examination which its importance to the order in New York, and to the general interests of Odd-Fellowship demands. It is cause of deep regret that the short space of time covered by our session, does not permit them to report as extensively as under other circumstances they would desire. This difficulty will allow them to attempt little more than to give a brief statement of the facts connected with the matters under reference, and to announce the conclusion to which they have come. The committee have sought the aid of argument from as many of the parties interested in their decision as could be conveniently consulted, and after a patient and impartial hearing, and subsequent consultation, have adopted the conclusions which they now propose to report.

In making an abstract of the facts, which shall be as brief as is compatible with their proper presentation to the G. L., the Committee must frequently content themselves with a reference to the page and number of the documents referred to, as their number and length rendered it a physical impossibility to embody them in this report.

[Here follows a statement of the facts condensed from the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of New York, which it is not necessary to give.]

From this condensed statement of facts, the full accounts of which are dispersed over many pages of the numerous documents referred to, the Lodge will perceive the complex nature of the reference, and the great number of difficult and delicate questions, which necessarily arise in its treatment. Many points were raised in the argument on each side before the committee, the full consideration and ample discussion of any of which, would exhaust much more time than the period of the session will allow to the entire subject. Of these, some embraced the consideration of those fundamental laws which lie at the foundation of all association, and of which even the most laborious writers upon ethical or political science, have hesitated to pronounce a decided opinion. The committee, therefore, are compelled to give prominence only to those branches which, in their view, lead to the practical result which they recommend to their Lodge to adopt.

The committee beg to take up the matters with which they are charged in the order of their reference:

Under this division they will first express an opinion upon the appeal from the divisions of the G.M. of N. Y., and next review the general action of the G.L. of N. Y. upon the attempted change of its Constitution.

The two questions run however so much into each other that the Committee must beg to be excused if whilst deciding one they necessarily refer much to the other. The Committee do not deem it requisite to take up in succession all the rulings of the Grand Master from which an appeal has been taken, as they all depend upon the same principle, the decision upon which necessarily decides all. The reason assigned for them all is to be found in the words of the G.M. (Doc. 4, p. 285,) who there states, "that under the condition by which the G.M. holds his office, he is bound to sustain the Constitution as he finds it, and he therefore declines to entertain an appeal that might violate that instrument." In this sentence is developed the moving cause of all his proceedings now under appeal. The Committee are therefore bound in the discharge of their duty to sift the argument and pronounce their assent or dissent to it. This of course involves an expression of their opinion as to the right and duties of G. M.s. They do not propose to go at length into the subject, for it would be fitter for an essay than a report, nor, even if so inclined, would their present leisure permit it. But a due respect to the officer himself whose conduct is the subject of inquiry, in the absence of all other motives, would be sufficient to require some reasons to be assigned for their decision.

Your Committee regret that they cannot sustain the position of the G.M. Whatever may be the case in other organizations, in our order at least the G.M. does not form an *independent* part of the governing power. During the recess he is necessarily to some extent the substitute or representative of the whole G.L.; but during the session he is only one of its constituent elements and the presider over its deliberations. Even his acts during the recess may, in most instances, be brought up for examination. The G.L. alone can claim to be "the supreme tribunal of the order in its jurisdiction:" to it he is indebted for his position, and to it he is accountable, and from and through it, to this body. In the Constitution under which, in this instance, he claims to act, his duties are thus de-

fined: "he shall preside at all meetings of the G.L.: he shall preserve order, and may enforce it by fine: "*all questions of order, however, shall be subject to appeal from his decision to G. L.*" (Constitution, art. 3, sec. 2, clause 1, doc. 8, p. 6.)

Whilst acting as presiding officer, the body over which he presides, and not himself, must for the time be the final judge. If he have the right to decline to entertain an appeal which in his judgment "*might violate the Constitution*," he may refuse any question which has a constitutional bearing. What becomes then of all those nice questions on constitutional law which so often occur? Can they ever reach his Lodge? May he not prevent their being discussed in his jurisdiction? Nay, more; may he not prevent their even coming to this body, as the final arbiter of all doubts? For to carry out the principle, (and the Committee understand the right to do so has been claimed) he may interpose himself and block up the way to any appellate jurisdiction.

Who can set bounds to the despotism which may be established if such a principle as the Committee contend against be once admitted? Is it not obvious what a perpetual tendency there must be to revolutionary and disorganising measures wherever it may be established? In view of these reasons, your Committee feel compelled to report that in their opinion the G.M. has acted erroneously in refusing an appeal from his opinion to the G.L. They hold that he should have allowed the appeal, and if unconstitutional action had resulted, this body, the G.L.U.S., would have applied the corrective. They have struggled with the natural reluctance, which all should feel, to set aside the proceedings of an officer high in office and character, and who they are sure acted with pure motives and through great devotion to the Order; but the convictions of their severest judgments were too clear to permit their arriving at any other conclusion than the one they here submit.

The Committee now proceed to the second subject of reference. And here they beg to present to the Lodge the following protest, which was handed to them when they commenced their examination of this part of the subject. It is as follows.

The undersigned, a representative to the Grand Lodge, U. S. I. O. O. F., from the G. L. of State of New York, respecetully represents to the Committee of Appeals, that the resolution introduced in the Grand Lodge U.S. by Representative Dimon, from the Grand Encampment, should not be entertained by them for the reasons,

1st. That the powers possessed by, and delegated to them inherently, do not permit the examination of questions embracing organic law and general proceedings of G. Lodges, when such matters are not made specific subject of appeal.

2d. That the Grand Lodge of the State of N. Y. have not appealed to the G. Lodge U.S. either by their representatives to G.L.U.S. or otherwise.

3d. That if the matter can be entertained, the magnitude of the subject requires that the G.L. of State of N. Y. should be notified previous to action being had, to enable them to meet it frankly and fully. JAMES A. COFFIN.

Notwithstanding the protest, the Committee decided to proceed with the matters referred to them, leaving the Lodge to decide whether, under all the circumstances of the case, the questions would be entertained.

The Committee had at first intended to notice the different views, taken in the argument before them, so as to give the fullest information to the Lodge, but the length to which this report has already unavoidably extended, and the shortness of the time remaining in which they must conclude their labors, prevent this course. They must therefore present little more than their conclusions, at the same time suggesting the difficulties which compel them to propose to your body the action they recommend. The committee believe the G.L. of New York had power to organize the Convention for the purpose of devising and reporting a Constitution. They regard the Convention as nothing more than a committee or rather a commission to compile a document which was afterwards to be made binding and efficacious by other powers. They believe the G. L. might have referred to any man or set of men to draft the instrument. They might have called upon any brothers of the order in or out of this jurisdiction and requested their advice, their assistance or labors in drawing up a code of law which was afterwards to be adopted. And so far the G.L. has done no more than this, leaving the choice of its agents to the subordinate lodges. The Convention possessed no power to *pass law;* it could only *suggest* a Constitution: the G.L. did not pretend to make its proceedings binding upon any one. But when the G.L. went further and attempted to confer upon a body other than itself the power of confirming the proceedings of the Convention and making them obligatory, they exceeded their authority and could confer no such power. Your Committee hold the G.L. to be the Legislative head within its jurisdiction, and when once created it holds its powers, subject only to this supreme body. It cannot delegate its legislative functions: if its charter is to be surrendered, or its powers abandoned, it must be to this body and to this body only. Any other course is disorganization. Without going further into the subject, the Committee have no hesitation in reporting that upon this point they believe the action of the G.L. of New York inoperative.

It now becomes us to examine the position in which the Order in N. Y. is placed by this illegal action.

The G.L.U.S. will bear in mind that when the G.L. of N.Y. struck out the amending clause of their Constitution, they made no provision for its future amendment in case the Convention plan would fail. That plan in the opinion of the Committee having failed, the Constitution existed without any provision for amendment. Two opinions exist as to the mode of amending an organic law, which is deficient in such particular. On the one hand it is contended that requires the unanimous consent of all the parties to the compact to effect any alteration; on the other, it is asserted that a majority is competent for that purpose. The G.L. of New York appears to have adopted the latter view and based upon it its action of Dec. 8th, by which it inserted another amendment clause.

Your Committee do not propose to give an opinion on this doubted point, but will rather suggest such mode of action as will in another way meet the evils arising from the above irregularities. It is admitted on all sides that the Order in N. Y. at present labors under formidable difficulties. Grave doubts are conscientiously entertained by large numbers of intelligent brothers of the Order. The Constitution under which they should work is asserted to be no longer adapted to their wants or even their existence: they have outgrown its provisions: the incalculable increase of the Order has so enlarged the G.L. as to render it all but a physical impossibility to transact business at all. And in this state of things, it is exceedingly difficult to say how the Constitution is to be changed or even whether it can be changed at all.

In view of all these circumstances your Committee deem it the duty of the G.L.U.S., by virtue of its supreme authority, to take such action, legislative or judical, as may relieve the Order in N.Y. from the consequences of proceedings of the G.L., and at least give them the opportunity of effecting a change in a manner which shall be safe, certain and constitutional. They purpose, therefore, that this Grand body shall recognize the action of the G.L. of N.Y., up to the time that the irregularities began, and then adopt the following measures to cover those irregularities. They recommend to this body to admit the proceedings of the Convention to be valid as a consulting body, and as there would have been no objection in the first instance, if their proceedings had been referred to the G.L. of N.Y. for its final action, they recommend that course be taken now. Let the reported Constitution, except so much as may be stricken out by this Grand Lodge, be referred to the G.L. of N.Y. at its November Session for consideration, and let the amending clause of the old Constitution be restored, as it stood before it was stricken out: further, let the old Constitution be declared the organic law of the State until the November session. If at that time the proposed Constitution be adopted, of course it will become the law of the Order, but if rejected, the old Constitution will continue in force, giving them, however, an opportunity for its further amendment, according to its provisions.

The Committee have discharged the duties assigned them. They felt the importance of the subject committed to their care, and have given it therefore their earnest and, as far as circumstances would permit, their undivided attention. They now commit it to your hands, with their sincere hopes that whatever action may be taken by your body, may secure the harmony, prosperity, and repose of the Order.

The Committee submit the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Constitution of the R.W.G.L. of the State of New York, which was in force prior to August, 1846, is now the fundamental law of the said Grand Lodge; and that Art. 6, sec. 1, of the said Constitution, which was stricken out, be and hereby is restored and declared in full force and effect, except so far as is reserved in the following resolution.

Resolved, That the form of Constitution reported by the Convention, except such parts of it as may be stricken out by this Grand Lodge, be and hereby is referred to the R.W. Grand Lodge of New York; and the said Grand Lodge of New York is hereby directed, at its session in November next, to take up the said form of Constitution, and act upon the same, with full power to reject, or amend and adopt the same, as if regularly and formally before that body for final action, in pursuance of Art. 6, sec. 1, of its Constitution: Provided, however, that the Constitution as adopted be forwarded to this G.L. for approval, pursuant to the requirements of Article 10 of the By-Laws of the G.L.U.S.

THE ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING.—We are desirous of offering a word more in behalf of this splendid annual. It is certainly one of the most beautiful volumes in all respects, we have seen for many a day, at such an extremely low price. We should think every lover of our Order, who can afford it, would have a copy in his house, both as a memorial of the institution, and for the pleasure and profit it must furnish his wife and children, and their visitors. It is not our intention to review the book in its literary character, as this would require more time and labor than we have to bestow; but we wish to call special attention to the illustrations, some of which are exceedingly beautiful in design and execution. "*The Witch*," and "*The Last of their Race*," are our favorites. The design of these are very happily conceived; and the idea of the artist has been well carried out by the engraver, who has done his part to admiration, one or two points excepted. "*Reclaiming an Odd-Fellow*," is excellent in its purpose, and has much merit as a picture. We hope it will be made a subject of study by those who are standing in slippery places. "*The Stranger's Burial*," and "*Rustic Hospitality*," are well executed, and the last is a delightful thing, and recalls some old and long-indulged hopes, which we trust to see realized yet. The vignette, encircled with the emblems of the Orber, is wrought out in very pretty taste, and is a dainty and delicate affair.

The paper and print are of a superior character, and the binding truly superb. Altogether it is one of the handsomest issues of the Offering, and is not surpassed in style by any annual or gift-book of the season. We hope a large sale will abundantly remunerate the enterprise and liberality of the worthy publisher.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE
R. W. GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES,
INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.
At the Annual Communication held at Baltimore, Sept. 1847.

SECOND DAY. Tuesday, Sept. 21, 9 A.M.

THE R.W.G. Lodge met pursuant to adjournment: present G. Sire Sherlock, and a quorum. Prayer by G. Chap. Rev. Bro. J. D. McCabe.

P. Grand Sires.—The following amendment to the Constitution was proposed by Rep. Bain of Va. and laid on the table.

Art. VIII, be so amended as to read: Past Grand Sires shall be admitted to seats in this Grand Lodge, and be entitled to one vote collectively, on all questions coming before the Grand Lodge, except Past Grand Sire Thomas Wildey, who shall ever be entitled to his single vote.

Removal of the G.L. U.S.—Rep. Griffin, from the Committe on the state of the Order to whom the subject was referred, of inquiring into the expediency of so amending the Constitution, as to change the location of the G.L. of the U.S. from Baltimore to Cincinnati, reported that

"The provision of the Constitution, (Art. XI.) is, that the meetings of the Grand Lodge shall be held at such place as may from time to time be determinmined. No amendment would be necessary therefore to change the location. A simple law would effect the object.

"The Committee are convinced that the proposed change would not be beneficial. The position of Baltimore presents peculiar advantages which no other city could offer. It is midway between the North and the South, an the great highway of trade and travel, and easily accessible from all sections of the country. The selection originally was fortuitous, but the Committee consider it one of the happiest accidents in our career. Under any circumstances the change should be made with reluctance, as the Grand Lodge has been chartered by the State of Maryland; but after a careful estimate of its merits, the Committee are satisfied that there is no sound reason for deserting the cradle of the Order."

The report was adopted.

The same Committee reported that they had examined the reports of the D.D.G. Sires, and found nothing requiring attention.

The same Committee reported that the Grand Encampment Degree can only be conferred in the Grand Encampment during its Sessions, or in a room contiguous—which report was, on motion of Rep. Dwinelle of N.Y. recommitted to the Committee, with instructions to include the Grand Lodge and Past official degrees of Subordinate Lodges in their inquiry.

Rep. Wilson of Wisconsin offered a resolution, which was agreed to, directing the Committee on the State of the Order to report on the propriety and expediency of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia permitting her Subordinates to admit to membership members of Congress and others who are citizens of States and towns where Lodges are in existence, in violation of Article 30 of the By-Laws of this body.

The Committee on credentials reported as correct the certificates of P.G. John H. Wakefield as a Rep. from the G.L. of New Jersey, and P.G. Ezra Clark, Jr. as Rep. from the G.L. of Conn.

Rep. Spooner of Ohio presented various communications in relation to the location of the Grand Lodge of the State, which were on his motion referred to a special committee.

The G. Sire appointed as the committee, Rep. DeSaussure of S.C. McCauley of Md., and Theobald of Me.

The G. Sire announced the appointment of the following committees, provided for, by the report of the committee on distributing the several subjects referred to, in his Annual Report:

Proposition to change the fundamental laws upon which State Grand Lodges are organized: Reps. Moore, Woodruff, Yeager, Marshall, Holmes.

Grand Lodge of British north America: Reps. Williamson, Stokes, Taylor, of S C.

Discussion of the internal affairs of the institution in the public press: Reps. Wells, Brown of Miss., Chapman.

Rep. Coffin of N.Y. offered a resolution to strike out the 8th Article of the By-Laws, which prohibits more than one Grand Lodge from being chartered in each State. Lays over one day.

Order of Business.—On motion of Rep. Dimon of N.Y. it was—

Resolved, That the following question be referred to the Committee on the State of the Order. Does the Order of Business for Subordinate Lodges in the new work, prevent Subordinates opening again during the same meeting in a head of business once passed through?

Rep. Wilson, of Wisconsin, submitted the following, which was read and referred to the Committee on the State of the Order:

In consequence of the conflicting practice in the Order, a Report from the Committee on the State of the Order, is required on the following queries:

1. Can the J.W. in an Encampment, exercise the duties of C.P. by virtue of his office, in the absence of the C.P. and S.W.?
2. Is it competent for any member of an Encampment, other than a H.P. or P.H.P. to exercise the duties of H.P.?
3. Are P.H.Ps. of equal grade with P.C.Ps. and equally competent to petition for a Grand Encampment and hold seats in Grand Encampments?
4. On the expediency of admitting those in possession of the Grand Encampment Degrees the full membership in a Grand Encampment.

Rep. Dwinelle, from the Committee on petitions, reported in favor of issuing charters for the Grand Encampments of North Carolina at Wilmington, Georgia at Macon, Mississippi at Natchez, Tennessee at Nashville, Michigan at Kalamazoo, Indiana at Indianapolis, and for the Grand Lodge of Wisconsin at Milwaukee. The report was adopted.

New Lodges.—Rep. Chapman, from the Committee on Petitions, reported in favor of ratifying and confirming the warrants issued during the recess for the following Subordinate Lodges: Caledonia No. 6, Danville, Vt.; Social No. 7, Wilmington, Vt.; Vergennes, No. 8, Vergennes, Vt.; Stark No. 9, Bennington, Vt.; Otter Creek No. 10, Rutland, Vt.; Lake Dunmore No. 11, Middleburg, Vt.; Davenport No. 8, Davenport, Iowa; Sinsinawa No. 16, Hazel Green, Wis.; Wisconsin No. 14, Janesville, Wis.; Halcyon No. 15, Whitewater, Wis.; Jefferson No. 3, Monticello, Flor.; Pensacola No. 4, at Pensacola, Florida. The report was adopted.

The hour of 12 having arrived, the G. Lodge proceeded to the installation of Grand Officers, an account of which, with the names of the officers and the address of Grand Sire Kneass was given in our last issue.

Tuesday, Sept. 21, 4 P.M.

The R.W. Grand Lodge assembled pursuant to adjournment. Present Horn R. Kneass, M.W. Grand Sire presiding: the same officers as os the morning session and a due Representation.

Grand Secretary's Report.—The Corresponding Secretary submittee the following Annual Report, which on motion of Rep. AtLee, of D. of C., was referred to a Select Committee for the purpose of distributing the several subjects therein referred to, to appropriate committees. The chair named Reps. AtLee, of D. of C., McCauley, of Md., and Kelley, of Va., as the Committee.

RECORDING AND CORRESPONDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

OFFICE CORRESPONDING AND RECORDING SECRETARY, R. W. G. L. U. S., *Baltimore, Sept.* 20, 1847.

To the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States:

In conformity to the law imposing the duty upon the Grand Secretary, the undersigned has the honor to present his Annual Report.

The subjoined resolutions embrace all the subjects of duty directed to be performed by him during the recess:

1. *Resolved,* That the Grand Secretary be requested to prepare and have printed with each Journal of Proceedings of this Grand Lodge, a correct Index, and also an Index for the Journals from 1843 to the present session, and that a suitable compensation be awarded him for the work.

2. *Resolved,* That the Grand Secretary be instructed to prepare and execute new charters for Oglethorpe Lodge No. 1, and Magnolia Encampment No. 1, of Georgia, and to add to such new charters short memoranda, under the seal of this Grand Lodge, of the date of the original charters and the circumstances under which the substitutes were granted.

3. *Resolved,* That the Grand Secretary be directed to furnish each member and officer of this body, as soon after its adjournment as practicable, with a copy of the daily Jonrnal.

4. *Resolved,* That the M. W. Grand Sire, Thomas Sherlock, R. W. Grand Cor. and Recor. Secretary, James L. Ridgely, and R. W. Grand Treas. Andrew E. Warner, be and they are hereby authorized and directed to invest in the corporate name of this Grand Lodge, the surplus funds thereof, in such manner as they may deem safe and expedient, and that such investment be made as soon as practicable after the present session: *Provided,* however, that no such investment shall be made without the unanimous consent of the above named officers.

5. *Resolved,* That the R. W. Grand Secretary be directed, as soon as may be after the close of this Grand Lodge, to write to all Grand and Subordinate Lodges and Encampments under this jurisdiction, whose returns are here reported incorrect, and to state in said letter the substance of said incorrectness.

6. *Resolved,* That a charter for the Grand Lodge of British North America, be prepared and duly authenticated, and its delivery confided to the M. W. Grand Sire and Grand Cor. Secretary, conforming to the condition in all respects to the resolutions authorising the grant.

7. *Resolved,* That the Grand Cor. and Rec. Secretary be directed to transmit a copy of the resolutions in the matter of appeal of Covenant Lodge to the R. W. Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.

8. *Resolved,* That the Cor. Secretary of this Grand Lodge be instructed to take immediate steps for the return of the charters and books granted to Pioneer and Oriental Lodges in England.

9. *Resolved,* That the Cor. Secretary be instructed to communicate to the R. W. Australian Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., the acknowledgment of the reception of their courteous letter, and to tender the assuarnces of the high respect of this R. W. Grand Lodge, and of our warm and abiding interest in their welfare and prosperity.

10. *Resolved,* That the Grand Secretary be instructed to copy in the book of diagrams of the unwritten Work of the Order, the explanations of the same, contained in the old book of illustrations, and that the said old book of illustrations be by him immediately thereafter destroyed.

11. *Resolved,* That the Grand Secretary be directed to append to the published proceedings of the Grand Lodge a list of the members and officers, with their respective addresses, and their highest titles in the Order.

12. *Resolved,* That the several State Grand Lodges are hereby earnestly requested to consider the expediency of the establishment by the Order, of a General System of Education, and to devise and forward to this Grand Lodge plans for the accomplishment of the object, should they deem it expedient to take the work in hand.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary be directed to communicate the above report and resolution to the several State Grand Lodges.

13. *Resolved,* That the Grand Secretary be, and he is hereby authorized to procure a sufficient number of desks and chairs for the use of this Grand Lodge, and that the sum of five hundred dollars be appropriated to purchase the same.

In obedience to the first resolution, an Index to the Journal of the last session, and also to the Journals for the years 1844 and 1845, was prepared and accompanied the volume of proceedings issued, as soon after the close of the session as was practicable.

The second resolution has been complied with by the delivery to the proper authorities of Georgia, the new Charters designated, handsomely prepared in Diploma form, with the memoranda detailed in the resolution, conspicuously written upon the face of the instruments.

The third, fourth, fifth and seventh resolutions have been literally carried out as they respectively direct.

A Charter was prepared as provided in the sixth resolution, conforming in all respects to the conditions and qualifications upon which the Grand Lodge of British North America was erected into an Indepehdent Sovereignty, duly authenticated by the Grand Officers, and delivered by the hands of Deputy Grand Sire Case to that body, by whom it was duly accepted, and under which that jurisdiction now holds its being. A copy of which is herewith submitted.

The Corresponding Secretary regrets to inform the Grand Lodge that all his efforts to reclaim the warrants and books granted to Pio-

neer and Oriental Lodges in England, have been unavailing, having received no answers whatever to several letters of inquiry addressed on that subject. There is reason, however, to believe that the books are in safe hands, since but two copies were sent out, and those entrusted to brethren in good standing in Lodges in this country.

The Corresponding Secretary took great pleasure very soon after the close of the last session, in carrying into effect the wishes of the Grand Lodge as embodied in the ninth resolution, by addressing a communication to the Grand Lodge of Australia, "expressive of the high respect of the Grand Lodge of the United States for that body, and of its warm and abiding interest in their welfare and prosperity." This document was sent to New Haven under cover to P.G.M. Henry L. Miller, late Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of Connecticut, by whom it doubtless received its proper direction.

The tenth resolution has been obeyed, and the Book of Diagrams with their proper illustrations, is now safely deposited in the archives of the Grand Lodge of the United States. The old book has not been destroyed as the resolution directs, but has been preserved to the end, that the fidelity of the copy may be avouched by a committee of your honorable body, at your present session.

The eleventh resolution has been conformed to, so far as it was in the power of the Secretary correctly to rank the representatives of the last session from the materials in his possession.

The undersigned caused a printed circular to be distributed to each Grand Lodge and Encampment, communicating the report and resolutions referred to in the twelfth resolution: to this circular responses have been received officially from but few of the bodies to which it was directed. So far as an expression of opinion has been made upon the proposition, I sincerely regret to say that it has been for the most part of an adverse character, superinduced, however, it is believed, and very respectfully suggested, by a misconception of the question; the abstract subject embodied in the report of the committee, which carefully avoided details, has been confounded with the plan submitted by an individual, and objections to *that particular plan* have been urged against the general utility, practicability and expediency of the measure itself in the abstract.

I have, however, great gratification in reporting that from some of the States,* in which, by the wisdom of municipal legislation, the blessing of education is made the free offering of a generous people, and from which fact apprehensions were entertained, that the proposition could not concentrate the energies of the brotherhood at large, that the most emphatic favorable response has been made to the report of the committee, justifying entirely the opinion that the measure may be consummated if properly understood and appreciated.

The undersigned, notwithstanding the present posture of the subject, in view of the action had by the State Grand Lodges and Encampments, remains firm in his conviction of the practicability and expediency of the measure, and unshaken in the confidence, that although the Order may not now be prepared to concentrate its energies in the cause of Education, the time is not distant when a different sentiment will prevail.

The Corresponding Secretary, upon inquiry, discovered that the appropriation made in the thirteenth resolution was wholly insufficient to supply appropriate desks and chairs for the representatives to the Grand Lodge of the United States, he accordingly was unable to comply in whole with the resolution. The sum appropriated was expended in the purchase of desks constructed of walnut, suited to the dignity of the office for which they were designed, made after the model of those in use for the senators in the congress of the United States—a similar appropriation will be necessary to supply a chair for each Representative, corresponding in style and convenience with the desks already provided.

During the recess, the visiting card plate having become worn out, a new one, with the approbation of the Grand Sire, has been obtained in the City of New-York, the design of which has been made different from the former plate, as well to add to the beauty of the instrument, as to avoid the difficulty which has heretofore existed in readily distinguishing between the visiting and final card.

The edition of the Journal of 1844 having become entirely out of print, and it being necessary to obtain a sufficient number of copies for the purpose of binding with the proceedings of 1845 and 1846, for the use of the Grand Representatives, the Corresponding Secretary caused two hundred copies to be printed for that object. While upon this subject, I beg to call the attention of the Grand Representatives to the proprietorship of the copy-rights of the Journal of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and the difficulties which at some future period may grow out of a continuance of the practice of allowing to the printer the privilege of stereotyping the Journal for his own use, secured to him by a copy-right. It will be recollected that at the time the idea was conceived of publishing a correct and entire Journal of the Grand Lodge of the United States, the published proceedings of that body did not reach beyond the year 1827, and that the Journal from the formation of the original body in 1821 until 1827 had never been printed: that the portion of this interesting progressive history of the Order which had been printed was almost valueless, by reason of the imperfect manner in which the record had been kept, the loose form in which it was issued, the minutes of each session being detached and without continuity in the paging, rendering an index difficult if not impracticable; and that the earlier proceedings up to 1827, only existed in the perishable form of manuscript, in a great degree unintelligible without the aid of explanation. In view of this condition of these important records, and of the very great necessity of a publication in proper continuous form of all the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the United States from its formation, a work of no inconsiderable undertaking, and involving a very large outlay, the Grand Lodge of the United States, at the session of 1842, authorised a reprint of the entire Journal from 1821 to the end of the session of 1843, provided a responsible person would venture the enterprise wholly at his own risk and without expense to that body. At the same session the Grand Secretary was directed to prepare the early unprinted manuscript proceedings for publication, in the event of his ability to have the entire work consummated without expense to the Grand Lodge of the United States, the state of the finances of that body at that time forbidding any attempt on its part to accomplish this greatly desired object. Accordingly, soon after the session of 1842, the Corresponding Secretary made earnest efforts to carry out the design of the resolution, but was unsuccessful until late in the year 1843, when he entered into an arrangement with Bros. McGowan & Treadwell, of New York, by which, at their entire risk and cost, the present valuable Journal from 1821 to 1843 was acquired. In order to induce this enterprise, it was necessary to offer a reasonable hope of profit, involving as it did considerable capital to accomplish it; the undersigned, therefore, secured to the contractors the exclusive copyright of the work, and stipulated with them for its preservation by stereotype. The great value of the work to the Order, it was reasonably thought, would insure an ample remuneration for the vast labor and outlay incident to the undertaking, and the utter inability of the Grand Lodge of the United States to effect the publication upon its own resources alone, induced the transfer of the enterprise to individual responsibility. Upon the condition of continuing the plan of stereotyping the work, the undersigned has since the publication of the Journal up to 1843, forming volume one, continued to secure the copy-right to Messrs. McGowan & Treadwell to the end of the session of 1844. The Journal for 1746 was secured to Bro. James Young, of Baltimore, upon the same terms. This history of the subject has become necessary for the purpose of fully informing the Representatives of the manner and the circumstances by which the proprietorship of their own Journal has passed from their hands. This property should belong to the Grand Lodge of the United States, and should be re-acquired, if practicable, upon reasonable terms. The stereotype plates would enable this body at all times to possess itself of a full supply of the two volumes already published, at a very reduced price, and the sale of the work, at one dollar per volume, would afford a lasting and increasing revenue. In the contract for printing the Journal of 1846, the undersigned stipulated specifically for the purchase of the stereotype plates at their original cost and the transfer of the copy-right, and, in reference to the stereotype plates and copy-right of the Journal up to 1845, inclusive, he has corresponded with Bros. McGowan and Treadwell, who have expressed a willingness to transfer their right of property to the G. Lodge of the United States upon favorable terms. I respectfully recommend this subject to your attention.

It became necessary, during the recess, to obtain a new supply of Charge and Degree books, and the undersigned, acting under the impression that the committee on revision, as they were authorised by law, had provided for stereotyping the work, wrote to the printer at New York for a return of the plates. To his surprise he learnt that the authority given to the committee had not been used, that body being of opinion that a large edition, (four thousand copies,) would serve the Order for many years. The sequel has served to show the folly of all reasonable calculations upon the probable growth of our beloved Order, as well as to indicate the error of foresight in this respected committee. The effect of this misapplied economy has been to add materially to the cost of that work by the necessity of its entire reprint—an edition of which the undesigned has ordered and received. As no probability exists of any material change in the work, I also respectfully suggest that a law be passed directing the stereotyping of the revised work, or at least the subordinate branch of it.

During the past winter, the Patriarchal work has been translated into the German and printed in that language, and has been distributed so far as applications have been made for it. No part of the revised work has yet been translated into the French language, and the Lodges working in that tongue have been compelled to resort to the expedient of manuscript amendments to the old book to enable them to work. Some legislation is necessary on this subject.

In order to induce a conformation to the law of the last session, prohibiting the publication of the Odes by the Subordinates to the Grand Lodge of the United States or individuals, the Corresponding Secretary caused a supply to be printed for distribution, which have been for sale at his office at a very small advance upon the cost of printing. This law, I regret to say, is not generally respected.

The expense incident to the various subjects above detailed, being unavoidable and imperatively necessary, has been incurred by the Corresponding Secretary, without any special authority of law, during the recess, and he now respectively submits his acts in this particular for the approbation of the Grand Lodge.

Commissions have been issued under the authority of the Grand Sire for District Deputy Grand Sires in Vermont, Arkansas and Alabama, to supply vacancies occasioned by resignations and removals from the District.

I beg to invite the attention of the representatives to the subject of the Diploma plate of the Grand Lodge of the United States. This instrument, embodying in beautiful style all the emblems of the Order, was authorised at a very heavy expense at the October session of 1838; the price was fixed at the April session of 1840 at two dollars per copy. Proving to be unavailable as a source of revenue, at this price, it was reduced, in 1841, to one dollar and fifty cents per copy, and again, in 1843, further reduced to one dollar per copy from the same cause. Notwithstanding the extreme low price

* Massachusetts and Connecticut.

at which it has been offered since 1843, the receipts from this source have, comparatively with the increase of the Order, not been enlarged; being for the year, 1844, one hundred and thirty-eight dollars; for 1845, eighty-three dollars and seventy-five cents, and for the year 1846, four hundred and twenty-seven dollars.

In view of this condition of things, the undersigned has had his attention turned to this subject, for the purpose of devising some plan, by which this valuable and truly beautiful plate might be made available as a source of revenue. To this end, the Corresponding Secretary has caused a number of copies to be struck off, in blank, excepting the vignette, or circular wreath, with the surmounting all-seeing Eye and figure of Charity, to be used as Charter forms for Grand and Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, which he has offered at one dollar per copy as an experiment. This application of the Diploma plate, if approved by your worthy body, in the opinion of the undersigned, will materially add to the revenue from this source, some two hundred copies having been disposed of in this form, with but limited means of causing its adaptation, in this respect, to be known throughout the juridiction—and, if the Grand Lodge should, in the event of approving this suggestion, further adopt and recognise this form as the only Charter form for Lodges and Encampments hereafter to be used, a revenue of five hundred dollars per annum might be expected at once, which would be ever augmenting with the rapid increase of Lodges and Encampments, and thus the use of the plate as a Diploma of membership might be discontinued, if deemed advisable, after the disposition of the supply now on hand. A form of Diploma has been issued by Bro. Winchester, of New York, which in the judgment of the Executive of the Order, being in violation of the law of the last session, and the original design of the adoption of the Diploma plate of the Grand Lodge of the United States, it become the duty of the Grand Officers to notice it; accordingly directions was issued to the State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments, by order of the Grand Sire, requiring them to enforce the law in the premises.

The correspondence during the recess, has been voluminous and highly gratifying, with the officers of the Grand Lodge of the United States, in the various districts, and with the various Subordinates to this jurisdiction; from which the Corresponding Secretary begs to present the following review of the condition and progress of the Order during the fiscal year just past:

Foreign Relations.—In obedience to the order adopted directing the reclamation of the Charters of Pioneer and Oriental Lodges and the acquisition of the books, I have to report, that having no agent or correspondent in England with whom a communication could be opened upon that subject, the undersigned was obliged to resort to the expedient of addressing one of the members to whom the warrant for Pioneer Lodge was issued, to wit, P. Pro. G. M. Bollsover, of Stockport, from whom he received no answer; recently, however, Bro. Bolsover has arrived in this country, from whom he has learnt that his letters did not reach him. Two books only were sent to the commissioners appointed to open these Lodges, one of which, it is believed, still remains in the hands of the commissioners, Oriental Lodge not having been established—of the book delivered to Pioneer Lodge, no information has been obtained. From the Grand Lodge of Wales, I regret to say, that no tidings whatever have reached this office, since its establishment. Since your adjournment, the Grand Lodge of British North America, it is said, has entertained the idea of attempting the restoration of fellowship between the Manchester Unity and this body, but no official communication has been made to this office touching the subject. I have received through the hands of P.G. Albert Guild, formerly a Grand Representative from the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, various documents, herewith presented, from Honolulu, Oahu, a city of the Sandwich Islands. From these papers it will appear that a Lodge, styled Excelsior Lodge, No. 1, of the I. O. O. F., is in being at that place, of which A. Ten Eyck, a brother well known in this jurisdiction, was the N. G. at the date of the documents refered to, and that a body purporting to be "Pacific Lodge of Odd-Fellows" was also at work in the same place, between which bodies no fellowship existed. The former Lodge, Excelsior, No. 1, it will appear, was instituted by Bro. Gilbert Watson, of Massachusetts, in the exercise of power supposed to belong to him as D.D.G. Sire for Oregon, under a commission erroneously granted by D.D.G. Sire Guild, of Massachusetts, reported at the last session. The latter or "Pacific Lodge," it will appear, is a self-instituted body, asking to be recognised by the Grand Lodge of the United States, and to be received into fellowship. Great injury will be visited upon our beloved Order, as the certain result consequent upon the unlawful and unwarrantable use of the name of the Grand Lodge of the United States by individuals in foreign countries, who assume to open and establish Lodges, in such counties without the shadow of authority. The power of establishing Lodges during the recess, is delegated only to the G. Sire, Deputy G. Sire, and Corresponding Secretary, under and subject to all the restraints and limitations of the Constitution and laws. The authority exercised by Bro. Watson is expressly withheld by the Constitution and laws from the Executive of the Order itself, during the recess, and, although, in many cases, opportunities have offered of establishing the Order in South America and the West India Islands, by the agency of brethren well known, personally, to the Grand Officers, and in whose fitness and integrity the most implicit confidence might be reposed, yet, in no instance, notwithstanding the benefit which was certain to enure to the Order, have the Grand Officers assumed to exercise such authority. The attention of the representatives is respectfully invited to this subject, and although the act of Bro. Watson, in organising Excelsior Lodge, No. 1, may, from the necessity of the case, receive your confirmation, it is, nevertheless, due to the dignity and authority of the Grand Lodge of the United States, that its exclusive power in the premises should be fully vindicated.

In a great measure a future repetition of such acts may be avoided by the relaxation in some degree of the 1st article of the By-Laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and by vesting a reasonable discretion in the Executive officers of the Order. It now requires the application of five brothers in good standing, as an *indispensable* requisite to enable the Grand Officers to issue a warrant for the establishment of a Lodge under this jurisdiction, in any and all cases. It rarely happens that five brothers in good standing can be found in a foreign country, hence it is almost impracticable for persons desirous of establishing the Order abroad to comply with the law. Other difficulties in the way of a literal conformance to the law often intervene, when efforts are made to introduce the Order into foreign countries. With a view, in some degree, to prevent the assumption of authority in the premises, and the facilitating the laudable purpose of our brethren, who desire to carry with them the blessings of Odd-Fellowship into foreign lands, I respectfully recommend that the Grand Officers, be authorised, in the recess, to issue dispensations for such objects, in their discretion, notwithstanding the prohibition of the first article of By-Laws.

The warrant authorized for Oregon Lodge, No. 1, at your last session was transmitted to Bro. Gilbert Watson, by the hands of Bro. H. W. Crabb, who sailed for Honolulu, in June last, in the service of the government, and who kindly consented to forward the dispatch to its place of destination.

I subjoin a condensed abstract of the progress of the Order in this jurisdiction.

Michigan.—In Michigan, the march of Odd-Fellowship has been rapid and diffusive. D. D. Grand Sire Kellogg, by his earnest and untiring efforts, has succeeded in establishing a Grand Encampment in this jurisdiction, which has commenced its career under the most auspicious circumstances. The Grand Lodge of the State reports over fifteen hundred members, and appears at this session by two representatives as authorized by the Constitution.

Vermont.—Odd-Fellowship has covered almost every section of this State, and wherever instituted has fallen into the hands of active, efficient and worthy men. Ten Subordinate Lodges now exist in this jurisdiction, all of which continue to prosper. An application was received, accompanied by the Charter fee, in February last, for a Grand Lodge Charter, but not being in conformity with the By-Law of the Grand Lodge of the United States, the Grand Officers were denied the pleasure of granting the request.

Maine.—I have to report that the Order continues to prosper in this State. The reports of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment exhibit a gradual and healthy increase in this jurisdiction.

Massachusetts.—The progress of the Order in this commonwealth, although not so rapid as heretofore, has been steady and healthful. The increase of Lodges has been checked by the very commendable and salutary legislation of the Grand Lodge of the State, by which stability and permanency is insured to new Lodges when instituted. The reports of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment have been made in due season by the able Grand Secretary of that jurisdiction, to whom I beg to make my acknowledgments for a bound copy of the entire Journal of the Grand Lodge of that State, to be preserved at this office for the use of the Grand Lodge of the United States and the Grand Representatives of that State.

New Hampshire.—Odd-Fellowship is in the highest degree prosperous in this State, and it is gratifying to observe the deep interests which it has awakened in all sections of the State.

Rhode Island.—In this State, the Order has advanced, since your last session, with a sure and steady step, and the reports evince general prosperity.

Connecticut.—I have had but little correspondence with the officers of this State. The reports of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment are highly gratifying.

New York.—The increase of the Order in this vast jurisdiction continues uninterruptedly, having now reached over three hundred Lodges.

Pennsylvania.—I am indebted to the able and efficient Grand Secretary of this State for his prompt and valuable correspondence with this office. The accessions to our fraternity in Pennsylvania have been very great, during the past year, in all its departments. I am indebted to G. Sec'y Curtis for a bound copy of the entire Journal of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of Pennsylvania.

New Jersey.—The Order is in every respect prosperous in New Jersey, and entire harmony prevails throughout the brotherhood.

Delaware.—In this State, the Order has not paused since its revival from the lethargy which had paralyzed its energies for several years. Five new Lodges have been instituted during the year, and the membership has nearly doubled. Two new Encampments have also been organized since your last session.

Maryland.—The Order has steadily and healthfully increased in Maryland during the last year, and, in every part of the State, the highest degree of prosperity prevails.

District of Columbia.—The institution of the Grand Encampment of the District of Columbia, has, in a great degree, cut off from the Corresponding Secretary the valuable and interesting correspondence formerly enjoyed with the late distinguished D. D. G. Sire of that district. I have, however, great pleasure in reporting that in both branches of the Order there has been a great accession of strength and members, and entire harmony.

Virginia.—The reports from this State are highly gratifying, exhibiting, as they do, a large accession of Lodges and members.

North Carolina.—Since the last session, a Grand Encampment has been instituted in this State under very favorable circumstances, and the Order generally is progressing in prosperity.

South Carolina.—All is prosperous in this valued jurisdiction. In no part of our extended brotherhood is the Order in better keeping. I am indebted to Grand Secretary Gyles for a bound copy of the entire Journal of this Grand Lodge, to be preserved in this office for

the use of the Grand Representatives of that State and the Grand Lodge of the United States.

Georgia.—A Grand Encampment has been recently opened in this State, by D. D. G. Sire Williams, located at Macon. The Grand Lodge of the State has created a number of new Subordinate Lodges during the year, all of which appear to be in a healthy condition.

Florida.—Two new Lodges have been formed in this State during the recess, viz: Jefferson, No. 3, at Monticello, and Pensacola, No. 4, at Pensacola. To D. D. G. Sire Wiley Williams, whose jurisdiction has heretofore embraced the States of Georgia and Florida, much is due for his valuable aid to the Grand Lodge of the United States, in facilitating the advance of the Order within the limits of his district.

Alabama.—The number of Lodges in this State has doubled since your last session, and a very large accession has been made to the brotherhood. Pulaski Camp, No. 4, has been instituted at Cahawba, in this State, during the recess. I herewith submit some communications relative to a removal of the Grand Lodge to the interior of the State.

Mississippi.—The progress of the Order in this State, during the last twelve months, has been highly gratifying—increase of Lodges, eight in number—initiations doubled, and amount of revenue more than doubled. Two new Encampments have also been instituted.

Louisiana.—The career of Odd-Fellowship is still onward in Louisiana. The reports from this jurisdiction indicate great accession of strength and general prosperity.

Missouri.—This State has become entitled to two representatives, having reported one thousand and sixty-eight contributing members. Eight new Lodges have been created since last report. In all respects the Order has had a gratifying season, during the year, in this district.

Illinois.—The annual report of this State exhibits a constituency of one thousand and four members, thus entitling the Grand Lodge to two representatives, ten new Lodges have been formed during the year, and the general condition of the Order is highly prosperous. The reports from the Encampments also indicate a similar general good condition. Some communications have been received upon the subject of the removal of the seat of the Grand Lodge which are herewith submitted.

Indiana.—Grand Secretary Noble, of this jurisdiction, has furnished the annual return in due season, which exhibits a general increase of the Order throughout the State, twelve new Lodges having been created, and the number of members having nearly doubled since the last report. The reports of the Encampments have been generally received.

Ohio.—From the able and efficient Corresponding Secretary of Ohio, P. G. M. H. W. Clarke, I learn that the "watchword of the Order is still onward" in that jurisdiction. Eighteen new Lodges have been chartered during the year, and more than two thousand members added to the brotherhood since the last report. The Patriarchal branch of the Order in that State indicates the same general healthfulness.

Kentucky.—Odd-Fellowship continues to advance with steady steps in this distinguished commonwealth. Unusual harmony prevails throughout the jurisdiction, and the Order presents a moral spectacle worthy of admiration. Since the last annual report, ten new Lodges have been formed and large accessions have been made to the brotherhood.

Tennessee.—Under a special commission from the Grand Sire, confided to P. G. Representative T. P. Shaffner, of Ky., a Grand Encampment has been instituted in Tennessee, located at Nashville. The Grand Lodge of the United States is greatly indebted to this Deputy for his valuable and efficient service in imparting instructions to the Patriarchs and the organization of this body. The report of Bro. Shaffner is herewith submitted. From the Grand Lodge of the State, I have received information of the general prosperity of the Order under its jurisdiction.

Arkansas.—Since your adjournment, a commission, by authority of the Grand Sire, was issued to Bro. W. C. Lofland, D. D. G. Sire of Arkansas, but the undersigned is without advices from that brother. The reports of Telulah Lodge have been regularly received, which body, it is gratifying to report, is in a highly prosperous condition. A warrant has been issued for the institution of Eagle Camp, No. 1, at Helena, in this State.

Wisconsin.—A Grand Lodge has been instituted in this State during the recess, in conformity with the By-Laws of the last session, which is in successful operation. D. D. G. Sire Wm. Duane Wilson, already familiarily known to the Grand Lodge of the U. States, as the great patron of the Order in this distant jurisdiction, continues with unabated zeal to watch over its interests and to advance its career. In appreciation of his distinguishod services to the brotherhood in Wisconsin, he has been selected by the Grand Lodge its first Grand Representative to this body. The Patriarchal Order is also in a highly prosperous condition in this State.

Iowa.—An application has been received as required by the laws for a Grand Lodge in Iowa, and being in all respects in form, a Grand Warrant has been issued for the institution of the same. No return has yet reached this office. D. D. G. Sire John G. Potts continues to exert his invaluable services in behalf of the Order in this district, through whom all the returns are regularly made to this office. An Encampment of Patriarchs has been instituted in this jurisdiction during the recess.

Texas.—The annual report of this Grand Lodge has been made in due season, exhibiting a healthy state of the Order. An application for a Subordinate Encampment has been received, but in consequence of the approaching session and the greater facility of transmitting the proper books by the hands of the Grand Representative, has been referred to the consideration of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

The Journal of the last session was distributed among the subordinates as early after the session as was practicable, in view of the delay necessarily incident to the preparation of the Index. Herewith is presented the Constitution and By-Laws, received during the recess, submitted for your examination and approval, also the Journal of Proceedings of the different State Grand Lodges and Encampments.

The Grand Lodges of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and South Carolina, and the Grand Encampment of Pennsylvania, have presented each to the Grand Lodge of the United States a handsomely bound copy of their entire journals up to the present year, which will be carefully preserved in this office as a valuable book of reference for the Representatives of those states, and for the general use of this body. I beg respectfully to ask a similar presentation from each of the other State Grand Lodges and Encampments.

Dispensations according to law with the approbation of the Grand Sire have been issued during the year upon proper and constitutional applications for the same:

For Grand Lodges.—Wisconsin, at Milwaukie.

For Grand Encampments.—Michigan, at Kalamazoo; North Carolina, at Wilmington; Georgia, at Macon; Tennessee, at Nashville.

For Subordinate Lodges.—To Caledonia Lodge No. 6, Danville, Vermont; Social, No. 7, Wilmington, Vt.; Vergennes, No. 8, Vergennes, Vt.; Starke, No. 9, Bennington, Vt.; Otter Creek, No. 10, Rutland, Vt.; Lake Dunmore, No. 11, Middlebury, Vt.; Jefferson, No. 3, Monticello, Fla.; Pensacola, No. 4, Pensacola, Fla.; Wisconsin, No. 14, Janesville, Wis.; Sinsinawaw, No. 16, Hazel Green, Wis.; Davenport, No. 8, Davenport, Iowa.

For Subordinate Encampments.—To Eagle Camp, No. 1, Helena, Ark.; McDonnell, No. 2, Smyrna, Del.; Reynolds, No. 3, Wilmington, Del.; Noxubee, No. 5, Macon, Miss.; Tombechee, No. 6, Columbus, Miss.; Wilson, No. 2, Southport, Wis.; Raleigh, No. 4, Raleigh, N. C.; Halcyon, No. 1, Dubuque, Iowa; Pulaski, No. 4, Cahawba, Ala.; Magnolia, No. 4, Baton Rouge, La.

The applications for these warrants are herewith presented for your approbation, being in all respects comformable to law. The warrants, upon approval, become charters, as provided by resolution of September session, 1843. Accompanying this report I annex in the usual tabular form, a condensed statement of the general operations of the Order, during the past year, also a table exhibiting a comparative view of its relative condition in 1846 and 1847.

In obedience to the resolution of 1844, directing "that the Grand Secretary furnish the Grand Lodge in his Annual Report, with a full and detailed statement of his accounts, showing the amount due to and by it, and a statement of all Grand and Subordinate Lodges, which may not have reported within two weeks of the annual session, the Corresponding Secretary herewith presents the accompanying Documents A, B, conveying the information required.

In compliance with the order requiring the Corresponding Secretary "to pay over all moneys received by him, during the recess, for the use of the Grand Lodge, and to report the same, specifying the amount received, from what source and for what object, I beg to submit the following statement of the receipts of this office during the fiscal year of 1846-7. Herewith, I also present a supplementary statement, from what sources and for what object, since the termination of the fiscal year and the commencement of the annual session; the various sums received have been paid into the treasury, vouchers for which accompany this report.

[Here follows a statement of the Receipts of the Grand Secretary for the fiscal year, 1846-7, from which it appears the total income amounted to the aggregate sum of $10,214 56, from the following sources:

For Warrants,	$950 00	For Cards,	$1,877 33
Dues,	1,772 70	Rep. Tax,	1,146 00
Diplomas,	23J 25	Balance,	2,361 16
Books,	1,891 12	Odes,	13 00
		Total,	$10,244 56

The revenue of the current year, it will be perceived, is less than that of the year 1845-6, by the sum of $3,402 45.

The receipts for the year 1845-6 were very much augmented, as indicated in my last annual report, by the sale of the revised works, and form no guide for a comparative view of the progressive ordinary revenue of the Grand Lodge of the United States. The present sources of income are ample to meet the just wants of the Grand Lodge, it is believed, and with proper economy will yield a small surplus, which may be wisely applied in augmentation of the investment created by resolution of September, 1846.

The balance in the treasury at your last session, as reported by the Committee on Finance, was $7,204 06, of which sum $6,251 68 was available; the residue in bills receivable. In conformity with the resolution directing an investment in the corporate name of the Grand Lodge of the United States, of the surplus funds in the treasury, the Grand Sire, Grand Secretary and Treasurer, immediately after the last session, caused the sum of $6,070 to be invested in Ohio 6 per cent. State stocks, the certificates for which were deposited with the Grand Treasurer, amounting to the sum of $6,400, upon which twelve months interest is now due and receivable.

In addition to this investment, all special appropriations directed, the current expenses of the Grand Lodge, including rent of Corresponding Secretary's office, salaries of officers, stationery, postage, &c., have been paid as they respectively matured; also the expense of the new visiting card plate, an edition of 2,000 copies charge and degree books, and the necessary printing of cards from the old plate.

Of the unavailable funds reported in the treasury at the last ses-

sion, the sum of $140 64, being a check of S. C. Sewall on the Bank of Montreal, has since been paid; and I deem it but an act of justice to that distinguished and meritorious brother, to state, that its non-payment upon its first presentation at bank in Montreal, was the fault entirely of the bank itself, and in no way referrable to the responsibility of the check. The notes of G. W. Churchill, of Maine, and G. C. Bull, of Kentucky, remain unsatisfied.

On the 17th day of September, 1847, the balance in the hands of the Grand Treasurer amounted to $2,243 01, which, together with receipts of the session, and the outstanding debits, which appear by documents A and B, accompanying this report, are subject to the expenses incident to the session, at the disposition of the Grand Lodge.

During the past year the Grand Lodge of Wisconsin has been instituted, and the Subordinates of Iowa are prepared and anxious for a similar State organization. The Order has had a degree of success in this section of our jurisdiction which is almost unparalleled. To the exertions of D. D. G. Sire John G. Potts, of Illinois, and William Duane Wilson, of Wisconsin, the Order at large is greatly indebted for this result: the former, Brother Potts, has for ten years firmly encountered the many obstacles in the way of the progress of the Order, which were inseparable from its introduction into a new and distant country, and has perseveringly watched and cherished its gradual growth within his district until the present time: the latter, Bro. Wilson, with the enthusiasm and energy which belongs to his character, has within two years past given to the Order in Wisconsin an impulse so irresistible, that notwithstanding the comparative newness of the system within his district, the whole surface of the State has been covered with Lodges. Occupying a position which gives to the undersigned a general view of the entire operations of the Order, and necessarily familiarized as I have been with its progress, I have witnessed the toil of these two laborers in the great cause of Odd-Fellowship, from time to time, with admiration; and in view of the fact, that their relations as officers of the Grand Lodge of the United States are about to terminate, I should be doing violence to my own feelings did I permit such an occasion to pass without commending their faithful and successful labors for the common good, to the attention of the representatives in Grand Lodge assembled.

In closing this report, I am privileged once more to felicitate the Grand Lodge of the United States upon the highly prosperous condition which the Order presents, throughout the entire jurisdiction. in every section of the country it may be truthfully said, in which Odd-Fellowship exists, it has by its own intrinsic excellence made its way to the confidence and affections of the people.

JAMES L. RIDGELY, R. and C. Secretary.

On motion of Rep. AtLee, of D. of C., 1000 extra copies of the G. Secretary's Report, were ordered to be printed.

Rep. Dimon, of N. Y., presented a volume of proceeding, of the G. Lodge of that State, and in connexion therewith offered the following resolution, which was agreed to:

Resolved, That so much of the proceedings of the R. W. G. L. of N. Y. as relates to any alterations of the Constitution of that body, during and since the session of May, 1846, of the same, and which shall have been officially presented to this R. W. G. L. be referred to the Committee of Appeals, with power to send for persons and papers, (provided no expense to this G. Lodge be incurred thereby.)

Rep. Griffin of Ga. from the Committee on the State of the Order to whom was referred the query presented by Rep. AtLee of the D. of C., made the following report, which was adopted.

Under the By-Laws (Art. 10) the Constitution of each Grand and Subordinate Lodge or Encampment, chartered by this Grand Lodge, immediately on its adoption, shall be forwarded to this Grand Lodge for its approval. The Committee believe that the analogy of the law includes also amendments to such Constitutions.

The Committee therefore report that the Constitutions of Grand Lodges and Encampments and all amendments thereto, must be submitted to this body for examination. If approved, they, of course, become the organic law. If error be found, the error must be corrected. In order to cover the whole ground, the Committe take leave to add that in the interval between the adoption of the Constitution, or amendments, and its confirmation by the G. L. U. S., it is binding upon the body by which it has been adopted.

Camp Membership.—Rep. Griffin, from the same Committee, who had under consideration the question proposed by the Grand Encampment of South Carolina, reported as follows, which report was adopted:

A member of an Encampment who withdraws from his Lodge, becomes absolutely severed from his Encampment if he does not renew his membership in a Subordinate Lodge, within one month from the date of his card, (*Vol. 2, p. 352,*) but by the renewal of membership in a Subordinate Lodge, (within the time limited) the membership in the Encampment is *ipso facto* renewed, and if the Patriarch desire to withdraw, he must pursue the usual course.

T.P.W. to Absent Brethren.—Rep. Griffin, from the same Committee, to whom were referred the resolutions submitted by Rep. Bain, of Va., reported the following, which was adopted:

According to the letter of the law of this G. L. the T. P. W. can only be given by a N.G. or C.P. to the members of their own bodies respectively. But in the case of brothers who are called from home suddenly, without time to make application for their visiting cards, a practice appears to have grown up of accompanying the card, when forwarded by a letter from the N.G. of the Lodge, granting it to the N.G. of some Lodge in the place where the traveling brother is temporarily resident. This practice appears to have originated in the necessity of the case, for without some such system the P. W. could not be communicated, the card would be useless, and the traveling brother would be debarred from the privilege of visiting. The Committee therefore believe that this practice should be sanctioned.

In answer to the second inquiry, the Committee Report, That under the 30th By-Law, "Subordinate Lodges and Encampments are prohibited from initiating persons at places remote from their permanent residence, where Lodges and Encampments are known to be located in their immediate neighborhood." Under this law it is competent for an individual who is a member of a Lodge in one State, to attach himself to the nearest Encampment in another, provided there be no Encampment in the immediate neighborhood of his Lodge. To the case, however, which occasionally presents itself of an individual *changing his residence* but *continuing his Lodge membership* in his former residence, the Committee believe that a different rule should apply. Such an individual should be allowed to join the Encampment in the State of his new abode, at or nearest to his own residence.

Annual Report of Grand and Subordinate Lodges of the R. W. G. L. of the U. S., I. O. O. F., for the year ending June 30, 1847.

Lodges.	Where held.	States	No. of Lodges.	Initiations.	Suspensions.	Expulsions.	Past Grands.	P.G. Masters.	Revenue of Sub. Lodges.	Contributing Members.	No. of Bros. relieved.	No. Widowed Fam. relieved.	Bros. Buried	Amount paid for relief of Brothers.	Am't paid for relief of Widow'd families	Amount paid for education of orphans.	Amount for burying the dead.	Total amo'nt for relief.
Maryland.....	Baltimore...	Md....	41	1423	311	11	680	14	$44,239 23	6197	1403	156	72	$15,902 18	$12,425 53	$3,650 70	$4,333 17	$36,311 58
Massachusetts.	Boston	Mass..	119	1568	468	25	931	4	75 328 81	12613	1831	55	97	31,543 07	1,810 78	24 00	4,326 17	37,704 02
New York.....	New York..	N. Y...	309	8082	1005	49	2675	11	232,980 06	30296	4129	312	221	69,612 07	7,219 07	666 22	8,698 69	86,196 05
Pennsylvania..	Philadelphia	Pa.....	253	8334	554	79	2025	13	139,789 64	23105	3112	703	152	31,861 85	4,170 18	68 25	6,815 31	42,915 59
Dis. of Columbia	Washington	D. of C.	13	254	61	4	291	10	8,551 26	1634	316	15	11	3,095 66	146 00	175 99	314 00	3,761 65
Delaware.....	Wilmington.	Del....	11	268	12	1	84	7	4,150 03	692	81	1	1	703 95	20 00	1 00	75 00	799 95
Ohio	Cincinnati..	Ohio...	87	2716	92	143	793	12	75,839 44	6373	1653	42	72	17,594 02	845 71	10 65	2,230 80	20,681 18
Louisiana	New Orleans	La.....	14	548	3	3	94	14	18,263 53	1040	46	2	10	1,210 50	90 00	.....	592 50	1,893 00
New Jersey....	Trenton....	N. J...	63	1505	137	9	525	9	35,697 72	4768	668	11	27	9,501 49	264 73	210 06	1,037 27	11,013 55
Kentucky.....	Louisville...	Ky....	33	596	24	6	337	6	15,977 56	1619	147	13	12	2,759 83	163 83	99 90	475 93	3,499 49
Virginia.....	Richmond ..	Va....	47	978	133	14	483	8	21,976 19	2917	333	39	23	3,130 19	817 47	544 71	1,105 34	5,597 71
Indiana.....	Madison....	Ind....	45	583	....	7	269	...	19,977 97	1594	.....	....	16	2,705 10	.....	.....	558 83	3,263 93
Mississippi....	Natchez....	Miss...	22	381	51	3	186	7	13,734 13	879	50	2	7	888 00	45 00	307 36	345 26	1,585 62
Missouri.....	St. Louis ...	Mo....	24	405	59	6	178	6	12,244 09	1068	117	11	11	1,933 10	308 00	85 00	175 00	2,501 16
Illinois.....	Springfield..	Ill.	26	372	22	8	140	5	7,853 81	1004	135	3	9	1,580 83	33 00	.....	257 00	1,870 83
Connecticut ...	New Haven.	Conn..	50	1219	147	14	305	7	33,056 54	4650	668	20	23	9,082 58	391 38	68 27	727 00	10,269 23
Tennessee.....	Nashville...	Tenn..	27	557	37	10	164	4	17,107 80	1300	88	6	20	1,954 50	184 55	128 82	238 74	2,506 61
Texas.....	Houston....	Texas..	3	46	9	1	13	1	1,497 71	106	19	....	3	238 50	.....	.....	60 00	298 50
South Carolina.	Charleston..	S. C...	14	271	40	30	143	5	14,017 54	1566	175	39	14	3,367 50	1,216 00	541 08	590 00	5,714 58
Alabama.....	Mobile.....	Ala....	18	315	7	7	106	4	12,608 15	856	69	5	8	1,334 55	184 00	19 25	262 00	1,829 80
North Carolina.	Wilmington.	N. C...	13	277	1	9	79	5	7,143 29	761	44	6	4	506 04	103 10	8 00	132 00	749 14
Georgia.....	Savannah...	Ga	17	383	81	5	121	3	14,942 13	1632	207	7	20	2,225 14	294 33	163 00	592 50	3,274 97
Maine.....	Portland....	Me....	49	845	165	14	338	3	27,289 60	5348	530	11	35	9,143 23	247 75	50 10	1,152 00	10,593 08
Rhode Island..	Providence..	R. I...	13	73	12	52	116	2	3 905 42	1743	.....	....	....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
N. Hampshire.	Concord	N. H..	19	326	88	5	131	3	5,641 00	1980	269	11	18	3,471 74	89 07	.....	845 00	4,405 81
Wales.....	Tredegar ...	S. W.	....	.....	....	....	....	...	.....	.....	....	....	....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Michigan	Detroit.....	Mich..	24	612	12	2	115	4	11,965 68	1557	69	7	9	2,305 99	75 00	.....	311 17	2,692 16
Wisconsin.....	Milwaukie..	Wis...	14	351	51	1	60	1	5,679 68	699	.....	....	1	.....	40 22	.....	90 00	130 22
Iowa.....	.....	.....	8	119	3	...	.....	...	2,316 00	291	.....	....	...	125 50	.....	.....	.....	125 50
Vermont*.....	.....	.....	11	294	1	3	34	...	4,228 06	559	5	....	...	43 50	.....	.....	15 00	58 50
Arkansas.....	.....	.....	2	46	....	...	.....	...	134 00	47	.....	....	...	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Florida.....	.....	.....	3	17	....	...	.....	...	469 00	67	.....	....	...	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
			1392	32,794	3586	521	11416	168	888,605 07	118961	16764	1476	896	227,850 67	31,184 70	6,822 36	36,335 68	$302,243 41

* Reports are due from Lodges Nos. 1 3, 4 and 6, term ending 31st December, 1846, and no report of relief received except from No. 3.

Comparative Progress of the Order, 1846—1847.

Years.	Lodges.	Increase.	Revenue.	Increase.	Members.	Increase.	Relief.	Increase.
1846	992		$708,205 40		90,753		$197,317 00	
1847	1392	400	888,605 06	$180,399 67	118,961	28,208	302,243 41	$104,926 41

A CASE IN POINT.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Sept. 6, 1847.

MR. E. WINCHESTER—*Dear Sir and Brother* :—I have read with much pleasure and interest, the article in the last number of the "Golden Rule," from the pen of "A. B. G.," headed "A Provision Needed."

I have long felt, as I know many have, that a provision is needed in reference to the matters spoken of ; and especially that our laws are deficient in relation to brothers who have withdrawn their final cards and not yet connected themselves with another Lodge. Numerous facts, similar to the one mentioned in the article above referred to, speak in trumpet tones of the necessity of having *something* done to meet these emergencies.

Allow me to relate a case in point, which occurred directly under my own observation. A few months since, five brothers of the Order, residing in this place, withdrew their cards from Essex County Lodge, No. 27, for the purpose of presenting them to the Grand Lodge, with an application for a charter for a new Lodge. Soon after the withdrawal and before the new Lodge could be instituted, one of the number, a worthy young man, who had just commenced business for himself with a small capital, the product of his own industry, was taken seriously ill. Being a single man—at a distance from the home of his childhood, and requiring much care and attention, the brothers of this place, some fifteen in number, felt that, in addition to their daily attendance and nocturnal watching, he needed the weekly benefit usually allowed to brothers during their sickness, and of right ought to have it from some source.

Accordingly, they voluntarily made up the sum from their own pockets, the brother not having a claim upon any Lodge, his card of clearance being in the possession of the Grand Lodge. However, as intelligence of the brother's sickness reached the Lodge from which he had drawn his card, and whose fund he had assisted in building up, they very generously and nobly, appropriated to him the sum to which he would have been entitled had he not withdrawn his card. Where such a spirit exists in the hearts of the brotherhood, we can have no fears that any worthy brother or his family will, in any case, suffer for the aid for which he has paid his money. Yet, it is plain, that there ought to be a legal claim in such cases; and it appears to me that such claim ought justly to be held against the Lodge granting the card—for a certain length of time—a year, perhaps—inasmuch as the holder of the card has aided in building up the fund of said Lodge. I hope that this matter will not be allowed to rest until the deficiencies are properly and uniformly remedied.

Yours Fraternally, L. D. M.

OUR CERTIFICATE.—The G.L.U.S. has decided adversely to us, in the matter of the Certificate, by a large vote. We shall, of course, cheerfully obey, and discontinue its sale. Next week, we hope to be able to give the action of the G.L. in the premises, accompanied with such remarks as may seem proper. The principles involved in this decision of the G.L. require serious thought on the part of the Order.

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

SAUQUOIT LODGE No. 320, was instituted at Sauquoit, Oneida county, on Saturday the 18th September, by D.D.G.M. ISAAC TAPPING, of Oneida Lodge No. 70, assisted by brothers from several of the different Lodges in that District. The officers are: N. W. Moore, N.G.; M. C. F. Barber, V.G.; J. D. Davenport, S.; W. H. Barnett, P.S.; F. S. Savage, T.; J. F. Hopkins, W.; George Lord, C.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 28, 1847.

E. WINCHESTER, ESQ.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—On Friday afternoon, the 17th inst. our G. L. granted charters for Lodges to be located as follows:

MOUNTAIN LODGE No. 264, Orangeville, Columbia county.
——— " " 265, Newtown, Bucks county.
——— " " 266, Philadelphia.

Several applications were in the hands of Committees which were not reported upon.

The session of the G. L. U. S. having closed their session, the Order will again settle down to its usual routine of business, and I trust the excitement in reference to the six months term will now cease, and that all will agree that it is for the best interest of the Order. Yours Fraternally.

NEW JERSEY.

Bro. Winchester: WOODSTOWN, Salem county. Sept. 20, 1847.

TOSPAMINKEY ENCAMPMENT No. 17, was opened in this place on 15th inst. by dispensation of M.W.G.P. A. W. ARCHER. P.C.P. GEORGE BOWEN officiated, assisted by P.H.P. Rusling, P.C.P. S. Read, C.P. Copner, and others. The following were elected and installed: W. S. Clawson, C.P; M. L. Swing, H.P.; Jos. B. Hills, S.W.; John Hanes, Scribe; J. C. Smith, J.W.; Casper Fisher, T.; John S. White, Sent. The future prospects of this Encampment are very promising, and I think but little doubt can be entertained that in less than a year it will be one of the most flourishing in the State. It is located amid the right kind of material, and none but the right kind can gain admittance.

Fraternally Yours, &c.

EVENING STAR LODGE No. 65.—On the 9th Sept. 1847, D.D.G.M. ADRIAN BATEMAN, assisted by P.G.M. Samuel Read, and others, instituted the above Lodge, at Cape Island, N. J. agreeably to the ancient usages of the Order. The petitioners are first rate gentlemen, and whole soul Odd-Fellows, and are determined to have "a Star Lodge." Their initiation fee is $8, and upward—their regalia very handsome, and their zeal just about right. After the Lodge was instituted, seventeen gentlemen were proposed, elected and initiated. There were present a large number of brothers from Dennisville and Ariel Lodges, which by the by, are "crack" Lodges, although quite young. They got the right start, a good start, and now are acting on Crockett's principle, "go a head." May great success attend them.

At the Island we had a good time, and the "terrapins" were eaten with thankfulness and delight. There can be no reasonable doubt but they will have a first rate Lodge. They too, certainly have got a good start.

That section of country is alive on the subject of Odd-Fellowship. The brethren have the most flattering prospects; they start with twenty-three members. Their receipts were sufficient to put them out of debt, and they have only to manufacture in first rate style, first rate material, and then they will be as is hoped they will be, a credit and honor to the Order. Bro. Bateman, the D.D.G. M. is certainly a gentleman and true brother, and like his "illustrious predecessor" goes the whole figure. The G.M. may congratulate himself in this appointment; he has not a more zealous and efficient officer in his jurisdiction. Bro. M. D. Miller, one of the petitioners, who was to have been the N.G. was very ill, and could not attend. This brother is universally beloved by all who know him. I have never known the instance where there was such general interest and prayerful anxiety for his recovery. May a kind Providence smile, and restore him again in health, to the bosom of his family and friends. The following are the officers: Wm. C. Gregory, N.G.; Wilmon W. Ware, V.G.; Wm. Cassedy, S.; Humphrey Hughes, A S.; John Haney, T.

Fraternally, in F. L. and T. S. R.

CONNECTICUT.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 25, 1847.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—The Order in this State progresses steadily and surely, and soon every little village will participate in the benefits of Odd-Fellowship. Since the meeting of the Grand Lodge dispensations have been granted for opening the following new Lodges:

PEQUABACK LODGE No. 48, at Bristol,
SILOAM LODGE No. 49, at Vernon.
TUO-CON-NUB LODGE No. 50, at Salisbury.
NAW-KAU LODGE No. 51, Wolcottville.

With this increase, we hope a spirit of love and Friendship will prevail.

Yours in F. L. and T. A. P.

MASSACHUSETTS.

WESTERN LODGE No. 124, was instituted at Lanesborough, Berkshire county, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 21, by G.Sec. W. H. JONES, assisted by P.Gs. Alfred Mudge of No. 2, Groot of No. 57, Warner and Bryant of No. 100. The following officers were installed: Andrew J. Lewis, N.G.; Seymour L. Mead, V.G.; J. M. Richmond, S.; L. H. Washburn, T.

HOUSATONIC LODGE No. 123, to be located at Great Barrington, was instituted at the Hall of Marble Lodge No. 117, at West Stockbridge, on Wednesday evening, the 22d Sept. by W. H. JONES, G.Sec. assisted by P.G. Mudge of Boston. The following officers were elected and installed: S. G. Pope, N.G.; Francis Eddy, V G.; P.G. Milo M. Parrish, S.; A. B. Loop, T. Three candidates were initiated.

MICHIGAN.

HUDSON LODGE No. 26, was instituted about four weeks since, (so writes our correspondent, under date of Sept. 15,) by D.G.M. D. D. SINCLAIR, and now numbers twenty-four members good and true. The following brothers were elected and installed into their various chairs: E. D. Larned, N.G.; H. M. Bois, V.G.; Wm. L. Larned, S.; ——— Tucker, T. Night of meeting not stated.

GEORGIA.

SAVANNAH, Sept. 16, 1847.

E. WINCHESTER, ESQ.—*Dear Sir and Bro.:* I have this day sent you a copy of the proceedings of our G. L. and you will find on perusal of it, that our Order has had a good year in Georgia. There has been another Lodge formed since the publication of the proceedings, viz: HOLMES LODGE No. 18, located at Bainbridge, Decatur county. The Lodges in this City are in a very healthy state. We have but one Encampment here; that branch of the Order has been at a stand for some time, but I am happy to inform you that it has again taken a start, and we have a fine prospect for the coming winter. I am sorry to see the decided opposition to the six months term in so many of our sister G. Ls. I am certain if they would only give it a fair trial, they would all be satisfied. We would rather see it extended to twelve, but are satisfied to let it remain where it is. Your paper is popular out here, and the subscription will be increased.

Yours in F. L. and T. No. IX.

We acknowledge the receipt of the Proceedings alluded to in the above letter, and thank our correspondent for his kindness. The proceedings are well printed, on paper of an extra fineness. We have heretofore given the names of the Grand Officers elected and installed, and the work of the year ending June 30, is shown in the table appended to the report of Grand Sec. RINGLY, in another column.

☞ "HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND," Nos. 29 and 30 are out Good as ever—and that is saying enough to those who have read the previous numbers

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1847.

☞ Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, NEW YORK, by E. WINCHESTER, Editor and Proprietor, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms $2 a year in advance, or 6¼ per week, delivered by a carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

THE GREEK SLAVE.

WE are rejoiced to learn that $2,000 have been forwarded to POWERS as the first fruits of the harvest which, we trust, he is destined to reap in his native land by the exhibition of the GREEK SLAVE. We rejoice in it for his sake; for we are proud of him as our countryman, and desire most earnestly that those on whom he has the first and foremost claim for aid and fellowship in his glorious labors, shall answer that claim with a grateful heart and a liberal hand. They are doing so. We rejoice in it also because so large a sum, in so short a time, shows how great the number of visitors has been; and therefore shows that a taste for such exhibitions of highest art, is making its way among the masses. Eight thousand persons must have visited the Statue to make up that sum alone; and including the expenses of exhibition, and what is reserved, twice that number, at least, have looked upon this noble work, of which all Americans ought to be proud, and doubly proud of him whose hand has chisseled it.

Nothing gives us more true pleasure than to see this taste for the fine arts growing up in the midst of our marts of trade and traffic; in the midst of the selfishness and sensualities which begirt our life as with an iron chain. It is a feature of the day full of promise, and shows that the spiritual is slowly gaining on the material, in spite of stocks and railroads; in spite of the rush of ambition and gain, and the low pleasures of appetite and sense.

We had thought to say a word of the Statue, but time will not permit. Go and see it. Look into the exquisitely beautiful and spiritual face; mark the perfectly developed form; the graceful proportions, and easy flowing outline of the limbs—note the effect of the shackle on the left hand, its half-helplessness, the instinctive effort at protection, the singular blending of the physical and moral sense—observe how admirably the right hand rests on the pillar, the pressure it shows—indeed study the whole, patiently, carefully—go often, and stay long, and you will be convinced that the GREEK SLAVE is one of the most finished works of art, one of the most lovely and bewildering creations of Genius, that you have ever looked upon—and henceforth you will honor, and rejoice in, the name of POWERS, the American Sculptor.

THE DRAMA.

WE have heretofore avoided the introduction of dramatic notices, into our columns, not, however, from any want of a due appreciation of the vast influence well conducted theatres may exercise over a community.

The opening of the new BROADWAY THEATRE, built by the enterprising Colonel MANN, appears to call forth such a general feeling of interest in the city, that we cannot but partake of the common sentiment, and we shall, therefore, continue to give a general view of theatrical affairs. Col. MANN has announced his determination to make his establishment in every respect worthy of the character of a Metropolitan Theatre. The edifice itself, for elegance of design, magnificence of decoration and convenience of arrangement, is decidedly superior to any theatre heretofore built in this country.

The front is 75 feet, the whole of which upon the second story front, is occupied as a grand saloon. The building is 75 feet high with a square observatory upon the top. But the interior. There are three tiers of boxes, the panels of which are ornamented with gilt scroll work, entirely free from the taudry style so common in theatres. The dome is elegantly ornamented and gilded. The style is of Louis Quatorze; the arch over the front of the stage (called the arch of the proscenium) is supported by four large Corinthian columns, shown only in *bas reliefs*, fluted and highly gilt; at one end of the arch is a fine likeness of Washington, in panel, at the other end one of Lafayette, and in the center a national design.

There is no pit, the parquette being opened to the boxes in the first tier. Each tier is supported by 16 small iron fluted columns in gilt; the decorations upon the dome, panels of the boxes, etc., are set upon a pea green ground. The parquette is said to have 480 stalls, and the whole house is estimated to contain 4000 persons. The stage is about 80 feet in depth, and is supplied with a water tank and hose to extinguish fire. The seats in the parquette are extremely convenient and cushioned with crimson plush. The seats in the dress circle or first tier are in form of sofas, which are moveable, and cushioned with a rich satin damask goods. The space between them is ample, and one can conceive of nothing wanting that luxury would require.

The exterior of the building makes a very handsome appearance. The edifice is of brick faced with wood in front, over which is put a new kind of cement invented by William Gibson, called "indestructible fluid stone coment." There are two rows of windows with heavy ornamental capitals. Those in the second and third stories are decorated with stained glass. This is a new feature in the ornamental decorations of theatres. The lobbies of the building are paved with square blocks of gray marble. The architect of this building is Mr. TRIMBLE, the architect of the Bowery Theatre, and, also, Palmo's Opera House. He deserves great credit for the expedition with which he has erected and finished this building, and for the workman-like manner in which he has performed his labor.

We should not omit to notice the exceedingly beautiful collection of scenery, painted by J. R. SMITH, the artist of the establishment, and his assistants. There is an originality of design, and finish of execution about the whole, peculiarly artistic.

A large and efficient stock company is engaged, and the whole establishment is characterized by a liberal expenditure, which must, we think, command the patronage of the public.

The theatre opened on Monday night, to an overflowing house; and the performance of "The School for Scandal," was received with decided marks of approbation.

The new candidates for public favor met with a favorable reception. Miss ROSE TELBIN, a charming, natural actress, played Lady Teazle, very respectably; and in the after-piece, Mr. LESTER, a son of *the* Wallack, made a decided hit, in the character of Sir Charles Coldstream. At the conclusion of the play, Mr. BARRETT, the stage manager, was loudly called for, and returned thanks in the name of the management.

A splendid new *ballet* troupe will be produced on Monday next.

PARK THEATRE.—A new play, by Mrs. ANNA CORA MOWATT, was produced on Monday evening, with entire success.

BOWERY THEATRE.—A national drama, founded on the gallant exploits of Gen. Taylor, and our brave soldiers in Mexico, was produced on Monday, with perfect success. The piece bears the imposing title of "The Siege of Monterey." The incidents and situations are highly dramatic; the military evolutions are alone worth the price of admission. The piece is really a graphic picture of the leading events of the war. The characters are admirably supported by the company—and the scenery, decorations and appoir tments, reflect great credit on the taste and liberality of the management.

PORTRAIT OF PIUS IX.—A full length portrait of the present Pope of Rome, as taken in pontifical robes, is being exhibited at Gothic Hall, 316 Broadway. It is said to be very fine, and to have been lately exhibited in Rome by Pietro Gagliardi, a celebrated artist.

WISCONSIN.—The announcement of Mr. I. A. HOPKINS, as exclusive Agent for the GOLDEN RULE and "OFFERING," was premature, the arrangements not having been consummated. The appointment is therefore recalled, but without prejudice to Mr. Hopkins. We expect Bro J. P. VAN VLECK will soon visit the brethren in that Territory.

DEDICATION OF PACIFIC HALL, FLUSHING.

The new Hall erected by Pacific Lodge No. 85, I. O. O. F. will be dedicated to the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth, on Tuesday, the 19th of October, inst. Invitations have been sent to all the neighboring Lodges, many of whom it is expected will be present. The members of the Order in general are fraternally invited to attend.

Two steamers will leave Fulton Market Slip, New York, at a quarter past 9 o'clock, on Tuesday morning, the 19th, and upon their arrival at Flushing, a procession will be formed, in full regalia, with music, and will proceed to a suitable place in the vicinity, where Addresses by distinguished brethren of the Order will be delivered—after which the procession will return to the Lodge Room, when the ceremonies of dedication will be performed. The whole will be concluded in ample season for visitors to reach the city before dark. Fare each way 18¾ cents. By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 15, in Laurentia, near Ogdensburg, N. Y. by Rev. J. A. Savage, Bro. HENRY M. SMITH, V.G. of No. 273, and Miss MARY, daughter of Smith Stilwell, of Ogdensburg.

ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER. NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON. TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

VOL. VII....No. 15. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1847. WHOLE No. 171.

Original Poetry.

SIGNS.

BY MRS. H. LIGHTHIPE.

HEAVEN its sunbeams lending,
Summer showers descending
Dews upon the earth a gentle verdure fling—
Thus each kindly feeling
O'er the spirit stealing,
Maketh holy freshness from the heart to spring.

Autumn winds are sighing,
And the leaves are dying—
Telling us stern winter is coming dark and drear—
Locks to grayness shading—
Eyes in dimness fading—
Warn our watchful spirits that the grave is near.

When the winds come swelling
Round our quiet dwelling—
Then we know that summer is passing fast away—
Angry words—looks chilling,
Grief our bosoms filling
Teach us love and friendship are hastening to decay.

GOD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ROTROU,
BY G. P. QUACKENBOS.

'TIS GOD who out of nothing a universe hath made;
Who o'er the surface of the earth the boiling seas hath spread;
Who sprinkles cooling drops of dew in the mute hours of night,
And with a myriad of stars hath made the Heaven bright;
Who bids the varied elements of air and earth contend,
The frantic wind to whirl along, the lightning flash descend.
Before His throne ineffable the frightened planets bow:
Earth owns His majesty—His power her wondering kings avow.
He calms the fury of the waves, that lash the whitened shore;
He whispers to the raving winds, and they no longer roar.
He speaks—and at the sound the sun stops on his golden way:
All creatures in creation's range their Maker—God obey.
All live in Him whose faithful breath breathed on the lifeless clay,
Whose smile makes for poor man a Heaven of never-ending day!

Original Tales.

THE BODKIN.---A LEGEND OF ITALY.

BY MRS E. F. ELLET.

THE following Legend is Italian in its origin. The same materials—love and dealings in witchcraft—are to be found in all countries.

Two daughters had the Count Montageno; but they differed from each other in every respect. Bianca, the eldest, was tall and symmetrical in figure, with a countenance whose touching beauty took the heart captive at a glance. Her mind was not less lovely than her person, and her heart was the tenderest and noblest in the world.

Giulia, the younger sister, was low and dwarfish, with repulsive features, and nothing in the least attractive in her disposition or manner. She was not, indeed, destitute of intellect or cultivation; but as she never took pains to exercise the art of pleasing, she was beloved by no one.

Thus Giulia was treated with attention solely on her father's and sister's account, by the young nobles and knights of their acquaintance; while the most distinguished in the country were suitors for the hand of the fair Bianca. The younger sister could not but perceive and feel the difference, and cherished in the depths of her soul feelings of envy and bitterness, which yet she had art enough to conceal.

Bianca had reached her seventeenth year, when the Count Cordoro, the handsomest man in Sicily, made proposals for her hand. His possessions, and illustrious descent—as well as his bravery and other splendid qualities of mind and person—gave him claims to be received with distinguished favor; but the count was modest as brave, and looked upon it as his signal and undeserved good fortune that Montageno listened approvingly to his suit, and that the beautiful Bianca seemed quite willing to obey the command of her father.

The day of the betrothal was fixed—and the count ordered a magnificent banquet prepared in honor of the occasion, to which many of his kinsmen were bidden.

Giulia had envied her sister all her suitors, but more especially the stately Count Cordoro. His manly beauty and accom-

plishments had in fact strongly impressed her; and she resolved to prevent the marriage, if possible.

At the remotest end of the grounds pertaining to her father's castle, stood a desolate looking hut. This had long been occupied by an old woman, to whom popular superstition ascribed the knowledge of the arts of witchcraft. The oldest people in the region many leagues round, remembered her always as decripid and ugly as now; with the same crooked back, and the same yellow, wrinkled visage. Her great age, as well as her supposed Egyptian origin, gave her a wide reputation.

The Countess Giulia might have been seen, just at dusk one evening, walking toward the hut, wrapped in a dark mantle—her face concealed by a thick veil. She had thought of sending for the witch, but on second thoughts resolved to visit her.

The aspect of the hag was not calculated to inspire confidence; the gaze of her dark piercing eyes was fearful; but the young countess, after an effort—gained courage to make her wishes known, and to ask the sybil's aid. She did not forget to accompany her request with the gift of a full purse.

The old woman surveyed her visitor, without any manifestation of surprise; and answered coldly at length:

"The best thing to be done then, is—if you so resolve—to turn the Count's affections from your sister to yourself. You may then be happy—without the sacrifice of another's life; for the pain your sister will endure from unrequited affection, is not worth being taken into the calculation."

"And what must I do—or give," demanded Giulia, "to turn the Count's heart unto myself?"

"Only—noble Countess—come to me the first night of the next new moon, and give me a drop of the blood that flows in your veins."

"Be assured," said the Countess, "that I shall not fail. And when I am the bride of the Count, your reward shall be great."

So saying, and wrapping herself again in veil and mantle, she went homeward. Unperceived she entered the castle, unrobed herself, and lay down to sleep; but the tumult of her thoughts denied her repose.

The evening appointed came. It was the night before the day fixed for the solemn betrothal of the Count with the beautiful Bianca.

"The espousals shall indeed take place," murmured the younger sister, "but they shall be with Giulia, not Bianca."

The expectation imparted to her manner so much gaiety and cordiality, that all remarked the change. She even overheard Cordoro say:

"The Countess Giulia has so good a heart, she deserves, in truth, to be less hideous!"

The young girl laughed scornfully.

"Soon," she exclaimed, "it shall be Giulia who appears to thee the fairest upon earth."

It was the first night of the new moon. All the castle was alive with preparations for the approaching feast, to which were expected not only the kinsmen of Montageno, but many of the neighboring nobles, and some friends of the Count Cordoro from Sicily.

At the appointed hour Giulia entered the witch's hut, and found her waiting her arrival. The old woman first repeated the baptismal names of the Countess and Cordoro, with the year, day and hour of the birth of each. Then she produced two hearts made of wax: inscribed one with the Count's name and age; and taking Giulia's bodkin, gleaming with its jewelled head, marked her name, etc. upon the other heart. Taking a drop of blood from the young girl's arm, she introduced it into the waxen heart which she had appropriated to the Count. Kindling a fire on the hearth, she then put the hearts over it; and as they melted together, sang the words:

"By the new moon, at midnight's hour
I weave the spell of mightiest power,
Two hearts were these—once each alone—
Henceforth the two hearts shall be one."

Giulia watched the flame, as it consumed the waxen forms. When they were burnt up, the witch gave her back the bodkin, saying:

"The charm is now complete. To-morrow at midnight shall the Count become thy lover; and remain so, if thou take heed, for the rest of his life. Wear in thy hair this bodkin, with which I wounded his heart; but never let him touch it, or the spell is broken for ever."

Giulia placed the little implement of magic in her hair, and giving the witch another purse of gold,

"Receive my thanks," she replied, "and be sure I will always wear the bodkin, and take care that the Count touches it not."

She returned, unnoticed as before, to the castle.

The next morning the guests who had arrived were assembled to a sumptuous morning meal. Afterward an excursion on the lake was proposed. The gondola in which the young lovers sailed was decorated with flowers; and the Count sang verses in praise of his Bianca, while many of the guests joined in the chorus.

Bianca blushed, and Giulia smiled, at the praise. The latter was dressed with the utmost simplicity, and seemed to forego all claim on the attention of any of the young cavaliers.

In the evening, the circle was again assembled in the marble hall of the castle, where supper awaited them. At the upper end of the board sate the Count with Bianca; and beside her, his uncle the cardinal. Next to Cordoro was seated a noble and venerable lady who lived in the neighborhood; and the rest were ranged in order. Giulia had modestly taken her place at the lower end.

The hours passed in festivity, unmarked by any of the company save the anxious girl. At the close of the banquet, Montageno rose, with a full goblet in his hand, to announce the betrothal of his daughter, and pledge the affianced pair. At that moment the clock struck twelve.

Giulia watched the countenance of Cordoro; she saw a bewildered expression pass over it; he gazed wildly round him, and vacantly at Montageno, evidently unconscious of what he said.

But when the announcement was made, and the guests came to offer him and the Countess their congratulations, Cordoro sprang to his feet. With flashing eyes he rushed toward Giulia, and sank on his knee before her.

"It is to thee," he exclaimed, "to thee, divine maiden—sought so long, and but now found—that I vow unchangeable love! I will lead none but thyself to the altar! I will remain at thy feet, till thou dost promise to be mine!"

Amazement seized all the company; Bianca swooned in her father's arms; the cardinal strove to raise his nephew, but finally succeeded only by the promise that Giulia should be his. He was led from the hall. The nobles all held his behavior to be caused by too much wine. Bianca alone was not to be comforted. The guests dispersed to their several apartments, and the feast was broken up in confusion.

The next day, the Count Cordoro solemnly renewed his suit for Giulia's hand. He seemed to have no remembrance of Bianca, and gave no heed to the remonstrances of her father and the cardinal.

Then said Count Montageno—"If, Count Cordoro, I could even forgive the injury you have done my eldest child, and give you back the word plighted by yourself, I would not consent that my youngest should be your wife. You have broken, by your fickleness, the heart of the gentle Bianca; how could Giulia depend a moment on your faith?"

The Count called all the saints to witness, that he would be ever true; and vowed that he would slay himself, were Giulia's hand denied him.

Here a door opened, and the pale Bianca came from an adjoining chamber, where she had heard all. With true dignity, she moved toward the Count, drew from her finger the ring of betrothal and returned it to him; then announcing her resolution to enter a convent, prayed her father, as a last boon, to consent to the marriage of her sister and Cordoro.

Montageno was forced to be content with the decision of his eldest daughter. Turning to the Count, he said, "Were I not old and infirm, you had not thus escaped; but my Bianca's petition is sacred. I no longer oppose your wishes; perhaps their fulfilment may bring the severest punishment for your faithlessness."

Bianca retired; her sister was summoned, and her hand being placed in that of the Count, the two were betrothed according to the usual ceremony. The next day the elder sister entered a cloister.

On the return of Montageno, Cordoro departed, in order to prepare his own castle, and a most magnificent reception, for his young bride. Here he was taken ill, and was reduced so low, that his physicians gave up all expectation of his recovery.

Weeks, months, passed. Bianca remained in the convent; Cordoro a prisoner in his sick room, while Giulia impatiently awaited his arrival at her father's castle. Many times had she visited the sybil in the wood, imploring her to save her lover from death; but the old woman always shook her head, saying that her power extended not so far.

At length the Count was restored to health, and hastened to claim his bride, who received him with well counterfeited bashfulness. At his importunate entreaty Montageno fixed the day for the solemnization of the nuptials.

Giulia besought her father to give a splendid ball the evening before the bridal. Montageno could not rejoice while robbed of his Bianca; but he granted the request of his youngest daughter. Invitations were sent out far and wide; and curiosity to see the ugly maiden who had so strangely supplanted her beautiful sister, brought crowds to the castle.

The great hall was richly ornamented for the occasion; and the ladies among the guests were allowed to admire the splendid gifts lavished by the enamored Count upon his affianced bride. The men, on their part—only wondered how it could possibly happen, that a man of such taste as Cordoro, could forsake the fair and lovely Bianca for her deformed sister.

Giulia was now at the summit of her wishes. In a robe of dazzling splendor, richly adorned with jewels, she moved like a queen through the numerous guests, leaning on the Count's arm. In the folds of her dark hair the bodkin glittered conspicuously.

Several of the peasants had been permitted to come into one end of the hall, and witness the dancing. A large screen hid them from observation. Among these spectators stood the old witch of the hut.

As Giulia, by accident, caught a glimpse of the sybil, a shudder passed through her frame. "I entreat you, my lord," she said to the Count, "have that woman sent away; her looks terrify me, and I am sure, bode no good."

Cordoro instantly gave orders that the old woman should be dismissed. She came from behind the screen, and approaching the bride, said angrily—"You came to my hut, lady, and were hospitably received; but there is no room in your spacious castle for a poor woman, of whose services the highborn Countess Cordoro was once not too proud to avail herself. I go, madame; but entreat you to remember that none knows the day till its close; and also that you owe not to your beauty or goodness your triumph over your sister."

Giulia looked embarrassed at this speech; a fearful apprehension filled her breast. To crush this painful feeling she moved more briskly in the dance; while many of the guests in like manner kept time to the gorgeous music.

She did not perceive that in the stirring exercise, her bodkin had dropped from her hair.

Cordoro, who had watched her light figure as she swept through the waltzes—picked up the ornament, and went to restore it. Suddenly he uttered a piercing shriek, and pressed his hand to his forehead. Then fixing his eyes on Giulia—"Accursed witch!" he cried, "I know thee, and thy arts! I know also the weapon, that once caused me such pain. And was it for thee, I renounced my beloved Bianca!"

The guests crowded round the angry Count and his bride. Montageno had presence of mind enough to lead them into another apartment.

The next morning the Count, full of bitter grief and repentance, accompanied by Montageno, went to the cloister where Bianca had taken refuge, and besought her forgiveness. Her father himself interceded for her lover. He had been the victim of witchcraft. Bianca could not blame him for what he had no power to avert; and yielded to his prayer to become his bride. Giulia was obliged to take the veil, at the command of her father.

The marriage of Bianca and Cordoro was celebrated; and she never repented having exchanged the veil for the nuptial ring. The Count thenceforward wore an amulet as a protection against necromancy.

Sunday Afternoon Reading.

HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR, AND SUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF THE 13TH STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1847,

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

Oh, God of Omnipotence, Mercy and Grace!
Before Thee in humble submission we bend:
Oh, teach us with rev'rence thy will to obey,
Our Guide, our Preserver, our Father, our Friend.

Shed o'er us, Almighty! the light of Thy love,
In justice unerring, in mercy divine;
In sorrow, in pain, in temptation be near,
To guard us and keep us eternally Thine.

The heart's dark recesses, to Thee are all known,
Where doubt and despair hide their fearful array;
Yet thine arm can uphold us, thy love can sustain,
And thy smile chase the visions of darkness away.

From thy mansion of glory and brightness unfading,
Oh, God, our Redeemer, give ear to our prayer:
Let the mantle of mercy be spread to enfold us,
And raise us triumphant to dwell with Thee there.

CHRIST IS RISEN.

The following graphic account of the conclusion of the Greek Ritual for Passion week, is from Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks, by a Lady:

There was not a light, not a sound; each individual of that immense multitude, filling even all the adjoining streets, remained still and motionless, so that even the most distant might catch the murmuring voices of the priests, who were reciting the service within the church; troops lined the streets to see that perfect quiet was maintained, but assuredly it was a needless precaution, for there was not one present who did not seem to share in a general feeling of gloom and depression, as though a heavy cloud were hanging over all things; and so complete was the realization of all that these ceremonies are intended to convey, that I am certain the power of death, still so awfully manifest in these tedious hours, was present with each one of them.

As midnight approached, the archbishop, with his priests, accompanied by the king and queen, left the church and stationed themselves on the platform, which was raised considerably from the ground, so that they were distinctly seen by the people. Every one now remained in breathless expectation, holding their unlighted tapers in readiness when the glad moment should arrive, while the priests still continued murmuring their melancholy chant in a low half whisper. Suddenly a single report of a cannon announced that twelve o'clock had struck, and that Easter Day had begun; then the old archbishop, elevating the cross, exclaimed in a loud, exulting tone, "Christos anesti," "Christ is risen!" and instantly every single individual of all that host took up the cry, and the vast multitude broke through and dispelled for ever the intense and mournful silence which they had maintained so long, with one spontaneous shout of indescribable joy and triumph, "Christ is risen!" "Christ is risen!" At the same moment the oppressive darkness was succeeded by a blaze of light from thousands of tapers, which, communicating from one another, seemed to send streams of fire in all directions, rendering the minutest objects distinctly visible, and casting the most vivid glow on the expressive faces, full of exultation, of the rejoicing crowd; bands of music struck up their gayest strains: the roll of the drums through the town, and further on the pealing of the cannon, announced far and near these glad tidings of great joy; while from hill and plain, from the sea-shore and the far olive grove, rocket after rocket ascending to the clear sky, answered back with their mute eloquence that Christ is risen indeed, and told of other tongues that were repeating those blessed words, and other hearts that leapt for joy; everywhere men clasped each other's hands, and congratulated one another, and embraced with countenances beaming with delight, as though to each one separately some wonderful happiness had been proclaimed; and so in truth it was: and all the while, rising above the mingling of many sounds, each one of which was a sound of gladness, the aged priests were distinctly heard chanting forth a glorious old hymn of victory, in tones so loud and clear, that they seemed to have regained their youth and strength to tell the world how "Christ is risen from the dead, having trampled death beneath his feet, and henceforth the entombed have everlasting life."

Scenes in Palestine.

THE HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

II.—BETHLEHEM—ZION—JERUSALEM.

As I sat on a tomb in the Turkish cemetery the next morning (March 30th) watching the preparations for our departure, I almost dreaded the interest which every day would now bring, after the calm and quiet weeks we had spent in the desert. Our encampment looked much the same as it had done every morning for a month past; the Arab servants busy in taking down and packing the tents, and a noisy quarrel going on in the midst—(this morning about a pistol having been stolen from one of the tents:)—and the differences were only that there were spectators standing by, and that our camels had given place to horses and asses. But, instead of the rocks and sands of the desert, Hebron was before my eyes, and the hills where Abraham spread his flocks, and the spot where he and his family were buried. And before night, I should see the place where David was born and lived his shepherd life, and where Jesus was born. We had only twenty miles to travel this day to Bethlehem; but it was quite enough, for we were eager about every old tree, and well, and hill-top. The shrubs grew finer, and the wild flowers more abundant, the whole way; though the hills of Judah were wild and stony in parts, and no longer fit for pasturing such flocks as covered them when Abraham lived among them, or when the Hebrews drove in their cattle from the desert, or when David in his boyhood amused himself with slinging smooth stones from the brook while his father's sheep were feeding on the slopes. We sat down to rest and eat under the shade of a rock and a spreading tree; and for the hundredth time since we left Egypt it occurred to me how little we in England can enter into the meaning of David when, in his divine songs, he speaks of the shade of rocks, and of the beauty of "a tree planted by rivers of water," and all such cool images. When one has been slowly pacing on, hour after hour, over glaring sands or heated rocks, under a sun which makes every bit of leather or metal, and even one's outer clothing, feel scorching hot, and oppressing one's very breathing, the sight of a patch of dark shade is welcome beyond belief: and when one has dismounted and felt the coolness of the rocky wall and of the ground beneath it, and gathered the fresh weeds which cluster in its crevices, phrase after phrase of the Psalms and prophecies comes over one's mind, with a life and freshness as sweet as the blossoms in one's lap.

Our first sight of Bethlehem was beautiful. We came upon it suddenly, just when the yellow sunset light was richest. Bethlehem was on the rising ground on our right, massive looking (as all the villages of Palestine are) and shadowy, as the last sun-rays passed over it to gild the western hills, and another village which there lay high up, embosomed in fig and olive orchards. The valley between, out of which we were rising, lay in shadow. Before us, perched on a lofty ridge which rose between us and Jerusalem, was the convent of St. Elias, which we were to pass to-morrow. I was sorry to turn away from this view: but we had to take the right-hand road, and ride through the narrow streets of the village to the great convent, built over the spot where Jesus is believed by the friars to have been born.

It was too late this evening to see any of the sacred localities: but it was quite enough to have the moonlight streaming in during the whole night through the window of my lofty convent chamber, and to think that on this hill took place the greatest event in the history of the world; and that in the fields near the gentle Ruth went about her gleaning, little dreaming in those days of her poverty, that from her meeting with Boaz among the reapers of his harvests, would arise such events to the human race; that the shepherd grandchild, whose divine songs were to soothe her old age, should be the mighty king he was, and the father of a yet mightier, who should build the great temple of the Lord; and that a more distant descendant should make these glories appear as childish toys in the presence of his greater sovereignty over the universal human soul. A wise man of a late century has nobly said that "Prosperity is the promise of the Old Testament, and Adversity that of the New." On this hill was born the prosperity of the old dispensation; and on this hill was born the Man of Sorrows who knew the secret of true peace, and taught it in the saying, that it profits not a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul.

In the morning we went into the church of the convent. I cared little for the upper part, with its chapels for Greek, Latin, and Armenian worship: and not much more for the caverns underground, where the friars believe that Joseph and Mary remained while there was no room for them in the inn. If the town was too full to receive them while the people were collected for the census, it is hardly probable that they would repair to an underground cave; but in this cave mass was going on this morning; and striking was the effect, after coming down from the sunshine, of the crowded cavern, with its yellow lights and their smoke, and the echoes of the chaunting. We returned when the service was over, and saw the star in the marble floor which marks, as the friars believe, the precise spot where Jesus was born, and the marble slab which is laid in the place of the manger. When I saw, throughout the country, how the Arabs now use the caves of the hills to bed their goats and cattle, this belief of the friars appeared less absurd than it would with us; but still, it is so improbable that the precise spot of these transactions (whose importance was not known till afterward) should have been marked and remembered, that I felt little interested in them in comparison with the landscape outside, about whose leading features there could be no mistake.

From the bottom of the garden, we overlooked the great valley which expanded to the north-east, and one enclosure there—a green spot now occupied by olive trees—was pointed out to us as the field where the shepherds were abiding on the night when Christ was born. Behind it, to the east, lay range behind range of hills, stretching off to the north; and among these, we knew, lay the Dead Sea, and the Jordan, where it pours its waters into that lifeless and melancholy lake. As we left the convent and village, and descended the rocky road, with terraced vineyards and olive groves on either hand, we knew that Joseph and Mary must have come by this way from Jerusalem when summoned to the census: and this was more to us than all the sights the friars had shown us in their zeal and kindness. We looked in at the tomb of Rachel, and at the convent of Elias; but our eyes and thoughts were bent toward Jerusalem. I remember, however, that here I first saw the waters of the Dead Sea, lying blue in a little gap between the hills.

As soon as I had mounted my ass before the convent of Elias, I saw from our ridge some buildings on the rising ground which now showed itself before us. I was not immediately certain what they were; but the news soon spread among us. That rising ground was Zion, and those buildings belonged to Jerusalem, though they stood outside the wall. Immediately after, the walled city itself came into view, lying along the hills. Most of the party were disappointed. I was not—partly because I knew that we were approaching it from the least favorable side, and partly because my expectations had much underrated the size and grandeur of the city. What we now saw was a line of white walls on a hill side, with some square buildings and small white domes rising within.

I walked the rest of the way. On our right were hills, the summit of one of which was Aceldema, bought by the priests with the money which the wretched Judas returned to them, when he found too late what he had done in his attempt to force his Lord to assert his claim to a temporal sovereignty. On our left was the plain of Rephaim. When we arrived at the brow of the high ground we were on, we were taken by surprise by the grandeur of the scene. Zion now appeared worthy of her name, and of her place in the hymns of David, and in history. We were now overlooking the valley of Gihon, more commonly known by the name of Himnom. From its depth, and its precipitous rocks on our side, I should call it a ravine. This deep dell contains the Lower Pool, now dry; and the aqueduct from Solomon's Pools is seen crossing it obliquely. Its opposite side is Zion, rising very steeply, still terraced for tillage in some parts, and crowned by the city wall. To the right, sweeping away from the ravine of Gihon, is the deep and grand valley of Jehoshaphat, clustered with rocks, relieved by trees, and leading the eye round to the slope of Olivet, which, however, is best seen from the other side of the city. The black dome of the tomb of David was the next object; and after that, the most conspicuous roof in the city—the great dome of the Mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of Solomon's Temple.

By this time, there was silence among us. I walked behind our cavalcade, as it slowly ascended the beautiful rocky way—glad of the silence permitted by each to all; for it was not possible at the moment—nor will it ever be possible—to speak of the impressions of that hour. We entered by the Jaffa gate; and every echo of our horses' feet in the narrow, stony, picturesque streets, told upon our hearts as we said to ourselves that we were taking up our rest in Jerusalem.

THERE are few things in life more interesting than an unresticted interchange of ideas with a congenial spirit, and there are few things more rare.

IF nature had designed man to be a drunkard, he would have been constructed like a churn, so that the more he drank the firmer he would stand.

MAN creates more discontent to himself, than ever is occasioned by others.

Popular Tales.

THE SHIPWRECK.

A NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

There is a great deal of truth in the old saying that "Truth is oftentimes stranger than fiction;" and we imagine that our readers will agree with us that it is satisfactorily proved in the following singular narrative of events.

It is now several years ago, when one sultry morning in summer, a party consisting of two girls and a young man—all evidently Spanish creoles—came from the dark passage that leads from the market-place in the small town of Panama, in South America, and descending the flight of steps toward the landing place, got into a boat, and embarked on board the good vessel, La Conception—a schooner of Paita, bound to Valparaiso, in Chili—and which was lying at some distance off the town; for at Panama there is neither port nor quay, basin nor dock.

There was something singularly interesting about the party. The girls, who were sisters, and of a tender age—the elder not being more than eighteen—bore a striking resemblance to each other, even to the accent of their voices; and showed themselves to be natives of a warm climate, were it only from the brownness of their complexions, and the beautiful shape of their heads; the delicacy of their features, and the brightness of their eyes; the length and blackness of their hair, and the embonpoint of their figures. The younger of these girls, who had the prettiest hand and the smallest feet imaginable, was betrothed to the young Spaniard who accompanied them, and who, with his parents, had been residing some years in Colombia, but who was now returning to his native land to enter upon the possession of an estate which had unexpectedly reverted to his family. They were all going together to Valparaiso, where they hoped to get a ship that would transport them to Spain.

When they got on the deck of the schooner, they found that the crew consisted of seven sailors, eight passengers, and three negroes of Paita. The captain, who was an Indian, fat and short, with a square countenance and tanned complexion; small eyes placed obliquely, and long hair braided on the top of the head after the manner of the Chinese, took the speaking-trumpet, and gave the word of command with the coolness and importance which skill and experience inspire. Every body worked, but with so little dexterity that it took much time before they could get out to sea, though among the sailors there were two Genoese.

At last they set sail, and doubling the sand-bank to the left of the bay, and the two insulated rocks which terminated it on the right, launched boldly into the open sea, and, in spite of the cotton sails, the cordage of which was quite chafed, and the heavy and unmanageable sails, steered off from the coast; and the captain, without any other gide than the compass and some points, the position of which was perfectly known to him, navigated La Conception without sextant and without a log.

We must confess, however, that our small party were not always without uneasiness, respecting the experience of the Indian captain and the sailors; though, on the other hand, they were tranquillized by the calmness of the sea; for the great ocean between the tropics enjoys, like the Cordilleras, a calm air, and is but seldom agitated by the dreadful storms which ravage the gulf of Mexico. But then the sailors on the great sea are very timid. Those of La Conception were particularly so. On the least agitation of the waves, they began to sing hymns. This seemed to presage great dangers. Every morning and evening they assembled to invoke the protection of the saints, whose existence the captain afterward had the boldness to deny when the winds grew calm.

They were thus proceeding prosperously on their voyage, when, one morning, it began to blow and the waves to roll high, and the wind kept increasing till it blew so very hard a gale that the schooner could not bear any more sail, than the foresail close reefed, and the storm stay-sail. There was a great head sea, and they made very little way, and were obliged to set both pumps to work. The sea, all this while, was making a free passage over them, and every body on board was expecting to go down every minute. But nobody more so than the sailors, who, alarmed out of their wits, were momentarily falling down upon their knees, and singing hymns to the saints. The sea that rolled over the schooner broke the tiller short off at the rudder head, and likewise one of the rudder chains, thus leaving the vessel at the mercy of the winds and waves. Being waterlogged, she had her main-sail hauled up to ease her; and in hauling down the storm stay-sail it split. Just then as they looked aft from the forecastle they saw the mainmast go. The schooner righted, but in about seven minutes after the foremast went by the board, though the bowsprit held fast. All this while the pumps were kept working; for there were several feet of water in the hold.

As the schooner now lay tossing about in the water, in a helpless and shattered condition, the hearts of all began to fail.

The young Spaniard, in the cabin, bent over the two sisters, and seemed to forget his own perilous destiny, in his attentions to them and in his anxious solicitude to calm their torturing fears. And poor Theresa de Padilla! his betrothed! She had anticipated a delightful pleasure in beholding Spain—that land of which, from her earliest childhood, she had heard so much; which had a double charm when remembered as the birth-place of him who had won her affections, and who had often whiled away the hours by his glowing description of the valleys, the hills, the cities, and the villages of his native land, to which he hoped at no distant period to lead her as the wife of his youth! A pleasant, delicious dream! But all her fondest hopes were to be blasted, and all her anticipations of future happiness destroyed. As she lay in her cabin, feeble and helpless, the eye of her weeping sister, watched her, and her lover endeavored with a mother's fondness to anticipate her wants and soothe her in her distress. While one hand was occupied in pressing her lover's to her heart, the other was locked in her sister's.

"Jose," said she, "I thought not that we should have perished in the waters, and have found a resting place in the depths of the ocean."

"Oh! do not talk so sadly," said the young Spaniard; "we will yet be in a place of safety. The wind may abate, and we shall meet with another vessel, from which we may obtain the help that we are in need of."

"We shall never be saved," said the timid girl. "Hark!" she cried, starting up and looking around her wildly, as at that moment the sea rolled over the deck of the schooner, that groaning and creaking in every timber, seemed every instant at the point of sinking to the bottom.

Spain, they were never to see! They were to be buried in the deep, remorseless ocean.

"Do not give way to such gloomy thoughts, my dearest Theresa," said her sister.

"We are not without hope that a change in the weather will speedily take place," said her lover, "and we shall then be delivered from our present fears."

But, as Jose thus spoke, and tried to re-assure the fainting spirit of his betrothed, he could not take the same comfort to himself.

Throughout the whole of that night the weather continued squally, with a great fall of rain, and much thunder and lightning. And to add to the horrors of their situation, the captain and the sailors knew not in what part of the Pacific they were.

At six o'clock next morning, both crew and passengers were all much alarmed by a great shock; and those in the cabin had their fear increased by hearing a confused noise of the men on deck. They ran up, thinking that some ship had run foul of them; for, by the reckoning of the captain, they were at least thirty-five leagues distance from land; but before they could reach the top of the companion, the schooner gave a great stroke upon the ground, and the sea broke all over her. Just after this they could perceive through the mist and darkness a land rocky, rugged, and uneven, about two cables' length from them.

Another immense sea, breaking over the schooner, carried away with it all the men on deck.

It is impossible for any one but a sufferer to feel their distress at this time; the broken stumps of the mast, the yards, timber, and sails, hanging alongside in a confused heap; the sea beating violently upon the rocks; the waves curling up to an incredible length, then dashing down with such force, as if they would immediately have split the schooner to pieces, which they indeed every moment expected.

When they had a little recovered from their first confusion, they saw it necessary to get every thing they could over to the larboard side, to prevent the vessel from heeling off, and exposing the deck to the sea. Some of the people were very earnest to get the boats out, contrary to advice; and, after much entreaty, notwithstanding a most terrible sea, one of the boats was launched, and eight of the men jumped into it; but it had hardly got to the schooner's stern, when it was whirled to the bottom, and every one perished; the rest of the boats were soon washed to pieces upon the deck.

They then made a raft with the davit, capstan bars, and some boards, and waited with resignation for Divine Providence to assist them.

The schooner was soon filled with water; the quarter deck and poop were now the only places they could stand on with any security, the waves being mostly spent by the time they reached them, owing to the fore part of the ship breaking them.

At four in the afternoon, perceiving the sea to be much abated, the young Spaniard and the sisters—who were the sole survivors

of the whole ship's crew—got on the raft, and, after considerable difficulty, and a most perilous exposure, arrived safe on shore, after crawling up the rocks.

All that day, not a single being came near them: and they were induced to believe—which they afterward found out to be the fact—that they were wrecked upon a desolate island.

After they had got ashore, they were left exposed to the weather upon the cold sand; and to keep them from starving, the young Spaniard was obliged to go down to the shore, and bring up pieces of wreck to make a fire. With a piece of an old sail, he made a couple of tents, into which they crowded themselves.

In this uneasy situation they bewailed their miserable lot, and passed a most tedious night, without so much as a drop of water to refresh them, except what they caught through their sail cloth covering.

The next day, the flood coming on raised the surf, and they then retired from the rocks. Hunger prevailing, they went about boiling some of the drowned turkeys, which, with some flour mixed and baked among the coals, made their first meal upon this barbarous coast.

The same day they found a well of fresh water about half a mile off, which very much refreshed them.

In this manner they lived for the three weeks that they staid on this desolate island.

As long as it was daylight they stationed themselves on the rock, which was the highest point of the land, to look out for any ship that might be passing, and make signals to it to come and rescue them from their horrible condition.

One morning, which was the twenty-third from the date of their wreck, they were all three on the rock, when Theresa, who had the best sight of the party, thought that she perceived a sail at a great distance.

Her strength—which had been greatly failing her of late—seemed to return, as, with an exclamation of delight, she roused those near her to look in the direction in which the ship had appeared to her, fearing lest her own eyes should have deceived her.

A joyful cry rose from their lips, as they saw approaching them a large ship, with all her canvass stretched. They watched her with trembling anxiety, and when once or twice she seemed bearing to the south, Jose rose, and holding his arm to its utmost hight, waved in it his handkerchief, as a signal of distress. This signal of theirs, they had the incredible happiness to perceive, was, in the end, observed; for the vessel quickly bore down upon them, and proved to be the Sans Pareil, a French merchant vessel bound from China to Marseilles.

A few words sufficed to explain their sad and doleful condition, and the captain of the Sans Pareil immediately took them on board his vessel, and carried them with him to France, whence they proceeded to their native country, and arrived safe at the beautiful city of Tolosa.

There the beautiful Theresa, in a short time after her arrival, became united in the bands of wedlock to her lover, and thus, after all her perilous adventures, saw the fulfilment of all the brightest and holiest hopes with which her happiness had been so long, and almost painfully, associated.

THE FRATRICIDE.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

Long ago, when the Turks were still in quiet possession of the country, there lived a young Greek with his father and only sister. The old man was very aged; and to the instinctive hatred which the Greeks seemed at all times to have felt toward these bitter enemies, he added all the rancor which a long life of compulsive submission to an abhorred yoke and to continued insult could not fail to produce. His son shared these feelings with all the strength of a fierce, proud spirit; not so his daughter, the gentle gazelle-eyed Daphne. Doubtless, like a true Greek, she deplored her country's slavery, and her Helenic blood boiled within her when her father had to crouch before a detested tyrant, or she herself to shrink trembling from some fierce Moslem's gaze; but the eyes of the young Achmet, the only son of the village Aga, were very mild and gentle; they never turned on her but with a gaze both eloquent and timid—*his* voice at least was soft and low, and that voice had told her that he loved her better than any thing on earth; and Daphne, though she knew that to love him was to love persecution and misery and death perhaps, yet learned to feel for him so deep and passionate a tenderness, that country, father, friends, and home, all lost their hold on her young heart, and left her reigning there alone.

Not less profound was the attachment felt for her by the young Moslem; but carefully, in trembling, did they conceal it from all eyes, knowing too well that the disclosure would probably insure their mutual destruction—for Daphne had but to look at that vindictive old man, and stern, unyielding brother, to feel sure they never would allow their blood to flow unarrested in the veins of one allied to their country's foe.

The young lovers succeeded, however, in keeping their attachment secret, till they found means to bring matters to a crisis. Some suspicions had, it appears, long rankled in the mind of the son; but the father himself had never dreamed that a few soft whispered words had made his child already a renegade to her country, till one fatal morning, when he called for her as usual, to bring him his pipe when he rose, and for the first time was unanswered. When this seemingly trifling circumstance occurred, her brother, who was seated beside him, started up as though moved by some strong impulse, and flew into the inner room, where she ought to have been, but he found that she was not there. It required but a moment to complete his search, still ineffectual, round the little garden and vineyard, whose limits she had never dared to pass before; and he then returned to his father's presence to announce her disappearance, with so perfect a conviction of the truth that his furious rage knew no bounds. He scrupled not to communicate his fears to the father, and the bitter tidings were as the falling of a thunderbolt to the wretched old man; with a cry of rage and horror he bid his son go forth to seek her, and tear her living or dead from their detested enemy. The infuriated man required no second bidding; he darted from the house, mounted his horse, and was soon careering through the village seeking the smallest indication of the route the fugitives had taken. This for some time seemed a vain attempt; Achmet Aga was known to be absent, but none could tell whither he had gone: at length a sufficient clue was given him by an old woman, who had passed the night on the plain, gathering herbs by moonlight, the necessary ingredient of some infallible remedy. She said that she had been greatly terrified by a vision which had passed her—she had first seen a whirlwind of dust approaching, and as she knew, according to a popular superstition in Greece, that each one of these eddies, which the wind sometimes raises in fantastic circles along the road, contains a demon, who wreathes himself in them that he may dance therein unseen, she crouched behind a bush, and made the sign of the cross incessantly, while a huge black horse, bearing a double burden, flew past her at a furious pace. The outraged brother only paused to ask in which direction they had gone, and when she had pointed to the road which led to Marathon, he vanished from her sight, still faster than the ghostly horseman of the night before.

When he reached the village of Marathon it was already late in the evening; but he had no difficulty in ascertaining that Achmet Aga had arrived that day, and had retired within a Turkish tower belonging to his father, which stood in an isolated position at some little distance. Thither he instantly repaired. It was surrounded by a high wall, but this the Greek, young and active, scaled in a moment, and dropped lightly and noiselessly within the garden which it enclosed. The first sight that met his eyes was his sister, who, in her fancied security, had come to enjoy the cool evening air, beneath the shade of the mulberry-trees, and was standing alone, evidently waiting for some companion. There was one near her, however, whom she dreamed not of; her brother silently approached her, and as he did so, he unslung the carbine that was strapped ready-loaded on his shoulder. At the sound of his footstep close to her, Daphne started, and looked round to meet his fierce eyes, fixed on her with so stern and resolute a gaze, that in one terrible look she read and knew her doom. The extremity of terror has generally the effect of paralysing the faculties altogether; and this was the case with poor Daphne. She stood as though transfixed, her great eyes riveted on her brother, and mechanically following his every movement with a sort of dreadful fascination. Vainly would she have striven to use her powerless limbs in flight; her bloodless lips refused even to utter a cry, and some invisible power seemed to hold her there before him, who now deemed himself but the instrument of her country's just revenge. Calmly, not a muscle of his stern countenance moving, not a moment's dimness moistening his angry eye, her brother raised the musket to his shoulder, adjusted it, took aim, and fired! A few steps only separated those children of the same parent, and the shot could not fail; the ball went straight to her heart, and with one single groan—but a groan that was never forgotten by him who heard it—Daphne fell lifeless to the ground.

He did not wait to look on her: rushing from the spot, he once more leapt the wall, mounted his horse, and fled, as men fly who bear with them the knowledge of a deed like this. He rested not till he reached home, and stood once more by his father's side. Unconsciously to himself, he seemed to have longed for the old man's commendation of this atrocious act, as a relief to the sharp sting which, in spite of every effort, pierced him now. He knew not human nature when he cherished such a hope. It is true he had but done the old man's bidding; but

he went forth at the command of the patriot; he returned to tell the father he had slain his child! dreadful, therefore, was indeed the punishment of the fratricide, for the father cursed him with all the energy of his despair, and then turned away to weep and lament, and refuse all food, until he drooped and died: and thus was the miserable man left alone with so heavy a remorse; and it has been to him as the avenger of blood. It has tracked his steps and haunted his pillow, and dried up the sources of joy and hope within him, till he seems to be daily growing into the image of the phantom that pursues him.—[From Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks; by a Lady.

Choice Miscellany.

REQUIEM.---BY DELTA.

TO THE MUSIC OF MOZART.

Gone art thou, in youthful sweetness,
Time's short changeful voyage o'er;
Now thy beauty in completeness
Blooms on Heaven's unfading shore:
What to us is life behind thee?
Darkness and despair alone!
When with sighs we seek to find thee,
Echo answers moan for moan!

Not in winter's stormy bluster
Did'st thou droop in pale decay,
But mid summer light and luster
Pass'd to paradise away:
Yes! when, toned to rapture only,
Sang the birds among the bowers,
Rapt from earth to leave us lonely,
Bliss was thine and sorrow ours!

Mourners, solemn vigil keeping,
Knelt in silence round thy bed;
Could they deem thee only sleeping,
When to Heaven thy spirit fled?

Yes! that spirit then was winging
Upward from its shell of clay,
Guardian angels round it singing—
"Welcome to the realms of day!"

Less when Eve's low shadows darkling
Shut the wild flowers on the lea,
Than when Dawn's last star is sparkling,
Silence draws our thoughts to thee—
Thee—who, robed in light excelling,
Stood'st a seraph by the hearth—
Far too bright for mortal dwelling,
Far—by far, too good for earth!

Fare-thee-well! a track of glory
Shows where'er thy steps have been,
Making Life a lovely story,
Earth a rich, romantic scene:
Dim when duty's way before us,
As the magnet charts the sea,
May thy pure star glowing o'er us
Point the path to Heaven and Thee!

(Blackwood for Sept.

THE SKATING REGIMENT.

In Norway, the ground is overspread with snow for three quarters of the year, and not unfrequently to a depth of ten feet. When a thaw comes, it is only the surface of the mass that melts; and then the next frost of course covers the whole country with a crust of ice. In such circumstances, there is no getting along in the usual way. The people must still ascend the hills and dive into the valleys in pursuit of game; they must still traverse the hoary forests to gather wood for fuel; and they must still journey to the distant towns to bring food to their isolated hamlets. In these excursions, whether long or short, they use skates. Skating is with them neither a mere amusement nor a gymnastic exercise; it is a means of locomotion which the nature of the ground renders indispensable, and a man who could not skate would be unable to walk to any useful purpose.

In the army of Norway, there is a Company of Skaters, dressed in the dark-green of English riflemen, and armed merely with a slight musket slung upon the shoulder, and a dagger-sword. They are likewise provided with an iron-pointed staff, seven feet long, resembling those used by the Swiss when traversing the glaciers; which serves to balance them as they sweep along the ice, and which they strike deep into the ground when they desire to stop in their headlong career. The staff is also indispensable as affording a rest for their pieces when they fire. Their skates are of a peculiar construction, being singularly long; and when thus shod, it is a strange sight, and in times of peace, like the present, an amusing one, to see this light company climbing with ease the icy hills, gliding down their precipitous sides, and striding, as Klopstock says, with winged feet over the waters, transmuted into solid ground, as if in defiance of the common laws of nature.

In Holland, it is practiced, as in Norway, not for its gracefulness, but for its utility; and there it is common for the country people to skate to market. During the famous expedition of Louis XIV., this art of locomotion was used against the Dutch themselves in one of the most curious and daring exploits recorded in history. When the States sued for peace, the terms offered by the pride of Louis were so monstrous, that the people tore open their sluices, and laid the country under water. The frost after a time, however, rendered even this unavailing; and at length General Luxembourg, one dark and freezing night, mounted twelve thousand men on skates, and sent them over the ice from Utrecht to surprise the Hague. The result is given as follows, by a writer who takes his facts from a French historian:

"When they left Utrecht, it was clear frosty weather, and the effect of the moon and stars upon the even sheet of ce, over which they swept like a breeze, was truly magical. By degrees, as they advanced, the visible horizon of the earth was obscured by vapor, and they could see nothing around, above, or beneath them, but a circular expanse of ice, bounded at the edge by thick gray clouds, and canopied by the starry curtain of the sky. The strange groaning sonnd which ever and anon boomed along the frozen wilderness, had at first something inexpressibly terrific to the imagination; and as it died fitfully away in the distance, the space surrounding them seemed extended almost to infinity. The sky at length was gradually covered by the vapors rising, as if from the edges of the circle of earth; a veil of dull and hazy white overspread the heavens and obscured the stars; and a dim round spot of watery brightness was the only indication of the site of the moon, by which alone they could now steer their course.

"A rapid thaw had come on; their skates sunk deeper and deeper into the ice at every sweep; and at last, the water gathering upon the surface, as it was agitated by the night-wind that had now risen, assumed the appearance of a sea. The wind increased; the sky grew blacker and blacker; their footing became more spongy and insecure; they plunged almost to the knee; and the ice groaned and cracked beneath them. Every one looked upon himself as lost; and the horrors of a fate hitherto untold in story, and appearing to belong neither to the fortunes of the land nor of the sea, appalled the boldest imagination.

"At length a faint twinkling light appeared in the distance, sometimes seen and sometimes lost in the varying atmosphere; and they had the satisfaction, such as it was, of at least knowing the relative bearings of the place on which they were about to perish. The light proceeded from a strong fort in the enemy's hands, impregnable without cannon; and what added bitterness to their misery, was the knowledge that beyond this fort was a dike, which, in all probability, afforded a path, however narrow and muddy, by which they could have returned to Utrecht. The fort, however, was the gate to this avenue of safety; and even if they had possessed the requisite means of siege, if it was defended for a single day, they would either be swallowed up by the waters, in the continuance of the thaw, or perish miserably through cold and fatigue. But anything was better than inaction. The water creeping insidiously around them was a deadlier enemy than stone walls or cannon-shot; and they determined at least to make a rush upon the immovable masonry of the fort, and provoke the fire of its defenders; It is impossible to account for the result. It may have been that the sight of so large a body of men rushing in upon them, as if from the open sea, their numbers multiplied, and even their individual forms distorted and magnified in the mist, struck a panic terror into the hearts of the garrison; while this may have been increased by the shouts of courage or despair, booming wildly over the icy waste, and mingling like the voices of demons with the rising wind. But, however it was, the gates of the fort opened at their approach, and the helpless and half-frozen adventurers rushed in without striking a blow."

A Short Story of Genuine Odd-Fellowship.—Some time in the year 1839, says the Cabinet, there arrived in the city of Schenectady, an interesting young girl, about 18 years of age. She was an utter stranger; but soon obtained employment for a few weeks, as an assistant nurse. After this temporary employment ceased, a merchant tailor, of character, kindly gave her employment and instruction, and after a short time she was received into his family. Soon she became expert with her needle, which not only gave her support, but enabled her to dress genteelly, having sense enough to avoid all extra finery, yet always appearing neat, and in good taste.

In 1842, she accidentally secured a home with a married lady, with two children, aged 8 and 10 years, whose husband and father had deserted and left them to such provision as none but a wife's and mother's resources could procure. While in this deserted family, the heart-broken wife sickened and died. The mother, when dying, gave a heart-rending farewell to her children, and this noble stranger-girl, weeping by the death-bed, assured the dying mother that she would be a mother to her children. This assurance calmed the last death agony of the fond mother. The young stranger-girl took the children, hired a room, diligently plied her needle, paid her rent, continued her own neat and modest appearance, fed and dressed the boy and girl.

Now, reader, you ask, "Who is this young stranger female?" Her parents are in good circumstances, and reside in the Upper Province of Canada. She was wooed by a worthy young man, whose affections were fully reciprocated, as ardently and purely as woman loves. But the father, an Englishman, opposed the connection. She was sent to the States to a farmer uncle, to avoid further intercourse between the lovers. At this uncle's, contrary to her habits, she was duly appointed a milk-maid. At this, she revolted and left, determined to depend upon her own resources. She arrived in Schenectady, where she remained

till this week—living above charity, solely upon her own energetic labor, with the additional charge of two interesting orphans.

This spring she wrote to her mother, apprising her of an intention to visit her home—the home of her childhood and her childish mirth, and the home, too, of her maiden trials and sorrows. To her astonishment and gratification, the first response to that letter was the presence of her father, who, upon the receipt of it, left for Schenectady, that he might the more safely conduct the long absent daughter to her early home and her fond mother. But mark!—with a pre-determined purpose and high-souled magnanimity, she says—"Father, I will go; but these (presenting the orphans) are *my* children—they go where I go!" The father, not to be out-done, replied—"Yes. C——, *come home, my daughter, and take with you your adopted children; there is a welcome, a double welcome, and room for you and yours.*"

They left for Canada, flooded with tears—tears for parting from the stranger's friends—tears for a happy re-uniting of parent and child—tears for a parent's free, frank permission to a better home offered to a wandering daughter with two adopted orphan children! Oh! what a scene, and what a lesson to selfishness!

The writer should add another tribute to this noble female. How neatness and industry attracted attention; but true to her faith, every advance by new suitors, was repulsed throughly and promptly. In fact, she had a purpose, a heart, a soul, and is entitled to esteem and respect everywhere.

Summer is Going.—We have reached now again one of the transition points between the two seasons. We have witnessed a glorious summer. Its fruitful toils and its luxurious relaxations are ended. Its abundant harvest is nearly gathered. Its beauty is ready to fade. It has done its office, how bountifully! It has regaled the senses, how richly! With what loving magnificence has the God of summer walked forth before us! He who goes through such a season, and feels nothing but the heat, and thinks of nothing in it but its pleasures or its annoyances, and has no thought about its fruits except for their market prices, how or where will he ever discern or worship God!

And now the scene changes again. A few more sunny days, a few more smiles from a genial sky and a still beautiful earth, and the sights and sounds that give warning of winter, will come. Let us learn to welcome and to love the winter—that stern nurse of all our energies—that hard schoolmaster, whose discipline has trained us to intelligence, and shed abroad for us the light of knowledge and genius—that good builder of our dwellings, and founder of our homes, and guardian angel of our happiest relationships—the prompter of our best virtues, the mother of our liberties. Ye who discern not God's love in the seasons, who find every thing amiss, who complain through the year that it is too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry, that this season or that is too slow in coming or too quick in going, cease, I beseech you, from that great profaneness; and be ye reconciled to God. Adore him in the bountifulness of summer and in the equally beneficent discipline of winter; for if the latter were withholden, the former would sink us into the listlessness and inefficiency, and superstition and darkness of the savage state.

Such, or nearly such, was the language of a discourse from the pulpit, to which we listened yesterday. It seemed to us singularly beautiful and appropriate; although the quotation is but one of many that could have been called, equally truthful and eloquent.—[Evening Transcript.

Instruction and Amusement are more blended than the world in general is apt to imagine. Uninstructive amusement may be afforded for a moment by a passing jest or a ludicrous anecdote, by which no knowledge is conveyed to the mind of the hearer or the reader; but the man who would amuse others for an hour, either by his writing or his conversation, must tell his hearers or his readers something that they do not know, or suggest to them some new reflection upon the knowledge they have previously acquired. The more the knowledge bears upon their pursuits, upon their occupations, or upon their interests, the more attractive it will be, and the more entitled to be called useful.

Advantage of Activity.—As animal power is exhausted exactly in proportion to the time during which it is acting, as well as in proportion to the intensity of force exerted, there may often be a great saving of it by doing work quickly, although with a little more exertion during the time. Suppose two men of equal weight to ascend the same stairs, one of whom takes only a minute to reach the top, and the other takes four minutes. it will cost the first little more than a fourth part of the fatigue which it costs the second, because the exhaustion is in proportion to the time during which the muscles are acting. The quick mover may have exerted perhaps one-twentieth more force in the first instant to give his body the greater velocity, which was afterward continued, but the slow supported his load four times as long.—[Arnott.

Foreign Miscellany.

A Mock Execution.—A strange spectacle was witnessed on the 9th ult., at Arnhem, in Holland. A Catholic priest, named Gepkens, having been condemned to death for assassination, the king commuted the sentence into perpetual imprisonment, and the application of the punishment called "brandishing of the axe," which consists in making a prisoner undergo a pretended execution. A scaffold was prepared exactly as for an execution, and a coffin was on it, as if to receive the bloody and mangled remains of the condemned. At 12 o'clock in the day Gepkens was driven in a cart to the scaffold. His head and neck were bare, he wore no coat, his hair was cut very close, and his hands were tied behind his back. Two priests were with him, giving him religious consolation, and two other carriages contained the officers of justice, and the executioner and his assistants, the latter carrying an axe. A strong detachment of soldiers accompanied the cart, and another surrounded the scaffold. Gepkens ascended to his appointed place with a tottering step. His eyes were then bandaged, and his head placed on the block. One of the assistant executioners seized him by the hair, to keep his head in the right position, and two other assistants held him by the shoulders. The chief executioner then took the axe, flourished it in the air, and let it descend on the prisoner's neck, so as to make him feel the cold steel. The man who held his head afterward released it; and, for about five minutes, the executioner continued to brandish the axe around the prisoner's head, so close, that he could distinctively hear the whizzing. The emotion of Gepkens was so great that he fainted. When the ceremony was completed, his hands were untied and he was reconveyed to prison in the cart. About 30,000 persons waited from day-light to witness this singular proceeding, the like of which had not occurred within the memory of man. Previous to the prisoner's arrival, the crowd was very merry and boisterous, and roared forth several songs, but on the conclusion of the mock execution, it dispersed in silence, and apparently feeling strong emotion.

The Consumption of Wines and Spirits in England.—In 1846, 7,711,309 gallons of foreign wine were imported, of which 6,740,316 gallons were retained for home consumption. The quantities remaining under bond on the 5th of January, 1847, amounted to 9,386,262 gallons. The 6,740,316 gallons of wine retained for home comsumption last year included 306,867 gallons of Cape (this inferior compound, it is to be feared, is almost exclusively bought up for the purpose adulterating other wines); 409,506 gallons of French wines of all sorts; 2,666,798 gallons of Portuguese; 2,602,490 of Spanish; 94,580 gallons of Madeira; 64,478 gallons of Rhenish; 25,312 gallons of Canary; 283 gallons of Fayal; and 508,002 gallons of Sicilian and other sorts. The total quantity of spirits retained for home consumption last year amounted to 4,254,238 gallons, out of 6,827,043 gallons imported, including 2,362,784 gallons of British colonial rum, 192,331 gallons of East India rum, 128,478 of mixed, 108 gallons of foreign rum, (in all 2,688,701 gallons of rum,) 1,504,465 gallons of brandy, 39,883 gallons of Geneva, 7,281 gallons of other foreign and colonial spirits, and 8,907 gallons of Channel Island spirits. 5,310,148 gallons of all sorts of spirit remained in bond on the 5th of January, 1847, including 2,997,149 gallons of rum, 1,854,962 of brandy, and 89,302 of Geneva.

Royal Compliment to the Poet Tennyson.—It was but the other day that her Majesty and Prince Albert evinced their contempt for the fashionable and dissipated fools of Esher, in a very marked manner, for their deadness to the value of the society of a man of high intellect and accomplished mind. Alfred Tennyson, the poet, had been sojourning at Esher in bad health. No one thought it worth his while to call on him, or to solicit his acquaintance. The Queen and Prince hearing of it, paid their respects to him without delay. No sooner was this known than Tennyson was inundated with cards and invitations. The cards he returned, the invitations he declined.—[Hoods Magazine.

The Government of Bavaria has just decided that Jews may exercise the profession of advocates in that country. Hitherto, there has only been one Jew in the whole kingdom permitted to act as an advocate. The Pope has, likewise, just taken the Jews under his especial protection; and the metropolis of the world has just elected a Jew as one of its representatives in the Commons House of Parliament.

Model Lodging Houses for Laboring Men.—The Model lodging house of the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Laboring Classes, is now completed and ready for reception. It is situated in George-street, St. Giles's, and has been erected at a cost of between five and six thousand pounds, and contains accommodation for one hundred and four individuals, each of whom will occupy a separate sleeping place: There are also bathing places plentifully supplied with water, a large living-room, store-room, kitchen, with every utensil for cooking. The sum to be charged will be fourpence per night; less, in some instances, than the rate now charged in low localities for beds crowded together in miserable and unventilated rooms.—[Hood's Magazine.

A Catalogue of the First Exhibition of Paintings at Hobart Town, has just reached England. The fact is worthy of record, as illustrative of the advance of civilization. The Bishop of Tasmania is among the exhibitors. The first number of a literary periodical has also just reached England from Cape Town at the Cape of Good Hope.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1847.

PRESENTATION OF REGALIA TO THE GRAND SIRE.

On the 21st day of last month—at the Odd-Fellows Hall in Baltimore, a set of superb regalia, was presented by Metropolitan Lodge No. 150, of Pennsylvania, to Bro. Horn R. Kneass, who on that day was installed in the office of Grand Sire. The Lodge selected P.G. Sire Howell Hopkins, to tender it, and below will be found his remarks upon the occasion, as well as the reply of the G. Sire. Metropolitan Lodge was constituted about two years ago, and is located in the city of Philadelphia. Its members are among the most active, efficient and intelligent of the order, in Pennsylvania, and are remarkable for the accuracy with which they work. The G. Sire was one of the founders of the Lodge, and we are sure he appreciates the kindness which she has thus shown him. The regalia is of the very finest workmanship—is the handiwork of Bros. J.W. and E.D. Stokes of Philadelphia, and was universally admired by the members of the G.L. of the U.S. It is double set, one side exhibiting the Encampment, and the other the G.L. colors. A more neat, and beautiful Regalia we have never seen.

The ceremony of presentation was performed in the presence of the officers and representatives of the G.L.U.S., after the morning session, and was quite imposing.

The address of P.G. Sire Hopkins, was as follows:

Most Worthy Sir, and Brother :—By the voice of the representatives of the several G. Lodges and Encampments, composing the G. L.U.S., of the I.O.O.F., you have been elected to, and are now installed as Grand Sire.

This, the highest office in their gift, has been conferred upon you by your fellow members, with full confidence that on your integrity, learning, knowledge of and attachment to, the principles of our beloved Order, they can safely rely, for the faithful and honorable discharge of the duties, which have devolved on you—that to your judgment they can safely commit the decision of the various questions which will arise in the different branches of the extended jurisdiction, claiming your watchfulness and attention, and that the advice and instruction you shall give to the various Lodges and Encampments, under your supervision, will be such as will meet their approbation.

The I.O.O.F., under the jurisdiction of the G.L.U.S., has attained to a deservedly high and honorable position in this nation, and in British North America. He who is placed at its head, holds a rank which entitles him to the respect, not merely of the members of our wide spread fraternity, but of all his fellow citizens.

The members of Metropolitan Lodge No. 150, of the State of Pennsylvania, are much gratified that you, their fellow member, have been elevated to that distinguished station. They know your worth —they have benefited by your knowledge and experience, and in your integrity, firmness and judgement, they have the fullest and most implicit confidence.

The reputation you have gained in the high offices you have heretofore filled, gives assurance, that under your administration, our beloved Order will maintain its great reputation—that the laws will be firmly and impartially administered—the open hand of friendship extended to the whole human race—charity and benevolence encouraged, and the widow and the orphan cared for and protected.

As a mark of their esteem for you—as an evidence of their approbation of your conduct, during the time you have heretofore held office, I have been instructed by Metropolitan Lodge No. 150, to present for your acceptance, this set of regalia, which they have caused to be prepared for you, and they hope you will wear it during your incumbency as Grand Sire.

In yielding to the request of that Lodge, permit me to assure you of the pleasure which I personally derive. As an individual, I have ever appreciated your friendship—as an Odd-Fellow, I have long known your merits, and as Grand Sire, I doubt not that you will so perform the arduous duties connected with that distinguished office, as to confer honor on the Order—the Lodge as whose special agent I now address you, and the State from which you hail.

Permit me now, in the name of Metropolitan Lodge No. 150, of the I.O.O.F. of the State of Pennsylvania, to present to you this elegant regalia, and may the Supreme Father of the universe bless your administration, and infuse into it such wisdom and strength as may best tend to ameliorate the human condition.

The M.W.G. Sire, Bro. Kneass, then replied:

Esteemed P. G. Sire :—Permit me, through you, to return to Metropolitan Lodge, No. 150, of the State of Pennsylvania, my cordial acknowledgments, for this mark of confidence and regard, which it has pleased her thus to confer upon me. This beautiful and costly regalia, wrought with exquisite skill, and exhibiting, in all its parts, an unsurpassed neatness and elegance of finish, is a present, of which I frankly confess, I am not worthy; and I am at a loss to discover the motive that induced the gift, unless it be that kind and friendly feeling which springs up among the members of a Lodge, in the uninterrupted and pleasurable intercourse they indulge in, upon the chastening principles of our brotherhood.

Receiving such an evidence of her regard, it is unnecessary for me to say how sensible I am of the obligations it imposes upon me. Tokens of confidence, at all times, afford pleasure to the recipient, but when they are conferred by those with whom we are in the habit of commingling—by those by whom we are best known, the gratification, I can assure you, is much enhanced.

To Metropolitan Lodge, No. 150, I uniformly have cherished, from the period of its institution, a warm—a deep-felt attachment; and, mingling as I have, with so many friends as are included in her membership, upon a footing of frank courtesy and social freedom, their kind and endearing qualities are fully appreciated by me, and have made uneffaceable impressions upon my heart.

Starting into existence but a short time since, she has thus early acquired for herself a position in our Order, which is not surpassed by any other in the family of Lodges upon the soil of Pennsylvania. Attentive to those injunctions, whose observance is necessary, not merely to the harmony, but the security of her organization, she has the gratification to know that, as yet, she can turn to no period of discontent or disaffection in her history—that peace and good-will reign triumphantly within her borders, and her bands are tightened with the flow of time.

Her career, thus marked by energy and usefulness, I am sure, will not soon be arrested. Composed, as she is, of brethren distinguished by their general intelligence, high moral standing and unbending perseverance, it is to be presumed that the Lodge thus favored and enlightened, will not early languish and decay, but will maintain that enviable attitude which enables her now to command the respect of our brotherhood at large.

To you, my dear sir, suffer me to express the warm thanks of a brother, for the manner in which you have complied with the request of Metropolitan Lodge, and to assure you that, loving, as I do, the entire Order, by whose principles the peace and happiness of mankind, in every clime, can be assisted, I shall, nevertheless, ever remember, with a heart overflowing with fervid gratitude for the many manifestations of their affectionate regard for me, my brethren of Pennsylvania, whose services at the altar of Odd-Fellowship, during the last thirteen years, I have personally witnessed.

CELEBRATION AT STAMFORD, CONN.

Rippowam Lodge No. 24, held its Anniversary Celebration on Friday, the 1st inst., a day which we trust, will long be remembered here by the friends, as well as the enemies of the Order.

About 9 A.M. the Lodge met at their room, and proceeded to the Steamboat landing, for the purpose of receiving the New York brethren, who were expected to arrive in the steamboat Cricket, chartered for that purpose. On the arrival of the boat, the Committee of reception, gave the city brethren a hearty welcome, and the procession was then formed with Dodworth's justly celebrated Cornet Band at their head, under direction of the G. Marshal of the day, Gen. Adams, (a member of Rippowam Lodge,) and took up the line of march for the village. They were met by the brethren from Norwalk, Canaan, Ridgefield and Port Chester, who joined the procession, and the march continued to the village. It was then formed by the G. Marshal, assisted by Bro. Drummond, of Beacon Lodge, for whose aid we are very grateful; and marched to the Methodist Church, where the following exercises took place:

1st. Prayer by Rev. Dr. Todd; 2nd. Singing Opening Ode; 3rd. Oration by Professor Hows; 4th. Air by the Band; 5th. Singing an

Ode, prepared by a member of the Lodge; 7th. Benediction by Rev. Mr. Rogers.

After the Exercises, the procession was again formed, and marched to "Hadden's Hotel," where a sumptuous dinner, "got up" in Mrs. Hadden's best style, was in waiting, and of which about 250 of the brethren partook, including the Clergy of the place (one excepted who was absent) and the Editor. After dinner an ode, prepared by Bro. Otterson of Empire Lodge No. 64, New York, was sung in the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," and some appropriate remarks were made by Hon. Wm. T. Minor, P.G. of Rippowam Lodge, thanking the brethren for their attendance, and cordial good feeling in our behalf, and the company dispersed, feeling that we had truly enjoyed "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." In the evening a Concert was given by Dodworth's band, at which an overflowing assembly attended, and were delighted with the performance. Our New York brethren were attended, in company with the Orator of the day, to the Boat, about 4 P.M. by the Committee of Arrangements, and thus we parted with mutual, good feelings, and we trust, under a deep and lasting impression of "Friendship, Love and Truth."

As to the Oration, we are happy to say, that it gave general, I may say universal satisfaction. It was good, even our enemies being judges. It was written in the chaste, energetic style with which Professor Hows is known to express his thoughts. It was bold and fearless, yet argumentative and truthful. We have heard nothing but the voice of approval from all who have spoken of it. We hardly dare venture to give a sketch of it in outline, lest we should deface the original. But we will glance at it that the public, that our brethren, may see what we have to aid and encourage us onward.

The speaker commenced by congratulating Rippowam Lodge on the success which has attended it during the two years of its existence; that from only five members it has increased to one hundred and twenty, &c. He then spoke of the prominent characteristics of the present age, and dwelt at some length on the manifest spirit of REFORM, to effect which, it is necessary that there should be social combinations to supplant the selfishness and antagonism of the race.

Odd-Fellowship, said he, is one of the organizations which the age needs to teach men the true relations that they sustain to each other, and to batter down the walls of selfishness and misanthropy which have been reared between man and man.

The speaker then gave a true and official statistic of the Order in the United States, a statement of what it had done for the past year in its disbursements for relief, &c. He gave a clear and comprehensive view of the causes, nature and designs of our Institution, and showed that benevolence and charity are inseparable from its organization. He said, we are charged with being a secret society, and therefore organized for evils either toward the State or Church. This objection was handled in a masterly manner, and he showed that we have no secrets which would cause the most pious man to blush if he knew them; yea, he would rather commend us for having them. He showed that Odd-Fellowship, so far from forming a secret cabal against the government, would be the first and most efficient to stand up and defend our liberties, and guard our nation against danger or invasion. The precedent of ancient secret societies is not to be cited against us, said he, for our designs and objects are published to the world, and the fact that men of all sects and of all political opinions belong to the Order, forbids the idea of an organized rebellion against the State; and, as to Christianity, our Order is rather an auxiliary to aid in the practice of that charity which is the essence of all true religion. It is not exclusive in its charity, continued the speaker; it follows the apostolic injunction, "Do good unto all men, *especially* unto the household of faith." Our members are our household of faith, and, like a church or head of a family, we have a special or peculiar regard and care for our members while we are bound to do good unto all men. The speaker repudiated the idea of judging our Order by the defections of its members. The church, he said, has unworthy members, and we might as well object to that on this ground as to oppose Odd-Fellowship for the same cause. His appeal to the ladies was elegant, pleasing and dignified. It had nothing of mawkish flattery or fulsome softness. He said—we exclude the ladies, because their habits and duties require them to act in a different sphere; at their home, the center of woman's affection. We of "the sterner sex" would labor and devise means in our Lodges to provide for approaching reverses, while our wives and mothers, from their very character and habits, can hardly desire to enter on the duties and toils of the Order.

The orator's peroration was a sensible and elegant appeal to the members of Rippowam Lodge to be faithful and true to their principles. I leave, said he, the practical illustration of our principles in your keeping, with a full confidence that they will be sustained. The perpetuity of our Order under God rests with ourselves, its fabric will stand unmoved and unharmed, and command the respect of the world, if we carry out the principles contained in our motto: "Friendship, Love and Truth."

We cannot close this brief notice without returning our sincere thanks to the orator, to the G. Lodge, the G. Encampment, and all the visiting brethren, to the band, and clergy, and editor, and all others who aided us in the celebration of the joyous day. H.

STAMFORD, October 5, 1847.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE
R. W. GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES,
INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS,
At the Annual Communication held at Baltimore, Sept. 1847.

SECOND DAY.—Continued. Tuesday, Sept. 21, 4 P.M.

Clearance Cards to Members of Extinct Lodges—Rep. Griffin, from the Committee on the state of the Order, made the following report, which was accepted and the resolution adopted:

To the R. W. Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. of the United States:

The Committee on the State of the Order have had under consideration the remarks, in the report of the late M.W.G.Sire, touching the case of P.G.M. Bolsover and others, members of the extinct English Lodges. The existing laws of the Grand Lodge not reaching the case, the Committee in view of the great propriety of extending to brothers the privileges which others, in similar situations, under our state jurisdictions enjoy, append a resolution which they ask the Grand Lodge to adopt. The Committee believe that the provision which they propose should be made general, so as to include the members of all Lodges or Encampments immediately under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, which are now, or may hereafter become extinct. They have drafted the resolution accompanying.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary be directed to furnish certificates in the nature of withdrawal cards, to all members of Subordinate Lodges or Encampments immediately under the jurisdiction of the G. L. of the U. S. which are now or may hereafter become extinct—said certificates to be signed by the G.Sec. to be attested by the seal of this G. Lodge, to entitle the holder to all the privileges exercised under withdrawal cards, and only to be issued after the presentation by the applicant of satisfactory evidence of membership and good standing.

New Camps.—Rep. Kelly of Va., from the Committee on Petitions, made a report, which was agreed to, recommending charters to be granted to the following Encampments, which had been opened during the recess under dispensations from the G. Officers: Pulaski No. 4, Cahawba, Ala.; Magnolia No. 4, Baton Rouge, La.; Halcyon No. 1, Du Buque, Iowa; Wilson No. 2, Southport, Wis.; Raleigh No. 5, Raleigh, N.C.; Tombigbee No. 9, Columbus, Miss.; Noxubee No. 5, Macon, Miss.; Lone Star No. 1, Galveston, Tex.; McDonnell No. 2, Smyrna, Del.; Reynolds No. 3, Wilmington Del.; Eagle No. 1, Helena, Ark.; Treka No. 2, Burlington, Iowa; Ureka No. –, Newbern, N.C.; Wayne No. –, Centreville, Ia.

Magnolia Lodge, Ohio.—Rep. Parker of N.H. from the Committee on Appeals, reported adversely to the appeal of Magnolia Lodge No. 83, of Ohio, from the decision of the G.L. of that State.—Adopted.

Complaints for Political Offenses.—Rep. Torre, of S.C. from the same Committee to whom was referred the "appeal of Montgomery Lodge, No. 5, at Dayton, from the decision of the G.L. of Ohio, in the case of C. H. Bronson," reported as follows, which was adopted:

That they have had the subject under consideration, and see no reason sufficient to induce them to interfere with the decision of the G. L. The material facts connected with the matter, are these: John Mills, of Montgomery Lodge, preferred charges against C. H. Bronson "for publishing a malicious libel upon him, in regard to his conduct as a public officer, for knowingly and wilfully seeking to injure his character, by false representations, in regard to his official duties, published in a newspaper, edited by Bronson, and generally of acting in a manner unbecoming an Odd-Fellow."

Upon his trial, Bronson was convicted by his Lodge and sentenced to be suspended for two years from all the privileges of the Order. An appeal was taken to the G. L. of Ohio, and, after much discussion, as it appears, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the decision of Montgomery Lodge No. 5, in December last, in the case of Bro. C. H. Bronson, be reversed, inasmuch as this complaint was made upon him, was founded upon a political matter, and therefore by the laws and customs of the Order, said Lodge had no jurisdiction in the case."

The Committee have had before them the newspapers containing the alleged libels, and while they are not prepared to assert as a principle, that complaints founded upon political matters may never furnish ground for the interference of a Lodge; still, in the present instance they see nothing in the case which would cause them to recommend a revision of the decision of the G. L. The Committee therefore recommend that the appeal of Montgomery Lodge be dismissed.

Diplomas.—On motion of Rep. Hough, of D.C., it was

Resolved, That the G. Sec. be authorized to present one blank copy of the G. L. Diploma to each Representative, who has not previously received one from the G. L. of the U. S.

Form of Installation.—On motion of Rep. Bain, of Va., the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the G. Sire, D.G. Sire and C. Sec. be a committee to revise the forms, &c. of the installation of officers of this G. L. and report the same to the Lodge at its next session.

On motion of Rep. Bain, of Va., leave of absence was granted to the G. Secretary, in consequence of the loss, by death, of a member of his family.

Rippowam Lodge No. 24, Ct.—The Committee on Appeals, by its chairman, Rep. Torre of S.C. reported against the appeal of Rippowam Lodge No. 24, of Stamford Ct. and sustained the decision of the G.M. and G.L. of that State in changing the time of electing officers to conform to the new term of six months. The report was concurred and the appeal dismissed.

Rep. McKinnell, of La., submitted the following inquiry, which was read, and on his motion referred to the Committee on the State of the Order:

Is any officer or member of a Grand Encampment eligible for election to the office of G.P.?

Power of G.L. to Expel from the Order.—Rep. Gill, of Del., submitted the following, which was read and referred to the Committee on the State of the Order:

The G. L. of Delaware asks the decision of the R. W. G. L. of the U. S. whether a State G. L. possesses the power to expel a member from the Order?

G.L. of Vermont.—Rep. Dwinelle of N.Y. from the Committee on Petitions, reported in favor of chartering the G. L. of Vermont; and locating the same at Montpelier—which was concurred in.

Past Official Degrees.—Rep. Dimon, of N.Y., offered the following resolution, which was read and on motion of Rep. Roche, was referred to the Committee on the State of the Order:

Resolved, That the first N.G. of a newly instituted Lodge be entitled to receive the degrees of past V.G. and P.S., and that the first V.G. of a similar Lodge be entitled to receive the degree of P.S. in the same manner.

Power of G.L. U.S.—Rep. McCaulcy, of Md., offered the following, which was read and referred to the Committee on the State of the Order:

Has the G. L. of the U. S. the power to alter the Charter, Constitution or By-Laws of a State G. L. after it has been submitted to this G. L. and approved, without first obtaining the consent of the State G. L.?

Rep. Kelly, from the Committee on Petitions, reported in favor of ratifying the action of the G.L. of Va., in removing said Body to Alexandria, concurred in.—(Adj.

THIRD DAY. WEDNESDAY, Sept. 22, 9 o'clock, A. M.

The R. W. G. L. assembled pursuant to adjournment. Present, M.W.G.S. Horn R. Kneass, all the Grand Officers, and a due representation, except G. Cor. Sec. Ridgely, absent by leave of Grand Lodge. The M.W.G.Sire appointed G. Sec. Wm. Curtis, of Pa. G. Sec. *pro tem*. Prayer by the R. W. Grand Chaplain.

Order of Business.—Rep. Griffin, of Ga. from the Committee on the State of the Order, presented the following report, which was read and agreed to:

To the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States:

The Committee on the State of the Order, in answer to the inquiry referred to them on the motion of Rep. Dimon, of N. Y. report, that the order of business contained in the printed work of Subordinates, is to be considered in the light of a recommendation merely. It is no part of the work of the Order, properly so called, and the Committee believe that the G. L. had no intention, in adopting it, to force Subordinates to adhere strictly to the form as laid down. What the *character* of the business transacted is to be, the laws of this body prescribe, but the *mode* of taking up and going through the business, both reason and policy require should be left to the regulation of the Subordinates themselves. If they can conveniently adhere to the form in the Charge Book, it is only proper they should do so; if they cannot, they may regulate the order of business to suit their particular necessities. Respectfully submitted.

Camp Membership.—Rep. Griffin, of Ga. from the same Committee, presented the following report, which was read and the resolution subsequently adopted:

To the R. W. G. L. of the United States:

The Committee on the State of the Order have had before them a petition from Henry Leffman, referred to them on the motion of one of the Reps. of Pa. The Committee expressly deny the right of any individual not a member of this body, to present any subject for its consideration, but in consequence of the real importance of the question proposed, the Committee recommend that some action be taken thereon.

The resolution on the subject of Encampment membership to be found on p. 352, vol. 2, is defective in one particular. A Patriarch who under the operation of that law loses his membership, is left in a position which he should not occupy. No provision is made for his obtaining a withdrawal card, to which, if he be in good standing, the Committee consider him to be clearly entitled. This defect, however, admits of easy remedy, and the Committee append a resolution which will remove the evil. Respectfully submitted.

Resolved, That where by the operation of the resolution on p. 352, vol. 2, a Patriarch loses his membership in an Encampment, it shall be the duty of the proper officers of said Encampment to furnish said Patriarch with a regular withdrawal card; provided said Patriarch was in good standing, and complied with the regulations of said Encampment, touching such cards.

Pending the discussion and prior to to adoption of the above resolution, the credentials of P.G. S.B. Campbell, Grand Rep. from the G. L. of British North America, were reported as correct. The Constitutionality amendment, offered last year, admitting Representatives from foreign Grand Lodges, was then taken up and adopted; after which G. Rep. Campbell was admitted to a seat.

Six Months Term.—Rep. Griffin, of Ga., from the Committee on the State of the Order, made the following report:

To the R. W. G. L. of the United States:

The Committee on the State of the Order have considered the resolution of Rep. Ellison of Mass. the proceedings of the G. L. of Ohio, and the resolution of Rep. Ramsdell of Michigan; all on the subject of the terms of Subordinate Lodges.

The six months term was adopted at the last session by one of the most decisive votes taken during the entire communication. In a full Grand Lodge a majority of 42 against 16 voted for the measure, and that majority represented more than 80,000 contributing members, the entire constituency of the Order being, as then reported, less than 91,000. A majority so large for a measure involving such important consequences is not easily paralleled, and when to this fact the Committee add, that the only two P. G. Sires who were present, both venerable brothers and one of them the founder and father of the American Order, voted with the majority, it seems impossible to justify the proposition so hastily made for repeal. The action of the G. L. too, was based upon the deliberate and careful report of this Committee, (then differently constituted.) It was had on the second day of the communication. Ample opportunity was therefore afforded for the G. L. to retrace its steps by reconsideration, if it had been led into hasty and careless legislation. Such, however, was not the case. The whole proceeding was conducted with a proper degree of care, and the character of the majority as well as the entire acquiescence in the result during the remainder of the communication, rebuts the imputation of improper haste and want of due consideration.

It is unneccessary for the Committee to enter afresh into the examination of the *merits* of this question. The mind of the whole Order has been for many months past oppressed with the subject. The argument is entirely exhausted or if it be necessary to renew it, the floor and not the committee room is the proper field.

To one objection, however, the Committee think it their duty to respond. Especial stress has been laid in some sections of the country on the length of service in inferior offices necessary to quality for the V.Gs. chair. This objection has been generally based upon provisions of the local laws requiring two terms of inferior service as a qualification for promotion. If this be considered an evil, the remedy was easy and the local Grand bodies might have applied it; but the Committe do not deem it improper for this body to declare a general principle, which they think will meet the emergency. The doctrine, that twenty six nights service is sufficient to qualify for the office of V.G. has by long usage, in the opinion of the Committee, become entitled to consideration as a general law. If this be so, the objection now under review is entirely obviated. Six months service, under the old system, was the required time. Six months service under the new arrangement should be held sufficient.

The Committee therefore report, in answer to the resolution of Rep. Ellison, that it is inexpedient to restore the three months term, and in answer to the resolution of Rep. Ramsdell, that it is also inexpedient to extend the term to one year. The Committee are happy that, so far as the first proposition is concerned, they can fortify their own opinion by the unanimous strength of so respectable a body as the G. L. of Ohio.

The Committee append the resolutions expressive of their views.

One member of the Committee (the member from Mass.) desires to say, that in the conscientious discharge of his duty to *this body* he has felt himself bound to concur with his colleagues in the foregoing report, reserving to himself of course, the privilege of performing, what he equally considers his duty, when the vote shall be taken. In obedience to the instructions of his G. L. he must vote for the repeal. Respectfully submitted,

ROBERT H. GRIFFIN,
E. M. P. WELLS,
J. W. STOKES.

Resolved, That it is inexpedient to legislate in reference to the term of Subordinate Lodges.

Resolved, That twenty-six nights service as an inferior officer is a sufficient qualification for the chair of V.G., provided, of course, the brother has attained to sufficient degrees, and is otherwise competent.

Rep. Marshall, of Ky. moved the following substitute for the resolution accompanying the report of the Committee:

WHEREAS, the length of the terms of Subordinate Lodges is a subject entirely within the jurisdiction of State Grand Lodges, and as some jurisdictions may require longer terms of office than others. therefore,

Resolved, That the resolution of the last session of the G. L. regulating the terms of Subordinate Lodges, be and the same is hereby repealed.

The previous question being moved and seconded, this substitute was cut off. The question was then taken by Yeas and Nays, and the first resolution was adopted as follows:

AYES—Anderson, of Ga., Atlee, Brewer, Brown, of Miss., Clark, fo N. J., Cole, Day, Day, Demick, Ellison, Griffin, Kerlin, Lilly, Moore, Macdonough, Neally, (2 votes,) Ramsdell, (2 votes,) Sessford, Spooner, Stokes, (2 votes,) Simons, Torre, Theobald, Williamson, Wilson, Woodruff, Wakefield, P.G. Sires Wildey, Hopkins. Sherlock—33.

NAYS—Anderson, of N. C., Bain, Chapman, Davis, of Mass., Dimon, (2 votes) DeSaussure, Gill, Holmes, (2 votes,) Jones. (2 votes,) Kelly, (2 votes,) Marshall, (2 votes,) MacRae, (2 votes,) McCauly, McKinnell, (2 votes,) Parker, (2 votes,) Roche, Smith, (2 votes,) Taylor, of Md., Taylor, of S. C., Wells, Yeager—29.

The second resolution was then adopted, there being only three votes in the negative.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 22, 4 o'clock, P. M.

The R. W. G. L. assembled pursuant to adjournment. Present M.W.G. Sire KNEASS, all the Grand Officers, and a due representation.

On motion of Rep. Wilson, P.G. Rep. E. C. Robinson, G.M. of Va. was invited to attend the session, and take a seat within the body of the house.

Powers of V.G. in the absence of N.G.—Rep. Torre, of S. C., from the Committee on Appeals, submitted the following report, which was read and concurred in:

The Committee of Appeals to whom was referred the appeal of P.G.M. T. C. Benteen, from a decision of the G. L. of Va., beg leave to report, That a recent session of the G. L. of Va., the following question was submitted for its opinion: "Is it in accordance with the usages of the Order for a V.G. to confer degrees in the absence of the N.G., unless the V.G. be also a P.G.?" The G. L. of Va. replied, that "in the absence of the N.G. the V.G. is *de facto* N.G., and entitled to exersise all said officers' powers." From this decision brother Benteen has appealed to this body.

As there is no general law specifically or in terms providing for the case stated, recourse must be had to the analogies and charges of the officer. After an examination of the obligations and charges of the N.G. (to which the Committee do not think it necessary to refer particularly,) the Committee have come to the conclusion that in the absence of the N.G., it is not only the right, but the duty of the V.G. to take the place of the superior officer and fulfil all his functions. It is the very object in view in the creation of a vice officer. All the analogies of every organized body support the same conclusion.

The Committee therefore recommend that the appeal of T. C. Benteen, P.G. M. be dismissed, and the decision of the G. L. of Va. be sustained.

Removal of G. L. of Illinois.—Rep. Lilly, of N. J., from the Special Committee, submitted the following report, which was accepted, and the resolution accompanying adopted:

The Special Committee, to whom were referred the action of G. L. of Ill. and the Subordinate Lodges under its jurisdiction, relative to the removal of the said G. L. from Springfield to the city of Peoria, beg leave to report,

That it appears to the Committee that the G. L. and a large majority of the Subordinate Lodges of Illinois, are desirous to change the location of the G. L. of that State, and establish it in the city of Peoria.

The reasons assigned are many: among others, that Peoria is more central, and much easier of access to the majority of the Subordinate Lodges than the present location of the G. L.—and your Committee are satisfied from statements made to them, that the good of the Order will be promoted by the change. They therefore recommend the following preamble and resolution:

It appearing to this G. L. that a majority of the Subordinate Lodges of Ill. are desirous to change the location of the G. L. of that State from Springfield to the city of Peoria, therefore

Resolved, That the G. L. of Ill. be permitted to change its location to the city of Peoria, and this G. L. hereby concurs in said removal.

Rep. AtLee, of D. C., from the Select Committee to whom was referred the G. Cor. Sec'ys Report, submitted a report, which was concurred in, distributing the various subjects therein named to appropriate committees.

On motion of Rep. Parker, of N. H., P.D.G. Sire Albert Case was invited to take a seat in the G. L. during the session.

Portraits of P.G. Sires.—On motion of Rep. AtLee, of D.C., a resolution was adopted to appoint a select committee of three for the purpose of obtaining the likenesses of such of our Past Grand Sires whose portraits are not in possession of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and also, the portrait of the R. W. G. Cor. Sec. The chair named Reps. AtLee, of D.C., Griffin, of Ga., and Spooner, of Ohio, as the Committee.

Rep. Spooner of Ohio, submitted the following inquiries, which were referred to the Committee on the State of the Order:

When a member who proposes to visit a Lodge or Encampment presents him-

self correct in the work, can the body he proposes to visit require him to take a test oath or obligation that he is truly a member of the Order?

Can a person holding a clearance card from the Manchester Unity connect himself with the Order under this jurisdiction?

If he can, should it be by initiation?

Rep. Dimon, of N. Y. offered the following amendment to Art. 14th of Constitution, which was ordered to lie on the table.

Amend Art. XIV by inserting after the words "Grand Lodge" in first line the words "and Grand Encampment." Proposed by Rep. Dimon of N. Y. seconded by Rep. Roche of Md.

Rep. Roche, of Md., submitted the following, which was, on his motion, referred to the Committee on the State of the Order:

Whereas there exists at the present time in Maryland one or more Lodges that have obtained from the G. L. permission to work alternately in the English and German language; and, whereas one of the said Subordinate Lodges elects two sets of officers, therefore

Resolved, That the Committee on the State of the Order be directed to report as to the propriety of Subordinate Lodges electing two sets of officers.

Rep. Day, of Ohio, submitted a communication on the subject of Regalia; on his motion, it was referred to the Committee on the State of the Order.

Constitutional Amendments.—On motion of Rep. Roche, of Md., the G. L. proceeded to the consideration of the unfinished business.

Amendment to Art. 14th, of the Constitution, on page 249, vol. 2, making all P.Gs. eligible to the office of G. Sire, was considered and determined in the negative—yeas 3, nays 52.

Amendments to Articles 1, 6, 10, 11, 12, and 15, of the Constitution, on page 254, vol. 2, being under consideration, Rep. Marshall of Ky., asked and obtained leave to withdraw said amendments.

Amendment to Art. 10th of Constitution, on page 296, vol 2, was then considered and adopted unanimously. It provides for G. Reps. holding office for two years—dividing them at the next session of the G. L. U. S. into two classes, one to hold office for two years, and the other for one year; so that one half of the G. Reps. shall be elected annually.

Amendment to Art. 12th of the Constitution, on page 313, vol. 2, reducing Rep. tax to $10, was then considered and rejected—yeas 12, nays 47.

Amendment to Art. 14th of the Constitution, on page 314, rendering P.G. Patriarchs who are also P.Gs. eligible for Grand Sire, was then considered and rejected. The yeas and nays appearing as follows:

Ayes—Anderson, of N. C., AtLee, Affron, Brewer Clark, of N. J., Cole, Clark, of Conn., Davis, of Mass., Day, Demick, Dimond, (2 votes.) Ellison, Hough, Kelly, Lilly, Marshall, (2 votes,) McKinnell, Macdonough, Neally (2 votes,) Ramsdell, (2 votes,) Roche, Simons, Taylor, of Md., Taylor, of S. C., Torre, Theobald, Willianson, Wilson, Wells, Wakefield, Ware—36.

Nays—Anderson, of Ga., Bain, Brown, of Miss., Chapman, (2 votes,) DeSaussure, Griffin, Gill, Holmes, (2 votes,) Jones, (2 votes.) Moore, McCauley, Parker, (2 votes,) Sessford, Smith, (2 votes,) Spooner, (2 votes,) Stokes, Woodruff, Yohe, Yeager, P.G. Sires Wildey, Hopkins, Sherlock—29. (Not two thirds.)

Amendment to Art. 8th of the Constitution, page 325, vol. 2, depriving P.G. Sires from a seat in the G. L. U. S. was then considered and rejected unanimously.

Communication from the G. Lodge of British North America.—Rep. Campbell, of the G. L. of British North America, submitted a communication from that G. L., which was read, and, on motion of Rep. Lilly, of N. J., it was resolved unanimously, that the same be spread upon the journal of this body.

I. O. O. F.

The Most Worthy Grand Sire and the Right Worthy Deputy Grand Sire, Grand Officers and Grand Representatives of the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of British North America:

To the Most Worthy Grand Sire and the Right Worthy Deputy Grand Sire, Grand Officers and Grand Representatives of the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of the United States of America.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

Brethren, we greet you well. We consider it a fortunate circumstance that our first regular Session has been held in time to enable us to delegate to one of our number, the pleasing duty of congratulating your Right Worthy Body on the recurrence of its Annual Communication.

Our worthy brother, S. B. Campbell, Provincial Deputy Grand Sire for the Province of Toronto, will appear as our Special Grand Representative on this occasion, and we beg you will accredit him accordingly.

He will then be enabled to express in person, to your assembled body, more warmly and forcibly than it would be possible to convey in writing, those sentiments of cordial esteem and thankful consideration which this Grand Lodge will never fail to entertain toward its parent in Odd-Fellowship, the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of the United States of America.

By communicating to you a certified copy of the Constitution, By-Laws and Rules of Order which we have recently adopted, he will, we trust, convince you of our earnest desire to be guided by the light of your experience in our endeavors to preserve and enforce the principles of Odd-Fellowship in all their purity and to oppose similarity of organization as a barrier against those deviations from the Usages and Work of the Order under your jurisdiction, which we stand pledged to avoid.

We invite your particular attention to the sixteenth By-Law, by which it is effectually provided that the A. T. P. W. shall always be the same in both jurisdictions; and you may rest assured that the spirit which has actuated us in these respects will not fail to be carried into the details of our legislation for the government of our Subordinates.

Happy shall we be indeed if our endeavors to promote kindly feelings between man and man, to relieve temporal distress without injury to honest pride, to comfort the fatherless and the widow, and to secure to the friendless orphan the invaluable blessings of a good education are attended with success in any way resembling that which has crowned the efforts of the body whose high example we are so desirous of emulating.

That your exertions and deliberations may continually be blessed by the Almighty Giver of all good, and that union and bretherly love may ever reign within and between our respective jurisdictions, is the sincere prayer of your British American brethren in the bonds of the Order.

Given at Odd-Fellows' Hall, in the city of Montreal, this sixteenth day of September, one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, and of our Order in British North America the fifth. By the Grand Sire,

E. L. MONTIZAMBERT, *G.Sire.* ANDREW WILSON, *G.Sec.*

On motion of Rep. Marshall, of Ky., the Committee to whom was referred so much of the Grand Sire's report as relates to "the Grand Lodge of British North America" was discharged from the further consideration of the subject.

On motion of Rep. Torre, of S. C., the communication from the Grand Lodge of British North America was referred to a Special Committee. The G. Sire named Reps. Taylor of S. C., Kelly of Va. and Wells of Mass., as the Committee.

P.G. Sire Sherlock asked and obtained leave to correct his report so far as it relates to the Grand Lodge of British North America.

On motion of Rep. Sessford, of D. C., the G. Sec. was directed to present, through P.G. Campbell, to the Grand Lodge of British North America, ten copies of the first and second volumes of the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge.

On motion the Grand Lodge adjourned.

News from the Lodges.

CONNECTICUT.

Tocconnuc Lodge No. 50, was instituted at Salisbury, Litchfield county, on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 22, by M.W.G.M. John Greenwood, Jr. assisted by P.Gs. Lemuel O. Meafoy of No. 35, Richard Spencer, Elijah B. White and Seth L. Wilder of No. 30. There were also present a good representation from the Winsted and Litchfield Lodges. In the evening, sixteen candidates were impressively initiated into the mysteries of Odd-Fellowship: the officers of Union Lodge No. 30, occupying the chairs. After initiation the five minor degrees were conferred upon twelve of the newly initiated members. This new Lodge starts under very favorable auspices; it embraces some of the most influential gentlemen of the village, and has already the respect and confidence of the better part of the community. A new Hall is in course of erection, which will be completed about the first of December. The officers for the present term are: Donald J. Warner, N.G.; Wm. E. Moore, V.G.; Wm. Elliot, S.; Geo. W. Benedict, P.S.; Jonathan T. Norton, T.

Naw-Kaw Lodge No. 51, was instituted at the village of Wolcotville, town of Torington, Litchfield county, on Friday, Sept. 24, by M.W.G. Master John Greenwood, Jr. assisted by P.G. D. S. Law, of No. 21, as D.G.M., P.G. John H. Mills, of No. 43, as G.W., P.G. Lucius H. Clark, of No. 30, as G.Sec., P.G. W. A. Cowdry, of No. 30, as G.T., N G. Francis Bacon, of No. 35, as G.Mar. and P.G. Silas Chapin, of No. 44, as G.Guar. Upon this occasion twelve highly respectable gentlemen were initiated by the officers of Columbian Lodge No. 35. After which the five degrees were conferred, by the G.M. assisted by D. Depts. W. A. Cowdry, of Dist. No. 22, Silas Chapin, of Dist. No. 30, and N.G. C. G. Judson. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the brothers composing this new Lodge, who—in the midst of an opposition from *those*, of whom as professed "followers of Him who went about doing good," we should expect better things—have handsomely furnished a new Hall, and decorated it in a neat but beautiful manner. The floor is covered with one of Aldrich, Barstow & Co's. beautiful emblem carpets, and it adds materially to the appearance of the Hall. The room, though quite large, was filled with visiting brothers from the neighboring Lodges. The officers who were elected to serve the present term are: A. H. P. Camp, N.G.; H. B. Richards, V.G.; A. G. Bradford, S.; Merrit Treat, P.S.; Burritt Tuttle, T.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Newberne, Sept. 24, 1847.

Dear Sir and Bro.: Having issued a dispensation to seven qualified Patriarchs of our Order, to open a Subordinate Encampment at Washington, in the county of Beaufort, I proceeded to that place on the 13th inst. and in fulfilment of my duty as Grand Patriarch of the State, instituted "Pamplico Encampment No. 6," and installed the following named Patriarchs into their respective offices, viz: B. F. Hanks, C.P.; T. H. Hardenburgh, H.P.; O. W. Telfair, S.W.; T. W. Richards, S.; R. L. Meyers, T.; G. H. Brown, J.W. Patch. J. H. Tyler was appointed Guide, and at a subsequent session, Patch. Francis Brooks was appointed Sent.

I remained with the Patriarchs long enough to hold two sessions of the Encampment, at which a number of propositions were received and acted upon, and several were inducted into the mysteries of the Patriarchal branch of the Order. I have no fears for the success of this Encampment, as its membership will be drawn, principally, from Phalanx Lodge, located at the same place; the constituency of which, acting upon the aphorism that 'in union there's strength,' move forward in a solid *phalanx*, bearing aloft the glorious banner upon the ample folds of which is inscribed the motto of our Order, "Friendship, Love and Truth." Very truly and sincerely, I. Disosway, G.Pat.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Statistics of the Lodges of the District of Columbia, for the year ending with June, 1847. P.G. Masters, 10; P.Grands, 1284; Initiations, 254; Withdrawals, 105; Rejections, 22; Dep. Cards, 63; Reinstatements, 20; Suspensions, Expulsions, 4; Deaths, 11; Brothers Relieved, 316; Amount, $2,482 66; Widows Relieved, 15; Amount, $146; Education, $176; Burial, $364.

Names of P.G. Masters.—Wm. W. Moore, of Central No. 1; John Sessford, Jr. of Washington No. 6; Samuel Yorke AtLee, of Oriental No. 19; John A. Blake, of Central No. 1; John T. Towers, of Central No. 1; Jno. C. M'Kelden, of Washington No. 6; Levin Jones, of Covenant No. 13; A. G. Harold, of Eastern No. 7; John Mills, of Columbia No. 10.

Officers of the Grand Lodge.—Joseph Borrows, M. D. of Central No. 1, Grand Master; Flodoardo Howard, M. D. of Columbia No. 10, D.G.M.; Thomas Jewell, of Covenant No. 13, G.W; Thomas C. Donn, of Washington No. 6, G.Sec.; Walter Lenox, of Washington No. 6, G.Treas.; Wm. W. Moore, of Central No. 1, G.Rep.; John Sessford, Jr. of Washington No. 6, G.Rep.; Wm. B. Magruder, M. D. of Friendship No. 12, G.Mar.; L. A. Gobright, of Metropolis No. 16, G. Chap.; Wm. Bond, of Washington No. 6, G.Con.; M. M. Ward, of Central No. 1, G.Guar. Yours, Thomas C. Donn, G.Sec.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1847.

☞ Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, NEW YORK, by E. WINCHESTER, Editor and Proprietor, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms $2 a year in advance, or 6¼ per week, delivered by a carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

PHILADELPHIA.—The GOLDEN RULE is published in Philadelphia, by CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North Sixth street, by whom subscriptions will be received and papers delivered in any part of the city. Packages sent to the adjoining towns out of the mails.

BOSTON.—Office of the GOLDEN RULE, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L. WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the RULE sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

DEDICATION AT RED BANK.—The brothers of Navesink Lodge No. 39, at Red Bank, N. J. propose to dedicate their new Hall, on Tuesday, the 12th inst. with an oration, and other appropriate ceremonies. They express an earnest desire that the brethren of this city will favor them with their presence on the occasion. The steamer ORUS will leave Fulton Market Slip on the morning of Tuesday, at 7½ o'clock, and Red Bank on her return at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It will make a delightful excursion, considered in that light merely; but when connected with the advancement of the principles of Odd-Fellowship, we hope a large number of the Brethren from this city and vicinity will make it convenient to attend. We are assured that they will receive a hearty welcome.

COPYRIGHTED.—The U. S. Grand Lodge have copyrighted its proceedings at the late session, as well as the Digest. This measure does not prevent us from giving our own report of the doings of that R.W. Body, which will embrace, in a condensed form, every thing of interest to the Order. In this paper we give the remainder of the second, and the whole of the third day's proceedings, which will be found full of interest. The remaining three days will occupy about as many weeks, which will give us ample room to devote to other matters.

FAIR AT CASTLE GARDEN.—The Annual Fair of the American Institute commenced at Castle Garden, on Tuesday, the 5th inst. We understand that the display of the result of American Industry and ingenuity is more extensive and magnificent than on any former occasion. The Fair will remain open two or three weeks, during which time we trust every friend to the progress of domestic industry will make it a point to visit it.

GRAND LODGE PROCEEDINGS.—Our readers will not fail to note carefully the "Synopsis of Proceedings" of the G. L. U. S. which are published in no other periodical in the country. The GOLDEN RULE may always be looked to with confidence for whatever is important to the interests of Odd-Fellowship, our desire being to make it, in this respect, indispensible to the brotherhood as a record of the Progress and Statistics of the Institution. We have reason to know that our paper is widely appreciated for its completeness in this particular, and that it is constantly gaining in the confidence of the Order.

SIX MONTHS TERM.—The report of the Committee on the State of the Order, and the yeas and nays on the resolution of the Committee, on the subject of the six months term, will be found in our report of the proceedings of the G.L.U.S. in another column. One fact will undoubtedly arrest the attention of the reader, and that is—that the six months term has been sustained by the votes of those whose constituents are known to be averse to it.

CONNECTICUT.—We were honored, a few days since, with a visit from JOHN GREENWOOD, Esq., the present M. W. Grand Master of Connecticut. From him we learned that the Order in that intelligent jurisdiction continues exceedingly prosperous, performing its work of benevolence and mercy in harmony and love. Thus may it ever be, and may no cloud rise to obscure its brightness. Our thanks are due to Bro. Greenwood for the notes of the recent institution of two new Lodges, which will be found in the appropriate column.

☞ GRAND Secretary KING, of Wisconsin, will please accept our acknowledgments for a copy of the proceedings of the R.W. Grand Lodge of that Territory, at its June and July sessions.

Thanks also to G. Sec. MORRIS of New Jersey for a similar favor.

Dramatical.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The opening of this splendid theatre has created a new era in theatrical affairs. The public, very naturally, flock to an establishment, where every comfort and luxury has been provided for the auditory part of the house, and where the stage performances are of a decidedly superior character.

The actors are becoming familiarized with their new quarters, and, under the able and active supervision of Mr. BARRETT, the performances, as a whole, are characterized by great care and precision.

The orchestral arrangements, too, under Mr. ST. LUKE, are exceedingly good. In fact, Col. MANN may congratulate himself on having fully met the high expectations of the public.

"The Hunchback," "The Lady of Lyons," and "The Rivals," have been produced during the week, with entire success. Mr. GEO. VANDENHOFF has acquired fresh laurels by his spirited representation of Claude, and his judicious Master Walter. Mr. V. only errs, from a too apparent effort in his elocutionary style of reading. More natural embodiment, and less art, would make him an invaluable actor.

We are not able to give our full meed of approbation to Miss FANNY WALLACK. She is, undoubtedly, a very clever and promising young actress—but she attempts too much, and she is wanting in that quiet dignity which produces effect. Miss ROSE TELBIN is already established as a decided favorite; she is, in truth, a charming, natural actress, full of spirit, archness and vivacity. Her Helen, in the "Hunchback," was a delightful performance. Mr. LESTER, too, as Modus, has more than confirmed the impressions he made on the opening night. And, although he made many favorable "points," which told well with the audience, yet we are compelled in frankness to add that, in our estimation, his Modus was considerably marred by his rendering the character, at times, a low-comedy part—the very opposite of that intended by the author.

Professor RISLEY, and his two beautiful children, have been the great card of attraction during the week. We cannot conceive any thing more truly elegant and perfect than are the gymnastic feats of this talented *troupe*.

PARK THEATRE.—The new operatic troupe, composed of Miss ELIZA BRIENTI, Mr. MANVERS, and Mr. GIEUBILIE, made their first appearance on Monday evening, in Donizetti's "Favorite." The Park management has spared no expense in the production of the opera. The scenes are new and magnificent, the costumes and appointments are all in perfect keeping—but nothing could compensate for the entire absence of talent in the prima donna, and the baritone. Mr. MANVERS exerted himself, with all his usual skill, but we are bound to pronounce the whole affair a lamentable failure. It is, indeed, surprising, how Mr. MANVERS, who is an experienced professor of his art, could have ventured to produce Miss BRIENTI before a New-York audience, with her present unequal and unfinished powers of execution.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The new military spectacle of "The Siege of Monterey," is running to overflowing houses nightly. It is, beyond compare, the very best drama, of its class, ever before presented in this country.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—Miss CLARKE and Mr. WALCOT are filling the house nightly at this flourishing establishment. Mr. FLETCHER, so far, has been exceedingly successful in his management.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—MITCHELL is never to be outdone. He has produced, this week, the last new opera, by Edward Loder, founded on the popular ballet of "The Gizelle," under the title of the "Night Dancers." Miss MARY TAYLOR, as the heroine, has added another to her many triumphs. The piece is beautifully put upon the stage.

TREMONT TEMPERANCE HOUSE.—We profess to be philanthropists, and we have always considered it to be a first duty to point out, for the benefit of humanity, such excellencies as may reveal themselves to our notice. The last diamond that has been dug out, from this city's vast sand-hill of pretension, is the very excellent house of entertainment, named at the head of this article, at No. 110 Broadway, kept by Bros. Burt and Waterman. Those who may favor it with their patronage, (and they will be "legion," when its merits become deservedly known) will find all the comforts and economy of a private home, combined with all the advantages of a first class hotel; and the superiority of the viands, which are prepared under the personal supervision of Mrs. Burt, as well as the general accommodations, are only exceeded by the urbanity and gentlemanly attention of the hosts.

☞ "Odd-Fellowship in Kingston," and many other communications and editorials, in type, are again laid over. The pressure upon our columns is very great, but we shall soon find room for the favors of all our correspondents.

TRIP TO PHILADELPHIA.—In company with an Editorial friend, we paid a flying visit to the city of "Brotherly Love" last week; and were greatly pleased with the appearance of the city and its beautiful environs—throughout which we were *chaperoned* by P.Gs. NORCROSS and CONKLING, to whom, and Grand Secretary CURTIS, we were indebted for numerous courtesies, which we shall gratefully remember. Our brief stay was thus rendered exceedingly delightful, to which the fine weather contributed not a little.

—The travel to and from the South over the excellent Roads of the Camden and Amboy, and the New Jersey Transportation Companies, is immense. This, however, is not to be wondered at, for the safety and comfort of passengers seems to claim the principal attention of the Officers and Superintendents of both roads, all of whom are widely known and esteemed for their gentlemanly bearing and urbanity in their official as well as private intercourse with all with whom they come in contact. This is especially true of R. SCHUYLER, Esq. Vice President of the New Jersey Road, and E. A. STEVENS, Esq. Superintendent and Treasurer of the Camden and Amboy Company, under whose able management the affairs of their several roads, which connect, are rendered prosperous, and the public comfort secured. The Agents and Conductors are very obliging and attentive to passengers, and we express our acknowledgments to them, particularly Messrs. BLISS and DEAN, the Agents.

The steamboat John Potter, connecting with the road at South Amboy, and the John Stevens, on the Delaware river, between Bristol and Philadelphia, are models of passenger boats, elegantly fitted up, and complete in all their appointments.

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—The literary world, of late days, has been much occupied in discussing the claims of the new three dollar monthly magazine, "The Union," but a very general decision seems to have been given in its favor. In our opinion, very decidedly, it is, at all points, the best work of its particular class published in America. The taste and judgment displayed in the mechanical department—in the paper, printing and general arrangement, are not less conspicuous than the editorial acumen, or than the merit of the contributed papers.

In the number now issued (for October) there are *seven* embellishments—two of them expensive and most elegant mezzotints, one by Ladd, the other by Doney—a colored French fashion-plate, and four capitally executed wood engravings. The contributions are by such writers as Orville Dewey, W. Gilmore Simms, Wm. A. Jones, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Butler, Miss Gould, Mrs. Dana, and so on—the best names in our literature. With such writers, and with the editorial ability of the author of "A New Home," there can be no fear of the fullest triumph for "The Union." Published by Israel Post, 140 Nassau st.

BEAUTIFUL BANNER.—A few days since we dropped into the studio of Bro. H. LIEBENAU, in the Lafarge Buildings, and had the pleasure of examining a very elegant banner, which he had just completed for "Ocean Lodge No. 5," of Newport, R. I. The banner, though not an expensive one, is exceedingly chaste and neat, and is a happy evidence of Bro. Liebenau's good judgment and correct taste, in matters of Art.

The face of the Banner has for its design a representation of sunset at sea, over which evidences of a recent storm may be seen, displaying in the distance the wreck of a vessel, with the signal of distress flying from its broken, shivered mast. In the foreground is seen, under a full press of canvass, the good and stately ship "Odd-Fellowship"—decorated with streamers bearing the hope-inspiriting initials of "F. L. and T."—evidently bent on the rescue of the unfortunates. At the bottom of the design is an anchor, bearing the motto "Faith, Hope, and Charity,"—the word "Hope" so arranged upon the anchor, as to make it a representation of the coat of arms of the state;—and underneath the whole the motto—"Charity smoothes the Ocean of Life,"—alluding to man's decline into the vale of tears.

The reverse is a partial transcript of the seal of the G.L.U.S.; and a shield bearing some of the most prominent emblems of the Order.

The whole work is very creditable to the artist; and we have no doubt will be highly esteemed by our brothers of Newport.

☞ THE CORNER STONE of the Washington Monument will be laid on the 19th inst. with Masonic ceremonies, agreeably to the request of the Board of Managers made to the Grand Lodge of the "Ancient Order." The Grand and Subordinate Lodges of *our* Order, other benevolent societies and institutions, and the Military, have been invited to assist on the occasion. It is believed the concourse will be very large, and the whole body of the people take part in thus rendering homage to the Father of his Country.

Notices of New Publications.

MEMOIRS, Official and Personal; with Sketches and Travels among the Northern and Southern Indians; embracing a War Excursion, and Descriptions of scenes along the Western Borders. By Thomas L. M'Kinney, late Chief of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, &c. &c. 8 vo. pp. 476. Paine & Burgess: New York.

A copy of this work was left with us a long time ago, with a request that we would examine and give an opinion. This we understood was to be by note, for the benefit of the selling agent. But as we have waited some months, and having heard nothing from him, we conclude it was intended the volume and the notice should be editorial. Accordingly, not willing to seem unfaithful or ungrateful, we proceed to say that the work is one full of interest and information, both to the general reader, and to those desirous of unraveling the tangled web of party manœuvering and corruption.

With the politics of the book, which seem quite bitter enough, we have nothing to do; but with its historical character we are exceedingly pleased. The author enjoyed unusual facilities for his purpose, as an individual, and as an official of the government; and he has produced a work abounding in valuable facts, in passages of exciting adventure, in details of savage life, customs and opinions; the whole pervaded with a large and liberal spirit, and a generous philanthropy. This plea in behalf of the unhappy race of whom he writes, is fraught with much feeling, and often with earnest and true eloquence. There are some very beautiful passages, and many incidents of a touching character, which cannot fail to enlist the reader's sympathy and pity for the "poor Indian."

The work is illustrated with twelve spirited engravings, and a likeness of Col. M'Kinney. But the gem of the book is a likeness of *Po-ca-hon-tas*, from an original portrait painted in London in 1616. It is a most exquisite thing, and worth the price of the book; though we do not know what that is—but we are sure it is worth it. Why, she is a perfect beauty—such eyes, such a sweet mouth, such curls, such a bust! We would give infinitely more for such an Indian beauty, than for all the belles of New York, or the continent together. Looking into such a face, we do not wonder that John Randolph was so proud of his descent from this Indian Queen. And what a lucky fellow was that John Smith! Who wouldn't run the risk he did, for a rescue at such hands? But we must stop. Go and get the book. At all events get *that* likeness.

THE BOY'S TREASURY OF SPORTS, PASTIMES AND RECREATIONS. With nearly 400 Engravings. First American Edition. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1 vol. pp. 472.

Verily, the young gentlemen of these latter days possess very great advantages over those of former times. Here, for instance, is a beautiful scarlet bound book, of near five hundred pages, giving an illustrated description of all the conceivable games and amusements which children, including those of "larger growth," are so fond of. It treats of every variety of commendable recreation, from the Toys of the Nursery to Draughts and Chess—from fireside amusements to the sports of the field—cricket, archery, angling, gymnastics, &c. Is it not truly a "Treasury," and where is the boy who will not have a copy? We advise all our young friends to get it. Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway, sell it in this city.

ELEMENTARY COURSE OF GEOMETRY. For the use of Schools and Colleges. By Charles W. Hackley, S.T.D Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in Columbia College, and author of a "Treatise on Algebra," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-st.

The author informs us that the materials of this work have been drawn from the best foreign sources, and from the varied results of twenty years experience, as an instructor. The definitions are more clear and distinct, more free from metaphysical objections, and more simple and easy to be apprehended, than in any other similar work with which we are acquainted. Its merits will insure its adoption in our Schools and Academies.

CHAMBERS' CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, No. 16. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

This is the last number of this highly popular work, a work which cannot fail of exerting a most salutary influence upon the reading community. This Cyclopædia is a work so well known, having had (deservedly) a very large circulation, that an extended notice from us is unnecessary; we have only to add, that it is not only a highly popular work, beautifully executed, at an exceedingly *low cost*, but from its mechanical style of execution and binding, a most desirable addition to the Library of the scholar as well as the general reader.

CHAMBERS' MISCELLANY. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

No. 2 of this work is just out, and we trust will be found not only in the hands of the readers of the "Cyclopædia," but have a large general circulation. One number is alone worth a dozen volumes of the "yellow covered Literature" which meets the gaze of the universal public, and we know well that the instruction which the Miscellany affords, is not only of sound morality, but of sterling worth.

CAMP AND QUARTER-DECK.—The design of this work—a very happy one—is to present in succinct, graphic description, those great deeds of arms on land and sea, occurring during the lengthened wars of Europe, from the sudden burst of the French Revolution to Waterloo. The compendium is formed from more reliable and unbiased sources than we are in the habit of finding in English authorities. There also run through the work vigorous, animated life-sketches of every belligerent commander of the least distinction in arms; finally, the book is very prettily illustrated. It is published by Burgess, Stringer & Co. Price 25 cents.

☞ "HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE," for this month is an excellent number, filled with able articles on the Financial Crisis of 1847, Cuba, Commercial Legislation of England, Commerce of West Indies, &c. The Commercial Review and Statistics are particularly full, and valuable to Merchants and Manufacturers, and interesting to readers of all classes.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY. By Mary Howitt. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 v. 18 mo.

This is a capital work, and must prove a delightful companion for the youthful reader. The descriptions are in rhyme, each of which is finely illustrated with a wood-cut.

☞ No. 53 of "Fletcher's Devotional Family Bible," with a splendid Steel Engraving, has been published by Virtue, John-st.

"NORMAN'S BRIDGE, or the Modern Midas," by the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," "Emilia Windham,"—has just been published by the Harpers as No. 103 of their "Library of Select Novels." A popular author, 144 double column octavo pages for 25 cents, are sufficient inducements for the wide sale of this work.

"A SIMPLE STORY," by Mrs. Inchbald, is a work which has received the unanimous approbation of the public, and has stood the test of years without losing its popularity. Published by Harper & Brothers, Cliff-st. 25 cents.

Necrology.

P.G. MASTER BEARDSLEY.—Extract from an Address delivered at the installation of Washington Lodge No. 6, I. O. O. F. of the District of Columbia, by P.G. F. D. STUART, of Friendship Lodge No. 12, in July last:

But, in the midst of all our success, and while we are greeted from every quarter, with the glad tidings of the advancement of our Order, of the wonderful and almost incredible increase of its numbers, we are called upon to witness a scene which loudly proclaims the mutability and perishable nature of man, one which it behooves us seriously to contemplate. Many of our brethren, and among them some of our oldest and most efficient members, "like the sands of the glass, are passing away." Washington Lodge has sustained her part of the loss. But, my brethren, may we not indulge in the pleasing reflection, and may I not say happy consolation, at least in the case of our much lamented and well-beloved brother, P.G.M. BEARDSLEY, that although to us his departure is an irreparable loss, "to him it is eternal gain."

He was an Odd-Fellow—one whose actions afforded no reproach to the new character which he voluntarily assumed, whose warm attachment to our Order, whose untiring efforts to promote its welfare, whose profound knowledge of the principles by which we profess to be governed, and persuasive arguments in maintaining them; whose friendly demeanor and gentlemanly deportment, whose benevolence and charity, whose forbearance and sympathy, whose kind-heartedness and generosity, whose gentle manners and retiring habits, will long be cherished and ever remembered, by all who knew him.

He is gone, and I have no doubt that the inward conviction that he had done his duty as a man, that he had not forgotten the Golden Rule, contributed in no small degree, when the taper of life was flickering in the socket of mortality, to cheer up his soul and gladden his heart with the joyful prospect of gaining admittance into the Grand Lodge above.

Let us imitate his virtues, and endeavor if possible, by our exemplary conduct as Odd-Fellows to gain as great a recompense.

THE ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING.

Copies of this beautiful Gift Book can now be obtained at this Office, bound in the various *colors* of the Order—Price Two Dollars.

NEW ENGLAND AGENCY.—Bro. AARON PIERSON will visit all the brothers in the State of Connecticut, to supply the "Offering," and receive subscriptions to the GOLDEN RULE.

Bro. JAS. H. WHITNEY will visit the brotherhood in Rhode Island, and part of Massachusetts, for the same purpose.

Bro. GEORGE H. FLOYD is our Traveling Agent for the State of New Hampshire, and the north-east portion of Massachusetts, and will supply the Offering and receive subscriptions.

☞ Copies of the "OFFERING" can be obtained at our Boston Office, 40 Cornhill, up stairs, price Two Dollars each. Brothers visiting Boston on business or pleasure, from any part of New England, are invited to call, as above, and we promise them a cordial reception by Bro. L. WYMAN, Jr. our publishing Agent.

Bro. JOHN B. MORGAN is an authorized Agent for the GOLDEN RULE. He is visiting the brethren in Buffalo, and the westernmost counties of this State.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 3, in Brooklyn, by Rev. Bro. T. B. Thayer, Mr JAMES E. MASON, of Eagle Lodge No. 94, Brooklyn, and Miss ELIZABETH A. HUNT, of this city.

Sept. 22, at High Falls, N. Y. by Rev. C. S. Van Dycke, P.G. HIRAM ROOSA, of Lackawanna Lodge No. 238, Rondout, N. Y. and Miss LAMIRA E. DEWITT, of the former place.

Sept. 14, at Kingsboro', Fulton county, N. Y. by Rev. Dr. Beach, Bro. L. F. CLARK, V.G. of Howard Lodge No. 60, of this city, and Miss HULDAH G. daughter of A. Beach, Esq. of the former place.

DEATHS.

Sept. 24, in the town of Crawford, Orange county, EVE JANE, wife of Bro. Stephen L. Preston, P.G. of Chester Lodge No. 138, of Chester, N. Y.

At Elmira, N. Y. recently, Bro. WAIT S. PHELPS, of Newtown Lodge No. 254. He was greatly esteemed by all who knew him. The funeral obsequies were attended by the members of the Lodge. Resolutions, bearing the warmest testimony to the noble qualities of his heart, the striking purity and simplicity of his manners, and the high moral principles which prompted his actions, were passed by the Lodge.

DEDICATION OF PACIFIC HALL, FLUSHING.

The new Hall erected by Pacific Lodge No. 85, I. O. O. F. will be dedicated to the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth, on Tuesday, the 19th of October, inst. Invitations have been sent to all the neighboring Lodges, many of whom it is expected will be present. The members of the Order in general are fraternally invited to attend.

Two steamers will leave Fulton Market Slip, New York, at a quarter past 9 o'clock, on Tuesday morning, the 19th, and upon their arrival at Flushing, a procession will be formed, in full regalia, with music, and will proceed to a suitable place in the vicinity, where Addresses by distinguished brethren of the Order will be delivered—after which the procession will return to the Lodge Room, when the ceremonies of dedication will be performed. The whole will be concluded in ample season for visitors to reach the city before dark. Fare each way 18¾ cents. By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

Just Published

THE ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING FOR 1848.

THIS beautiful Volume is now ready, and is acknowledged by all who have seen it, to be much superior to any of its predecessors. It is edited by JAS. L. RIDGELY, G.S. of the U. S. G. L. and P.G. PASCHAL DONALDSON, and is illustrated with 12 beautiful Engravings. The paper, print, and elegant classic binding is of the first quality. The publisher assures the Fraternity that he has spared neither pains or expense to produce a suitable Book, worthy of presentation to their sweethearts, wives and daughters. Price $2.

☞ Brothers wishing to circulate the above beautiful Volume in their Lodge or neighborhood, will please address a line to the Publisher,
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The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of August, 1847, (27 months) 4160 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a nett capital of over $350,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No. 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

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STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, August 3d, 1847.—To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York: Sir, Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE—A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICTS—One Senator for the THIRD Senate District, consisting of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth wards of the city of New York; One Senator for the FOURTH Senate District, consisting of the Seventh, Tenth, Thirteenth and Seventeenth wards of the said city; One Senatorfor the FIFTH Senate District, consisting of the Eighth, Ninth and Fourteenth wards of the said city; and One Senator for the SIXTH Senate District, consisting of the Eleventh, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth wards of the said city.

COUNTY—Also the following officers for the said city and county, to wit: Sixteen members of Assembly, One to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully, N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFCE, NEW YORK, August 5th, 1847.—The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided. J. J. V. WESTERVELT,
Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Baord of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Rev. Stat. vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 3d, part 1st, page 140.

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VOL. VII....No. 16. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1847. WHOLE No. 172.

Original Poetry.

SONG.

COPIED FROM MY HEART-RECORDS OF A FIRST LOVE,

BY A. WIGHT.

DEAREST, thou art with me ever,
Whether wo or joy betide,
Absent from my spirit never,
O! my soul's beloved bride!
Thro' my careless tresses stealing,
Softly comes this summer air,
In its sweet low tones revealing
To my heart thy presence there.

When the rosy foot of morning
Steals upon the dewy earth,
And the mount and vale adorning,
Myriad glories spring to birth;
Then art thou in spirit near me,
With thy soft and warm caress;
In the song of flowers I hear thee,
Hear thee, and unconscious bless.

When the evening skies are bending
Purely, peacefully above,
And the silvery stars are sending
Radiant heralds of their love;
Then thy tones come softly swelling
On their starry wings to me,
To my heart delighted telling
Golden dreams of love and thee!

And at the dark hour, when lonely
Memories throng upon my heart,
And each dear remembrance only
Bids regretful tears to start,
Tenderly thy cheek is pressing
Closely, warmly on my own,
And I feel thy love possessing,
I can never be alone!

No! for thou art with me *ever*,
Whether wo or joy betide,
Absent from my spirit never,
O! my soul's beloved bride!

Fredonia, N. Y. Sept. 1847.

THE PAST.

BY. J. H. W.

THE past!
Its mem'ries 'round me play;
How fast
Our moments pass away,
And leave us but the thought,
Of pleasure they have brought,
Or all we might have sought!
Alas!
How many moments more
Will pass
Neglected as before!

Our life
Is but a day of toil,
Of strife,
Of hatred, and of broil;
We mingle with the throng,
And let life pass along,
Unmindful of the wrong
We do,
Until we bid a last
Adieu,
To earth—and all is past!

Action without stay or rest,
Is that which suits man's nature best.—[Goethe.

Original Miscellany.

REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

BY REV. BRO. I. D. WILLIAMSON.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

WELL do I remember the schoolmaster. He was a son of the Emerald Isle; like most of his countrymen, somewhat marked with the small pox; thick-set and some forty years of age. He had a small quick eye, a short and rather thick nose, and thin sandy hair, which was drawn up from either side and braided upon the top of his head, in order to conceal a slight baldness of that region. He wore a blue coat and gray pantaloons, and had in his hand a stick of about eighteen inches in length, and three fourths of an inch in thickness at the larger end. To the other end were attached five strings of catgut, about the size of the tenor string of a violincello, with three knots at the extremity of each, making a sort of marine cat-o-nine-tails. It did not take long to learn, that this formidable instrument was known by the cognomen of "the correctors," though justice requires me to say, that it was a thing more for show than for use. Occasionally, indeed, some luckless wight who, for good reasons, had incurred the schoolmaster's displeasure, received a few stripes of the "correctors," well laid on, which he generally remembered for a long time. But the rule of the old schoolmaster was, for the most part, mild and parental, far more so than was usual at that day. He would bear long and forgive much, but woe to the unlucky urchin who passed the bounds of his forbearance. Upon him came the "correctors" with a power to prove that the master "bore not the rod in vain."

The name of this friend of my youth was McG———, and there are few men to whom I have felt more real attachment. He had the brogue peculiar to his countrymen, and his utterance being rapid, his speeches were sometimes sources of much merriment with his scholars, though I think, no disrespectful feeling entered into this amusement.

There were some eighty scholars, male and female, and of all ages, from the cradle to manhood. To the boys he was sometimes stern and threatening in his language; but to the girls

uniformly considerate and polite. To the one he would say, in his rich brogue:

"Bayes! give over your play there, or I'll give ye a touch of me correctors jist!" And if that warning did not answer the purpose, it soon came in more authoritive tones. "Bayes! Bayes! why but ye give over your play there? Give over as I bid ye! or I'll jist give ye the weight of me hand complately!" But to the other, his language was: "Young ladies! you at the far side of the school'us, lay over your whispering there, or I'll be obliged to spake roughly unto ye, jist!"

He had been twenty years engaged in teaching "the young idea how to shoot," and few men of his day performed the arduous duties of a teacher more faithfully, or to better acceptance. His acquirements were not extensive, but quite thorough as far as they went. As a mathematician he was equal to many who have far more reputation for knowledge of that science, and in all the ordinary branches of a good English education, he was perfectly at home. His illustrations were always apt, and his explanations clear and explicit. He never hesitated for a word, nor confused his pupils with long explanations when a few words would answer. Generally, he preferred, by a question or two, to put the pupil upon a train of thought, which would enable him, of himself, to solve the difficulty, rather than give him a direct and plain explanation. He was a true son of the Catholic Church, yet, he was tolerant and charitable in his opinions and his judgement of others. Of all his pupils there were few that did not love him, and few who would not be benefited by heeding his precepts and copying his examples. He stood aloof alike from the common follies and vices of the day, and devoted himself with singleness of heart to his vocation, never more at home, or more apparently contented and happy, than in the midst of his school. During many long years he taught in that same house, and of the people of that region there are very many who speak of the old schoolmaster with much kindness and respect.

And the good old Schoolmaster yet lives, and still he pursues his accustomed vocation, not in the old place indeed, but in a distant city. He who will cross the Fulton Ferry from New York to Brooklyn, and step up to A—— Street, shall find the old gentleman in the upper story of a small frame house, still surrounded with a bevy of boys, with whom he is engaged in that same employment he has now followed hard on upon fifty years. He is more corpulent than in days of yore; and there are more gray hairs upon his head. But there is the same sharp twinkling eye, the same serene countenance, and the same calm unruffled brow, which indeed I never saw wrinkled in anger, or clouded with aught more than a momentary shade of impatience.

A rare man, is that old Schoolmaster, and to me, I confess, I cannot look upon him but with mingled feelings of love and veneration. There is something of the morally sublime in the contemplation of a man who has toiled half a century, incessantly in the education of the young—who has borne the obstinacy of the stupid, the waywardness of the vicious, and the folly of the thoughtless, during so many long years, and patiently pursued the even tenor of his way in a useful employment, without turning aside for honor or profit. The schoolmaster may indeed be unhonored, but he is among the greatest benefactors of the world. Without him the nation would sink and fall, for his mis-ion is to train the *mind*, on which alone national prosperity and safety depend. Let the "Schoolmaster" be honored.

Glad am I to say, that my old friend, by his patient industry and economy, has secured a comfortable living, and a competence for the wants of his old age, which will, I doubt not, be as they have always been, moderate.

Should this meet his eye, let him look upon it, as it is really intended to be, a token of respect from one of his old pupils, designed to give a true though imperfect picture of that beloved teacher, to whom he is indebted for much that he now is, and from whom he never received a look, except a look of affection, or a word, but of kindness. Nay, my old master, thou knowest, those "correctors" were never laid upon this back, nor didst thou ever frown upon or utter a reproof for me. May be I deserved it full oft, but of that thou knowest. I only know, that I loved thee, and *sought* to repay thy kindness by a cheerf ttention to duty. And though years are gone, I love thee st

Popular Tales.

THE WILL OF AN IMPLACABLE WOMAN;

AND HOW REVERSED.

A Sketch from Real Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BISHOP'S DAUGHTER."

It is remarkable what extraordinary self-reliance man, the creature of a day, will oft-times exhibit; with what deliberate hardihood he will affect to dictate terms to Providence; with what daring boldness he will decide, propose, and plan—forgetful that there is a Being above with whom it specially rests "*to permit.*"

The following brief record of passion and prejudice details events which, partially, came under my own eye. The names of the leading actors in the scene are materially varied, in deference to the feelings of surviving relatives. But to the parties themselves, such alteration is idle. The verdict of their fellows to them is valueless. They have passed beyond the reach of human censure and applause.

But their fate carries a moral often forgotten, and always needful. May it teach the hard-hearted, and the revengeful, and the merciless, to forbear, and to forget and to forgive!

On a couch, in a room expensively furnished, belonging to a large house admirably situated in one of the best parts of W——, sat a lady, on whose fierce and marked features impatience and pain were plainly visible. By her, in a most deferential attitude, stood a young girl of some eighteen or twenty summers, whose fair brow was overcast with premature care and gloom; and who was watching with evident and ill-concealed apprehension the excited and irascible woman beside her. The contrast was marked and striking. The two beings seemed hardly to belong to the same sex. One—young, gentle, and affectionate—appeared the image of innocence, meekness, and feminine dependence. The other—dark, stern, and forbidding—was the type of passion, and violence, and tyranny, and selfishness. The room was well lighted. Costly articles were profusely strewed about it. Indications of ample means were not wanting. And yet its occupants appeared strangely and hopelessly sad. For an hour neither spoke. The younger, with her anxious gaze fixed steadily on the sufferer, seemed hardly to breathe.

The latter at length broke silence.

"Ah! yes! you may well look at me!" she spoke, in a harsh and angry tone; "I'm worse—much worse! I knew that this would be the case! More pain—more throbbing—more fever! So much for that filthy stuff, which you persuaded me to take at the doctor's bidding. Do you wish me dead, girl? On my soul, I fancy that hope to be uppermost!"

The gentle being, thus addressed, spoke not: but looked up, sadly and reproachfully, at her wayward relative.

"What! no reply?" continued the elder lady, angrily; "you don't care to spend your breath on me, eh?"

"Dear, dear aunt!" returned the young girl, eagerly, while tears, which she vainly strove to check, half-choked her utterance, "you would avoid, yes! I am persuaded, you would avoid such cruel and unmerited upbraidings, were you aware of the pain they inflict."

"Your pain can't equal mine!" exclaimed the invalid, sharply, shifting her posture on the sofa, with an expression of great suffering; "and as for tears—shed them. I intend you to feel. For whom upon this earth, I should like to know, should you feel but for me? Have n't I educated you, and fed you, and clothed you, and housed you? Feel, indeed! You're bound to feel!"

"I *do* feel," was the sincere rejoinder, "grieved at your present sufferings; and deeply grateful to you for much and continued kindness."

"Miss Ossulton!" cried the other, "don't use such honeyed words; they cloy."

"Oh! that any thing I could say—that any thing I could do—might have the good fortune to please!" murmured the youthful and anguished nurse.

Rap—tap—rap! at the door.

"Listen!" resumed the sick lady; "listen, and be alive!"

"Miss Ossulton!" was whispered, in a very subdued tone by a low clear voice outside the apartment; "Miss Ossulton! the doctor is below in the dining-room."

"And there he may stay!" ejaculated the sick lady.

The voice continued—

"He begs to know whether Mrs. Dunsterville be asleep; and, if not, wishes to see her."

"Asleep! no! I'm wide awake; and have been all my life!" said Mrs. Dunsterville, sharply. "Tell him to be off. I'll fol-

low no more of his directions, and take no more of his decoctions. I'm worse—much worse—after his every visit. Tell him to be off!"

"Oh, madam," interposed the young lady, "send no such message as that, I entreat you. It would be a positive insult to Mr. Sieveright, whose care and attention have been unremitting. You, yourself, have acknowledged the anxiety with which he has watched your case."

"Well! He has shown attention, I admit; but that's no more than his duty. He'll be paid for it! I'll *not* see him! I ought to have been well long ago—that I ought!"

"What am I to say, miss?" persevered the voice at the outside, "be pleased to give me my answer."

"You have it," cried Mrs. Dunsterville, sternly; "I'll not see him. I'll take no more drugs, and pay for no more opinions. Tell him to be off, he'll be more useful elsewhere."

"I'll say as much, ma'am," whispered the voice, and ceased.

"Oh! aunt!" cried the young lady, deeply moved, "how can you speak and act so harshly! What a return for Mr. Sieveright's kindness! You do him great injustice. And as for recovery, how can you expect it when you refuse a fair trial to your doctor's remedies?"

"He shall poison me no further, that I'm resolved upon!" was the closing rejoinder of the resolute lady.

Mrs. Dunsterville passed a most uneasy night, was materially worse the following morning; and her niece desired and succeeded in procuring a second opinion upon her case. The view taken of her situation was so serious that, at the suggestion of both her medical attendants, a hint was given her that no time should be lost in arranging her worldly affairs. She received this intimation with her habitual hardihood.

"I understand you, and the remark does not alarm me. Your impression is mine. I believe I am bound for my last journey. In truth I've been of opinion from the first that the drugs I've been taking would end me. No cat or dog could survive them! And as for a Christian's inside—whew! On other points you think, and I agree with you, that it is time I should dispose of my property. But I must have a couple of hours to consider how and to whom. Meanwhile, send for Mr. Haldimand, my attorney."

Prior to that gentleman's arrival she had two hours of apparently deep and serious solitary reflection. At the expiration of that interval she rang for her niece. It is doubtful whether so close a relation as that of aunt and niece existed between the parties. Many held they were but very distantly connected. But the relationship already laid down, was that which Mrs. Dunsterville wished the world to understand as subsisting between them, and the wish was tacitly acquiesced in.

"Fanny," cried the elder lady, with an air of stern decision, "I'm about to pay you a sorry compliment. I'm about to leave you what I can't take with me. Now, girl, no tears, no sobs, no sighs. Listen: my will will convey to you all I possess. The farms at Yelland, my savings, this homse as it stands, my plate, carriage, all will be yours, but upon one condition. I must have your solemn promise, nay, your oath, that not one sixpence of your income shall ever pass to your father; and that you will never permit him, even for an hour, to be an inmate of your house."

The young lady gazed steadfastly on her harsh and forbidding relative, but no word of comment escaped her.

"You hear me, I presume?" thundered the rich woman, vehemently.

"I do," was the scarcely audible reply.

"And you assent to my conditions?"

Miss Ossulton trembled. Her color faded rapidly from her face, lips, brow, till she resembled rather a statue than a living, breathing being; but whatever was her emotion it found no vent in words. She maintained an unbroken silence.

"Speak, and quickly, time passes, and my share of it is small," resumed the elder lady, passionately—"in one word, do you assent?"

"I cannot," murmured the niece, slowly and distinctly.

"Then all I have to leave will be bestowed elsewhere."

To the inexpressible indignation of the excited Mrs. Dunsterville, the sole reply which this potent threat elicited was a mute gesture of acquiescence.

"Be it so!" she exclaimed, with a forced and frightful laugh. "And now where is Mr. Haldimand? Why does he tarry? Hasten him by another messenger. My instructions will soon be given. And these," she resumed, again addressing her niece while her order was being executed, "and these will chiefly affect *you!* They will—ha! ha! ha! they will render you a beggar."

The pale and trembling being at whom these innuendoes were hurled replied in low and feeble tones. The gist of her answer it was difficult to gather. But it terminated with the word "endured." Mrs. Dunsterville pounced upon her at once.

"Ah! yes! that sounds well from *your* lips! You who have from childhood been surrounded with every comfort which money could procure, know, forsooth, much about *endurance!* You, who have yet to learn what 'stint' is, have truly had much to '*endure!*' But your trials are coming; poverty among them—an awkward-looking foe even at a distance; but desperately disagreeable to grapple with at close quarters. You'll know something about it when I'm gone."

"Life has evils worse and more humiliating to face than poverty," was the calm reply.

"Oh! it has, ah! well, you'll know them practically when you go out governessing on £20 per annum. That's before you when the breath leaves my body. Your father, saucy and audacious man, can't support you. Of that, I presume, you feel by this time assured!"

"He cannot, I know it well."

"And you used to express a desire to be able to lighten his burdens?"

"I did wish, I do still wish—heaven knows how earnestly—to help him. It has been the cherished aim of my life."

"You'll be able to manage it when you're in service! Ha! ha! ha! Miss Ossulton, whom the young men used to flatter and flutter around as Mrs. Dunsterville's heiress, going out as a governess on some £20 a year. What an agreeable reverse of fortune!"

And the ailing woman laughed hideously and repeatedly.

The younger lady listened with a flushed cheek and tearful eye, but in silence. Another peal of mocking laughter was heard from the invalid's couch. As it ceased, a low and gentle voice said:

"Aunt, hear me. You know I have never harassed you with repeated requests, but now I urge one most anxiously, most earnestly. Deal with me as you please, but remember in this solemn hour my father. He has had many trials, many struggles, much to brave and much to bear. His character is blameless; that I can assert fearlessly. Leave *me* penniless, if you will, but I implore you to bequeath to him some small bequest, some trifling annuity, not so much to cheer and help him as to testify your frank forgiveness and good-will."

"You'll be clever if you get me into that mind," said the old lady, shifting her cushions.

Her young relative persevered.

"Aunt," said she, "you are rapidly hastening where forgiveness of injuries is indispensable."

"Don't pretend, girl, to teach me *my* duty, mind your own. Your father deeply offended me; I said I never would forgive him, and I never will."

"True; but listen—"

"No, I will listen to nothing further on that point." Then, with a bitter expletive, frightful at that hour and from a woman's lips, she added, "*Into this house that man shall never enter, nor one sixpence of my money shall he ever have.* Such is my fixed resolution, and I defy what is under the earth or above the earth to rule it otherwise."

Shocked and terrified, the listener retreated and buried her face in her hands.

A light step was now heard outside the door, and in a subdued tone a voice whispered,

"Mr. Haldimand, ma'am, the lawyer, is below, and waits your pleasure."

"Show him into the dining-room, and say I'll see him almost immediately."

The light step retreated.

"Now, Miss Ossulton, poverty or independence?"

"Poverty," was the reply; "poverty and a calm conscience."

"Quite heroical! a sensible choice, and most deliberately made. But, understand me, while I withhold I also give."

The niece looked up, timidly, in evident doubt as to the speaker's intentions.

"You don't catch my meaning, eh? I'll explain it. Your expectancies by my will I take away, and in lieu of them bestow my curse."

"No, no!" shrieked her auditor, quickly and almost wildly. "You cannot be serious; for mercy's sake speak not thus, and *now!*"

"But I will speak, and you shall hear. To you, Fanny, I have been all but in name a mother. Every kindness, every indulgence, every vigilance which a mother could bestow I have shown; nothing has been grudged, nothing has been withheld that could make you happy. And now, ungrateful girl, my dying curse shall follow you—"

"Stay! stay!" interrupted the shrinking Fanny; and as she spoke she threw herself before her strange benefactress, and grasped, convulsively, her hand; "Cease, cease, these frightful threats. I'll make any promise you ask—take any oath you require—do any thing—but oh! curse me not—curse me not, I implore you."

"Then do, and at once, my bidding. Write on that sheet of paper the words I now dictate."

The niece—pale and tearless—obeyed almost mechanically; so thoroughly had anguish and apprehension possessed her

"Show me what you have written."

The victim handed to her tormentor the revengeful and revolting document. The latter read it over thrice, and thoughtfully weighed each expression. Returning it to her grave and dejected relative, the old lady observed:

"Yes; that's my meaning. I must now endeavor to make your promise binding. First of all, sign it. Good! Now bring me that New Testament which is lying on my toilette-table. Hold it in your right hand, and take an oath, as they do in courts of justice, in my presence, on that book, to abide by what you have in that paper written."

Miss Ossulton did so.

"There—nothing can be better—*that's just as it should be!* and now I'm ready for Mr. Haldimand—let me see him at once."

The party thus summoned was an upright and honorable man, who took, with commendable care and precision, Mrs. Dunsterville's instructions, and more than once reminded her of the position of some who he thought had claims upon her. To these she turned a deaf ear. Miss Ossulton's rights she regarded as paramount; and a will was drawn up, conveying to that lady, *absolutely*, the bulk of her relative's property.

Fatigue, exertion, and emotion, were now telling fearfully upon the sufferer. She was evidently worse; and after considerable hesitation, she was asked whether she would like to see a clergyman. She replied in the affirmative, named one, and begged that that party might be summoned without delay. He came. She told him that she was arranging her affairs; that the exertion incident upon such a task had aggravated her complaint, that she believed her life was "beyond insuring," and that therefore she had wished to see him.

"You are rich," was the ecclesiastic's reply, "you are childless; you have no near relatives. Be merciful in the closing act of your life. Show, in the final disposition of your property, a kindly and compassionate spirit. *Remember the poor.*"

She looked up with an air of surprise.

"Why, upon earth, am I to do that? Remember them! Out upon it! They have often remembered me, and impudently enough in all conscience! They hooted me at Yelland! Upon one occasion I got into trouble; and—yes—they actually hooted me."

"Requite evil with good," said the clergyman, mildly.

"No—I'm not likely to do that. Now would you, if you were my weight and size, and had had to run for dear life as the brutes made me do? *Remember the poor*, quotha? They're an improvident, saucy, good-for-nothing set—two-thirds of them are hypocrites, and the remainder drunkards. I hate the everlasting cant about the poor—it's nauseous. Let others remember them," said she, stoutly, "I won't."

"But the conduct you allude to, though indefensible, was probably accidental—not deliberate—thus regard it; and—forgive it."

"I'm none of your forgiving sort. That girl's father"—pointing to Miss Ossulton, "offended me. I've never forgiven him; and won't. He did n't frequent this house in my life time: he shan't enter it after I'm gone! The woman next door exasperated me when I lived at Yelland. We'd a dispute about a pew. I don't know but what we'd a bit of a sly tussle in church. I never forgave her, and never will."

"Heaven is barred to the unforgiving: have you considered this?" asked the astonished visitor.

"Ah, well! I'm tired and in pain: and I'm exhausted, and sad; I can listen to nothing further at present; will you repeat your visit to-morrow?"

The wondering Churchman took his leave. As he lingered for a brief space in the breakfast-room below, he asked a loiterer, "Was this lady's property hers by inheritance?"

"Oh! no," was the ready reply. "She filled a subordinate station in the household of the late Mr. Dunsterville. He was her senior in years, and required a good deal of attendance. She played her cards adroitly; and was amply rewarded. He married her, and at his death left her all he had. A lady bred and born she can scarcely be considered."

"Ah!" said the Churchman, "that explanation solves a riddle."

Further interviews took place, but with no result. The clergyman was understood to have returned to his former topics, and to have pressed them anew and earnestly on the attention of the departing lady. But in vain. She would leave no benefaction, however trivial, to the poor, nor concede the slightest token of forgiveness to her delinquent kinsman.

She died as she had lived, stern, exacting, and unforgiving.

They buried her at Yelland. The funeral array was costly; but among those who followed her to the tomb it would have been difficult to point to one saddened spectator. Her will was produced and read. The necessary forms were gone through, and Miss Ossulton was declared sole heiress to her kinswoman's entire property.

To effect the transfer, occupied some little time. But the day at length arrived when all the forms were completed, and all the requisite documents signed; and then Miss Ossulton was actual possessor of the ample means bequeathed to her.

She had taken a final leave of her man of business, and had received his congratulations on the last signature being given, and the last outstanding claim arranged.

She was, in truth, owner of all that Mrs. Dunsterville had possessed.

Her spirits, naturally joyous, rose at her escape from business details, which she never liked, and for which she was unfitted. She had described it in the morning as "an eventful day for her!" It was so in a sense she little anticipated.

With a light heart she returned home to an early tea. Her attendants heard her dancing, and singing, apparently in high spirits, and looking forward to a bright and happy future. On a sudden there was a pause—a faint scream, and a dull, heavy fall. The housemaid rushed into the sitting-room. There lay her young mistress senseless and partially convulsed upon the floor; She raised her and applied restoratives. To no purpose. Miss Ossulton gasped once or twice, feebly, and expired.

An inquest was held—a verdict returned, "Died from natural causes," and the young girl was buried.

Who was her heir? No will could be found. No document of a testamentary nature was forthcoming. She had died intestate. Who was her successor? Her father. And consequently Mrs. Dunsterville's *entire* property became *his* property.

To that head-strong and wayward woman it seemed never to occur that her niece was mortal; might die childless and intestate. For such a contingency her will—so decidedly worded—made no provision. One feeling animated her—revenge. She aimed at carrying it out beyond the grave. Her resolve was to punish her kinsman even when she was in her coffin. But the fiat of a higher power mastered hers. The party to whom she left her property never enjoyed it, and the being whom she resolved on barring from any share of it, came into its full and prompt, undisturbed possession.

A few weeks passed, and in the large and well-plenished abode of Mrs. Dunsterville presided as owner, Mr. Ossulton, owner of the house which he "was never to enter!" Of her income he was master, to save or squander as he pleased—that income for which she vowed he "should never be one sixpence the better!" There he stood giving orders in her pleasure-garden—trimming coolly and carefully her favorite rubus which stood near the gate—that tempting rubus on which the little street boys would lay their marauding fingers—which had brought her into so many squabbles—and anent which Mrs. Dunsterville had so often assured some audacious spoliator that if she "lived to see the morning light, she would most assuredly have him up before the mayor, and transport him beyond seas for the rest of his days. She could do it, and she would!"

Poor Mrs. Dunsterville! Had she been a crowned head, what a matchless despot she would have made!

And no one missed her, save the street urchins. Every thing under the new *regime* looked much as usual. Even the parrot—the favorite parrot—"the only human being on this wide earth" (as her late mistress used most unaccountably to phrase it), "the only human being on this wide earth who really loved and esteemed her!" shrieked, and sang, and laughed, and whistled in her cage, and occasionally screamed out as of old, "Poor Mrs. Dunsterville!—ah! poor dear Mrs. Dunsterville!—poor lady!—poor lady!—oh! oh! oh!"

Oh! Polly! Polly! you may well repeat your lesson, and dwell upon the theme! If your late mistress could have looked up out of her costly coffin and seen who was "reigning in her stead"—could have witnessed who was laying down the law in *her* house, and turning over *her* valuables, and routing out *her* repositories—could have seen who was pruning *her* shrubs and transplanting *her* flowers—could have observed who was drinking *her* wine and taking an airing in *her* carriage.

Scream, Polly, scream by all means. There is meaning in your phrase, "Poor Mrs. Dunsterville!—poor Mrs. Dunsterville!"

Reader! one parting word. Is it impertinent to assure you that this is no fictitious tale? The will, thus over-ruled, was made. The characters thus portrayed, existed. The sentiments here recorded, were deliberately avowed. The sudden death here described, actually occurred. Does not the narrative warn us how wretchedly they miscalculate who fancy that they can control and command events? Does it not remind us that the issues of every scheme, however cruelly planned or resolutely executed, rest *alone* with Him who is the Irresistible?

[Bently's Miscellany.

Scenes in Palestine.

THE HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

III.—JERUSALEM. THE TEMPLE.

My room opened upon a little terrace,—the flat roof of a lower apartment in our inn at Jerusalem, and from this little terrace I was never tired of gazing. A considerable portion of the city was spread out below me; not with its streets laid open to view, as it would be in one of our cities; but presenting a collection of flat roofs, with small white cupolas rising from them, and the minarets of the mosques springing, tall and light as the poplar from the long grass of the meadow. The narrow, winding lanes, which are the streets of Eastern cities, are scarcely traceable from a hight; but there was one visible from our terrace,—with its rough pavement of large stones, the high house-walls on each side, and the arch thrown over it, which is so familiar to all who have seen pictures of Jerusalem. This street is called the Via Dolorosa, the Mournful Way, from its being supposed to be the way by which Jesus went from the Judgment Hall to Calvary, bearing his cross. Many times in a day my eye followed the windings of this street, in which I rarely saw any one walking; and when it was lost among the buildings near the walls, I looked over to the hill which bounded our prospect;—and that hill was the Mount of Olives. It was then the time of full moon, and evening after evening I used to lean on the parapet of the terrace, watching for the coming up of the large yellow moon from behind the ridge of Olivet. By day the slopes of the Mount were green with the springing wheat, and dappled with the shade of the Olive clumps. By night, those clumps and lines of trees were dark amid the lights and shadows cast by the moon; and they guided the eye, in the absence of daylight, to the most interesting points,—the descent to the brook Kedron, the road to Bethany, and the place whence Jesus is believed to have looked over upon the noble city when he pronounced its doom. Such was the view from our terrace.

One of our first walks was along the Via Dolorosa. There is a strange charm in the streets of Jerusalem, from the picturesque character of the walls and archways. The old walls of yellow stone are so beautifully tufted with weeds that one longs to paint every angle and projection, with their mellow coloring, and dangling and trailing weeds. And the shadowy archways, where the vaulted roofs intersect each other, till they are lost in the dazzle of the sunshine beyond, are a perpetual treat to the eye. The pavement is the worst I ever walked on;—large, slippery stones, slanting all manner of ways. Passing such weedy walls and dark archways as I have mentioned, we turned into the Via Dolorosa, and followed it as far as the Governor's House, which stands where Fort Antonia stood when Pilate there tried Him in whom he found, as he declared, no guilt. Here we obtained permission to mount to the roof.

Why did we wish it? For reasons of such force as I despair of making understood by any but those to whom the name of the Temple has been sacred from their earliest years. None but Mohammedans may enter the inclosure now; no Jew nor Christian. The Jew and Christian who repel each other in Christian lands are under the same ban here. They are alike excluded from the place where Solomon built, and Christ sanctified the temple of Jehovah; and they are alike mocked and insulted, if they draw near the gates. Of course, we were not satisfied without seeing all we could see of this place—now occupied by the mosque of Omar—the most sacred spot to the Mohammedans, after Mecca. We could sit under the Golden Gates, outside the walls: we could measure with the eye, from the bed of the brook Kedron, the hight of the walls which crowned Moriah, and from amid which once arose the Temple courts; we could sit where Jesus sat on the slope of Olivet, and look over to the hight whence the glorious Temple once commanded the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which lay between us and it; but this was not enough, if we could see more. We had gone to the threshold of one of the gates, as far as the Faithful permit the infidel to go: and even there we had insulting warnings not to venture farther, and were mocked by little boys. From this threshold we had looked in; and from the top of the city wall we had looked down upon the inclosure, and seen the external beauty of the buildings, and the pride and prosperity of the Mohammedan usurpers. But we could see yet more from the roof of the Governor's house: and there we went accordingly.

The inclosure was spread out like a map below us: and very beautiful was the mosque, built of varigated marbles, and its vast dome, and its noble marble platform, with its flights of steps, and light arcades; and the green lawn which sloped away all around, and the row of cypress trees under which a company of worshipers were at their prayers. But how could we, coming from a Christian land, attend much to present things, when the sacred Past seemed spread before our eyes? I was looking, almost all the while, to see where the Sheep-gate was, through which the lambs for sacrifice were brought: and the Water-gate, through which the priest went down to the spring of Siloam for water for the ritual purification. I saw where the Temple itself must have stood, and planned how far the outer courts extended,—the Court of the Gentiles, the Court of Women, the Treasury, where the chest stood on the right of the entrance, and the right hand might give without the left hand knowing; and the place where the scribes sat to teach, and where Christ so taught in their jealous presence as to make converts of those who were sent to apprehend him. I saw whereabouts the altar must have stood, and where arose, night and morning, for long centuries the smoke of the sacrifices. I saw where the golden vine must have hung its clusters on the front of the Holy Place, and where, again, the innermost chamber must have been,—the Holy of Holies, the dwelling-place of Jehovah, where none but the High Priest might enter, and he only once a year. These places have been familiar to my mind's eye from my youth up; almost as familiar as my own house: and now I looked at the very ground they had occupied, and the very scenery they had commanded, with an emotion that the ignorant or careless reader of the New Testament could hardly conceive of. And the review of time was hardly less interesting than that of place. Here, my thoughts were led back to the early days when David and Solomon chose the ground, and leveled the summit of Mount Moriah, and began the Temple of Jehovah. I could see the lavishing of Solomon's wealth upon the edifice, and the fall of its pomp under invaders who worshipped the sun; and the rebuilding in the days of Nehemiah, when the citizens worked at the walls with arms in their girdles; and in the full glory and security (as most of the Jews thought) of their Temple while they paid tribute to the Romans. Oh! the proud Mohammedans before my eyes were very like the proud Jews, who mocked at the idea that their Temple should be thrown down. I saw now the area where they stood in their pride, and where before a generation had passed away, no stone was left upon another, and the plow was brought to tear up the last remains of the foundations. Having witnessed this heart-rending sight, the Jews were banished from the city, and were not even permitted to see their Zion from afar off. In the age of Constantine, they were allowed to approach so as to see the city from the surrounding hills; a mournful liberty, like that of permitting an exile to see his native shores from the sea, but never to land. At length, the Jews were allowed to purchase of the Roman soldiers leave to enter Jerusalem once a year,—on the day when the city fell before Titus.

And what to do? How did they spend that one day of the year? I will tell; for I saw it. The mournful custom abides to this day.

I have said how proud and prosperous looked the Mosque of Omar, with its marble buildings, its green lawns, and gaily dressed people,—some at prayer under the cypresses, some conversing under the arcades;—female devotees in white sitting on the grass, and merry children running on the slopes:—all these ready and eager to stone to death on the instant, any Christian or Jew who should dare to set his foot within the walls. This is what we saw within. Next we went round the outside till we came by a narrow, crooked passage, to a desolate spot, occupied by desolate people. Under a high, massive, and very ancient wall was a dusty narrow space, inclosed on the other side by the backs of modern dwellings, if I remember right. This ancient wall, where the weeds are springing from the crevices of the stones, is the only part remaining of the old Temple wall; and here the Jews come every Friday, to their Place of Wailing, as it is called, to mourn over the fall of their Temple, and pray for its restoration. What a contrast did these humbled people present to the proud Mohammedans within! The women were seated in the dust—some wailing aloud, some repeating prayers with moving lips, and others reading them from books on their knees. A few children were at play on the ground; and some aged men sat silent, their heads drooped on their breasts. Several younger men were leaning against the wall,—pressing their foreheads against the stones, and resting their books on their clasped hands in the crevices. With some, this wailing is no form: for I saw tears on their cheeks. I longed to know if any had hope in their hearts, that they or their children of any generation should pass that wall, and should help to swell the cry, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, that the King of Glory may come in!" If they have any such hope, it may give some sweetness to this rite of humiliation. We had no such hope for them; and it was with unspeakable sadness that I, for one, turned away from the thought of the pride and tyranny within those walls, and the desolation without, carrying with me a deep-felt lesson on the strength of human faith, and the weakness of the tie of brotherhood.

Alas! all seem weak alike. Look at the three great places of prayer in the Holy City! Here are the Mohammedans eager to kill any Jew or Christian who may enter the Mosque of Omar. There are the Christians ready to kill any Mohammedan or Jew who may enter the church of the Holy Sepulchre. And here are the Jews pleading against their enemies.—"Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem, who said, raze it, raze it, even to the foundation thereof. O, daughter of Babylon that art to be destroyed, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us. Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones!" Such are the things done and said in the name of Religion!

A Young Female Heroine.—In a house in Mordan Street, Troy-town, Rochester, a young girl called Sarah Rogers, about fifteen years of age, was in charge of a child ten months old She had laid down the infant for a time, and missing it on turning round, ran out into the garden to look for it. The child was not to be seen; and the poor little nurse, in obedience to a terrible presentiment, rushed to the well. Her fears were only too just. The covering of the well was out of repair; and on dragging away the broken boards, she saw the object of her search in the water at the bottom—a distance of sixty-three feet. A wild scream broke from the girl at the sight; but she did not content herself with screaming, and she knew that if she ran for aid, it would in all probability come too late. Sarah Rogers, therefore—this girl of fifteen—lowered the bucket to the bottom, and grasping the rope in her hands, descended after it. In thus descending, without any one above to steady her, she swayed against the rough stones of the well, and mangled her hands to such an extent, that the flesh is described as having been actually torn from the bones.

She reached the bottom, nevertheless; and although standing in three feet water, contrived to get hold of the drowning child with her lacerated hands, and raise it above the surface. She then emptied the bucket, which had filled, and placing her precious charge in it, awaited the result. That result was fortunate and speedy, for her scream providentially had drawn several persons to the spot, and Sarah Rogers had presently the delight to see the bucket ascending with the infant. Still the brave and generous girl was unsatisfied; and when the bucket was lowered for herself, she could not be prevailed upon to enter it till they had assured her of the safety of the child.

The infant was found to be severely, but not dangerously hurt; while it was feared that its preserver would lose for ever the use of her honds. But this, we are happy to say, is now not likely to be the case. The wounds will in all probability yield to the influence of care and skill, and Sarah Rogers will be able, as heretofore, to earn her bread by the work of her hands.

[English paper.

The Owl and the Jays.—Those who have resided in the country will have occasional seen an assembly of jays, and heard their incessant screaming, accompanied by loud and angry vociferation. A countryman will tell you that they are mobbing an owl, and such is generally the case. I friend of mine, while riding in the country, heard this screaming from a large assemblage of jays, and at the same time perceived a man, who having picked up a stone, crept stealthily along the road for some distance. My informant, thinking that this action of his had some reference to the noise of the jays, although he scarce thought it probable that they would remain to be pelted, rode up and asked what he was about to do. "Oh," he said, "these jays are mobbing an owl." He was asked if he had seen him. "No." he replied, "but that is the noise they always make when so doing;" and then pointing in the direction from whence the cries proceeded. "I lay a bet the owl is in that old crab-tree. I was picking up the stone to knock him down." The curiosity of my informant was excited, and opening a gate, he rode close to the tree, from whence the jays had already flown, and there sat the owl, which allowed the tree to be shaken violently before it took flight. "Be sure," said the countryman, "when you hear jays making that noise, they are mobbing an owl."—[Jesse's Haunts.

The Gold Mines of the Ural Mountains and Siberia.—The constantly increasing productiveness of these mines renders them a matter of considerable interest. They were first worked in 1819, their existence having been previously proved by the presence of considerable quantities of gold in the sand of the Ural rivers; in that year upwards of 1600 pounds weight of the metal was procured. This quantity has been steadily increasing during every succeeding year, and in 1846 amounted to more than 68,880 pounds weight, which would be worth at £50 per lb. £3,444,000. The total weight obtained since 1819 is 573,400 pounds which at £50 per lb. would be worth £28,670,000. The amount includes the produce of certain Siberian mines, as well as those of the Ural mountains, and the quantity obtained by washing the sand of the Ural rivers.—[Allegemeine Zeitung.

Scientific Information.

VULCANIZED CAOUTCHOUC—GUTTA PERCHA.

A late issue of Chambers's Journal, in noticing the material Caoutchouc—its wonderful cohesive force, power of resisting compression, its impermeability, elasticity, and facile accommodation to a host of the wants of mankind—passes to the consideration of a newly-invented mode of hardening the substance, termed *Vulcanizing*. As the caoutchouc is said to be greatly improved by undergoing this process, the matter is of general interest.

Mr. Brockedon, who is well known in Great Britain as connected with this subject, ascribes the merit of the discovery to a Mr. Hancock of England.

The caoutchouc to be vulcanized is immersed in a bath of fused sulphur heated to a proper temperature, until, by absorbing a portion of the sulphur, it assumes a carbonized or burnt appearance, and eventually acquires the consistency of *horn*. The same condition can, however, be produced by either kneading the India-rubber with sulphur and then exposing it to a temperature of 190° Fahrenheit, or by dissolving it in any of the common solvents, as turpentine, holding sulphur in solution or suspension. The *rationale* of these operations appears to be that the India-rubber forms an actual chemical compound with sulphur; becomes, in short, a sulphuret of caoutchouc, the properties of which are thus enumerated: The new compound remains inelastic and rigid at a few degrees above the freezing point of water; vulcanized caoutchouc is not affected by the ordinary solvents, nor by heat within a considerable range of temperature. Finally, it acquires extraordinary powers of resisting compression, with a great increase of strength and elasticity. Some interesting experiments have been made upon this compound. Mr. Fuller has invented a form of *spring* in which vulcanized caoutchouc takes the place of steel, and the surprising result is that the India-rubber springs are more than *three times* the strength of the *metallic;* that is, they will resist, at the hight of their tension, a pressure equal to from *five to ten tons*. A more forcible evidence of the strength of this material was obtained by firing a cannon-ball at a mass of vulcanized caoutchouc, and it was found literally broken to pieces, while there was scarcely a perceptible rent in the caoutchouc itself.

Gifted with these new powers, vulcanized caoutchouc has already been called into extensive employment for the most various and opposite purposes. It forms an admirable *spring*, more docile and more equal in power than those of steel; it has for this purpose been applied to locks and window-blinds. It may be mentioned, parenthetically, that by proportioning the ingredients the material may be rendered harder or softer at will. It is manufactured into the most elaborate ornaments, being superior to leather in the sharp outline and bold relief of their detail. It is formed into a tubing of great strength and flexibility, well adapted for fire hose and for any apparatus required in conveying steam, water, or gas—although for these purposes it is, perhaps, somewhat costly. The tubing has been, by way of experiment, wrapped together, twisted, and knotted into every conceivable shape, but instantly resumes its contour as soon as liberated from its restraint. The tube promises to become invaluable in the construction of *life-boats*, superseding those made of canvas, which were slowly destroyed by the influence of the sea-water. Its most important application is in its use in railways, and in railway carriages. It is laid between the rail and the sleeper, and thus prevents the rails from indicating any traces of pressure. Besides all these appliances, it is proposed to apply it as a coating to protect the wires of the submarine telegraph from the influence of the sea-water. It forms impervious bottles for ether; inkstands, pantaloon-straps, gloves, boots, surgical bandages, and a number of articles, for which its nature almost seems to have been expressly designed.

From this there is a natural reversion to the very similar substance termed Gutta Percha. This is of recent introduction into England, having been first brought under the notice of the Society of Arts in the Autumn of 1843. The history of its discovery is given at much length by Dr. Montgomerie. This gentleman first observed it manufactured at Singapore, in the hands of a Malayan woodsman, and from investigations forthwith instituted, Dr. Montgomerie became convinced that if attainable in large quantities, it would become extensively useful, and establish another specific trade of commerce.

The tree from which it is procured belongs to the natural order *Sapotaceæ*—it is found in abundance in many places in the island of Singapore and in some dense forests at the extremity of the Malayan peninsula, and is plentiful in Borneo. The tree is called *Niato* by the natives; it attains a considerable size, even as large as 6 feet diameter—one of the largest in the forests where it is found. It is valueless for building purposes, on account of the loose and open character of its tissue; but bears a fruit which yields a concrete oil, used for food by the natives. "Gutta Percha," however, is contained in the sap, and is thus procured:

A magnificent tree of fifty or perhaps a hundred years' growth, is felled; the bark is stripped off, and a milky juice, which exudes from the lacerated surfaces, is collected and poured into a trough formed by the hollow stem of the plantain-leaf. On exposure to the air the juice quickly coagulates. From twenty to thirty pounds is the average produce of one tree. However, this is needless, shameful waste—incisions in the bark, without destroying the tree, would answer every purpose, and prevent the present apparent probability of a speedy and entire failure of the article, resulting from such extravagance.

Gutta percha, below the temperature of 50°, is as hard as wood but it will receive an indention from the finger-nail. It is excessively

tough, and only flexible in the condition of thin slips: in the mass, it has a good deal of the appearance and something of the feel of horn; its texture is somewhat fibrous—in color varying from a whitish-yellow to a pink. It is in a great measure devoid of elasticity, offering a *striking contrast* to caoutchouc, but its tenacity is little less than wonderful: a thin slip, an eighth of an inch in substance, sustained a weight of forty-two pounds, and only broke with a pressure of fifty-six pounds. It offers great resistance to an extending power; but when drawn out, it remains without contracting in the same position. When in its hard state, it is cut with incredible difficulty by the knife or the saw. Like caoutchouc, it burns brightly when lighted, disengaging the peculiar odor accompanying the combustion of that substance; like it, also, it is soluble with difficulty in ether and some few other substances, and very readily in oil of turpentine.

We may now properly consider the *applications* of this substance. The solution appears to be as well adapted as that of India-rubber, for the manufacture of water-proof cloth, and for other purposes to which that liquid is now applied. In the solid state it is used by the Malays as far preferable to wood, principally as *handles* to weapons and utensils of various kinds. Its value has been readily recognized by our inventors, no less than six patents being in existence bearing reference in this material. Among tedious enumerations of its various uses, there is mentioned a process of so *hardening* it that in that state it offers itself for a thousand offices; as excellent picture-frames, incredibly tough walking-sticks (these last are very plentifully manufactured of this material in China), door-handles, chessmen, sword and knife-handles, buttons, combs and flutes. It has been suggested that it would make a good, certainly a harmless stopping for decayed teeth. It has also been proposed as a material for forming the embossed alphabets and maps *for the blind*, on account of the clear, sharp impression it is capable of receiving and retaining. It is an excellent matrix for receiving the impressions of medals and coins, and is valuable on account of its subsequent non-liability to break. By mixing a proper portion of sulphuric acid with it, or adding a portion of wax or tallow, it may be reduced to any degree of solubility, and furnishes a good varnish, quite impermeable to water. It is probable that an extensive application of the discovery will be, the use of the fluid for amalgamating with colors of printing; it is thought that colors so printed will prove as lasting as the fabrics on which they are impressed.

Time alone, however, can determine the extent to which Gutta Percha will be applied in the useful and ornamental arts. There appears no doubt that it will soon become an article of commerce as important as, if not more so than, caoutchouc itself; and there is a general belief that its persevering discoverer will have many occasions, and we hope for many years, to rejoice over the benefits he has been the means of conferring upon the present age by its introduction.

THE DRUMMOND LIGHT.—Since the commencement of the present century, through the rapid extension of the science of chemistry, vast improvements have taken place in the methods employed for artificial illumination. Thus, the general introduction of gas lights in most of our large cities, has furnished a light for streets and dwellings, much superior to that previously obtained from oil or candles. The Argand lamp has been introduced, and with the aid of parabolic reflectors, has been successfully applied to light-house illumination. The Bude, Drummond, and French lights, with many others, have been given to the world, and have respectively won for themselves a large share of public favor. Of these, the one known, from its inventor, as the "Drummond Light," probably ranks the first. In 1824, Lieut. Drummond, then engaged in a Government survey of Ireland, in which it was frequently desirable to take the respective bearings of points, some 70 or 80 miles distant, felt the want of a light for communicating such information, that could be visible at a greater distance than any yet known. The firing of rockets, and similar means that were usually resorted to, could only be employed to advantage, where the stations were not widely separated, and when the atmosphere was quite clear from any haze, which was seldom the case. It had for a long time been known that lime, with some of the other earths, became very luminous when exposed to an intense heat, such, for instance, as that obtained by combining a jet of oxygen gas with the flame of spirits of wine; but the happy idea of rendering this property of the earths subservient to practical purposes, was reserved for Lieut Drummond. After a series of experiments, he found that by throwing the united flame of spirits of wine, and oxygen gas upon a BALL OF LIME, only three-eights of an inch in diameter, a light was obtained of such brilliancy as to be fully equal to that emitted from thirteen Argand burners: almost too intense for the eye to bear. Of later years, it has undergone a slight modification, hydrogen gas having been substituted for the spirits of wine, as being less expensive, and perhaps otherwise preferable. The apparatus is very simple; it consists of two gasometers, in which the respective gases are generated; from thence proceed two tubes, which unite near the ball, so as to form, there, but one. The gas is conveyed by these tubes to the ball of lime, and there ignites; and with the ball is connected an arrangement for replenishing the balls as fast as consumed; if desirable, a parabolic reflector is added, thus rendering it complete. This light was found to answer admirably the purpose for which it was designed—for signals, to be given at great distances. In several trials made with it to test its powers, it was distinctly seen as a clear, white, vivid light, at a distance exceeding 70 miles: thus placing its claim to superiority over all others beyond dispute.

A GALLANT.—"The only way to look at a lady's faults," exclaim-a supergallant Hibernian, "is to shut your eyes."

Amusement.

A WEATHER PROPHET.—A pleasant anecdote is told of Partridge, the celebrated almanac maker. In traveling on horseback into the country he stopped for his dinner at an inn, and afterward called for his horse that he might reach the next town, where he intended to sleep. "If you would take my advice, sir," said the ostler, as he was about to mount his horse, "you will stay where you are for the night, as you will surely be overtaken by a pelting rain." "Nonsense, nonsense," said the almanac maker, "there is sixpence for you, my honest fellow, and good afternoon to you." He proceeded on his journey, and sure enough he was well drenched in a heavy shower. Partridge was struck with the man's prediction, and being always intent on the interest of his almanac, he rode back on the instant, and was received by the ostler with a broad grin. "Well, sir, you see I was right after all." "Yes, my lad, you have been so, and here is a crown for you, but I give it you on condition that you tell me how you knew of this rain." "To be sure, sir," replied the man; "why the truth is we have an almanac in our house called 'Partridge's Almanac,' and the fellow is such a notorious liar, that whenever he promises us a fine day we always know that it will be the direct contrary. Now, your honor, this day, the 21st of June, is put down in our almanac in-doors as 'Settled fine weather, no rain.' I looked at that before I brought your honor's horse out, and so was enabled to put you on your guard."

ANECDOTE OF A GERMAN FARMER.—In Germany, during the war, a captain of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging expedition. He put himself at the head of his troop, and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a lonely valley, in which one could perceive hardly anything but woods. Finding in the midst of them a small cottage, he approached, and knocked at the door, which was opened by an old and venerable man, with a beard silvered by age. "Father," said the officer, "show me a field where I may set my troop to foraging." The old man complied, and conducting them out of the valley, after a quarter of an hour's march, came to a fine field of barley. "Here is what we are in search of," exclaimed the captain. "Father, you are a true and faithful guide." "Wait a few minutes more," replied the old man, "follow me patiently a little further." The march was accordingly resumed, and at the distance of a mile they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately alighted, cut down the grain, trussed it, and remounted. The officer then said to his conductor, "Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble; the first field was better than this." "Very true, sir," replied the old man, "but is was not mine."—[The Churchman's Companion.

A GENUINE IRISHMAN.—A few days ago, as a gentleman was walking up Northgate, in Wakefield, he was accosted by a son of the Emerald Isle, in the following manner:—"Arrah, yer honor, and would ye be after telling me the name of the street opposite?" To which the gentleman replied, "Providence-street." "Sure enough, and yer honor, and that's the very street I'm wanting, and faith, I've a particular friend who lives in that same street; but by my soul I've intirely and completely forgot his name—perhaps, now, you would be after telling me his name too." This so excited the gentleman's risible faculties that he burst into an immoderate fit of laughters to the no small amazement of poor Paddy, who retorted, "Faith, and you're no gentleman, or you would n't be after treating me in that manner; by my soul, and you may have to ask the same question yourself some day." A second fit of laughter was the result of this droll remark, and Paddy, after looking unutterable things, walked away, no doubt, to find a more gentlemanly informant.

"DON'T GO NEAR THE HEDGE."—There is a story, in the Menagiana, of a woman who was twice buried, as it were, and was recovered without the use of physic: but her husband was not very well pleased with it. The story is as follows:—"In a village of Poitou, a woman was sick of a very dangerous distemper, and at last fell into a lethargy; so that her husband, and those who were about her, thought her dead. They rapped her up only with a linen cloth, according to the custom of the poor people in that country, and carried her out to be buried. As they were going to the church, the men who carried her walked so near a hedge, that the thorns pricked her and she was awakened from her lethargy. Fourteen years after she died again, or at least was thought to do so: as she was carried out to be buried, and the bearers came near the hedge, her husband cried out, twice or thrice, '*Don't go so near the hedge.*'"

BORROWING.—Mother wants to know if you won't please to lend her your preserving kettle—'cause as how she wants to preserve?" "We would with pleasure, boy, but the truth is, the last time we loaned it to your mother, she *preserved* it so effectually that we have never seen it since." "Well, you needn't be so sassy about your old kettle. Guess it was full of holes when we borrowed it, and mother wouldn't a troubled you again, only we see'd you bringing home a new one."

A QUEER MISTAKE.—Some time ago a person was brought before the sitting magistrate, accused of sheep stealing. The fellow pleaded not guilty, and said he had considered them strayed ones. "Why did you not advertise them; and did you not see the owner's initials marked on them, 'G. F. M.?'" said the magistrate. "Indeed, sir," replied the accused, "I thought 'G.F.M.' meant Good Fat Mutton."

AMUSING OPTICAL DELUSION.—Take a fork, fix it in the wall, and on its handle place a cork; walk up to it with one eye shut, and try to knock it off—you will miss it.

Foreign Miscellany.

Jenny Lind and the Mesmerist.—In the Manchester Courier we find the following singular statement, which we give without note or comment:

"On the 2d inst, Mad'lle Jenny Lind, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. S. Schwabe, and a few of their friends, attended a *seance* at Mr. Braid's, for the purpose of witnessing some of the extraordinary phenomena of hypnotism. There were two girls who work in a warehouse, and who had just come in in their working attire. Having thrown them into the sleep, Mr. Braid sat down to the piano, and the moment he began playing, both somnambulists approached and joined him in singing a trio. Having wakened one of the girls, Mr. Braid made a most startling announcement regarding the one who was still in the sleep. He said, although ignorant of the grammar of her own language when awake, when in the sleep she could accompany any one in the room in singing songs in *any* language, giving *both notes and words correctly*—a feat which she was quite incompetent to perform in the waking condition. Mr. B. requested any one in the room to put her to the test, when M. Schwabe played and sang a German song, in which she accompanied him correctly, giving both notes and words *simultaneously with Mr. Schwabe.*

"Another gentleman then tried her with one in Swedish, in which she also succeeded. Next, Jenny Lind played and sang a slow air, with Swedish words, in which the somnambulist accompanied her in the most perfect manner both as regarded words and music. Jenny now seemed resolved to test the powers of the somnambulist to the utmost by a continued strain of the most difficult *roulades* and *cadenzas*, including some of her extraordinary *sostenuto* notes, with all their inflections from *pianissimo* to *forte crescendo*, and again diminished to thread-like pianissimo, but in all these fantastic tricks and displays of genius by the Swedish Nightingale, even to the shake, she was so closely and accurately tracked by the somnambulist, that several in the room occasionally could not have told, merely by hearing, that there were two individuals singing—so instantaneously did she catch the notes and so perfectly did their voices blend and accord.

"Next, Jenny having been told by Mr. Braid that she might be tested by some other language, commenced 'Casta Diva,' in which the fidelity of the somnambulist's performance, both in words and music, fully justified all that Mr. Braid had alleged regarding her powers. The girl has naturally a good voice, and has had a little musical instruction in some of the 'Music for the Million' classes, but is quite incompetent of doing any such feat in the waking condition, either as regards singing the notes or speaking the words with the accuracy she did when in the somnambulist state. She was also tested by Mad'lle Lind in merely imitating language, when she gave most exact imitations; and Mr. Schwabe also tried her by some difficult combinations of sounds, which he said he knew no one was capable of imitating correctly without much practice, but the somnambulist imitated them correctly at once, and that whether spoken slowly or quickly.

"When the girl was aroused, she had no recollection of anything which had been done by her, or that she had afforded such a high gratification to all present. She said she merely felt somewhat out of breath, as if she had been running. Mr. Braid attributes all this merely to the extraordinary exaltation of the sense of hearing, and the muscular sense at a certain stage of the sleep, together with the abstracted state of the mind, which enables the patients to concentrate their undivided attention to the subject in hand, together with entire confidence in their own powers.

"By this means, he says, they can appreciate nice shades of difference in sound, which would wholly escape their observation in the ordinary condition, and the vocal organs are correspondingly more under control, owing to the exalted state of the muscular sense, and the concentrated attention and confidence in their own powers with which he endeavors to inspire them enables them to turn these exalted senses to the best advantage. It is no gift of intuition, as they do not understand the meaning of the words they utter; but it is a wonderful example of the extraordinary powers of imitating sounds at a certain stage of somnambulism. And wonderful enough it most assuredly is."

Natural Gas-Jets.—In the village of Wigmore, in Herefordshire, there are fields which may be, and two houses which are, lighted by a natural gas. This vapor, with which the subjacent strata seems to be charged, is obtained in this manner: A hole is made in the cellar of the house, or other locality, with an iron rod; a hollow tube is then placed therein, fitted with a burner similar to those used for ordinary gas-lights, and immediately on applying a flame to the jet, a soft and brilliant light is obtained, which may be kept burning at pleasure. The gas is very pure, quite free from any offensive smell, and does not stain the ceilings, as is generally the case with the manufactured article. Beside lighting rooms, etc. it has been used for cooking; and indeed seems capable of the same applications as prepared carburetted hydrogen. There are several fields in which the phenomenon exists, and children are seen boring holes and setting the gas on fire for amusement. It is now about twelve months since the discovery was made; and a great many of the curious have visited, and still continue to visit, the spot.

It is nature's law that man is appointed once to die, yet the world never fails. Man in his generation frets himself in vain; he is like the restless wave that beats against the shore, but whose impotent agitation no more affects the body of the mighty ocean than the death and sorrows of one man affect mankind at large; since the living succeed the dead as regularly as the day follows on the night.

Resuscitations.—Dr. Plott, in his "Natural History of Oxfordshire," relates not only a remarkable instance of resuscitation, but of the almost impossibility of extinguishing the vital spark, in one Anne Green. This woman was tried and convicted of concealing the birth of a child, was hanged in the Castle-yard of Oxford half an hour, her legs being also pulled, and (as had been desired by herself) struck upon her breast by several of her friends—besides strokes upon her stomach with the butt-end of a soldier's musket. Being cut down, and taken to the dissecting-room, she appeared to move, and was again struck upon the breast and stomach. When Sir W. Petty, &c., prepared to dissect her, they, perceiving a rattling in her throat, put her in a warm bed, and adopted those measures, that in fourteen hours she began to speak, and next day talked and prayed. A pardon was procured for her, she returned to her own country, and was afterward married, and became the mother of three children. She being asked as to her recollection of, and sensations during what she had gone through, replied she remembered nothing whatever, and came to herself as if awakened out of a swoon.—[Recreative Review.

"Died, as was supposed, in the year 1767, Mrs. Margaret Carpenter, journeywoman to Mr. Smith, livery lace-maker, Little Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and on Friday she was properly laid out, in order to be interred on the next day, when on Friday, to the astonishment and terror of the whole family, she came down stairs stark-naked, having only been in a trance. As soon as the surprise was over, they put her into a warm bed, and gave her comfortable things for her refreshment. She said she was bitter cold; but her situation so shocked her, that she did not survive above a day or two."—[Dodsley, 1767.

Moral Effects of Light.—Dark and sombre dwellings and streets are the well-known resort of the most depraved classes in all cities and towns. This may be said to be a universal law of our social economy, and hence it becomes a matter of some importance to consider whether it would not be advisable, on moral grounds also, to attend with greater care to the construction and improvement of the residences of our laboring population. Darkness produces carelessness and depression of mind, and of the whole nervous system; especially if it be conjoined with idleness, its almost necessary companion. A dark house is generally a dirty house; and it is in dark corners that the poor accumulate filth, which they are too idle to throw out of doors. If such dwellings were exposed to the light of day, a sense of shame would often induce a superior degree of cleanliness; and the cheerfulness of mind which a light house tends to foster, would be productive of still greater advantages. Mr. Clay, in his report on Preston, has well said, that "something may be hoped for a people who can feel 'a joy in flowers;'" but the poor can seldom possess even this small advantage in the the miserable residences we have provided for them.—[Liverpool Health of Towns' Advocate.

Magnetic Magic Mirror.—Baron Dupotet, the great Paris magnetiser, has invented a magic mirror, which he supposes to be the same that was amongst the professors of the "black art" in former times. It is a small instrument, made of a substance resembling a dull white metal. The baron explains its effect as being produced by the transmission of the *matiere animante* of his own body into the metal. Many people have been thrown into convulsions by the bare approach of the mirror, while others declared, amid transports of grief or the stupefaction of surprise, that they beheld reflected on its surface various scenes of their past lives, or saw themselves engaged in acts which they remembered not, and therefore supposed that they must be anticipations of the future.

Steam Plow.—A French paper, La Semaine, announces the invention of a steam-plow, or rather a mode of digging by means of steam, from which the most wonderful results are anticipated. The inventor is a young medical man, named Barat. The journal states, that one of two horse-power was in operation at the residence of the maker, who was constructing another of double that power. The machine proceeds along the field, and digs the ground with the greatest precision. Two beams furnished with five mattocks each, act successively upon the soil, loosening it to the depth of 12 or 15 inches, and pounding it as small as compost. By using only one of the beams, a tillage of the usual depth can be effected.

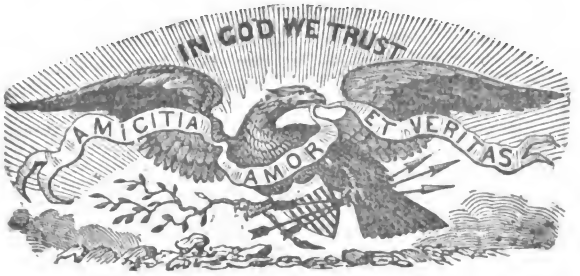
Railway Compass.—The Sheffield Iris describes an itinerarium, or railway compass, to insure more punctuality on railways, and thus, to aid materially in the prevention of accidents. It will at all times show to the engineer the speed of the engine, the distance to the next station, and the exact position on the line, which will be useful at night, or in foggy weather. There is a chronometer, which will, of course, show the railway time. It will also register on paper a description of the journey, that is, the time occupied at each station and during the journey, and the exact speed traveled during every mile. Several trips on the Manchester and Leeds have tested its utility.

To Cure Warts.—A correspondent of the London Journal gives the following recipe.—"Having read in your last number a recipe for getting rid of warts, I hope you will excuse me if I send you one that I think will be more efficacious, and less troublesome. I have removed many with it. It is merely to touch the warts every morning for a week with Nitross Acid, and then about every other day until they disappear, which will be in about a fortnight or less, without leaving any scar."

India Revenue.—The income of the East India Company amounts to twenty millions sterling.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."



NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1847.

THE NOVEMBER SESSION OF THE GRAND LODGE OF N. Y.

At the ensuing session of the Grand Lodge of this State, grave questions are to be acted upon, which involve perhaps the future well being, if not the perpetuity of our Order. If there ever was a period in the history of Odd-Fellowship, which demanded a spirit of *conciliation* from the executive members of the Order, in their legislative capacity, it will be on this occasion; and most earnestly do we trust, that this spirit, so in accordance with the principles inculcated by our beloved institution, may predominate in the counsels and action of the Grand Lodge, at their next November meeting.

We invoke our brethren, who form the country representation, to meet the city in the spirit of conciliation; do not allow sectional feelings, to operate again the general welfare of the Order; that welfare we ALL are interested in sustaining. Odd-Fellowship is not bounded by lines of demarcation, arising out of local interests. The Order is one and indivisible—its interests are the same. Any departure from this principle, would be fatal to our existence. Any legislation that would take action upon mere sectional grounds, must be a vital blow to our existence as the corporated Body of the I.O.O.F. Let our country members come to the ensuing session of the Grand Lodge impressed with the full force of these truths. And let our city brethren, meet the great questions, then to be acted upon, in the same spirit, and we have no fears for the result.

The exigencies of the Order in New York, seem to have demanded a change in our present Constitution. It is generally conceded that the present Constitution is no longer adapted to the wants of our greatly increased, and rapidly increasing members. A revision or alteration of the Constitution is, therefore, imperative. But this must be done calmly, and in the spirit of conciliation, so as to adapt the changes to the rights, the duties, and the capabilities of the members constituting our Body corporate.

One of the deepest thinkers of the present age, speaking on the subject of Constitutions, says, "That any Constitution not founded upon the rights, the duties and capabilities of all members constituting the body corporate, must in the long run be worth no more than the waste paper it is written upon. Other Laws, whereof there are always enough ready made, are usurpations; which men do not obey, but rebel against, and abolish, by their earliest convenience."

Let the ardent and impetuous Reformers of our Grand Lodge, weigh these weighty truths. There are great fundamental rights, secured by our Order, and in which the safety of the principles of Odd-Fellowship are involved. Let us not amid all our changes and revisions, touch with a desecrating hand ONE PILLAR that upholds our ARK OF SAFETY. And let those of our brethren who are wedded to ancient usages and long cherished observances, also reflect that the exigencies of the time, require a reconsideration of old established practices, which heretofore may have met the wants of our Order. Transition and change govern all the laws of nature, whether in the moral or the physical world. Our Order has within itself these organic principles. Our Constitutions and Laws will be continually modified, as the the convictions of our members shall demand such modifications. It is for us to legislate wisely and well; to bring to our deliberation the spirit of Brotherly Love and charity, enjoined by our Order; to be imbued with that ardent regard for the general well being of Odd-Fellowship, which should be the paramount feeling in the breast of every true brother—and to be willing to sacrifice personal prejudices, local attachments, and partisan considerations, on that altar of our common regards—the true interest of Odd-Fellowship.

If these principles are made the governing rule of action in the coming session of the Grand Lodge, every difficulty will be overcome, and every discordant point will be harmonized for the general good. We are firm believers in the harmonizing and restraining influence of the "SPIRIT OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP," and that every member convened in the Grand Lodge in November, may be imbued with this spirit, is our most sincere and ardent prayer.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS AGAIN.

FROM a portion of the proceeding of the Grand Lodge of the United States, on page 251, under the head of "*Periodicals of the Order*," the brethren will see what was *attempted* at the recent session of that R.W. Body. The warning we gave in a former article, on the freedom of the press, was not an hour too soon. Thank Heaven, there was wisdom and republicanism enough in the Grand Lodge, to reject the resolutions, and save the Order the reproach that would have inevitably followed their adoption. Still, we think the efforts to introduce them may furnish an opportunity to offer a few additional words on the subject involved.

We do not know that we fully understand the meaning of Representative Wells, where he speaks of the issue of "any publication as if sanctioned by this body." We are not aware of the existence of any such publication. There is nothing of the kind which we have met, assuming to be official, or to speak for, and by authority of, the Grand Lodge of the United States, or any other Grand Lodge. Every magazine, paper, or publication of any sort, put forth by individuals, so far as we know, has been put forth on individual responsibility, and has asked patronage not as an official organ, but on the ground of its own merits. It seems to us, therefore, that the resolutions on this head are without point—firing into the air.

As to the principle embodied in the resolutions—the attempt to shackle the press—we confess surprise that it should come from such a quarter. Old Massachusetts, so long in the van of political and religious freedom; so long the champion of individualism; so much indebted for her present proud position to the liberty of speech and printing—that she should lift up such a voice as speaks in these resolutions, is matter of wonder and pain to us. We love the old State; the home of liberty; and we regret that her representative could so far compromise the principles so proudly identified with all her history, as to offer such resolutions as these. If Bro. Wells had come from Austria or Russia, or even France, we might have expected this. At least we should not have been surprised. But coming from Massachusetts, from Boston, the very central pulse of manly freedom and purpose, we confess the resolutions fill us with astonishment, regret and shame.

But what is this alarm about "the internal matters of the Order," the "proceedings, enactments and documents" of the Grand Lodge of the U. S.? Is there any danger in allowing the brethren to know what is going on? And, at bottom, have they not a right to know? And what evil is there in permitting the world to read the record of our doings? There is nothing of which we need be ashamed, unless it be such resolutions as those; such weak attempts to strangle a principle older than Odd-Fellowship, and mightier than all opposition.

And we would speak one word against this childish desire to be secret and mysterious, where it is unnecessary. It is needful, indispensable, that our peculiar language, words, &c., should be secret. But the idea of putting a seal on the press in reference to the doings of our executive and legislative bodies, is a false and mistaken one. The policy would be injurious, if practicable. It is the very publicity, which Bro. Wells would put an end to, that has commended the Order to the favorable judg-

ment of the public, and the confidence and esteem of the discriminating and judicious. They have seen, from the open manner in which our principles and doings are exposed and discussed, that the idle cry about the Order being a secret and dangerous society, is wholly without cause or foundation. The internal structure of the institution, the character of its business, the purpose and aim of its existence, are all laid open to the world through our periodicals; and it is owing to this very fact that thousands of wise and good men have joined us, who otherwise never would have placed foot within our doors. Destroy this freedom of discussion and publication, and you dry up the deepest fountain of our prosperity and usefulness; and the effect on the Order will speedily be manifest, to the sorrow of those who have done the deed.

That there are some evils in this state of things, we readily admit, as in the previous article. But what then? shall we exchange the lesser evils for greater? What great blessing ever came to our race wholly unmixed with evil? These things must be expected in the infancy of every institution. The child that is learning to walk, always meets with falls and accidents—but persevering with patience and courage, by and by it is able to walk without falling or stumbling. So with Odd-Fellowship. For the present we must look for difficulties. The machinery has not gotten to running yet with perfect smoothness. But if we are not false to our principles, we shall find the friction and irregularities growing less and less every day; and with diligence and patience, the construction and working will at last be perfect as can be looked for in any human institution.

CATSKILL CELEBRATION.

This celebration was one of the most agreeable affairs we have had the good luck to attend as yet. We have never known any thing of the kind to go off more smoothly, and to such general satisfaction. There was not a jar or discord anywhere; and only one point where there was any hesitation, and that was but for a moment. The fact is easy of explanation—the Catskill brothers are precisely the sort of men to do well what they undertake. A more active, liberal and whole-souled set of men is not to be found in the State.

To begin at the beginning: The main street of the town was a perfect gala scene. Ropes were thrown across at intervals, from the tops of the houses, on which flags and banners were hung; some in festoons, some shaped into arches, and same streaming on the wind. The fronts of the hotels, particularly the three largest, were decorated in the most tasty and splendid style, with evergreens and flowers, wreaths and bouquets, of various form and hue; conspicuous among which might be seen the three links, emblematic of Friendship, Love and Truth. We think the ladies deserve great praise for their exertions in this respect. We know, from what we saw and heard, that they bestowed much labor on these decorations; and cheerfully, and of their own accord, did all they could to make the occasion a joyful one. The brothers in Catskill owe them much for their kind feeling, manifested in so agreeable a manner.

About one o'clock, the Hendrick Hudson Lodge formed in procession, and proceeded to the point, accompanied by Lothian's Band, so well and justly known, to escort into town the Lodges from Hudson and other places, who arrived in a boat chartered for the purpose. They marched directly to the Lodge room, where, as soon as it was filled, the dedicatory services took place. After the opening ode, the prayer of dedication was offered by Bro. Thayer, which was followed by a very neat and most appropriate dedicatory address by Bro. Collins, of Hudson, delivered to the satisfaction of all who were fortunate enough to get in.

Next in order came a dinner that would have made an alderman weep for joy. Justice was done in the premises. It was at the hotel, kept by Messrs. Prime and —— we cannot reach the other name—but the first is enough. It is descriptive of the whole concern.

This over, the procession was formed anew, and accompanied by two bands, proceeded through Main street to the hill where the pavilion was erected. It was a splendid sight. We have seen large processions, but never one of more imposing appearance. "Did you ever," exclaimed a lady, "did you ever see a body of finer looking men?" As they proceeded on their way under the over-arching flags and streamers, with rich banners, and stirring music, welcomed with discharges of cannon from the hills, it was truly a scene to be remembered.

After the pavilion was filled with ladies and the procession, a fervant prayer was put up by Bro. Collins, and then came the Oration by Bro. T. B. Thayer. The brothers were pleased to express their satisfaction with our labor in warm terms. We can only say, if good was done in behalf of our noble institution, we will rejoice with them.

The exercises closed, the visiting Lodges were again escorted to the boat; and, after an exchange of most hearty cheers, such as can only come from glad hearts, the steamer glided from the pier, and Lothian's Band gave the departing brothers the appropriate farewell strain of "Sweet Home."

Thus ended the day, as delightful to us as we could ask. We thank the brethren for their warm welcome, and their polite and friendly attentions. Peace and prosperity be with them.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN KINGSTON.

Kingston, Ulster County, N. Y. Sept. 30, 1847.

Bro. Winchester: It may, perhaps, be interesting to many of the readers of your valuable paper to receive, occasionally, some items of intelligence from the "Empire State." Although not acquainted with you personally, I trust nevertheless, that it will be interesting and acceptable to you, to hear anything which would be of particular interest to the Order.

It is now almost a year and a half since I first associated myself with the great Brotherhood in this village, but never became a subscriber of your excellent periodical of the Order, until this last summer. Since I have had the pleasure of perusing the interesting and instructive pages of the Golden Rule, I have been led more into the objects and designs of Odd-Fellowship than I ever was before. I have been better qualified to defend the Order, when it has been assailed by the shafts of envy and hatred. I have witnessed with pleasure the many testimonials of respects which it daily receives from all parts of the Union, and heartily concur in the sentiments of Bro. James Ridgely, and hope "that a discerning and intelligent Brotherhood; will, by a liberality worthy of your great exertions, enable you still more to augment its usefulness to the Order at large."

The Order here is in a prosperous and harmonious condition. There is but one Lodge here, Kosciusko No 86, which numbers now upwards of one hundred and fifty contributing members. The Lodge in this place, for a long time, struggled on, surrounded by difficulties, and assailed on all sides; but like the soldier cased in good armor of proof, she defied her foes, whose shafts fell harmless at her feet, or recoiled with tenfold violence upon those that hurled them. Nevertheless, owing to the unconquerable energy and steadfast determination of a few, and some of them the most respectable citizens of our village, the Order, here, has attained its present elevated position.

The Patriarchal branch of the Order, is likewise established here. Excelsior No 43, is the name of the Encampment. It was instituted some time during last winter, and is in a prosperous condition, not very numerous, but is composed of a highly moral and intelligent class of men. You may therefore infer the, firmness and duration of our institution in this village.

Odd-Fellowship cannot be considered a dream of the imagination, hoping, on the field of some future perfectability, to reap beatitudes; but, taking man as he is, it enables him with his weak, erring human nature clinging to him, to do good and receive benefit while he is improving and improved. Ever honored be Odd-Fellowship for its wisely benevolent organization and practice.

The slender sapling that five years ago first took root upon Kingston soil, has increased in beauty and strength, until now its wide-spreading branches cover and protect several hundred Odd-Fellows; the little brook that then so faintly murmured by, has swollen to a mighty stream, bearing, not destruction in its course, but upon its broad bosom, peace, joy and happiness to all mankind.

I will defer some remarks which I intend making concerning the Order in this place, for a future letter.

Yours Fraternally. x.

Grand Lodge Celebration.—The R. W. Grand Lodge of this State, as will be seen from the proceedings in another column, has accepted the invitation of the Committee of Arrangements, to participate in the ceremonies of laying the Corner Stone of the Washington Monument, on Tuesday next, the 19th instant. Many of the Subordinates have resolved to avail themselves of the permission of the Grand Lodge to appear in regalia on that occasion; and there is little doubt that the Order will make a brilliant appearance in the procession. The military, the firemen, and the various beneficial societies of the city, are expected to take part in the interesting ceremonies, and the whole procession will form one of the most magnificent displays which New York has witnessed for a long time.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE

R. W. GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES,

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS,

At the Annual Communication held at Baltimore, Sept. 1847.

FOURTH DAY. THURSDAY, Sept. 23, 9 o'clock, A. M.

The R. W. G. L. assembled pursuant to adjournment. Present, M.W.G.S. Horn R. Kneass, all the Grand Officers, and a due representation. Prayer by the R. W. Grand Chaplain.

Rep. Dimon, of N. Y. submitted a resolution, which was read and concurred in, inviting P.G.M. Joseph R. Taylor, the present M.W. G.M. of the G.L. of N. Y. to a seat in the G. L. during this session.

Change of Vote.—Rep. Wells, of Mass., asked leave to change his vote from the negative to the affirmative upon the second resolution accompanying the report of the Committee on the State of the Order in relation to the six months term.

Amendment of the Revised Work.—Rep. Griffin, of Ga., from the Committee on the State of the Order, made a report, accompanied by a resolution which was adopted, changing the words "quarterly" and "quarter," wherever they occur in the subordinate work, to "semi-annually" and "term."

Examination of Visitors, and Admission of Members of the Manchester Unity.—Rep. Griffin, of Ga., from the same Committee, to whom was referred the inquiries of Rep. Spooner of Ohio, made the following report, which was adopted:

To the first question presented by said resolution, the Committee answer: The mode of examining visitors has been expressly and clearly defined by this G. L. (p. 86, of vol 2.) A test O.B.N. is no part of that mode, and the Committee would consider any Lodge or Encampment deserving of severe censure for introducing any such requirement.

To the second question, the Committee answer: There is no reason for refusing to receive into our fraternity persons who have *withdrawn* from the Manchester Unity, but there being no communion between that body and ours, such persons can come into our Order only by initiation. They must come in precisely as other initiates. We know nothing of their clearance cards.

Grand Lodge of Iowa.—Rep. Dwinelle, from the Committee on Petitions, to whom were referred two several applications for a charter for a G. L. of the State of Iowa, severally asking for the G. L. to be located at Burlington and Bloomington, reported, that inasmuch as the Subordinate Lodges of the State of Iowa have chosen to make this subject of location a matter of active contest and division among themselves, it will not be for the interest of the Order to grant a charter for a G. L. of the State of Iowa until the Lodges in that State shall have evinced a returning spirit of harmony by uniting in a new petition for the charter of a G. L. of that State, in which the place of the location of the proposed G. L. shall be agreed upon and specified. The report was adopted.

Special Visiter to the G. L. of Texas.—Rep. Marshall, of Ky., from the Special Committee to whom was referred so much of the report of the M.W.G.Sire, as relates to the G. L. of Texas, reported a recommendation that a visiter be selected by the M.W.G.Sire, competent to instruct the G. L. of Texas in the correct work of the Order: Provided, That no expense shall be incurred by the G. L. of the U. S. by said special visitation. Also, that the amount due this G. L. by the G. L. of Texas, contracted previous to its removal from Houston, be remitted. The report was concurred in.

Printing Odes, &c.—Rep. Kelly, from the Committee on Petitions to whom was referred the application of Alfred Mudge of Mass. and James B. Taylor of N. J., praying for remuneration from the R. W. G. L. for certain services therein stated and set forth, reported that, from a careful examination of the whole matter, the adoption of the following resolution will satisfactorily answer the prayer of the petitioners.

Resolved, That so much of a resolution adopted by the G. L. at the Annual Communication. 1846, p. 352, printed proceedings, as refers to the exclusive right of this body to print or publish the *Odes* for Grand or Subordinate Lodges and Encampments be, and the same is hereby repealed and annulled.

On motion to accept the report and adopt the resolution, the previous question was called and seconded, the main question put and resolved in the negative by the following vote:

AYES—Anderson, of N. C., Atlee, Brewer, Chapman, Cole, Davis, of Mass., (2 votes,) Demick, Dimon, Ellison, Green, Hough, (2 votes) Jones, (2 votes,) Kelly, Lilly, (2 votes,) Marshall, (2 votes,) MacRae, (2 votes,) Senter, Wells, Wakefield—23.

NAYS—Anderson, of Ga., Affron, Bain, Brown, of Miss., Brown, of N. H., Clark, of N. J., Day, DeSaussure, Gill, (2 votes,) Holmes, Kerlin, Morris, McCauly, (2 votes,) McKinnell, Macdonough, (2 votes,) Neally, Ramsdell, Roche, Sessford, (2 votes,) Smith, Spooner, Stokes, Simons, Taylor, of Md., Taylor, of S. C., Theobald, Woodruff, Ware, Yohe, Yeager, P.G. Sires Wildey, Glazier, Kennedy Sherlock—39.

Removal of the G. L. of Ohio.—Rep. DeSaussure, from the Special Committee to whom was referred the petitions of forty-eight Subordinate Lodges of the State of Ohio, praying the removal of the G. L. of that State from Cincinnati to Columbus, reported:

That after a careful examination of the papers submitted to them, they can find no sufficient reason why this body should act upon the subject at present. The petitions are presented by a number of Subordinate Lodges, and appear to be occasioned by a circular emanating from a convention assembled at Dayton. It would further appear from a report adopted by the G. L. of Ohio, that the petitions for removal have neither been submitted to that body for their approval, nor in any manner legislated upon by it, further than to deny such facts as are stated in the circular above referred to. The State G. Ls. having been repeated declared the supreme legislative heads within their jurisdiction; any proposition to remove its place of meeting should proceed from itself, and the recognition of a right on the part of Subordinate Lodges to assemble in convention and legislate on matters relating to the internal affairs of the G. Ls. has the dangerous tendency of establishing a power superior to the acknowledged legislative head of the Order. Your Committee would therefore recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

Resolved, That the prayer of the petitioners be dismissed.

On motion the report was accepted and the resolution adopted.

Grand Lodge of British North America.—Rep. Taylor, of S. C., from the Special Committee on this subject, moved the following report, which was read, accepted and the resolutions accompanying the same unanimously adopted:

The Special Committee, to whom was referred the communication from the R. W. G. L. of British North America, ask leave to report that they have given that consideration to the subject, that its importance, as connected with the friendly relations which exist between the Sovereign Lodges of Odd-Fellowship in British North America and the United States, demands. The attention of your Committee, by request of the G. L. of British North America, has been particularly directed to the 18th Art. of their Constitution. They find this article to correspond with the 2d resolution of the report from the Special Committee on the application of the G. L. and Grand Encampment of Canada to be erected into a distinct sovereignty, abopted Sept. 24th, 1846. By this harmony with our action, the important point of a *Uniform* T.P.W. in both Sovereignteis is obtained, and will be a strong bond of Union and sympathy between the two bodies. Your Committee are pleased to remark, that the whole Constitution of the G. L. of British North America, corresponds in spirit and often in terms, with our own, and furnishes a pleasing instance of the kindly sentiments and respect entertained toward this G. L. by that body.

In view of the friendly relations now existing between the two Jurisdictions, and in order to increase and perpetuate the same feeling, your Committee beg leave to offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the M.W.G.Sire be requested to reply in behalf of this R.W. G. L. to the communication from the R. W. G. L. of British North America.

Resolved, That a special G.Rep. be accredited by this G. L. to the R. W. G. L. of British North America, for its next Annual Communication in Montreal.

Periodicals of the Order.—Rep. Wells, of Mass., from the Special Committee on the subject, made the following report:

The Committee appointed on so much of the M.W.G.Sire's Report, as relates to "the discussion of the internal affairs of our Institution," respectfully report:

That the evil, to the correction of which the attention of this G. L. has been called by the subject referred to your Committee, is of recent origin. It originated with the newspaper publications, self-appointed organs of our Order. These periodicals have commenced their existence within four years and the discussions under consideration within a much shorter period. Your Committee are startled at the rapid growth of an evil of so recent birth and are deeply impressed with the importance of strangling this infant hydra while we can do it—fearing that from its rapid growth, it may soon be too herculean for even this Grand Body to bind.

Your Committee presume that the existence of the evil under consideration is too well known to require further showing here, but the *extent* ought to be considered with very serious deliberation.

The operation of this evil is two-fold: The first of which is, the increase of ill-will among the members of the Order. For example—a verbal contention, bitter in the extreme, exists, but being local, the evil effects are circumscribed and it soon dies; but being introduced into the newspapers, they spread over the whole Brotherhood, a stream of bitterness and ill-will, destructive to our vital principles, and they seem to bear with them the sanction of official organship.

The second injurious operation, is that of our appearing before the community notoriously in a false position. Persons, not members of the Order, read in our own papers, apparently authorized accusations, invectives and recrimination against each other and they exclaim "such is the brotherhood of good-will! such the acting out the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth!"

Your Committee think that as the supreme head of Odd-Fellowship in these U. S. this G. L. is competent to take strong ground in suppressing this evil. But for the present, your Committee believe that the evil may be checked by a milder course—by the adoption of the following resolutions:

Respectfully submitted,
E. M. P. WELLS,
W. H. BROWN,
WM. SIMONS.

Resolved, That the G. L. of the U. S. have seen with much pain and regret, the discussions which have recently appeared in the Odd-Fellow Periodicals, on the internal matters of the Order as highly inconsistent with, and injurious to our best interests, as deserving the heaviest censure of this body.

Resolved, That no member of this Order, under the jurisdiction of this G. L. shall directly or indirectly publish in any periodical or otherwise, any of the proceedings, enactments or documents of this G. L. or issue any other publication as if sanctioned by this body, except such shall be authorized by this G. L. or in its recess, by the Board of Grand Officers. And that no such organs shall be so authorized, unless the conductors thereof engage to exclude all discussion of the internal affairs of our Order from their publications and all other expressions injurious to, or slanderous of the members of our Order, according to the directions of the Board of Grand Officers. And should any member of the Order violate the foregoing provisions he shall be subject to presentment for trial to his respective Lodge for a violation of the principles of the Order.

On motion of Rep. Neally, of Me., the report and resolutions were ordered to lie on the table. [They were taken up on the following day, and the resolutions REJECTED by a large majority.]

Camp and Lodge Membership.—Rep. Bain, of Va., offered the following additional Article to the By-Laws, which was ordered to lie on the table:

Resolved, That the following be adopted as the 31st Art. of the By-Laws, and that others be numbered to agree therewith.

"A brother holding membership in a Lodge under one jurisdiction, shall not be allowed to hold membership in an Encampment under another state jurisdiction unless there be no Encampment near his residence, in the jurisdiction in which the Lodge is located."

Grand Lodge Diploma.—Rep. Stokes, of Pa., offered a resolution, which was agreed to, requesting the Committee on Diploma to report upon the expediency of removing the restriction of the Grand Secretary in confining that officer to the selection of Grand Lodges as agents for the sale of the same—and also upon the expediency of disposing of said plate.

Initiating persons from distant States.—Rep. Griffin, from Committeee on the State of the Order, made the following report, which was adopted:

The Committee on the State of the Order, in answer to the resolution offered by Rep. Wilson of Wisconsin, report,

Art. 30 of the By-Laws of this G. L. directs G. Ls. and G. Encampments "to provide laws to protect their brethren in adjoining or distant States, by prohibiting the Subordinates under their jurisdiction from initiating persons at places remote from their permanent residence, while Lodges and Encampments are known to be located in their immediate neighborhood" It is presumable that all G. L. and G. Encampments have complied with this imperative law; but if any of them have failed to do so, the Committee considers the prohibition contained in that article, to be nevertheless, binding on all Subordinates.

The Committee therefore answer, that all initiations in the District of Columbia, in violation of Art. 30 of the By-Laws, should be prevented by the G. L. of the District, and that all Lodges under that jurisdiction violating said article should be censured or otherwise punished by said G. L.

Eligibility of Scarlet Members for N.G.—Rep. Griffin, of Ga., from the same Committee, made the following report, which was read and adopted:

The Committee on the State of the Order have considered the question proposed by the R. W. G. L. of Mass., and report,

To permit the G. L. of Mass. to amend her Constitution of Subordinates, so as "to make a scarlet member eligible to the office of N.G. after having served one term in any subordinate office," would be to sanction a departure from the uniform practice and ancient usage of the Order. The Committee are unable to discover any sufficient reason for such a departure, and believe that service for one term in the V.G's. chair should continue to be a necessary qualification for the office of N.G. They therefore hope that this G. L. will not sanction the amendment in question

Meaning of Article XXX of By-Laws.—On motion Rep. Ellison, of Mass., the following resolution was referred to the Committee on the State of the Order:

Resolved, That the prohibition contained in the 30th By-Law of this Body applies only to adjoining or distant States and not to distant parts of the same State.

Visiters during Instruction in the Work.—Rep. Sessford, of D. C. moved the following resolution:

Resolved, That each Rep. to this Grand Body be entitled to the privilege of introducing to the exercises of the G. L. on this evening such P. Gs. as may wish to visit, and who are in possession of Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment degrees.

Rep. Marshall, of Ky., moved to amend the resolution by striking out all after the word "Resolved" and inserting the following, to wit: that no person be admitted to be present at the Instruction in the Work of the Order on this evening, except Representatives and Officers of the G. L. U. S. and such persons as have been admitted by special resolutions of this session to witness the deliberations of this body; which amendment was concurred in, and the question recurring on the resolution as amended, it was adopted.

Withdrawal Cards and A.T.P.W.—On motion of Rep. Brown, of Miss., the following resolution was read and referred to the Committee on the State of the Order:

Resolved, That the resolution on page 312, vol. 2, proceedings in relation to withdrawal cards, adopted at the last Session of the Grand Lodge be amended so as to read:

"That the vote of a Subordinate Lodge, granting a withdrawal card to a brother applying therefor, severs the connection of such brother with, and releases the Lodge from all liability for benefits, whether the card is actually taken or not. But if the card be taken, the brother receiving it is entitled to the A.T.P.W. in use at the time, and retains the right to visit for the period specified in such withdrawal card.

Voting for Degrees.—On motion of Rep. Jones, of Ill., the following query was referred to the Com. on the State of the Order:

In consequence of conflicting practices in different Subordinate Lodges, and for the sake of uniformity in the working of the Order, a report of the Committee on the State of the Order is required on the following query: Where degrees are conferred by Subordinate Lodges, should the election for such degrees be held while the Lodge is open in the initiatory degree, or while open in the degree about to be conferred?

Uniformity in the Work.—Instructions.—Rep. Morris, of Pa., submitted the following resolution, which was concurred in:

Resolved, That it be recommended to the different State G. Ls. and State G. Encampments to appoint one or more competent brothers—(in no case to exceed four in any one State)—whose duty it shall be to visit each Subordinate Lodge and Subordinate Encampment in his district, *annually*, for the purpose of giving instructions in the work, as adopted by the G.L. of the U.S. at the last session, so as to insure uniformity and sameness throughout the jurisdiction of this G. L.

Compensation for use of Private Property.—Rep. Ellison, of Mass. submitted the following resolution, which was laid on the table:

Resolved, That the sum of three hundred dollars be appropriated from the funds of this G. L. for the payment to P.G. Alfred Mudge, of Boston, for certain Odes and Music, adopted by the Committee on the revision of the Work of the Order; also for the plates of the music as per schedule presented to the Committee on petitions—said Odes and Music being claimed by said Mudge as his private property.

National Seminary of Learning.—Rep. Ellison, of Mass., from the Committee on that subject, made the following report, which was read and adopted:

To the R. W. G. L. of the United States:

The Special Committee to whom was referred the proceedings of State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments, on the subject of the establishment by the Order of a National Seminary of Learning, have attended to the duty assigned them, and would ask leave respectfully to report: That, inasmuch as a majority of the State Grand Lodges and Encampments, as far as their proceedings have been received by this body, have reported adverse to the proposition, your Committee would recommend that the further consideration of the subject by this G. L. be for the present dismissed.

It is evident to your Committee that in reporting against the proposition, some of the State Grand Lodges have labored under an error in supposing the plan presented by an individual member of the Order to have emanated from this G. L. which is not the fact.

Your Committee have not deemed it their duty to reply to the various arguments that have been presented upon the subject, and they cannot but hope that a scheme, having for its object results so salutary and beneficial, not only to the Order of Odd-Fellowship, but to the great human family, will yet receive the favorable consideration of our association.

Admission of Indians—Rep. Yeager, of Pa., offered the following resolution, which was referred to the Com. on the State of the Order:

Resolved, That the word "white male of mature age," which being a requisite qualification for a candidate for membership to an Odd-Fellows' Lodge, shall not be so construed as to exclude civilized Indians who are of mature age and of good moral character from joining our Order.

On motion the Grand Lodge adjourned.

We are forced to omit our synopsis of the proceedings of Thursday afternoon session.

DEDICATION AT READING, PA.

Please inform your numerous readers that the Odd-Fellows Hall in this young city will be dedicated on Tuesday, the 26th inst. Although, from the shortness of time allowed for preparation, invitations have been confined to the Lodges and Encampments of this State, yet the brotherhood here will gladly greet *all* true Odd-Fellows from other States, who may honor us with their presence at that time. The oration will be by Dr. H. S. Patterson (P.G. Representative) of Philadelphia, and we doubt not wil be a rich treat to the hearers. The Hall is a handsome building, nearly 40 by 90 feet in size, and four stories in hight. Our Lodges (five in number) have provided themselves with elegant banners, and considerable new Regalia will be sported on the occasion. Brethren from the interior promise us their presence in considerable numbers; and we expect a large attendance of the G.L. and G.E. officers and members, from Philadelphia. I believe a special invitation has been sent to Father Wildey, of Baltimore, who, it is ardently hoped, will be present, as many are coming from a distance, more out of desire to see the Founder of our Order in America, than to see the whole pageant. Bright eyes and fair faces we have here, also, and we expect many more as bright and fair from abroad, to cheer us in our march. Our streets are very smooth and clean, (no cobblestones and sloughs,) and the route will not by any means be twelve miles long! In short, every inducement that can be desired, calls for a full attendance of brethren on the occasion. A.B.G.

N.B.—There will, of course, be a spirited little gathering in the evening, called a Levee, for conversation, music and ———. Being a clergyman and no dancer, it is presumed that I may not know what else is going on, after 10 o'clock, so I fill it up with a dash, which some of your readers may be able to understand better than myself. A.B.G.

Dedication at Winsted, Ct.—Orion Lodge, No. 43, Winsted, Ct. propose dedicating their new Hall on Wednesday, Oct. 27. The services will be public—the address by Bro. T. B. Thayer. From what we learn, the brothers of Orion Lodge intend making the occasion honorable to the cause, and pleasant and profitable to those who attend. And they are pretty certain to succeed in what they undertake. The neighboring Lodges have been invited, and we doubt not their will be a large gathering, and a fine time.

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

☞ We have neglected to give a synopsis of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge at the several adjourned sessions held on the evenings of the 15th, 16th, 17th and 20th of Sept. The following comprises all of particular interest:

Jacob Storm of No. 77, was installed as D.G.M., and Mathew Bird of No. 22, Grand Treasurer.

The Grand Master made the following appointments, which were confirmed by the Grand Lodge:

E. H. Howell, of No. 150, W.G.Mar. Henry Bremer, of No. 14, W.G.Con.
John Remick, of No. 73, W.G.Guar.

Committee on Laws of Subordinates.—P.Gs. Alfred A. Phillips, of No. 107; Hiram Hunt, of No. 28; Thomas O. Davis, of No. 17; Victor Laine, of No. 43; Waegel H. Leweck, of No. 82.

Committee of Correspondence—P.G.M. Charles McGowan, of No. 1; P.G. W. D. P. Barnard, of No. 166; Geo. A. Andrews, of No. 235.

D. D. G. MASTERS.

Cayuga—W. Hopkins, Auburn. Putnam—A. H. Ladue, Coldspring.
Cortland—Robt. O. Reynolds, Homer. Queens—Henry D. Hall, Roslyn.
Dutchess—A.J Ketcham, Poughkeepsie. Rensselaer—A. H. Crary, Troy.
Erie—J. W. Davock, Buffalo. Schenectady—D.P.Forest, Schenectady.
Greene—W. B. Nelson, Coxsackie. Suffolk—Henry N. Mead, Huntington.
Genesee—John G. Barber, Leroy. Seneca—John Furguson, Ovid.
Jefferson—Edwin Clarke, Watertown. Tompkins—W. P. Pew, Ithaca.
Kings—Richard Sharpe, Brooklyn. Westchester—H. W. Depew, Peekskill.
Livingston—J.A.VanDerlip, Mt.Morris Washington—P.L.Barker, Union Village
Montgomery—E. Lindsay, Fort Plain. Yates—A. L. Palmer, Dundee.
Ontario—John S. Graham, Geneva.

Charters were granted for six new Lodges, as follows:

Heeron Lodge No. 322, located at Bern, Albany county.
Wenona Lodge No. 323, Adams, Jefferson county.
Philalelia Lodge No. 324, Farmersville Seneca county.
Sylvan Lodge No. 325, Rushford, Allegany county.
Fitzray Lodge No. 326, City of New York.
Montauk Lodge No. 327, City of Brooklyn.

A resolution to apply to the G. L. U. S. for a division of the Grand Lodge was decided in the negative.

Grand Lodge.—An adjourned Session of the R. W. G. L. of N. Y. was held at the Grand Lodge Room, Canal street, on Thursday evening, Oct. 7, Grand Master Taylor presiding.

Charters were granted for the following new Lodges:

Relief Lodge No. 328, Lodi, Cattaraugus county.
Clifford Lodge No. 329, Bethel, Ontario county.
Climax Lodge No. 330, Fonda, Montgomery county.

Island City Lodge No. 331, New York City.
Valatie Lodge No. 332, Valatie, Columbia county.

The following District Deputies were appointed:

Monroe—Elijah K. Blythe, Rochester. Schoharie—Wm. H. Gallup, Schoharie.
Onondaga—Lyman Stevens, Syracuse. Rockland—S. S. Post, Haverstraw.
Richmond—H. M. VanDyke, Stapleton. Ulster—John H. Stratton.
Columbia—E. C. Terry, Hudson. Herkimer—H. G. Root, Little Falls.

The G. L. accepted the invitation of the Committee of Arrangements of the Washington Monument Association, and resolved to unite in laying the corner stone, on Tuesday, the 19th inst. The Subordinate Lodges were granted permission to appear in regalia on that occasion. The Grand Master appointed the following Committee of Arrangements: P.G.M. Charles McGowan, P.G.W. Daniel P. Barnard. and P.G.Rep. David Egan. The sum of $200 was appropriated for the purpose.

After the appointment of the Committee of Grievance of Lodges, the G. L. closed the Annual Session.

Western Star Encampment No. 57, located at the beautiful village of Fredonia, Chautauque county, forty-five miles west of Buffalo, was constituted, on Saturday, the 2d inst. by Bro. T. Parson, D.D.G.P. for the District of Erie, by whom the following named Patriarchs, unanimously elected, were installed: David S. Forbes, C.P.; Laurens G. Risley, H.P.; Francis P. Isherwood, S.W.; J. M. Grant, S.; Levi L. Pratt, T.; Oscar F. Dickinson, J.W. The appointed officers are Henry W. Perkins, S.; Nelson Gorham, G; Elias Forbes, 1st W.; James White, 2d W.; Junius C. Frisbee, 3d W.; Robert Wolfers, 4th W.; Thaddeus Bosworth, 1st, and Francis Snow, 2d G. of T. "I have never," writes our correspondent, "visited a place where better feelings or better prospects attended the opening of a Lodge or Encampment, than were manifested in the present instance. Twenty-five propositions were received and acted upon, seventeen of whom were exalted the same evening and the Monday evening following. Eight propositions remain to be acted on. All these are good men and true, and I venture to predict, from the satisfaction manifested, that this Camp will be an ornament to the Order." We learn that the entire Regalia was furnished by Bro. T. Parson, 270 Main-street Buffalo, whose reputation in this respect is well known.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Oct. 11, 1847.

E. Winchester, Esq.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—Supposing that you had that which would be more acceptable to your readers in giving them the proceedings of the G. L. U. S. than any thing that could be said from this State, I did not deem it of much importance whether I wrote you or not, but as it is known that you desire to hear of the increase of the Order every where, I have deemed it not inappropriate to say to you that on Friday night last the G. L. held a session and granted charters for the following Lodges, viz:

Abington Lodge No. 267, Abington Center, Luzerne county.
Adelphia Lodge No. 268, Tioga, Tioga county.
Catasqua Lodge No. 269, Catasqua, Lehigh county.
Holmesburg Lodge No. 270, Holmesburg, Philadelphia.
——— Lodge No. 271, Northern Liberties, do
——— Lodge No. 272, Spring Garden, do
——— Lodge No. 273, Lewellyn, Schuylkill county.

Making 263 Lodges, and several applications not reported on by the Committees. Thus you will perceive that in the good Old Key Stone we are progressing as fast as it is expected of us.

Our Grand Encampment holds its regular Quarterly Session this evening, and I believe that several applications for charters will be before them for consideration, the action of which I will advise you in my next.

Our Grand Lodge Officers, as is their custom, have commenced their annual visitations to the Lodges in this county, a custom which has been sanctioned by long usage, and which has done and always will do much good to the Order in the county, as the brethren generally have an opportunity of learning any matter in reference to the work which they do not properly understand, and also of hearing of the condition of the Order. Indeed, I see one of the Reps. from the from the G. Encp. of Pa. introduced a resolution in the G. L. U. S. recommending to State G. Ls. the propriety of sending persons qualified to visit all the Lodges in their State so as to cause uniformity in the work. This is a desirable object, and one which recommends itself strongly to the consideration of each G. L. in the United States, and should meet with prompt action, particularly in the larger States, where it is almost an impossibility for the G.M. to visit all the Lodges. I have been pleased on former occasions to see some of your correspondents from this State agitate the subject, and I had hoped they would have brought it directly to the notice of our G. L.

Our Reading brethren dedicate their new Hall on the 26th of this month, and I bespeak for them a large attendance from this place should the weather prove favorable.

Our brethren at Carlisle also have a celebration this month, the 22d inst. and if nothing unfavorable should occur we hope to hear of a very large attendance at that place. I know from experience, that an Odd-Fellows' greeting will welcome those who may be able to join either the brothers at Carlisle or Reading, and that they will not regret a visit to either place.

I trust that all may prove pleasant on the occasions referred to, and that the Fraternal greetings may be all that the brethren could wish, and that no unpleasantness may mar the Harmony thereof. Yours Fraternally.

CONNECTICUT.

Siloam Lodge No. 49, was instituted at Rockville, on the 4th inst. by the R.W.D.G.M. J. M. Willey, assisted by P.Gs. J. W. Johnson, of No. 40, J. S. Dobson of No. 25, Whipple of No. 22, M. M. Merriman of No. 40, Moulton of No. 25, and V.G. Thrall of No. 22. Twenty-four brothers were admitted by card; after which the following persons were elected and installed: E. W. Gilman, N.G.; C. Hibbard, V.G.; E. W. McLean, S.; S. S. Rice, P S.; Ralph Gillett, T. Three candidates were proposed for membership, who were duly elected and initiated in the mysteries of our Order. M.

THE GOLDEN RULE,
AND
ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1847.

☞ Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, Editor and Proprietor, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms $2 a year in advance, or 6¼ per week, delivered by a carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Golden Rule is published in Philadelphia, by CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North Sixth street, by whom subscriptions will be received and papers delivered in any part of the city. Packages sent to the adjoining towns out of the mails.

BOSTON.—Office of the Golden Rule, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the Rule sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

Dedication at Flushing.—In consequence of the ceremony of laying the Corner-Stone of the Washington Monument having been fixed for Tuesday the 19th of October inst., in which the Order will participate, the dedication of the new Hall lately erected by Pacific Lodge at Flushing, has been postponed to the following Tuesday, viz. the 26th. We trust there will be a good turnout of the Order on the occasion, so that the hands and hearts of our brethren at Flushing may be strengthened by the presence of a numerous company from this city and Brooklyn.

Celebration at Huntington, L. I.—Huntington Lodge No. 155, Huntington, L. I., is to have a public celebration, procession in regalia, oration, and other appropriate exercises, on Wednesday, the 27th instant. The Lodges and entire Brotherhood of the "State of Long Island," New York, &c., are invited to be on hand on the occasion—and it is hoped that as many of them as can, will make it convenient to attend. The steamboat trip to Huntington will form a delightful excursion, at this pleasant season of the year. Depend upon it, a day's recreation will prepare you all the better for the dust and dirt and whirl of city life. The Brothers of Huntington Lodge are prepared with warm hearts and open hands to give a true Odd Fellow's greeting to all who may come. We learn that Prof. Hows, of Columbia College, has been selected as the Orator—and a better choice could not have been made.

Grand Masters.—We are peculiarly pleased with the results of elections in several of the states. Several of our young brethren have been elevated to the highest offices in the gifts of the brethren. Among them we mention P.G. Rep. R. H. Griffin, of Georgia, who has been elected Grand Master of the G.L. of that state. P.G. Rep. Wm. R. Smith, of Maine, was unanimously elected Grand Master of that G.L.; and P. G. Rep. Wm. E. Parmenter, Grand Master of the G.L. of Massachusetts. These brethren were members of the G. L.U.S. last year—and gained the esteem of every member of that body. Their ability and faithfulness has gained for them the confidence of their brethren. We regard them as among the first men of their age, in their respective states; and we congratulate the Order, on its being able to point to them, as its overseers and supporters. They are men that do honor to any association to which they attach themselves. Their devotion to our institution, speaks well for its future welfare. It must flourish while it commands the services of the best men in the community.

We take the foregoing paragraph from the Covenant. It is perfectly just as far as it goes. But there are several omissions, which no doubt were unintentional on the part of Bro. Case. We allude to P.G. Rep. E. C. Robinson, Grand Master of Virginia; P.G. Rep. John Greenwood, Jr. Grand Master of Connecticut; P.G. Rep. E. B. White, Grand Master of Rhode Island; and P.G. Rep. Isaac M. Veitch, Grand Master of Missouri. All of these gentlemen were members of the G.L.U.S. for 1846, and all possess in the highest degree the respect and confidence of their brethren in their respective jurisdictions, and the esteem of all who have the pleasure of knowing them. While such men are in the field, Odd-Fellowship in Virginia, Missouri, Connecticut and Rhode Island, must have a prosperous career.

Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.—P. G. Alfred Mudge, of Boston, has recently published, by the authority of the R.W. Grand Lodge of that State, the Journal of the Proceedings of the R.W.G. Lodge of Massachusetts, I.O. of O.F., from its organization in 1823 to 1847; to which is prefixed the Constitutions of the G.L of the U.S., and of Massachusetts. It forms a beautifully printed octavo volume of 414 pages; and its value to the Order in Massachusetts should insure its possession by every Brother in the State who can afford it—and we learn that it is offered at a price which brings it within the reach of all.

Dramatical.

There has been little novelty during the week of especial notice.

The Broadway Theatre seems firmly established in public favor. Excellent houses are collected nightly, and the performances are given with great care and attention. Col. Mann may congratulate himself upon the perfect success of his very liberal experiment.

The Park has been doing well with Hackett and the charming little Viennoises.

The Bowery is nightly crowded to overflowing, to witness the exploits of Rough and Ready and his brave compatriots.

The other Theatres are meeting a liberal share of public patronage.

The Quidor Collection.—This collection of paintings, by a young American artist, a pupil of the late John Inman, is attracting much attention. The pieces consist of "Christ Healing the Sick," "Christ Raising Lazarus from the Dead," and "Death on the Pale Horse." There is an originality and boldness of design in these pictures, which especially recommend them to our notice. The groupings of the figures are most effectively arranged, especially in the attitudes of the diseased who are brought before the Saviour. We notice the same truthfulness in the figures introduced into the "Death on the Pale Horse." The artistical execution and coloring, also, are worthy of high commendation. We advise every lover of art to witness this exhibition of our talented young countryman.

The American Museum still maintains its preeminence as a place of amusement. Gen. Tom Thumb, though not a man of blood, has won more laurels than any hero of his age and proportions. He has truly been with kings and with counselors. He is now holding his farewell Levees at the Museum, previous to a Southern tour; after which it is his intention to retire to the shades and enjoyments of private life. So great is the crowd to see him, that the Gen. has to give five performances a day. Improve the opportunity and go and see him.

The Bottle.—Under this title, a series of eight large plates has been published by Geo. Cruikshank, of London. They illustrate in a most graphic and effective manner the first appearance of the bottle in the family, when the wife is first induced "just to take a drop," and traces its progress through all the descending grades of misery, want and wretchedness, to the closing scenes of degradation, madness and death. The pictures are exceedingly vivid, and their possession by every family in the United States would operate more powerfully for the cause of temperance than a thousand addresses on the subject. Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway, have them for sale. Price 25 cents.

Cooking Stoves.—We refer our lady readers to the advertisement of the "Wager Air Tight Cooking Stove," which we recommend to families as the best in market. We have had them in use in our house for twelve months past, and it has given the most complete satisfaction. For economy of fuel, simplicity, and adaptation to the uses intended, we think it unrivaled.

Editorial Credit.—We have had frequent cause to complain of our Editorial brethren, for not rendering the Golden Rule proper credit for the original articles taken from its pages. We have therefore adopted the practice of discontinuing an exchange with all who manifest a want of courtesy in this respect.

The Odd-Fellows' Offering for 1848, being the sixth annual issue of the work, has just made its appearance, and a brilliant volume it is. It contains some 300 pages of reading matter, on the nicest snowy white paper, in clear elegant looking type, and is embellished by twelve beautiful engravings, from the burins of some of the best artists in the country. Among the latter are a fine view of Odd-Fellow's Hall in New York, and a tastefully designed Presentation Plate, both in colors—an elegant Frontispiece, and a spirited, appropriate vignette. The other embelishments are "Reclaiming an Odd-Fellow," "The Stranger's Burial," "Rustic Hospitality," "The Widow and Orphans," "The Promised Relief," "The last of their Race," and "The Point of Doctrine"—all of which are finely conceived, as well as eminently appropriate to the character of the work, and speak loudly for the taste and liberality of the publisher. The contributions are from the pens of the most brilliant and accomplished writers in the Order, and, as a general thing, are of high merit. The binding of the "Offering" is extremely rich and showy—being set off with appropriate designs, embossed in gilt—and altogether the work is creditable to the Order, and to all concerned in getting it up.—Yankee Blade.

☞ For sale at the Golden Rule Offices 30 Ann st. and 40 Corn hill, Boston—price two dollars.

Conundrum.—Why has a clock always a bashful appearance? Because it always keeps its hands before its face.

Facts and Scraps.

A Sagacious Dog.—A few days since the ear of a dog belonging to a man living near Stourbridge, was severely hurt, and the animal was consequently taken to a chemist's shop, where the wound was dressed. During three days the dog was regularly conducted to the shop by his master, but on the fourth morning he found his way there alone, leaped on the counter, and waited till his ear was dressed. This visit he repeated every morning until his ear was wholly healed.—[English Paper.

File Bite File.—A Yankee who has invented a new kind of "love letter ink," and which he has been selling as a sure safeguard against all actions for breaches of marriage promise, inasmuch as it entirely fades from the paper in two months from date, was recently most awfully done brown by a brother Down-Easter, who purchased a hundred boxes of the article, giving him, therefor, his note at ninety days. At the expiration of the time the ink inventor called for payment, but, on unfolding the scrip, found nothing but a piece of blank paper! *The note had been written with his own ink!*

"Yes,—still there's a duty on earth to perform,
Though hearts may have suffer'd till life appears low;
There are feelings affection should ever keep warm,—
Making other hearts happy should gladden our own.
'Tis a feeling the nearest to virtue allied,
To solace misfortune wherever 'tis shewn;
And though life may have left little pleasure beside,
Making other hearts happy should gladden our own.

Lit. Gaz. C. Swain.

Government.—While philosophy teaches the general utility of experimental science, who will be bold enough to assert that the science of government alone has attained perfection, and is incapable of improvement? Who will say to the human understanding, on this one point only, thus far shalt thou go, and no farther? If the progression of reason in the art of government is forbidden, how miserable are the prospects of the human race, for small indeed is the portion of the political happiness hitherto obtained by mankind.—[Helen Maria Williams, 1792.

Stiffening of Calico.—A Mr. Wilson has made public that, by a simple process, the meal of horse-chesnuts may be used for stiffening calicoes; the consumption of flour for this purpose is annually very large, all of which may thus be saved to the stock of food.

The Best Yet.—"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dear Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing *another sheep's wool* on your back."

Perpetual Motion.—Before any man sets out to invent perpetual motion, we recommend his practicing the trick of getting into a basket and lifting himself by the handles. When he succeeds at that, he can go a-head with perpetual motion with some prospect of succeeding.

A sort of sheep unicorn has been brought to London by the Arab, Captain Scott, from New South Wales. On the forehead is a round horn, about two feet long. It is said that it will be presented to the Zoological Society, Regent's-Park.

To read when on the railway, hold a card or slip of paper over the line below that which you are reading, the eye is free from the disturbance caused by the motion of the carriage, and you may then read with comfort.

Quite True.—Wives who do not try to keep their husbands will lose them. A man does the "courting" before marriage, and the wife must do it after marriage, or some other woman will.

Sincerity does not consist of speaking your mind on all occasions, but in doing it when silence would be censurable and falsehood inexcusable.

Local I. O. O. F. Directory.

CITY OF NEW-YORK.

THE GRAND LODGE meets at National Hall, Canal street, quarterly, on the first Wednesdays of August, November, February, and May: John G. Treadwell, G. S. Office 68 Barclay street.

THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT meets at National Hall, semi-annually, on the Mondays preceding the first Wednesdays of February and August. John J. Davies, G. Scribe. Office 75 Cortland street.

Sub. Lodges.

National Hall, Canal st.
14 Teutonia .....Mo
151 City.....do
11 Getty's.....Tu
12 Washington .....do
10 New York.....Wed
17 Perseverance.....do
33 Metropolitan....Thr
68 Oriental.....do
87 Fidelity.....Thr
13 Germania.....Fri
1 N. York Degree..Fri

No. 38 Canal-street.
23 Mariner's.....Mo
43 La Concorde.....Tu
137 Cohotatea.....We
49 Hancock.....Th
295 Hospitaller.....Fri

Clinton Hall.
30 National.....Mo
67 Commercial.....Tu
150 Merchants'.....Wed
235 Templar.....Thu
126 Excelsior.....Fri
278 Orion.....Sat

No. 411 Broadway.
107 Hinman .....Mo
177 Eureka.....Tu
31 Olive Branch...Wed
315 Crystal.....Thu
233 Sincerite.....Fri

No. 71 Division street.
64 Empire.....Mo
57 Mutual.....do
47 Mercantile.....Tu
52 United Brothers...do
60 Howard.....Wed
117 Continental.....do
22 Knickerbocker ..Thr
34 Marion.....do
73 Mount Vernon....Fri
6 Clinton Degree...Sat

No. 132 Bowery.
178 Oregon .....Mo
165 Hermitage.....Tu
158 Independence...Wed
1 Columbia .....Thr
228 Beacon.....Fri

No. 187 Bowery.
140 Diamond.....Mo
82 German Oak.....Tu
78 Croton.....Wed
35 Covenant.....Thr

Military Hall, Bowery.
4 Strangers' Ref..Mon
15 Fountain City...Wed
183 Alleghania.....Thr

Washington Hall, Bow.
243 Pilgrim.. .....Mon
314 Tradesmen's ....Tue
321 Ocean .....Thr

No. 327 Bowery.
46 Jefferson.....Tu
237 Acorn .....Wed

Forsyth cor. Broome.
129 Schiller .....Tu
253 Warren.. .....Thu
5 United Bro. deg. 1 3 We

Av. O. cor. Third-st.
113 Mechanics'.....Mo
234 Eckford .....Wed
2 Manhattan Deg...Th

Clinton-st. cor. Grand.
20 Manhattan.....Mo
36 Enterprise.....Tu
28 Ark .....Wed
44 Harmony .....Thr

Hudson-st. cor. Grove.
40 Greenwich.....Mo
9 Tompkins.....Tu
42 Meridian.....Wed
58 Grove.....Thr
4 Hudson Degree...Sat

29th-st. cor. 8th Av.
182 Blooming Grove. Thr

No. 71 West 17th-st.
84 Chelsea.....Wed
210 Siloam.....Tue

Encampments.

National Hall, Canal-st.
12 Mt Horeb, Ger 2 4 Th
3 Mount Sinai..1 3 Fri
2 Mt. Hebron...24 Fri

No. 411 Broadway.
9 Palestine.....2 4 Sat
41 Samaria.....1 3 Sat

No. 71 Division-street.
35 Egyptian.....1 3 Fri
18 Damascus....2 4 Sat
19 Lebanon.....1 3 Sat

Hudson-st. cor. Grove.
28 Jerusalem.....Fri

Avenue C, cor. 3d-st.
10 Mount Olivet. 2 4 Fri

Military Hall, Bowery.
45 Manlton.....2 4 Fri

Clinton-st. cor. Grand.
6 Mosaic.....1 3 Fri

Forsyth, cor. Broome.
37 Mamre.....2 4 Fri

No. 71 West 17th-st.
31 Mount Zion.. 1 3 Fri

BROOKLYN.

Sub. Lodges.

Fulton cor. Cranberry.
50 Atlantic .....Mo
26 Brooklyn.....Tu
66 Fulton.....Wed
39 Nassau .....Thr

Degree Lodge.
13 Franklin 1 3 Fr 2 4 Sa

Montague cor. Court-st.
190 Stirling.....Mo
153 Montague.....Tu
133 Steuben .....Wed

Henry-st. cor. Atlantic.
94 Eagle .....Mo
166 Magnolia.....Tu

Myrtle Av. cr. Stanton.
288 Grenada.....Mon
306 Cornucopia.....Wed

— Myrtle Avenue.
63 Long Island.....Tu
194 Myrtle,.....Thr

Encampments.

Fulton-st. cor. Cranberry.
7 Salem.....2 4 Fri

Montague, cor. Court-st.
25 Mispeh.....1 3 Fri

Henry-st. cor. Atlantic.
32 Bethlehem....2 4 Fri

WILLIAMSBURG.

Lodges.
61 Crusaders.....Thu
45 Kings County..Wed

Degree Lodge.
14 Washington...1 3Tu

STATEN ISLAND.

Castleton House Castle'n
88 Richmond Co....Wed

O. F. Hall, Stapleton.
152 Neptune.....Thr
51 Tompkins En. 1 3 Fri

QUEENS COUNTY.

85 Pacific, Flushing. Mo
81 Jamaica, Jamaica. Tu
141 Hempstead, Hem Wed
144 Protection, Roslyn Sat
241 Pembrooke, Glen C Fri

BOSTON LOCAL I. O. O. F. DIRECTORY.

THE GRAND LODGE meets quarterly, on the first Thursday of August, (Annual Session,) November, February and May, at Covenant Hall, corner Washington and Essex streets. Wm. H. Jones, G. S. 21 School-st.

THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT meets semi-annually, on the first Wednesday in August, (Annual Session,) and February, at Oasis Hall. Wm. H. Jones, G. Scribe, 21 School-st.

Winthrop Hall,
Tremont Row.
1 Massachusets....Mon
37 Shawmut.....Tue
33 Montezuma. .....Wed
42 Pacifick.....Thu
23 Franklin .....Fri

Encampment Hall,
339 *Washington-st.*
32 Ancient Landmark Mo
77 Unity .....Tue
15 Tremont.....Wed
1 Massasoit Encpt 1 3 Fr

Covenant Hall,
c. Essex & Washington-st.
16 Covenant.....Mon
8 Suffolk.....Tue
10 Oriental.....Wed
2 Siloam.....Thu
25 Boston.....Fri

Oasis Hall.
2 Trimount Encpt 1 3 Mo

East Boston.
Meets in Hall over Universalist Church.
36 Maverick.....Mon

South Boston.
Meets in Lyceum Hall, Broadway.
30 Bethesda.....Mon
53 Hobah.....Tue
6 Mt. Washington Enc. 2 4 Th

Charlestown.
Meets at Mishawam Hall, Charlestown Square
14 Bunker Hill.....Mon
22 Howard.....Tue
78 Olive Branch.....Fri
5 Bunker Hill Enc. 1 3 W

Chelsea.
51 Mystic.....Mon
24 Winnisimmett....Tue

Roxbury.
Meets at Warren Hall, Dudley and Warren-sts.
18 Warren.....Tue
5 Washington.....Wed
12 Shalom Encpt..1 3 Fri

STATE OF NEW YORK, Secretary's Office, Albany, Sept. 28, 1847.—To the Sheriff of the county of New York, Sir: Pursuant to the act entitled "An act to provide for the election of a Lieutenant Governor," passed September 27, 1847, notice is hereby given that at the next General Election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, a Lieutenant Governor of this State is to be elected. Yours, respectfully,

N. S. BENTON, Sec. of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, Oct. 1, 1847.—The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided. J. J. V. WESTERVELT,

Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county, will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See revised Stat. vol. 1. chap. 6, title 3, art. 31, part 1st, page 140.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT CELEBRATION.

APPROPRIATE BADGES for the Celebration on the 19th inst. The *only one* with the design *approved of by the Committee* of the "Washington Monument Association," C. Pollard, Architect.

Associations and Fire Companies can have their respective names and numbers added, or may select any color of Ribbons, without extra charge, by sending early orders at No. 491 Pearl-st. H. LIEBENAU, Artist.

The Badge published by Liebenau, is the only copy taken of the original Drawing selected by the Committee. (o16) C. POLLARD, Archt.

DEDICATION OF PACIFIC HALL, FLUSHING.

The new Hall erected by Pacific Lodge No. 85, I. O. O. F. will be dedicated to the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth, on Tuesday, the 26th of October, inst. Invitations have been sent to all the neighboring Lodges, many of whom it is expected will be present. The members of the Order in general are fraternally invited to attend.

Two steamers will leave Fulton Market Slip, New York, at a quarter past 9 o'clock, on Tuesday morning, the 19th, and upon their arrival at Flushing, a procession will be formed, in full regalia, with music, and will proceed to a suitable place in the vicinity, where Addresses by distinguished brethren of the Order will be delivered—after which the procession will return to the Lodge Room, when the ceremonies of dedication will be performed. The whole will be concluded in ample season for visitors to reach the city before dark. Fare each way 18¾ cents. By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

Just Published

THE ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING FOR 1848.

THIS beautiful Volume is now ready, and is acknowledged by all who have seen it, to be much superior to any of its predecessors. It is edited by JAS. L. RIDGELY, G.S. of the U. S. G. L. and P.G. PASCHAL DONALDSON, and is illustrated with 12 beautiful Engravings. The paper, print, and elegant classic binding is of the first quality. The publisher assures the Fraternity that he has spared neither pains or expense to produce a suitable Book, worthy of presentation to their sweethearts, wives and daughters. Price $2.

☞ Brothers wishing to circulate the above beautiful Volume in their Lodge or neighborhood, will please address a line to the Publisher,

s25:tf EDWARD WALKER, 114 Fulton-st. N. Y.

CHURCH, LODGE AND PARLOR ORGAN MANUFACTORY.

GEORGE JARDINE, Manufacturer of Church, Lodge and Parlor Organs. Since the distruction by fire of his former place of business, he has re-opened his Manufactory at 548 Pearl-st. near to, and opposite the City Hospital in Broadway, where he is prepared to execute Orders. The patronage of the Order, and especially the Board of Managers of the New Hall, is respectfully solicited. Finger Organs with Barrel Attachments made expressly for Lodge Rooms. jy31

CARPETING FOR LODGE ROOMS.

ALDRICH BARSTOW & Co. 440 Pearl-st. N. Y. are now manufacturing a style of Carpeting peculiarly adapted for the use of Lodge-rooms, to which they would invite the especial attention of those of the Order purchasing Carpets. Also, a great varietyof Carpeting, Floor Oil Cloths, &c for general use. au21:13t*

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER,

NO. 99 Madison street, NEW YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Bretherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New Work

REGALIA.---M. I. DRUMMOND, 30[illegible]nd-street,

NEW-YORK, has on hand at all times Camp, P. [illegible] Scarlet Member's dress Regalia, cheap. Lodges and Encampments furnished, at short notice and first rate style. Stars, Fringes, Gold and Silver La[illegible]s, at Importers' prices.

REGALIA.—ELIAS COMBS, 260 Grand-st. N. Y.

CONTINUES the Manufacture of Regalia of every description. Lodges and Encampments furnished at short notice. Orders from city or country thankfully received, and no pains spared to give satisfaction. Stars, Tassels, &c. for sale. je26:tf

ENCAMPMENT AND LODGE REGALIA.

TENTS, Crooks, Cushions, Emblems, Costumes, and every other accoutrement for the Work of the Order supplied at the shortest notice and in the best possible manner, by JOHN G. TAYLOR, Costumer, 58 Prince-st. N. Y.

☞ Letters immediately attended to. jan2:tf

LODGE JEWELS.—E. AYRES,

MANUFACTURER of LODGE JEWELS, 98 Nassau-st. Jewels for Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. always on hand. N.B. Seals cut at the shortest possible notice. my15: tf

REGALIA AT ALBANY.

THE Subscriber Muanfactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of GILT AND SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction.

Jan2:tf E. VAN SCHAACK, 385 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

REGALIA MANUFACTORY AT UTICA, N. Y.

THE Subscriber is prepared to furnish every article for Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, at short notice, and at reasonable charges. Orders solicited. Address ISAAC TAPPING, Utica N. Y. je5tf

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds, and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. (fe13:tf.) T. PARSON, 270 Main-st.

BANNERS AND FLAGS PAINTED OR EMBROIDERED,

AND furnished complete by H. LIEBENAU, Military Standard and Banner Painter, 191 Pearl-st. Societies and Lodges supplied with official insignia, such as gavils, pens, keys, rods, &c. in sets, gilt and trimmed with velvet in the first style. Je5:6m

ODD-FELLOWS DEPOT AT PHILADELPHIA.

CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows Hall, North Sixth-st., below Race, Philadelphia. THE GOLDEN RULE, and other publications, together with all kinds of Books, Regalia, and all necessary articles used in furnishing Lodges and Encampments. Also on hand, a general assortment of miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Varieties, &c.

F. W. & W. F. GILLEY, 430 Grand-street,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRY GOODS MERCHANTS. Material for REGALIA and DRAPERY, the best assortment in the U. States. f27

COLLECTIONS, &c. IN ILLINOIS.

CHARLES GILMAN, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Quincy, Illinois, will give particular attention to the collection of all claims entrusted to him, as well as to the payment of Taxes for non-residents, investigation of Titles, &c. Satisfactory references given, when desired. au7

FALL STYLE OF HATS.

GENIN, 214 Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church, is now prepared to furnish his customers with the new style of HAT with an improved lining. The subscriber feels warranted in declaring his establishment able to meet any and every demand of the *beau monde*, the economist and of those who prefer to follow their own tastes instead of complying with the dictates of fashion. [s4:tf] GENIN, 214 Broadway.

CHEAPEST CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE U. STATES.

HIRAM ANDERSON, No. 99 Bowery, has just received 20 bales of English Three Ply Double Super and Fine Ingrain Carpeting, imported expressly for city trade, and will be sold 25 per ct. less than any other warehouse. Also, just received,

10,000 yards Ingrain Carpeting, 2s. 6d. per yard.
5,000 Tufted Hearth Rugs, 20s. each.
2,000 yards Double Superfine, 5s. per yard.
5,000 yards Venetian Stair Carpet, 2s. to 4s.
10,000 yards Imperial Three Ply, of entire new patterns, low.
5,000 yards Extra Double Ingrain, new patterns, 8s.
Also, a large assortment of Table and Piano Covers, Mats, &c.
20,000 yards Floor Oil Cloth, any width, cheap.

Remember No. 99. [s25:tf] HIRAM ANDERSON, No. 99 Bowery.

TO LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

CONSTITUTIONS, By-Laws, Blanks, etc., for Lodges and Encampments, printed on short notice at this Office. Also every description of blanks furnished to order.

SAMUEL HAMMOND & Co. IMPORTERS OF FINE WATCHES,

NO. 44 Merchants' Exchange, 1st door in William-st. have constantly on hand a large and valuable assortment of Fine Watche of their own importation, which they are now selling at lower prices (when quality is compared,) than can be purchased of any dealer in New York. A written warrantee, in all cases, will be given to the purchaser. S. Hammond having attended solely to the repairing of Chronometer, Duplex, and other fine Watches, in the late firm of Benedict & Hammond, will continue to give his undivided attention to that branch of the business, in connection with his present partner, whose reputation has long been established, having worked for the last ten years for the trade in this city. m23:tf

J. M. DUBOIS, MANUFACTURER OF SILVER SPOONS,

FORKS, &c. of the newest patterns and finish, the Silver warranted equal t coin. All orders attended to punctually, at 47 Dey-st. N. Y. je19:tf

FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.

THOSE who wish to purchase GOLD or SILVER WATCHES, will find it greatly to their advantage to call on the subscriber, who is selling all descriptions of fine Gold or Silver Watches, at retail, LOWER than any other house in th city.

Fine Gold and Silver English Patent Lever Watches; fine Gold and Silver Detatched Lever Watches; fine Gold and Silver Lepine Watches; Ladies and Gentlemen's fine Gold Guard Chains and Breast Pins; Ladies' Bracelets; Gold Pencils. ☞ Gold Watches as low as $20 to $25 each.

Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought. All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and retail, 51 Wall-st. (late 30) jan2:tf corner of William-st, up stairs.

CHEAP BOOK-BINDI[illegible], 106 Chatham-st. corner of Pearl.

OWEN C. OWENS respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to do every description of Book Binding in the best manner, and in every variety of style, low for cash. Harper's Bible handsomely bound, at various prices. Blank Books ruled and made to order. Music, Periodicals, and Books of every description, bound cheap, and at the shortest notice. o17:1y

WAGER AIR TIGHT COOKING STOVES.

THE best COOKING STOVE for family use, and so decided by the American Institute at their last Fair, receiving the highest Premium and Silver Medal; and hundreds now having the Stove in use can testify to the correctness of their decision. All in want of the best Stove, are invited to call and examine them. References will be given, and the Stove in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. Also, the National Air Tight Cooking Stove, together with a large assortment of Air Tight Parlor Stoves for Wood or Coal, of the most splendid patterns—and a general assortment of the different kinds of Stoves for sale at 248 Water-st. by E. W. M. SAVAGE. [s25tf

HIGHLAND EATING HOUSE.—C. M. HAGGINS, L. LESLIE, No. 10, Lindall street, BOSTON. ap10:tf

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE No. 11 Wall-st. This Institution is distinguished by the following peculiarities:

1st. When the premium is over $50 annually, one fourth may be paid in cash, and three-fourths in a secured note at 12 months, bearing six per cent. interest, or it may be paid half-yearly, quarterly or monthly.

2d. Parties taking life policies and paying 50 per cent. of premium in cash, and those taking policies for shorter periods and paying 60 per cent. in cash, may give their individual notes for the balance, if satisfactory to the officers. There is an annual dividend of profits to the insured.

The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of August, 1847, (27 months) 4160 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a nett capital of over $350,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No, 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

DIRECTORS.—Seth Low, Wm. A F. Pentz, Henry McFarlan, Chas. S. Macknett, John A. Underwood, Wm. H. Mott, Robt. L. Patterson, Andrew S. Snelling, Thomas B. Segur, Edward Anthony, Wm. M. Simpson, Lewis C. Grover.

ROBERT L. PATTERSON, President.

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JAMES STEWART, M. D., Med. Ex. at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock.

VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.,

JAS. VAN REN SSALAER, M. D., Medical Board of Consultation. au1:tf

GENUINE POPULAR MEDICINES.

AT the MAGASIN DE SANTE, (*Magazine of Health*) 130 Washington-st. Boston, may be obtained the following articles of Popular Medicine, *pure and genuine:*

BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM, the Great English Remedy for Consumption.

UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY FOR THE PILES—the only positive cure for that troublesome disease.

SANDS', BRISTOL'S and BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, and numerous other popular remedies for Scrofula.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail, at the Proprietor's prices, together with all the Popular Medicines in general use in New England—and a fine assortment of Perfumery and Cosmetics. Jy24:tf

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, August 3d, 1847.—To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York: Sir, Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE--A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICTS—One Senator for the THIRD Senate District, consisting of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth wards of the city of New York: One Senator for the FOURTH Senate District, consisting of the Seventh, Tenth, Thirteenth and Seventeenth wards of the said city; One Senatorfor the FIFTH Senate District, consisting of the Eighth, Ninth and Fourteenth wards of the said city; and One Senator for the SIXTH Senate District, consisting of the Eleventh, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth wards of the said city.

COUNTY—Also the following officers for the said city and county, to wit: Sixteen members of Assembly, One to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully, N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFCE, NEW YORK, August 5th, 1847.—The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided. J. J. V. WESTERVELT, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Rev. Stat. vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 3d, part 1st, page 140.

ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER. NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON. TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

VOL. VII....No. 17. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1847. WHOLE No. 173.

Original Tales.

RICHARD, THE WOLF KILLER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

—— "'Tis an ow'er true tale."

SOME leagues on the left of Lagny, a small town of Seine and Marne, we remark at the fork of two roads, in a bottom once very insulated, an ancient farm, falling to ruins, and now quite abandoned.

At the farthest extremity of a large court-yard, as yet partially surrounded by a regular stone-wall, that was partly overgrown by hazels and briars, rise four high bare walls, which mark the place where stood the principal mansion, and are themselves crumbling down every day. With the exception of some broken window panes, and the blackened spots that indicated where once the chimneys stood, nothing is left that can mark the former distribution of the apartments; only, to judge from the materials that encumber the soil, as well as by the size and number of buildings necessary for the labors of the farm, it may be seen that it was a large and well tended property: and the mind, saddened at the sight of such a desolation, asks itself how in so fertile a district, with such elements of prosperity and success, could it be thus converted into a vast pile of desolation and ruins. As to me, who have for several years inhabited that fine country in the winter, with two or three friends, great hunters, I do not recollect having once passed before the door of the farm, without stopping with a painful feeling to contemplate that scene of destruction, and endeavoring to account for its causes.

One day, as I was going back to H——, and beating brush and stubble, with my English greyhound, a hare started behind us, about a hundred yards, and was already at a considerable distance before us, when, at one word from me, Black rushed after him. In a few bounds, the dog was close to the hare, and it was truly interesting to see those two animals struggling in swiftness and efforts to outrun each other, the one to save, the other to destroy life. Twice had the dog, in his eagerness, passed over his prey, and while recovering himself, the hare had doubled, and put his antagonist at fault. I was looking at them with an interest felt only by hunters, when, to my great regret, they both disappeared in a solitary corner at the bottom of the farm house. When I had reached the spot, I could, at first, see neither dog nor hare; and, without the aid of a good old woman, who, bending under a load of dead brush-wood, emerged suddenly from the ruins, I might have been a long time without finding them.

"This way, sir," cried she, pointing toward the bottom of the yard, which I entered, following her.

In a corner, lay stretched Black, panting, with bloody feet. Close by him was the hare, dead and stiff as if he had been forced after two hours chasing. At our approach, the dog raised his head proudly, and growled fiercely, showing two white rows of beautiful teeth, that boded no good to an intruder; but on seeing me, he was pacified, and as I took up the hare, Black being relieved from his responsibility, began to view the old woman with better feeling.

After pouching my game, I looked around. The aspect of this tattered old woman, sitting upon a worm-eaten piece of fallen timber, restored me to my former reflections. I thought not of the alms that her poverty might require, but with the selfishness of an imaginative being, was eager to inquire into all that related to the farm. So bidding Black to lie down near the bundle of wood that she had put on the ground, I sat by her side, and asked her if she could not tell me the history of those ruins.

"And who could tell it better?" said she; "I was bred and supported there, and here I hoped to have died. Ah, sir! it is a long and sad tale! But it was the will of God! blessed be his name!"

A deep sigh accompanied her words, and with the back of her withered hand, she wiped a tear from her eyes.

"Nearly fifty year ago, in 1785 or 6, this farm, of which hardly any thing remains, was one of the richest of the bailiwick of Chanteloup—this village, which you can see yonder. Behind those tall elms, there was a large building, the dwelling house of William Emery. Here was the barn. On the empty spot where you still see those iron rings sealed in a remnant of wall, were the horse and cow stables. And on Lady-day in August, or in the middle of September, the times of the annual fairs in the country, more than one good Norman, who could not provide himself at home, would come here with his wallet full, and how-

ever hard of dealing he might be, he seldom would go away without leaving us his money. William Emery understood his business so well, that he supplied with horses all the farms ten miles around. It is true, that with pastures and meadows like these," (showing me a vast extent of grounds, which even now, yield the best hay in the canton,) "it was not very hard to raise horses to please the most difficult. As to cattle, think of a flock of twelve hundred, or fifteen hundred sheep, whose wool none could rival; of forty Brie cows. Fill up in your mind, the vast lower court with fowls of all kinds; this pigeon-house, this pond, now dry, once full of fish, and you will have but an imperfect idea of the riches of such a farm."

She stopped, as if overwhelmed with these recollections, and after a short pause, resumed her story:

"When I entered Mr. Emery's service, I was nineteen, and he might be fifty. At thirty, he had married the daughter of of one of the richest farmers of Brie. His wife died after five years marriage in giving birth to their only child. In vain did his friends press him to marry again, telling him that a wife was necessary at the head of such an establishment, and that his little daughter wanted the protecting cares of an adoptive mother. He was deaf to their entreaties—giving himself up wholly to the cares and labors needed for the cultivation of a farm of twelve hundred acres, and the education of his little daughter, Theresa, on whom he had concentrated all his love. He enjoyed the reputation of the best father, and the most industrious farmer, so that his daughter was not yet eighteen, when more than one pretender sought her hand in marriage. Among the most eager in their attentions, was Henry W——, the son of the first magistrate of the Provost court of——at M——. He was a handsome, well made young man, virtuous and full of talents, and who, already master, at twenty-four, of a handsome fortune, was to inherit that of his father, whose office was very profitable, as was said. His acquaintance with Mr. Emery had commenced some time back, in consequence of an event, the examination of which had necessitated the appearance of all the people of the farm before the magistrate. The case was thus:

"One evening in August, on the eve of St. Laurence, at nightfall, a man on horseback knocked at the gate, between those two pillars that are yet standing. It was a rich feeder and cattle-driver with whom we had dealt many times, and who, coming from Paris to Coulommiers, for the fair, called to visit our master, and settle some old accounts with him for forage. It was I who ran to the gate to open it to the new guest, and help him from his horse. I rid him of a large heavy leathern wallet, which we both carried to the house. There were at the time but three persons at home; Mr. Emery, Miss Theresa, and a first cousin of hers, named Richard Schwartz, lieutenant of the huntsmen of the Duke of Penthievre, at the Black House, between Neufmoutiers and Mortcerf. Mr. Emery sat there, near this window, from which he could overlook what passed in the interior of the farm. He was writing. Richard was half hid under the vast mantel-piece, a mold in his hand and a hand-furnace of lighted coals before him, melting lead and casting bullets. As to my young mistress, Theresa, she was busily sewing in the next room. Your pardon, sir, if I dwell upon all these details; old people love to talk of the events of their youth. I was then about twenty-three, and yet, all those scenes are so present to my eyes and mind, that I fancy myself carried back to that period; yes, once a week, I pick up courage to come here, two long leagues from Bussy-Saint George, where I live; on my return from the forest, after the fatigues of a whole day, collecting a miserable faggot, I never fail stopping at this place, which is about half way from our village. Here I rest, upon this long beam, where we are now sitting, and here I am not long alone, for I am hardly seated, when, glancing all around those ruins, my life, once so happy and so calm, comes again before me. This solitude is no longer a desert; I re-people it as it was formerly. I build it up again, with its white walls, its green window-shutters; and when all that is done, when my memory, omitting nothing, has replaced everything, see my folly! I forget then, that I am the last living creature escaped from this vast tomb! I again become a young girl—I, a poor infirm old woman, with only a few gray hairs on my head. I fancy I see my old master; this good Miss Theresa, that I loved so much to wait upon! I hear her voice, so kind and sweet, when in the morning she came down the three steps of this porch, and with grain in her aporn, would collect all the fowls around her. But alas! how soon vanish those phantoms of imagination!—a bird flying from a wall and throwing down a stone dissolves the spell; and I cannot express what I feel of anguish and terror when I awake thus alone with myself, and see nothing around me but this mass of ruins! To describe to you what passes in my mind, when, at sundown I say a last farewell to those stones half covered with rank weeds—oh, sir! it is impossible; for I have but one heart to feel it, and no words to express it!

"But to return. The interview of the stranger and my master was not long; only half an hour, the time to feed and cool his horse.

"'Ah! is it you, father Durand?' said Mr. Emery, rising from his large Utrecht velvet arm-chair, and offering it to the new comer; 'faith, my friend, I am glad to see you: I was just going to write to you, but since you are here, it will save the messenger's trouble.'

"Here followed a conversation that I could not hear, as I was sent to the cellar for a bottle of wine, but it was no doubt on business, for when I came back with a bottle and glasses in my hands, the stranger was closing and locking his wallet, which had seemed to me so heavy to carry, and which two large piles of crowns, placed side by side on the table, did not seem to lighten much.

"'Faith!' said Richard, who had hitherto taken no share in the conversation, and who, leaning with his elbow on the back his of chair, seemed to devour with his eyes, now the money counted before him, then the wallet which he supposed to contain much more; 'do you know, master, that you are not prudent to venture so late in the forest, as you carry such goods behind you? For, how much have we here?' he asked, with the most indifferent air, trying to lift up the wallet, while his uncle was hastily writing a receipt: 'Two hundred pistoles, I guess?'

"'Two thousand crowns, young man.'

"'Two thousand crowns!'

"'Nothing less, not to speak of a certain pocket-book.'

"'That you have?'

"'Here, about me, in a safe place.'

"'And which contains—?'

"'Six thousand francs in drafts to the bearer on the farmer-general of Normandy; the cattle this year are so dear, and your country folks of Brie so roguish, that one can do nothing among you without plenty of money.'

"'Two thousand crowns silver, and six thousand francs in bills, one would say are—'

"'Twelve thousand francs!'

"'Zounds! a pretty penny! that would make the fortune of an honest man. Well, now frankly, Mr. Durand, believe me if you will, but, spite of cousin Theresa, who is now listening to us behind the door, and will say, as she always does, that I am an ill-omened bird, really it is not reasonable for you to undertake alone, at this hour, on that road, such a journey. Do you know, that from here to the Bourbonnieres where you reach the woods, there are two long leagues?'

"'Poh! as if it was the first time that the dapple-gray has gone over them!'

"'Do you know that before you arrive there, you must pass the cross-road of Croix Blanche, between the two sand-banks, where the road sinks into a hollow, so lonely, in the midst of which Jacques Houssaye, the miller of the Uselles, was murdered last year? For you intend to go that way, unless you mean to take the great turn!'

"'The great turn! Zooks! I, Durand, who gave my word to be at Crecy this evening! Faith, young man, do you think you could frighten me? By midnight, to Crecy; to-morrow, to Coulommiers—that's the plan! I would not change it, were I sure to find Cartouche's band on the way.'

"And the next moment, our man, in order to give more weight to his words, arose from the table, and cordially shaking Mr. Emery's hand, kissed the forehead of Miss Theresa, who would fain persuade him to accept of a good bed, slipped a piece

of money in my hand, and mounted his horse which was as impatient to start as himself. He went that way, by this little path leading to the farm. I heard, for some time, the trot of his horse upon the paved road of Joissegny. But the night was so dark, that, as I shut the gate, I could not help thinking of Richard's words, and to wonder, that instead of going to his room, as he wished us a good night, he had not saddled his mare, and offered the traveler, to whom he had shown such a tender interest for his safety, to escort him part of the way. This seemed to me the more natural, as no one in the country knew the roads better than he who had been over them many times, by night and day; and as he slept alone in a room over the bake-house, that had a door opening to the fields, he could go out and in without awakening any one. But he did not think of it; and God forgive him, if it be true, as he has affirmed many a time, that he never slept so soundly. As to poor Mr. Durand, at four o'clock in the morning, his horse was neighing near our wall, without either saddle or bridle, covered with foam, dust and blood; and he, entirely stripped of every thing, lay murdered, at the four roads of the Croix Blanche, just at the same spot where, one year before, had fallen Jacques Houssaye, the miller.

"Such is, sir, the deplorable event that made us acquainted with good Mr. Henry W——; a sad thing, as you see; but that was only a prelude to the most frightful catastrophes. The trial came on at M——, and was dropped for want of proofs. It was impossible for human justice to discover the guilty; and the inquests that subjected us all to long examinations reflected a new luster on my master's integrity, and gained him a friend in his judge's son, whom a conformity of age had at first connected with Richard. I say a conformity of age, for as to tastes and humor, no two beings could be less alike.

"Richard was the son of a sister of Mr. Emery, who, on her marriage with a master-huntsman of the Counts of Rosernbach, had settled in Bavaria, and had died at Munich, in the greatest poverty. Richard Schwartz owed every thing to the generosity of his uncle, who had sent for him after his mother's death, and had ever since, in a manner, adopted him. When at fifteen he came from Germany, he was a tall, well-built, robust lad, more manly than is common even at twenty, but so intolerable and savage in his temper, that the school master at Ferrieres, where he had been sent to learn the French language, of which he hardly knew a few words, declared after three months, that he never could do any thing with such a pupil. Hypocritical, false, sullen, ill-tempered, he always kept at a distance from every body, and had not even the cheerfulness of his age. He left school without being regretted, and after a year, carried away from there nothing but contempt.

"'What will you do with your nephew?' one day asked a friend of my master. 'I fear he'll turn out very ill. Look at him with his downcast look, his gloomy countenance; always anxious, always alone, or if he associates with any, it is with the most desperate blackguards, such as Langlois, the poacher, and Peter Lorry, the hounds-keeper of M. de Labrousse. He is an unsociable boy, at best fit to live in a wilderness, among the most ferocious beasts. It is in vain that you tried to break him to the labors of the farm; but 'like father, like son.' Had he been mine, I would have made a game-keeper of him.'

"This observation decided Richard's fate, and the sequel proved how just it was, for never was profession embraced with more successful eagerness. Placed at first as a groom of the stables in the household of the Duke of Levi, his behavior and temper changed immediately; from being listless and lazy, as he had hitherto been, he became at once zealous, smart and active. He was praised for his obedience to the least of his superiors, the exactness of his service, and before the year was out, what with his good repute and his uncle's recommendation, he was entered as pricker, in the Duke of Penthievre's hunting establishment. It was there, in that household, where he remained to the end of his life; that he made a brilliant and rapid way: endowed with a prodigious strength, still increased by exercise, of a matchless boldness and temerity, he was soon the hero of many hunting exploits, still spoken of in the forest of Crecy, which won for him the regard and confidence of all his chiefs. One day he saved the Duke's life from the tusks of a wild boar. Another time, he rescued the children of a woodman from a horrible and certain death, by killing miraculously an enormous wolf, who was already dragging away the youngest; and those lucky events, together with his skill in venery, which, as it was said, was infallible, put him in high favor. From a mere pricker, he went up, in a few years, to the office of guard, musketoon bearer, horse guard, lieutenant of the chases, and God only knows where his fortune would have stopped, supported as he was by his Grace's credit, if his boundless ambition had not led him to his ruin. My certie! we had then the best hunters in Brie; H. R. H. the prince of Conti, MM. de Grey and de Ternate, the two brothers Desgraviers, and Jacques Lallemand, the wolf-hunter of the province, and many others, all bold, resolute fellows, almost living in the woods, coming home only at night, and even then not always. Well, brilliant and well deserved as were those reputations, one eclipsed them all. It was Richard's, whose skill as a marksman was almost a prodigy. To put a bullet in the center of a crown-piece at seventy yards, without much aim, was child's play for him; and in either plain or cover, his shot was sure; and you could not believe the number of wild beasts killed by him in one season, in the severe winter of 1783–4, if the registers of the wolf-hunts, deposited in the archives of Tournan, did not attest to the enormous sum of sixteen hundred francs, paid to him as premiums.

"In fact, such was his superiority as a marksman, that it had been expedient to take some measures of exception; and when, from ten leagues around the young men assembled to shoot for a prize, either with rifles or gun, there was a formal clause, that Richard, nicknamed the wolf-killer, should be expressly excluded.

"To whom, or to what, did he owe that unerring skill, that cool judgment? I do not know, and will not explain it. However, I have heard old Anselm, our shepherd, who passed for a wizard, say, that Richard's skill should not be attributed solely to himself, but was a second sight, a gift of satan, and he would tell us frightful stories on the subject, which seemed in some degree, to account for the nightly excursions of Richard, his sullen, thoughtful air, his taste for solitude, even to his habitation in the wildest part of the forest, which was called the 'black-house,' being so smoky and sad, as to resemble a tomb rather than a human habitation.

Such, at twenty-six years old, was our cousin Richard, a mysterious compound of intelligence, cunning, rashness, ready to undertake and to dare everything, hiding the most violent passions under the greatest apparent calm, a kind of an intriguing adventurer, whose pecuniary and social situation had at once undergone a rapid increase, nobody could well explain how, but whose temper was the same at bottom, that is, a dissembler, vindictive, mean, envious and jealous to excess, more inclined to do evil than to do good, which he never did but upon calculation.

(To be continued.

A Summer Night in Greece.—It is indeed a wonderful thing a summer's night in Greece, or rather the space between the setting and rising sun; for it cannot be called night where there is no darkness, no chilling dews, no sleep. People sleep during the hot languid hours of the day, and they are thankful to wake, that they may revive under the delicious influence of the faint night-breezes, so mild, so soft, that they seem to be but the gentle breathing of the earth in its slumber; we cannot call it night, but yet it is not day, though the whole heavens are glowing with the intense brightness of the great stars, hanging so motionless in the unfathomable depths of dark unclouded blue, and the very air is filled with light from innumerable meteors shooting to and fro. It is not day, for there is a solemn, a profound repose, which day could never know; the very spirit of rest seems to go forth over the earth, hushing not only winds and waves, but causing every leaf on the somber olive trees or green myrtle-bushes to lie still, as though spell-bound; and the starlight, radiant as it is, has a softness which tempers all on the wide-spreading landscape, that might be harsh or abrupt in a more glaring light. Wherever it may be seen, a calm summer's night is assuredly one of the most beautiful things in nature; but there is something peculiar in the influence it has on the mind in Greece, which I have nowhere else experienced; there is such purity in the sky, the air, the light, such a holy tranquillity on all around, that the strife of human life seems suddenly stilled, the fire of human passion quenched, and the most perturbed of spirits could not fail to partake somewhat of so intense a rest.—[From Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks; by a Lady.

Original Notes of Travel.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

NUMBER THREE.

Church of St. Mary Overy—Christ's Hospital—Temple Inns—Hampton Court Palace—English Scenery, &c.

LONDON, August 31, 1847.

MY DEAR W.—Among the many objects of interest I have encountered here, not the least so was the old church of St. Savours, which stands on the Surry side of the Thames, at the end of London bridge. Built in the 13th century, the style in old English, beside which the *new* English and modern Gothic, shrink into insignificance, meaningless and distasteful. The material is flint stone, small and irregular size and form, laid in cement hardened to like impenetrable consistency. The chancel is rich in beauties, with the carving of the pillars supporting its arches exquisitely adapted to giving effect to the light and shade. The ancient nave was even richer in beauties than the chancel, but was getting sadly dilapidated, and the society concluding that it would cost more to repair it, than to build a new church, it was torn down: a piece of Vandalism which has destroyed a gem of old architecture, to replace it with a tawdry, tasteless, would-be Gothic meeting-house, which it is now confessed, has cost as much as it would have done to repair the venerable old nave. In the 12th century a miserly old fellow kept a ferry at this point.

"'The first religious house on the Bankside (says Pennant) was that of St. Mary Overy, said to have been originally founded by a maiden named Mary, for sisters, and endowed with the profits of a ferry across the Eye, or river Thames.' The story is, that one John Overy, a miser, who lived about the eleventh century, rented the ferry of Southwark, before a bridge was built across the Thames. Flattering himself that his apprentices would volunteer one banyan day, should a master so munificent be gathered to his fathers, he counterfeited death, and suffered himself to be laid out; hoping by this expedient to snatch at least one scanty meal from the mouths of his cormorants. But he sadly miscalculated; for his apprentices, conceiving the death of a ravenous old miser a matter for especial rejoicing, resolved to make a night of it; in furtherance of which, they stormed the cupboard, which so terrified the ferryman, that he started up from his bier, grinning ghastly horrible at their merriment; when one of the roysterers, taking the grim intruder for a ghost, struck him with the butt-end of an oar, and made a a ghost of him in reality! His daughter Mary wrote to her lover the glad tidings; whereupon he instantly took horse for London, but on his way thither was thrown from his steed, and killed. Mary sought consolation in a monastery, on which she bestowed the miser's gold; and the monks to reward her piety, canonised her, built a church, and gave it her name; which church, says the record, is known as St. Mary Overy to this day."

Such is the legend, and such the name the church bears in the records of the parish. In the transept is a fine monument to Gower, the old English poet.

Passing through Newgate street, a small door way and passage opening on my right, I passed in and found myself within the precincts of Christ's Hospital, or the Blue Coat School, as it is termed. It takes this last name from the dress of the boys educated there. They all wear long blue coats reaching to the ancles, and their legs encased in short breeches and yellow long stockings. A small cap is allowed them, but it is seldom worn, and at all seasons they are to be seen about the streets bare headed, and clad in their peculiar costume, presenting a most singular appearance. The school was founded by Edward 6th, himself a boy, and contains at this time 980 scholars. The boys bring their food from the kitchen, carried on their heads in large wooden bowls, which were shown me, and at 1 o'clock dine in a large hall rich in Gothic windows of stained glass, and the walls hung with paintings, many of them representing the annual visit of the scholars to Court. The intelligent boy who cicerone me said, that he had been twice to visit the Queen, when they presented specimens of their work, principally in drawing. That at the last presentation, one produced a drawing of an English ship, the Queen inquired what vessel it represented, and was told by the artist that it was the Inconstant. Upon hearing this she turned to her husband with a side nod, and a laugh crying, "Albert, hear, inconstant! inconstant!!" The little fellow's face glowed with pride and pleasure, when allusion was made to Charles Lamb, who was educated as a blue coat boy, and he was asked if the scholars cherished the recollection of "the gentle Elia." They leave the school at 15 years of age, save the class in mathematics who remain a year longer.

One morning I strolled into the Inns of the Temple, where so many of the gifted and the learned in the law of England's sons, have poured over musty folios, and studied hard for lore and fame. Though entered directly from one of the busiest of London's thoroughfares, all was still and well disposed for study about the old door ways, and within the thick and time-worn walls. Within the court stands the old church where the Templars worshiped when the place was occupied by them. A shilling bestowed upon the old sexton, who stood near the door of the church, gained admission within the time-hallowed and worship consecrated walls. The floor is of encaustic tile, laid 700 years since, and rich in templar devices of Knights on horseback, banners and coats of arms. Several marble effigies, black with age, of Crusaders who were buried underneath, lie stretched at full length upon the floor, all represented as in life, with their close linked chain armor on, and sword, helmet and shield. The Gothic ceiling is richly painted in fresco, in designs similar to the floor. Paintings upon the wall, representing Henry 2nd, Richard Coeur de Lion, John and Stephen, in mail and royal robes. The pillars supporting the roof, are of a beautiful greenish variegated marble, and original. A few years since one of the workmen, engaged in some repairs upon the church, while carelessly scratching one of them with his knife perceived that it came to a smooth hard substance, which resisted his further progress. This led to an investigation, and subsequent removal of a thick coating of whitewash from all, and the exposure of the original pillars in all their beauties of material and workmanship. Walking over the floor beside their marble effigies—upon the very tiles, where kneeled those Nobles and Kings, stout of arm, and stout of heart, in prayer to the God whose battles they left home and ease to fight in an unfriendly and far clime, for the revered and distant holy land;—while walking there, what associations are called up of the Crusaders and their chivalry. In imagination is seen he of the lion heart, whose likeness, painted from the life, looks down from the wall above, frank of look and free of bearing, to stride loftily along the tiled floor, and kneel in strong devotion, with his tall templars grouped around him.

I was amply repaid for a visit to Hampton Court Palace, distant twelve miles west from Hyde Park and London, and is reached by rail and omnibus. It was built by Cardinal Wolsey when at the summit of his power, and was afterward presented by him to Henry VIII., upon the latter questioning him as to his intentions in building a palace that so far surpassed any of the royal palaces in England. Upon which, Wolsey replied. "that he was only trying to form a residence worthy of so great a monarch." It was occupied by Elizabeth, and many scenes of high festivity there enacted, as in days of Henry VIII. It was also the residence of James I., Charles I., Cromwell, and George II., who was the last sovereign. It consists of three quadrangles: and the façade on the side of the garden, is 330 feet in length. On the south side, is a beautiful Ionic colonnade, by Sir Christopher Wren. The visiter passes through thirty-two rooms, hung with paintings, ancient and modern, more than 1000 in number. One, the Queen's drawing-room, contains fifteen large pictures, all by West. Most of them represent the family of George III. One, "St. George and the Dragon," is a very rich production. In the Audience Chamber, a "Venus and Cupid," by Titian; in the King's drawing-room, "Christ's Agony," by Poussin, and "The Muses," by Tintoretto; in the King's dressing-room, a "Magdalen's Head," by Ferrato; and others, I have not space to mention, attracted my attention. A perfect gem, a "St. Catherine Reading," by Correggio, hanging in Her

Majesty's Gallery, particularly called for admiration. And all readers of "Madam D'Arblay's Diary" would be pleased with the fine portrait of Mrs. Delany, by Opie, to be seen in the Queen's Grand Chamber. A landscape, with a rainbow, by Rubens, is a most charming production of art. In the same room with this last, Queen Elizabeth appears not less than five times; she is represented as a child, as a red-haired plain woman, and an old and awful ugly one. In one, with a fan of feathers in her right hand. The canvas is so completely covered with the gaudy and cumbrous ornaments of her dress, that the painter would have found it difficult to introduce a new object. To this one I allude to, the description of Horace Walpole is peculiarly applicable: "A pale Roman nose, a head of hair loaded with crowns and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff, a vaster fardingale, and a bushel of pearls, are the features by which every body knows at once the pictures of Queen Elizabeth." In King William III.'s bedroom, stands the state bed of Queen Charlotte. The curtains and covering are of satin beautifully embroidered with needlework, done at an institution for the orphan daughters of clergyman which was under her patronage. A clock at the head of the bed goes twelve months without winding up. Some of the rooms contain chairs, &c., of the old furniture. Crimson is the prevailing color and satin damask the material of covering.

A hot-house adjoining the palace is occupied solely by one great grape vine. The house is 75 feet long by 20 wide. The large vine 110 feet long, and at three feet from the ground the stem is 30 inches in circumference. It is the Black Hamburg grape, and some seasons produces over 2500 bunches. The grounds around are beautiful, and, like all such places in this country, kept in perfect order.

The ride from Hampton Court, as seen from the outside of the coach, which is, beyond all comparison, the best seat in fine weather, is beautiful beyond description. Through Bushy Park, the residence of the Queen Dowager, is a road macadamized, smooth as a floor, and between rows of immense old elms changing to a border of Laburnums or mountain-ash with their yellow and red hues mingling with the green, and then to green hedges compact and trimmed to as right-angularly regular a shape as a stone wall laid by square and rule. A basin of water, a fountain and sculptured ornaments and varied efforts of art, give a finish to cultivation and improvement such as we see nothing of at home. The deeper hue of the foliage here, more "darkly, deeply, beautifully" *green* than with us, adds to the richness of the rural scenery. We passed Twickenham, Popp's Villa, the road going nearly over "the grotto." It is a pleasantly situated little nook on the banks of the Thames, or *Tems*, as they pronounce it here. Also Strawbery Hill, on the left, at a few rods distance from the road, the famous residence of Horace Walpole, and once the focus of wit and politics. A smooth cut gently sloping lawn in front, a few fine trees grouped about, and a plain building impart to the locality an air of quiet respectability. The Queen Dowager is quite popular among her immediate neighbors, employing her opportunities to render kindly services to some of the many who are less highly favored of fortune than herself.

Queen Victoria is on a tour of Scotland. She is thought to be of a restless temperament, and especially fond of the sea.

The ride from Hampton Court to Richmond is calculated to show you what art may do for nature. In short, I am constantly called upon here to admire what man has done in this way. With us, you know, it is the work of nature we are led to admire, man not yet having had time to beautify her works with the aid of his art.

But I cannot attempt even to enumerate by catalogue all the objects of interest to be met with here in a sojourn of a few weeks, or even days. And of those few I make mention of, I abbreviate and omit many particulars I have observed or have heard—for I am not writing a book, but merely a few short letters. Rich in associations, many things and places seen here possess a charm for one who has read of the past—rich in display of luxury and of art, they interest the beholder from a country where there is less of wealth's accumulations. But from this, I am led to consider the actual condition of the *whole* here, and see much every day to convince me that this is a most comfortable country for a rich man, but a hard one for the poor.

Riding through the most charming of highly cultivated districts, filled with a sense of comfort produced by rolling along the smooth road, and while the eye is revelling in the beauties of deep foliage, trim hedge rows, regular avenues, lawns gay and fragrantly blooming with flowers, neat cottages with walls hidden behind the luxuriant vine, the sweet briar and honeysuckle, and more than these of most pleasing sights, it too often encounters the laborer breaking stone through the long hours of the entire day. All for a paltry shilling, and we reflect how few of the necessaries of life that hard-earned product of his toil will buy him. Then, the smooth road, just now so pleasant, grows rough in discordant keeping with the clang of his heavily-wielded hammer, for we witness the pain of which the pleasure we but now enjoyed is the unrighteous fruit.

Yours, in F. L and T., ORION.

Original Miscellany.

STANZAS.

BY S. BURNHAM.

Oh! had it been my lot,
To be forgetful as I am forgot.—TASSO.

STILL, still, I mourn my lot,
Dark mystery of my doom;
Still do I haunt the spot,
When bees hum o'er the bloom—
Where I would rest my weary frame,
Without a stone to tell my name.

Not that my anguish sore,
Bereavement's shafts have sped;
Or sorrows I deplore,
To gloomy scenes have led;
And plunged my soul in frenzy's cell,
With melancholy's direst spell.

But that afflictions, sent
To purify my soul—
Had lost their pure intent,
My passions to control;
For I repined nor kissed the rod,
That should have brought me to my God.

My heart's corroding grief,
My life's extremest loss,
No balm can bring relief,
Earth's promises are dross:
Oh! had I followed in its flight,
My mother's spirit pure and bright.

Beauty at golden dawn,
Attunes the robin's lay—
The linnet on the thorn,
The sparrow on the spray,
Their matin praise the heart rejoice— [voice.
But far more sweet my mother's

My mother's breath I feel,
My mother's eye I see;
When at my prayers I kneel,
I seem beside her knee;
Her fair hand on my ringlets laid—
Surely this picture ne'er can fade.

Six springs had gently shed,
Bright blossoms on my face;
When by her dying bed,
I took her last embrace:
The scene remains as vivid now,
As when death's angel sealed her brow.

This loss was my despair,
The gate to all my woe—
Madness my bane and share.
Until to her I go—
Love is the essence of that dome,
Of friends most dear the blessed home.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS OF A LONELY MAN.

I SURRENDER the secrets of my busy thoughts. Let me be candid, for in me candor is no merit; neither will it bring the flush of shame to my brow. It is from the very sense of my nonentity that I confess a desire, in some way, to be brought into notice. I have been so obscure, so neglected and lonely among my fellow men, whom I truly love, though they care little for me, that I long to attract their attention. They may, I know, pass the poor cripple with a sigh of pity, unconscious that he has been communing with them; but shall I not gaze on them more lovingly, knowing that I have been with them, and that they have been with me; not with this deformed body, but with the undying impulse which they will yet recognize beyond!

A cripple! Even now I cannot dwell upon the thought with calmness. It is better that it should move me thus, than to be cast into the depths of despair by so sad a truth. When my bosom is troubled, I feel the presence of a good angel who will not allow it to stagnate with sluggish despair. How full of light and beauty are the saddest events! Eighteen hundred years ago, I also would have been crouching beside the pool of Bethesda, waiting in blind superstition for the angel. He, perhaps,

would have been near, unrevealed and rejected, the one true angel, Spirit of Truth and Love. Now, under our glorious dispensation, I turn with trusting love to the revealed Redeemer, the only help in my hour of need. Often I muse upon those unfortunates gathered by the Pool, for they were my brothers. All men are to me as brothers, but not of full brotherhood; for many are born of a step-dame who smiled not on me; they are the offspring of Prosperity. The crippled, the wronged, the neglected, are children of my own mother. Their sorrows are hallowed to me. My prayers and tears are all I have to give, but they are freely poured out for them.

A cripple! It seems but yesterday that my mother's cry proclaimed my destiny. The servants brought me into her presence rashly. She looked upon my mangled limbs a moment, her cheek paled—"A cripple!"—she shrieked and fainted. During my tedious illness, in soft whispers I heard the fearful word breathed over me in tones of pity. Slowly I emerged from helplessness into life. When my crutches were handed to me, I turned shudderingly away. The blue sky wooed me; the trees played with their shadows on the casements; the birds called me; my pets asked for my presence, so I looked again on my crutches, and raised myself upon them. I paused a moment to ask myself if *they* would know me—the lonely gifts of nature. It seemed to me that they, also, would loathe the crutches. My pets would not recognize me. My snowy rabbits would mock me with their agile leaps. My dog would bound away, already for a frolic race, while I stood helpless by. I sat down by the threshold and wept. One hour of time passed over me there, but years of feeling swept over my spirit. I arose, a man. No longer a wild lad of fourteen, but a man. I crossed that threshold bravely, leaving my youth in the sunbeams amid which I had been weeping. Coldly, defyingly, I walked out into the beautiful world from which I had been so long excluded. My heart was rebellious, bent determined stoically to endure. I sat down under a large elm, mentally at war with its Creator. Presently I heard a joyous bark, the crashing of underwood, and Tray crouched at my side. Once I should have embraced him; now I placed my hand on his head, and looked into his eager eyes. His restlessness vanished, and he quietly lay with his head upon my arm. His spirit conformed to mine. Together we visited my rabbits. They had been penned. I called them by name. They pressed closely to the bars and rubbed my hand—they loved me as well as ever. Again I sat near the threshold. The moon filled the room with soft beams. My mother held my head upon her bosom.

"The world is not without joy for even the crippled, is it my son?"

"No mother, not while love is in it. I was ungrateful. I rebelled. When my dog crouched with affection beside me, and my rabbits showed their joy at the sound of my voice, my conscience smote me, for I said in my heart, theirs was but the reflex of that divine Love which is shed upon us all." I remember the look my mother gave me when I had ceased speaking; so full of joy and affection. She was not well, her face was very, very pale, and as her large eyes were bent on mine, she seemed a spiritual presence. Before the next morning, she was really such. The cripple was an orphan! The fever returned upon me, and for several weeks I was unconscious. In this state I was removed to the hospital. I awoke among strangers. My parents were Scotch emigrants without near relatives. My sister and I were thus thrown upon the mercy of mankind. She soon drooped and joined her mother. For myself was left the wide world and humanity. My excellent education has saved me from starvation.

From my window in the third story I look down upon the moving mass, conscious of belonging to them from one common nature, yet receiving little of their generosity or sympathy. Fifty years have I toiled in the world to obtain bread. I have met with much that is evil, but also a large degree of good. I have found equity, forbearance, and humanity If I have experienced little active friendship, it is no doubt owing, in part, to my taciturn sensitiveness. If I have been guilty of egotism, it must be excused, for the solitary dwell much upon themselves. To atone for my long taciturnity, I hope to converse often with mankind; although, like Mokanna, it be from behind a veil

The Ladies' Column.

WOO ME, AND WIN ME.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

Woo me, and win me—but none of your joking,
For flattery and flirting I never was made;
To be tantalized, sir, is so very provoking,
I'd rather by half live and die an old maid.
D'you think I'm a *belle* at your will to be sounded?
Not so, sir; in my way, the *belle* you must ring:
Till then, though your heart like your phrases abounded
In love, I would be a free bird on the wing.

Woo me, and win me—and no one knows better,
How woman's fond heart may be captured and won:
But none of those vows such as breath'd in your letter,
About love outliving the rose and the sun.
The rose only blooms, as we know, for a season,
The sun on us every day ceases to shine;
Entrap, if you can, other hearts with such treason,
But practice, not precept, alone shall have mine.

Woo me, and win me—but pray keep your distance,
And sing as you like about "loving the fair,"
Or else I shall certainly call for assistance
To show you the door, where you'll get some fresh air.
Of no use, my dear sir, is your sighing and blinking,
Like some dozing owl, snugly lodged on his perch:
My heart may be won—and the right way, I'm thinking,
Is to enter our names in the big book at church.

[Hood for September.

THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.—The celebrated tapestry of Bayeux, doubtless the most ancient specimen of needlework in existence, is supposed to have been the work of Stratilda, queen of William the Conqueror, and her maidens, by whom it was presented to the cathedral of Bayeux in Normandy, where the canons were accustomed to gratify the people with its exhibition on particular occasions. This piece of needlework, formerly known by the name of the "Toil de St. Jean," is now preserved in the Hotel of the Prefecture at Bayeux. It consists of a continuous web of cloth, two hundred and seventy feet in length, and twenty inches in breadth, including the borders at the top and bottom; these are formed of grotesque figures of birds, animals, &c., some of which are supposed to represent the fables of Æsop. In the part portraying the battle of Hastings, the lower border consists of the bodies of the slain. The whole is worked or embroidered with worsted, representing the various events connected with the invasion and conquest of England by the Normans. It is divided into seventy-two compartments, and comprises altogether, exclusive of the borders, about five hundred and thirty figures—three only being females. The colors, as may readily be supposed, from the period in which it was executed, are not very numerous, consisting only of dark and light blue, green, red, yellow, and buff; and these, after a lapse of nearly eight hundred years, have become considerably faded, while the cloth itself has assumed a brown tinge. This curious piece of needlework appears to have been wrought without any regard to the natural colors depicted—the horses being represented blue, green, red, and yellow—and many of them have even two of their legs of a different color to their bodies; as, for instance, a blue horse has two red legs and a yellow mane, while the hoofs also are of another color. The drawing of the figures has been termed rude and barbarous, but in the needlework of that age we must not look for the correct outline of the modern painter. The work is of that kind properly termed embroidery; the faces of the figures and some other parts are formed of the material composing the ground, the outline of the features being merely traced in a kind of chain stich. Nevertheless, taking the whole as a piece of needlework, it excites our admiration, and we cannot but wonder at the energy of the mind, which could with so much industry embody the actions of so long a series of events.—[Miss Lambert's Handbook of Needlework.

ANECDOTE FOR MOTHERS.—The late Queen Charlotte was exceedingly fond of needlework, and was solicitous that the princesses should excel in the same amusing art. In the room in which her majesty used to sit with her family were some cane-bottomed chairs, and when playing about, the princesses were taught the stitches on this rude canvas. As they grew older, a portion of each day was spent in this employment; and, with their royal mother as their companion and instructress, they became accomplished needlewomen.

[Miss Lambert.

RECONCILIATION.—It is much safer to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him. Victory deprives him of his power, but reconciliation of his will; and there is less danger in a will which will not hurt, than in a power which cannot. The power is not so apt to tempt, the will is studious to find out means.

IS IT SO?—Woman fondles, pities, despises, and forgets what is below her; she values, bears, and wrangles with her equals; she adores what is above her.

IN all religions, and in all philosophies, it is a crime to exalt the power of imposture, and to make a bargain with vice.—[George Sand.

Notes in Natural History.

THE GNAT FAMILY.

The gnat family is universally detested, as among the most unwearied, blood-thirsty, and formidable of insect tormentors. Their insatiable appetite, joined to their venomous powers, and these added to their enormous productiveness, and their hateful ubiquity, justify us in regarding them as one of the scourges of the human race.

The common gnat, *Culex pipiens*, is a delicate pretty insect, rather less than a quarter of an inch in length. It is furnished with a long slender proboscis, which projects downward and forward, having at its extremity a pair of little sucking discs; this organ forms the siphon up which the creature draws its fill from our life-stream. On the sides of this are placed, at different distances, several lancet-like processes, some of which appear intended simply to cut, while others seem adapted also to inject, the irritating poison into the minute wound; and these are barbed, and resemble in some respects the sting of the bee. The "hum" of the gnat, or, as the poet Spenser calls it, "its murmuring small trumpet," is a sound familiar to every ear—to most of us, far more familiar than agreeable. This, which is really a pretty and not unpleasing sound in itself, were it not that it is a flourish preparatory to an onslaught, is produced by the rapid vibration of its delicate gauze-like wings. The sound has a precise analogue in the deep-toned hum of the "fan" of our blast-furnaces, where the vanes of the blower cut through the air with vast rapidity, and produce, in so doing, the musical notes we hear. The fragile wings of this insect have been estimated by Latour to vibrate at the rate of three thousand times a minute; a rapidity which, when it is regarded as a succession of muscular contractions and relaxations, is something far more wonderful than the most enormous speed to which mechanism was ever driven.

It has been frequently remarked, that it is the female insect which pursues us for our blood, and that the male is innocent altogether of the crimes his partner delights to commit. The insect makes its attack in the following manner: After the flourish as aforesaid, and with a courage equal to all its noise, it flies directly upon its victim, and falls to. Alighting gently upon the surface, it lowers its formidable weapon, gently and gradually thrusting it into the skin until it has pushed home all its lancets. The fluid which produces the subsequent pain in the wound is then injected into it, as has been plausibly supposed, for the purpose of rendering the blood more fluid, and better adapting it to the suctorial capabilities of the insect; and now the thirsty creature takes its fill. These operations are repeated until it is satisfied, when it flies away, oftentimes becoming gorged and less active, as if completely intoxicated with its potion.

The natural history of the gnat is peculiarly interesting. It contains one of those exquisite demonstrations of the skill of the Creative hand of which the kingdom of animated nature is replete. The celebrated entomologist, Reaumur, made it the subject of some of his beautiful and accurate investigations. From his account of the operation, we glean the following particulars relative to the deposition of the eggs of this insect. Let us go to some stagnant pond between five and six in a summer morning, and we shall see this interesting phenomenon, if we watch pretty narrowly, going on over its whole surface. There is a female gnat; she has taken her station upon a broken twig, or a fallen leaf floating on the water. She is then seen to cross her two hind limbs like the letter X, and in the inner triangular interval she commences her ingenious labor. In this interval she places first three eggs in the form of a triangle, which, being moistened with a kind of glue, adhere firmly together. This forms one extremity of a *boat* she is about to make. Her crossed limbs form, so to speak, the "lines" or scaffold by which she regulates the subsequent shape and size of her tiny vessel. She proceeds laying egg after egg; and by gradually opening her scaffolding, she shapes the boat accordingly, and in this manner proceeds until the egg-boat is completed, each of which contains from two to three hundred eggs. The animated scaffolding is then removed. The mother takes her flight, and commits her craft to the mercy of the wind and waves. This wonderful little structure has been aptly likened by Messrs. Kirby and Spence to a London wherry in configuration, being sharp, and higher at both ends, somewhat convex below, and concave above, and always floating on its keel. It is not the least remarkable fact connected with this amazing feat of nautical architecture, that each individual egg, if dropped into the water, would sink to the bottom. The boat is quite buoyant; it defies the most tempestuous blast which crosses the mimic ocean in which it sails; the waters may go over it, or it may be forcibly pushed down to the bottom, but it will rise again to the surface, its buoyancy unaffected, and without a drop of water in its cavity. How plain and broadly-marked even in these workings of a humble and insignificant insect is the Divine forethought and skill, which, while rearing a universe, and mapping out creation, remembered, and so securely provided for, the wants of the family of a gnat! In hot weather the eggs are rapidly hatched; and in about three days the larvæ, having left their temporary habitations, are to be seen in full activity, with their heads downwards in the water. As these larvæ are uncommonly funny fellows on the field of the microscope, they have the honor of frequently showing off at popular exhibitions; and the surprising feats of agility they perform have long been the admiration of the spectators. They are well known in the north as "*scurrs*," and may be collected in abundance during summer from almost every wayside pool. The larva breathes in a very odd way by means of its tail! at the extremity of which is its respiratory apparatus. It has the power of leaving the surface of the water, and diving to the bottom; but it must always return for fresh air; and most comical it is to see it thrust its tail up for this purpose, while its great head hangs some distance below the surface. This larva has several changes to undergo before it becomes the perfect insect: after moulting several times, it becomes transformed into the pupa; and then comes the final change to the perfect gnat. The pupa now serves as a boat for the emerging insect. The time comes on; the necessary preparations are complete; the insect raises itself from its floating tomb, places its feet upon the water, expands its tender wings, and takes farewell of its former dwelling. From first to last, these transformations occupy about three weeks or a month.

[Chambers' Edinburg Journal.

The Mosquito.—The mosquito has been generally considered by naturalists as belonging to the gnat family, the *Culicides*. Some doubt may exist upon the subject, but there can be none that it is the true representative in the tropics of the gnat at the poles and at home. The mosquito is not quite so large an insect as the common gnat; but if less in size, it is a much more dreaded and dreadful enemy. It is, we believe, Mr. Westwood who considers the mosquito to have been "the plague of flies," the emissaries to execute Divine wrath upon the Egyptians. In America, the accounts of mosquito-bitten travelers are most painful to read. We sometimes meet with the travels of a learned enthusiast, who gives us a glowing picture of the glories of the banks of the Orinoco: let us take some scattered remarks from Baron Humboldt's "Personal Narrative" as a set-off against these romancings. He says there are three different species of mosquito. Some will sting from an early hour in the morning all day long until five in the afternoon, when they disappear, and a second set "mount guard." These have their hour of attack, and then retire, and are followed by the night army, the most dreadful and venomous of all. During the intervals of the disappearance of one host, and the appearance of the next, a brief and delightful repose is given to the tortured Indians. All along a particular district of this great stream, the lower strata of air, from the surface of the ground up to the hight of fifteen or twenty feet, are filled with these insects to such a degree, as to give the appearance of a condensed vapor. The Indians say there are "more mosquitoes than air." The swelling caused by their bites does not disappear for several weeks. An old missionary, in accents of despair and grief, said "he had spent his twenty years of mosquitoes in America;" and his limbs were so much covered with the enduring marks of their wounds, as not to have a single spot of native whiteness about them! Some of the Indians living in these districts are so hard put to it, as to be compelled to bury themselves in sand, only leaving out their heads, which they cover with a handkerchief. A curious anecdote is related in "Loudon's Magazine of Natural History" regarding the effect of mosquito bites upon the countenance. A gentleman having indulged over-freely in wine, lay down to sleep on a sofa without the customary protection of a mosquito net. He reclined in such a way, as to expose exactly half of his face to the operations of the enemy, which soon attacked him in great numbers. His appearance the following morning was something wonderful; one side of his nose and face preserved their usual expression, but the other was so hideously contorted and swollen, as to make him appear on that side a totally different person.

Expedients for defense against these plagues are frequently almost in vain; but such as are in use it may be as well to mention. In India, mosquito curtains are the common preservatives; but wo to him who suffers even one of his little tormentors to get within his white walls! Just before retiring to rest, a kind of whisk is whirled about in the air, putting the ranks of the enemy in confusion; the favorable moment is seized, and the individual leaps into his cot, while the curtains are rapidly drawn behind him. The Indians in America go at night to sleep on islets in the midst of the cataracts, where few mosquitoes will follow them. They also anoint themselves with turtle oil, and cover their bodies with paint and bolar earth, but are wounded even through these.—[Ib.

Choice Selections.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF ANNE H. SCOVIL.

BY CALEB LYON OF LYONSDALE.

SAD to my heart and mournfully there came a lonely wail,
Telling me that a schoolmate hath pass'd the shadowy vale;
That her step first lost its lightness, and her voice its silver tone,
And like a leaf she pass'd away 'mid autumn winds alone.

We've often played in childhood beneath the pleasant trees,
When earth arrayed in beauty was fann'd by summer's breeze;
We've wandered oft at evening along the river's side,
And pulled the fragrant lillies, where glassy wavelets glide.

At school we sat together in those bright olden days,
And gentleness was in thine eyes that softly thou didst raise;
Methinks again I hear thy voice echo's of distant years—
It fills my heart with sadness, it blinds mine eyes with tears.

The grave is dark and dreary and worms are creeping there,
Where fades all earthly glory, the peerless and the fair—
But the blessed lamp of righteousness lights to a better land,
And thou hast passed from darkness to join an angel band.

Still sadly to my heart there comes again the lonely wail,
It tells me that a schoolmate hath pass'd the shadowy vale;
That her step first lost its lightness, her voice its silver tone,
And like a leaf she past away 'mid autumn winds alone.

[Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

ADVENTURE IN A VOLCANO.—Starting before sunrise, I reached the top of the mountain at 9, A. M.; during the ascent I was kept pretty warm by walking quick, but I had not been ten minutes on the top before my teeth were chattering with cold, and the Mestizo, who was my guide, seemed to suffer still more. The day was fortunately remarkably clear for the season of the year, and I succeeded in getting a glimpse of the Atlantic ocean. In the months of December and January I was told that both it and the Pacific are clearly seen from the top. The view is, however, in other respects, probably more singular and picturesque at the present season; the whole landscape below is covered with white fleecy clouds which slowly move along the lower ground, followed by others like flocks of monster-shaped animals; while the fields and trees appear of a dark blue color through frequent breaks, which give to them the aspect of motion, and to the clouds an aspect of rest (in the same manner as at sea the waters seem to move and the ship to stand still.) But while this covering is placed over the low ground like a ragged sheet, the volcano and all the high mountains are perfectly clear, and the sky above is of an intense blue color without the least speck or cloud. Leaving the guide, who said that no reward would tempt him to enter the crater, I proceeded alone to examine it; and perceiving a small rill of smoke issuing from the side of the grand crater, I was so eager to examine it that I descended without thinking of the difficulty of the re-ascent, and after satisfying my curiosity, I found this to be impossible from the slippery nature of the ground, composed as it is of ashes and cinders. After two or three attempts and several violent falls, I found that there was no resource left but to descend to the bottom of the crater, and seek my way out by another path. After descending some distance as best I could, I came to a perpendicular ledge of rocks at least twenty feet high, but, on examination, I perceived that if I could manage to get down the face of it and creep round the end of a large projecting rock, I should be able to reach a small break in the side, by which I might get to the bottom; so tying my riding-belt, neckcloth, and pocket handkerchief together, which I afterward found to measure between twelve and thirteen feet, I fastened them as best I could, to a point of rock, and lowered myself to within about a yard of the projecting ledge. While, however, I was looking how I might properly alight on it, the belt became detached from the rock, and I was precipitated forward. By a great effort I managed on touching the ledge to keep myself from falling down the precipice, (which would certainly have been a singular death,) and descending the crater walked to a hole in the centre, some hundred yards in diameter. I looked into it, but could see no bottom to the yawning abyss; and I then rolled in some stones, which fell from rock to rock till the noise was lost in the distance. I longed much for a rope to lower myself a short way down, but this was out of the question. The sides of the crater were formed of a dark blue granite, in many parts completely melted, and in others only cracked with heat: but there was no sulphur, nor any appearance of lime, clay, magnesia, or any of the metallic bases which are supposed to form volcanoes by their combustion when brought in contact with water. Having found a more easy path to ascend, I returned to my guide, five hours having been spent in the crater and in the descent and ascent. He appeared much surprised and rejoiced to see me—having, as he confessed, given up all hope of my return. He was very curious to know what I saw at the bottom; and I told him that I had talked with the devil for two hours, who told me many curious stories which I must not repeat. He fully believed me, and I heard him on the way home telling the story to several people, who shook their head and appeared fully to believe it also. One said, "Yes, it may well have happened if he is English." Descending the mountain I was seized with a sudden faintness, arising, I suppose, from the sudden change from a cold to a hot temperature, combined with the effect of violent exertion. Finding that I was ready to fall from my horse, which I had remounted at the hut of the cattle-herd, I got down, and was for about an hour deprived of all the power of motion, though not of sense and speech; but I recovered from this singular attack, and proceeded onwards, reaching Cartago about sunset.

[Dunlap's Travels in Central America.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A SNEEZE.—Reader—have you ever *sneezed*? Not a paltry half-stifled "t'shaw?" but an unmistakeable involuntary outburst, which it was impossible to restrain, which shook the apartment wherein it occurred, startled everybody within hearing, and left you for a few seconds seemingly doubting whether your head remained in its right place or not! Such is what I call a sneeze—and strange though it may seem, I am about to endeavor to eke a a little philosophy out of it.

The nose is the member principally concerned in the inquiry—what causes a sneeze? This member is prominent enough—always conspicuous, but little appreciated. Like most "forward" beings, it seems treated with contempt. It has served the caricaturist more than the philosopher. The eye has been universally admired: its physiology has been taught in schools and lecture-rooms—poets have sung its praises—the ear and the organs of voice have proved the themes of many musings—but the poor nose, more sinned against than sinning, has met with comparative neglect. Shakspeare describes Bardolph's nose as "a ball of wildfire!" and Randolph, an old poet, speaks of the nose "spoiling the beauteous face!" If ever complimented, it is in the ironical strain of the song—"Nose, nose, jolly red nose!" In this way, the poor unfortunate organ has been handed over to the management of the ignorant and sensual, who have not failed to heap upon it unmerited oppression.

Many things will excite sneezing—but tobacco possesses in an extraordinary degree the power to produce this strange effect. A single grain of the dust of tobacco applied to the healthy nostril will excite one of those uncontrollable explosions which I have already called your attention to. You may be quite calm and comfortable, even dropping away into a dreamy "snooze"—say on a summer afternoon—and if any one wickedly cast but a grain of snuff up thy nostril, thy dreams are at end, and the pleasant composure just spreading calmly over thy face is ruffled at once into an indescribable grimness of visage. Strange that so trifling a cause should produce so startling and decided an effect. Yet so it is—and everybody knows it. Now the philosophy which I gather herefrom is this—*that tobacco is repugnant in the organs of smell, injurious to life, and should be altogether dispensed with.*

What *is* a sneeze? It never occurs in health except excited by some foreign agent, irritating the membranes of the nasal passages, upon which the nervous filaments are distributed. In cases of cold, or what is termed influenza, these are unduly excitable, and hence the repeated sneezings which then occur. The nose receives three sets of nerves—the nerves of *smell*, those of *feeling*, and those of *motion*. The former communicate to the brain the odorous properties of substances with which they may come in contact, in a diffused or concentrated state; the second communicate the impressions of touch; the third move the muscles of the nose, but the power of these muscles is very limited. When a sneeze occurs, all these faculties are excited in a high degree. A grain of snuff excites the olfactory nerves, which dispatch to the brain the intelligence that "snuff has attacked the nostril!" The brain instantly sends a mandate through the motor nerves to the muscles, saying—"Cast it out!" And the result is unmistakeable! So offensive is the enemy besieging the nostril held to be, that the nose is not left to its own defence. It were too feeble to accomplish this. An allied army of muscles join in the rescue—nearly one half of the body arouses against the intruder—from the muscles of the lips to those of the abdomen, all unite in the effort for the expulsion of the grain of snuff!

Let us consider what occurs in this instantaneous operation. The lungs become fully inflated, the abdominal organs are pressed downword, the ribs rise and extend forward, the lips firmly close, and the veil of the palate drops down to form a barrier to the escape of air through the mouth—and now, all the muscles which have relaxed for the purpose contract simultaneously, and force the compressed air from the lungs in a torrent out through the nasal passages, with the benevolent determination to sweep away the particle of snuff which has been causing irritation therein. Such, then, is the complicated action of a sneeze; and if the first effort does not succeed, then follows a second, a third, and a fourth; and not until victory is achieved, do the army of defenders dissolve their compact, and settle down to the enjoyment of peace and quietude.—[Peoples' Journal.

THE BOSPHORUS.—The charms of the scenery of the Bosphorus cannot easily be exaggerated. Hills, forts, towers, and villages, appear in succession, whilst its bays and windings endow it with the several beauties of river, lake, and sea. The water is of the most transparent purity, and of the most beautiful azure color that can be imagined. A large shoal of dolphins accompanied us for several miles, gambolling and leaping into the air from wave to wave; and we could distinctly see them when darting along far beneath the surface, although the water was far from smooth. Nothing could be more delightful than our transition from a tumbling sea to the swift current of this beautiful strait, that bore us down through scenes so novel, so interesting, and so intrinsically beautiful, to a city equally celebrated in ancient and in modern times.—[Three weeks' Residence in Constantinople.

OXFORD WIT.—The following couplet was circulated in Oxford on the choice of Mr. Round as a Candidate to represent the University:

"They sought for a cypher,
A cypher they found;
That cypher was nothing,
That cypher was *Round*."

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1847.

"THE SPIRIT OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP."

How frequently is the expression we have selected for our caption, used in a vague and indefinite sense; or applied to convey a mere negative, or restrictive, meaning. We use it, occasionally, to express the mysteries, or secret language of the Order, which we are bound to hold sacred. We apply it to the performance of those duties which the constitution of our society renders obligatory on every member. But, it is seldom that we take that broad and true meaning of the term which it evidently is meant to convey.

If the principles inculcated in our Order, are only to be applied for the benefit of its members—if the area of our philanthropy is confined to the limited circle of our brotherhood—then, indeed, is the charge of selfishness and exclusiveness, urged against us by our opponents, not without foundation. We hold that the spirit of Odd-Fellowship embraces a wider range, and a more different character than this. Odd-Fellowship has its exclusive and specific exactions in carrying out its operations of benevolence; but, at the same time, it inculcates and fosters an unrestricted philanthropy, which embraces the whole human family.

The nature of all institutions, founded for mutual protection and support, necessarily limits the operations of such societies, in their corporated capacity, to the immediate wants of their members. But "the spirit" of our Order, extends far beyond the prescribed regulations which govern us in our aggregated form. The Odd Fellow, whose benevolent feelings are only active in the Lodge Room, or, in the performance of the well established duties enjoined by our Order, has but entered upon the threshhold of "the Temple."

Odd-Fellowship is intended to humanize the heart, to expand the sympathies of our nature, and to set into active operation the feelings of benevolence, which are implanted by God in every creature he has endowed with the attributes of sincerity.

That the worthy Odd Fellow is called upon by the stipulation of his membership, to exercise these faculties more exclusively toward the brotherhood of his adoption, is most true; but this specific call of duty does not interfere with the paramount duties we owe to the one common brotherhood of mankind. Our Order expressly inculcates this widely extended exercise of the philanthropic sentiment. Its systematic and practical benevolence fosters the sentiment of universal charity in the breasts of every well regulated member of our body.

The well defined system of benevolence, carried out by our Order, is, perhaps, one of its most important and distinctive features. Odd-Fellowship is no visionary scheme of human perfectibility; it attempts no violent and impracticable change in the existing order of things; and, while it stands conspicuous among the instruments of reform, moves onward steadily and progressively, surrounded by guards, which prevents it from becoming erratic and visionary in its movements. This practical consistency recommends the Order to sensible and reflecting men. It is a *safe institution*, for furthering the benevolent progress of the age. It is, therefore, no wonder that we see in our ranks the most distinguished philanthropists of the day. They were imbued with our principles before they affiliated themselves with Odd-Fellowship—they saw in our institution a mighty engine, for promoting the philanthropic movement of our times—they recognized the *true* spirit of Odd-Fellowship, and became co-laborers with us, to extend the universality of the sentiment.

We have endeavored to define what is really comprised in the spirit of Odd-Fellowship, in its broad and extended meaning. Its exclusive application to the duties of Odd-Fellowship, may well form the subject of some future article; and, as the matter is one of deep interest to us all, we shall recur to it at an early period.

BE COURTEOUS.

We like to see those professing to be well instructed in the work of the Order, and those really so, courteous in their advice in the Lodge, and observant of the feelings of others in putting forward their opinions. It is always better to beget good feeling on the part of others, than bad. The favor of a dog is better than his ill will; and one would rather he would wag his tail in expression of his pleasure at the meeting, than snarl and bark, and threaten to tear you. Nothing is lost by being obedient to the fraternal spirit of our Order. And he who is ever showing off his knowledge, which perhaps is not after all, greater than that of those he seeks to instruct—he who is ever talking large to younger members, and putting on offensive airs, and making sneering comments on the manner of doing business, is neither a good Odd-Fellow, nor a gentleman. What is wrong might be corrected in a kinder spirit; and what advice is to be offered, might be offered in a way to make it a favor to those receiving it. So doing, the adviser would be respected and beloved, and his presence in the Lodge be a source of pleasure. But otherwise—ever putting on a dictatorial and self-omnipotent air; embarrassing the business of the evening by technicalities and exceptions, and mere wordy speeches, wasting the time of the Lodge—such a one is sure at last to lose the respect and confidence of the members, and eventually all influence for good. Be courteous, therefore, and brotherly, in word, in counsel, in manner and action.

Perth Amboy Lodge Room.—*Bro. Winchester*: I have seen no notice in the Golden Rule of the new Lodge Room at Perth Amboy, N. J. Being recently on a visit to that city, I had the pleasure of visiting said room, and was highly gratified with its appearance. It is located in a building, (the upper story,) called Combination Hall, and although small, it is certainly very neatly fitted up. With two exceptions, it will compare favorably with any Lodge Room in the State. The floor is covered with the Odd-Fellow's carpet, a new article, having all the emblems of the Order woven in it, done by a member of the Order as I understand in New York.* The wall back of the N.G. chair has a very beautiful painting representing the All-seeing eye, encompassed with the sun's golden rays, set off with fresco columns very neatly executed, by Bro. Crowell, an amateur artist, an officer in the Lodge, and who is, by the way, the gentlemanly clerk on the new steamboat Antelope, now running to Perth Amboy and New Brunswick from New York. In every other respect the room is handsomely furnished, evincing a degree of liberality highly creditable to the members of the Lodge, which I was informed is in a flourishing condition. May it long remain so, and be a blessing to the place in which it is located, by diffusing abroad the benign principles of our beloved Order. So far as I have the means of judging, the members of this new Lodge are of the right stamp, and will faithfully maintain the principles of the Order.

These sacred retreats of Odd-Fellowship are springing up all over our State. What these influences will be, time alone will determine. But we have reason to believe that if the principles of "Benevolence and Charity," constituting the foundation of our Order, are strictly carried out, and our insurance policies are handed over to life and health insurance companies, where they properly belong, and the number of our meetings are curtailed, to one, or occasionally two in a week, that the wives of our brethren may not have so many causes to complain of the absence of their husbands, we shall have I say then, reason to believe, that these numerous Lodges all over the State, will be productive of an immense amount of good.

I am glad to see that a good brother, perhaps from the fact of his being an old bachelor, has taken up the cause of the Ladies in reference to the frequent absence of Odd-Fellows from their homes in the

evening. In connection with "LOUISE," he has expressed some good and wholesome thoughts on the subjects. And we have reason to know that "Louise's" article has hit pretty severely quite a number of our brethren. And I trust the subject will not be permitted to rest, while the evil of which she so justly complains, has it existed in our Order. For certainly we must keep the ladies on our side, and occasionally they may remind us of some very important errors which we may overlook. OLD HOWARD.

REMARKS OF P.C.P. S. YORKE ATLEE,

AT THE INSTALLATION OF THE OFFICERS OF COLUMBIA ENCAMPMENT, OF WASHINGTON, D.C. JULY, 1847.

SIR AND BROTHER:—The following remarks were made by P.C.P. S. Y. ATLEE, at the installation of Columbia Encampment Officers in July last—which I should be pleased to see published in your invaluable paper. Respectfully in F. L. and T., THOS. C. DONN, G. Scribe.

W.C. Patriarch and Patriarchs of Columbia Encampment:

Having discharged the duty assigned to me by the G.P., I cannot leave the chair without expressing my sincere gratitude for the honor conferred upon me. Your Encampment is No. 1, in this jurisdiction. It was established about 13 years ago, and through good and evil report, it has secured its present condition of prosperity.

The responsibilities resting upon you, are of great importance. Through your means the Patriarchal mysteries have been made accessible to the Fraternity here, and nothing would more tend to sustain the dignity of these highest arcana of the Order, than a lofty standard of excellence, in the Encampment which originally introduced them.

By the regulations of the Order, you have the right of precedence. The place of honor is always accorded to you without a murmur. The laws which secure these privileges to you are unalterable. The operation of them cannot be abrogated by any legislation of the G. Encampment, or obstructed by the rivalry of your sister Camps. Your *rank*, then as an Encampment, is independant of all circumstances and vicissitudes, and can be lost only by your own act—a forfeiture or surrender of your Charter.

I have been thus particular in defining the position of Columbia Encampment, not for the purpose of flattery, but with a far different design. I have shown your absolute superiority in rank, that you may feel the weight of your responsibilities. Your character and reputation must equal your rank. It belongs to your position to excel your cotemporaries in every requisition of the work, and in every patriarchal virtue. Your standard of official discipline and moral integrity, should be of an even level with your preeminent rank.

The Book, and the Book alone, ought to be your teacher in the rites of initiation, advancement and exaltation. The ritual was prepared by some of the most sagacious heads of the order, and approved by the united wisdom of the Fraternity. To disregard its prescriptions would be illegal. If any discrepancies do exist in the modes of work established, a strict and universal adherence to it will render a still further revision more strikingly necessary; and a unanimous effort would more likely be made to render it perfect. That some slight emendations might be advisable is the opinion of some, but no decided and clear views can ever be arrived at on this subject, unless all the Encampments rigidly adhere to the text. Essential reforms would soon be suggested by the whole patriarchal branch, and the G.L.U.S. would, therefore, have no difficulty in applying the proper remedy. But if each camp makes itself the judge, and indulges in adding or omitting, according to its own caprice or taste, there will be no concentrated observation, and, of course, no project of improvement can be generally concurred in.

I do not mention these things because I believe that any departures or alterations in *the work* have been introduced or santioned by this Encampment; but because this body can exercise the influence of its long standing and preeminent rank in the most efficient manner, for bringing about the best system in this District.

As to the moral integrity of members, Columbia Encampment need fear no criticism. Many of the most estimable citizens of this community are part and parcel of it. Among its Representatives in the G.E. are several of the apostles of Odd-Fellowship, and an additional and cogent reason for your rigid adherence to the ritual prescribed is, that a member of your Encampment assisted in the preparation of it.

I cannot conclude my remarks, on the present occasion, without alluding to the loss lately suffered by this Encampment in the death of P.C.P. JOSEPH BEARDSLEY. My acquaintance with him hardly exceeded two years, but no one of his most ancient friends could more sincerely regret his departure. His character, indeed, was not one that required a long acquaintance to appreciate. He concealed nothing; so that there was no need of intimate intercourse and close observation to ascertain his real traits. He was sincere, amiable and just; and tenacious in his attachments, his friendship remained firm, even when the object of it became, apparently, unworthy of his regard. He believed all were after his own heart—honest; and I have heard it stated, by those who have known him longest, that on *no* occasion did they ever know him to arraign harshly the motives of any man. He was too unaffectedly modest to participate often in debate; but, when he did so, he was brief, plain and demonstrative, never violent and denunciatory. He was devoted to Odd-Fellowship; and the consumation of honors which, in many cases, extinguishes zeal, only served to increase the glow of his; and to the very last, the welfare of the Independent Order occupied a precious place in his affections. The G. Representative to the G.L.U.S. at its last session, he had been re-elected by the G.L. of this District; but death has deprived that body of the benefit of his experience, and sound judgment.

But I will not protract the ceremony of the evening by any further enumeration of the virtues of our departed brother. The whole Fraternity have shown how universally he was beloved, and are proving, by their beneficent measures in behalf of his family, that, as in life he fulfilled every duty of Odd-Fellowship, so in his death will be illustrated the tenets of the brotherhood viz:—visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan.

Patriarchs—I thank you for the kind attention you have honored me with, and take leave of you with the hope, that *Columbia Encampment, first in rank, may ever survive to be most excellent in all things.*

SYNOPSIS OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE

R. W. GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES,

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS,

At the Annual Communication held at Baltimore, Sept. 1847.

FOURTH DAY.—Continued. THURSDAY, Sept. 23, 4 o'clock, P. M.

The R. W. G. L. assembled pursuant to adjournment. Present M.W.G. Sire KNEASS, all the Grand Officers, and a representation.

Digest of the Laws—Rep. Griffin, of Ga., from the Committee on the Digest, made the following report, which was read, and accepted and made the order of the day for to-morrow:

The Special Committee appointed at the last Communication to prepare a Digest of the Laws of the Order, respectfully submit the following report:

The Committee have devoted to the subject their undivided attention during a long session, and have endeavored by diligent labor to comply with the terms of the resolution under which they were appointed. They have examined thoroughly, and whith great care, all the printed proceedings of the G. L. and have extracted everything in the form of well settled law, which they could discover. They have frequently been embarrassed by conflicting decisions, but in all such cases they have either guided themselves by the weight of authority, or, where the preponderence was doubtful, have sought light from general and unquestionable principles. They have occasionally found it necessary to fill up spaces which the recorded legislation had left vacant, but they have introduced nothing to supply such defects which has not been sanctioned by well ascertained usage. In rare instances also they have felt constrained to incorporate into their work decisions which have been departed from by later legislation, but they have always yielded to the necessity with great reluctance, and only when they were convinced that such a course was indispensable to the preservation of the unity and harmony of the system. Amid such masses of laws as have passed under their review, it was impossible that there should be entire consistency, but the Committee have been extremely gratified to find that the instances of deviation from the true line have presented themselves at very wide intervals.

The plan which the Committee have adopted, they hope will approve itself to the judgment of the G. L. After due deliberation, it was selected as the one best calculated for convenience of reference, and as affording the fairest opportunity of compressing the work into limits sufficiently narrow. It has been an object of which the Committee have never lost sight, to avoid all unnecessary repetition, in order that the Fraternity might be furnished with a hand book, containing all that was essential, but at the same time not repulsive by reason of prolixity. To accomplish this, they have labored carefully, but they have never sacrificed to this idea of convenience any thing which they deemed of importance.

The Digest is accompanied by an Appendix containing all the *forms* which have been sanctioned, or are necessary under the laws, and also a revised copy of the Constitution, Laws, and Rules of Order, into which are incorporated the amendments from time to time adopted. In the preparation of this latter portion of the appendix, some verbal alterations have been found absolutely necessary, but in no instance has the sense been interfered with.

The Committee now ask leave to surrender their work into the hands of this G. L. It has been their constant care during many days and nights of labor, and they part from it with deep anxiety, that it should be acceptable to the body under whose directions it has been executed.

JAMES L. RIDGELY,
HOWELL HOPKINS,
ROBERT H. GRIFFIN,
WM. E. PARMENTER.

First N.G. and V.G. entitled to P.O. Degrees.—Rep. Griffin, of Ga., from the Committee on the State of the Order, reported in favor of the following resolution offered by Rep. Dimon, of N. Y., and recommended its adoption:

Resolved, That the first N.G. of a newly instituted Lodge be entitled to receive the degrees of Past V.G. and P. Secretary, and that the first V.G. of a similar Lodge be entitled to receive the degree of Past Secretary in the same manner.

Rep. Bain, of Va., offered the following as a substitute for the resolution, which was not agreed to:

Resolved, That all N.Gs. who shall pass the chairs, shall be entitled to receive the P.V.G. degree and P.S. degree; and all V.Gs. who shall pass the chairs by dispensation, shall be entitled to the P.S. degree.

The question recurring on the resolution accompanying the report of the Committee, it was resolved in the affirmative.

Thanks to G.Sec. Curtis of Pa.—Rep. Day, of Ohio, submitted the following resolution, which was read and adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this G. L. are due, and are hereby tendered to G.Sec. Wm. Curtis, of Pa. for his valuable services in officiating as Secretary of this body on yesterday.

Change of Votes.—Rep. AtLee, of D. C., and Rep. Hough, of Va., respectfully asked leave to change their vote from the affirmative to the negative upon the report of the Committee on Petitions in relation to the claim of Alfred Mudge, of Mass., and Jas. B. Taylor, of N. J.

Unauthorized Instructions.—Rep. Spooner, of Ohio, offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were read, and referred to a Select Committee:

WHEREAS, It has been represented to this G. L. that members holding distinguished positions in the Order, have assumed to themselves the power

to give instructions in the *unwritten work* of the Order in Lodges and Encampments other than those of their own State jurisdiction, and have lectured and addressed Lodges and Encampments (without authority) upon the principles, history and government of the Order, the proceedings and conflicts of various G. Ls. Therefore be it

Resolved, That the officers of Lodges and Encampments are the only authorized persons to give instructions in the work—that their instructions must be limited to the body over which they may preside—that Lodges and Encampments can only receive instructions from the legally constituted authorities of the State in which they be located.

Resolved, That all the lectures or addresses on Odd-Fellowship, either in public or private, are hereby strictly and positively prohibited, without a special dispensation being previously obtained from the G. L. of the State, in which the address is proposed to be delivered.

The G. Sire appointed Reps. Marshall of Ky. Ellison of Mass. and Lilly of N. J. as such Committee.

Translation of the Work and Charges into Spanish and French.—Rep. McKinnell, of La., offered the following resolution, which was read and adopted:

Resolved, That the Cor. Sec. be authorized to have the Subordinate work translated into the French and Spanish languages, and to have two hundred copies of the charge and lecture books printed in each language.

Declaratory Resolutions.—Rep. Chapman, of Ia., offered the following resolutions, which were read and ordered to lie on the table:

1st. *Resolved*, That this G. L. in the assertion of its legitimate prerogatives, does not claim the right to the exercise of despotic and illimitable authority, except in so far as relates to the peculiar *work* of the Order. The necessity of perfect uniformity in which is self evident, and which uniformity can only be attained and enforced by the direction of this Body.

2d. That we recognize the power of State G. Ls. so to shape their legislation in regard to minor particulars of municipal and police regulations, and in all measures not conflicting with the principles necessary to secure the integrity and due authority of this Body, as to them may seem proper and expedient, and as in their joint and deliberate judgement may appear to be required by the true interest of the Order within their respective jurisdictions.

3d. That the Subordinate or common Lodges of the several jurisdictions possess certain rights, of which they cannot be lawfully divested. That the chief of these rights is involved in the fact that they comprehend and embrace the constituency by whose fiat is created the members of the superior Lodges of the States and Territories, finally of the G. L. of U. S.; and that therefore they, the said Subordinate or common Lodges, are of right entitled to be considered as the true root of the Order, and the original source of sovereign power and authority within the limits prescribed and defined by their respective Constitutions.

Proceedings of G. L. of Pa.—Rep. Yohe presented to the G. L. of the U. S. a copy of the Journal entire of the G. L. of Pa., also to the elective Grand Officers of this body, and through the Grand Reps. one copy to each State G. L. and Encampment.

Funeral Service.—The Cor. Sec. from the Committee on the Digest, reported the following form of Funeral Service, which was laid on the table:

Address.—We are assembled, my brethren, to render the last office, which the living may minister to the dead.

Man is born to die. The coffin, the grave, the sepulchre, speak to us in language that cannot be misunderstood, however unheeded it may be, of the "latter end." Youth in its harmlessness and comparative innocency, and manhood with its wonted vigor and impetuosity are not more exempt than decrepid and tottering age from the fixed law of being, which dedicates all that is mortal to decay and death.

This fearful truth is inscribed in the great volume of nature upon its every page. The beautiful and the sublime which the handiwork of the Creator display on our every side, fearfully associate the unerring certainty of the end of all things, amid the vividness of the moral which they are ever suggesting to the contemplative mind.

Day after day, we are called upon to follow our fellow creatures to that "bourne whence no traveler returns," and again we mingle in the crowded world, perhaps heedless of the precarious tenure of life and the certainty of that "latter end," to which all flesh is rapidly tending. He who gives the vigor of body, without warning, paralyses the stout heart, and strikes down the athletic frame: the living of to day, become the dead of the morrow.

Men appear upon and disappear from the stage of life, as wave meets wave and parts upon the troubled waters—"In the midst of life, we are in death," he, whose lips now echo these tones of solemn warning, in turn will be stilled in the cold and cheerless house of the dead, and in the Providence of God none may escape.

Let us then so far improve the lesson as to be prepared for that change, which leads to the last resting place of humanity.

Prayer.—Our Father and our God, who art the resurrection and the life; in whom whosoever believeth shall live though he die; and whosoever liveth and believeth in thee shall not die; hear we beseech thee, the voice of thy creatures here assembled, and turn not away from our supplications.

We humbly beseech Thee, so to imbue us with a conviction of our entire helplessness and dependence upon thee, that we may be brought to meditate upon the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death. In the dispensation of thy Providence, thou hast summoned from among us our brother, and we the surving monuments of thy mercy are gathered together, to commit his remains to the earth. Give, O God, we beseech thee, thy Holy Spirit to us, whom thou hast spared; increase our knowledge, and confirm our faith in thee, for ever.

Bless and comfort, we pray thee, those whom it has pleased thee to add to the number of the disconsolate; bouy them up under this heavy stroke, sustain them against despondency. O! wilt thou be their Father and their God, and pour down from on high thy blessings upon their heads. Bless, O Heavenly Father! the brethren here assembled, imbue them with the wisdom of thy laws, and draw them unto thee by the cords of thy inestimable love; impress them with their duty to each other as brethren, and their obligations in the various relations of human life, and finally, bless our beloved Order throughout the globe. Preserve its principles and its purposes from innovation or encroachment; sustain it from the shafts of enmity—protect it from self-immolation, and shield it from all evil, and unto thee we shall render the praise, for ever—AMEN.

On motion the Grand Lodge adjourned.

FIFTH DAY. FRIDAY, Sept. 24, 9 o'clock, A. M.

The R. W. G. L. assembled pursuant to adjournment—Horn R. Kneass, M.W.G.S. presiding, and all the Grand Officers, and a due representation being present. The reading of the journal was dispensed with.

Power of the G. L. to Expel from the Order.—Rep. Griffin, of Ga., from the Committee on the State of the Order, in answer to the question sent in by the G. L. of Delaware, reported that a State G. L. has power to expel a member from its own body, but it possesses no power to expel a member altogether from the Order. It may, however, order a Subordinate Lodge to try a member, and to this order the Subordinate must yield obedience. The report was adopted.

Opening Lodges in Foreign Countries.—Rep. Griffin reported that the Committee on the State of the Order had duly weighed the remarks in the report of the late M.W.G.Sire, and the R.W.G.Sec. recommending an alteration of the By-Laws so as to vest in the Grand Officers power to give a dispensation for a new Lodge in a foreign country to less than five qualified petitioners; and while they are convinced that the introduction of the American Order into foreign countries should be the result of the most deliberate and careful action, they believe that all applications not coming strictly within the provisions of the By-Law, should be reserved for the decision of this body. With proper respect for the opinions of the late G.Sire and the G.Sec. they reported it inexpedient to legislate on the subject. The report was adopted.

Power of the G.L.U.S. to alter G.L. Charters, &c.—The Committee on the State of the Order to whom was referred the resolution offered by Rep. McCauley, of Md., through their chairman, Rep. Griffin, reported in answer to that part of the question which touches the alteration of the charter of a State G. L. that the G. L. has no power to make such alteration without the consent of the State G.L. In answer to the remainder of the question the Committee said, that this G. L. have abundant power to direct any G. L. to remove any clause or article from its Constitution or By-Laws which may conflict with the fundamental laws of the Order, even though said Constitution or By-Laws may have been approved by this body. If it be necessary to explain this position the Committee could only add that the examination of constitutions is entrusted by the G. L. entirely to one of its standing Committees. In the press and hurry of business, this Committee might, accidentally, overlook erroneous provisions and report in favor of approving. It would be a monstrous supposition that this G.L. by the adoption of the report of the Committee would give its sanction to a violation of its own laws. The report was adopted.

G. Lodge and G. Camp Deg.—Rep. Griffin, of Ga., from the same Committee, made the following report, which, from its importance we give in full:

So far as the G. Encampment Degree is concerned, the Committee have nothing to add to their former report. They regret that it is out of their power to sanction the practice said to prevail in some jurisdictions, which it entrusts to D.D.G.Ps. authority to confer the G. Enc. Degree. The practise in the opinion of the Committee, is decidedly erroneous and ought to be corrected. But while the Committee entertains this opinion, they still think that there is no reasonable objection to the conferring of the degree in a room contiguous to the hall of the G. Enc. All rooms, so contiguous, may, for all practical purposes, be considered to be part and parcel of the place where the Grand Body is actually assembled.

As to the G. L. Degree and the P. O. Degrees, the Committee say: The G. L. Degree (like the G. Enc. Degree) should regularly be given in the very room in which the Grand Body is assembled, but by special permission of G.L. it may b conferred in a contiguous room. The P. O. Degrees may be conferred by a D.D G.M. or in any other manner authorized by the G. L. The difference between the two is essential. The former is matter of substance and draws after it actual membership in the G. L. The latter are mere honorary distinctions.

Resolved, That the G. Enc. Degree should regularly be given during the session, and in the room in which the G. Enc. is assembled; but by special permission it may be conferred in some contiguous room.

Resolved, That a similar rule applies to to the G. L. Degree.

Resolved, That State G. Ls. may authorize D.D.G.Ms. to confer the P. O. Degrees, at any time, upon persons duly qualified, or may authorize said degree to be conferred in any other manner.

Rep. Dwinelle, of N. Y., moved to lay the report on the table, and Rep. Marshall, of K., to postpone indefinitely the subject, neither of which was agreed to. The report was then accepted, and first resolution adopted by the following vote:

AYES—Anderson, of Ga., Atlee, Affron, Bain, Brown, of Miss., Brown, of N. H., Clark, of N. J., Chapman, (2 votes,) Coffin, Cole, Clark, of Ct., DeSaussure, Ellison, Griffin, Gill, Holmes, (2 votes,) Hough, Haines, Jones, Kerlin, Morris, McKinnell, Macdonough, Parker, (2 votes,) Roche, Sessford, Senter, Spooner, Stokes, Simons, Taylor, of Md., Torre, Theobald, Williamson, Wilson, Woodruff, (2 votes,) Wells, Ware, Yohe, Yeager, P.G. Sires Wildey, Hopkins, Kennedy—46.

NAYS—Clark, of N. J., Day, Demick, Dwinelle, Green, Lilly, Marshall, (2 votes,) Neally, Smith, Wakefield—11.

The second resolution was concurred in, by nearly the same vote —50 to 11. The third resolution was adopted without a division.

Financial Condition of the G.L.U.S.—The Finance Committee reported that they had examined the books of the G. Sec. and G. Treas. and found that the receipts of the year from Sept. 25, 1846, to Sept. 23, 1847, were $10,406 39; which, added to balance of $9,-150 18 on hand last year, made the a total of $19,556 57. Amount paid out during the last year $13,289 78. That they had examined claims against the G. L. amounting to $961 71, which recommend te be paid. Total unappropriated cash balance in the Treasury, after paying the above, $5,305 08. The G.L. holds 64 shares of Ohio stock, six per cent, for which they paid $6017, and on which 12 months interest is due. The Committee proceed:

Salary of G. Sec.—"The duties and responsibilities of the G.Sec." continue the finance committee in their report, "have accumulated in full ratio with the growth and prosperity of the Order: we deem the compensation of that officer too small for the valuable services rendered and respectfully recommend its increase to $1200 per annum. The trifling compensation of $150, permits the G. Mes. to give only a portion of his time to the duties of the G.Sec.y's office; the Sec. cannot do without assistance, and we recommend that the salary of the G.Mes. be increased to $400, and that in addition to the duties now required of him by law, he shall attend the office of the Cor. Sec. daily from the hours of 12 o'clock A. M. until 3 P. M., and shall perform such other duties as the Cor. Sec. may direct."

The Committee submitted the following resolutions which were adopted:

Resolved, That the proper officers draw upon the G. Treas. for the several claims reported above, and appropriations recommended.

Resolved, That the sum of $1700, be, and is hereby appropriated for payment of Grand Officer's salaries, as follows: G.Cor.Sec. $1200, payable quarterly, on his own order on the Treasurer; and $100, for the salary of G.Mes. payable quarterly on his own order on the Treasurer; and $100, for the salary of G. Treas. payable quarterly on his own receipt.

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

VALATIE LODGE No. 332, was instituted on the 12th inst. at Valatie, Columbia county, by D.D.G.M. TERRY, assisted by P.D.G.M. Batchellor, and brothers from Allen Lodge No. 92 of Hudson, and Morning Star Lodge No. 128, Chatham Corners. The following are the officers for balance of the present term: John P. Van Vleck, N.G.; C. B. Osburn, V.G.; E. Ten Eyck, S.; Robt. Martsh, T We learn that the Lodge has fair prospects for usefulness before it, which we trust may be more than fulfilled.

Oneida Lodge No. 70, *Utica*—Daniel P. White, N.G.; Wm. L. Cowan, V.G.; Lansing Thurbur, S, Stephen Abbey, T.

Skenandoah Lodge No. 95, *Utica*—Wm. C. Johnson, N.G.; Francis H. Thomas, V.G.; —— Boyden, S.; S. Thorn, T.

Schuyler Lodge No. 147, *Utica*—A. Walker, N.G.; Chas. D. Mills, V.G.; A. Coburn, S.; J. Vanderheyden, T.

Central City Lodge No. 231, *Utica*—T. K. Church, N.G.; H. G. Bronson, V.G.; R. W. Roberts, S.; E. Rice, T.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 19, 1847.

E. WINCHESTER, ESQ.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—On Monday the 11th inst. the G. Enc. of Pa. held a stated session, and granted charters for an Enc. to be located at Schuylkill Haven and one at Minersville, Schuylkill county, which will make, when opened, three Encampments in that county.

I had the pleasure on Friday evening of witnessing the ceremonies of constituting Minerva Lodge No. 221, in the 6th-st. Hall. The following brothers were elected and installed into the respective offices, viz: Thos. R. Johnson, N.G.; Geo. Mustin, N.G.; Jno. C. Craig, S.; J. W. Shallcross, A.S.; F. Butler, Treas. There were fifteen petitioners for the charter, and some 20 applicants for initiation were presented, as also about 15 applicants to be received by cards. Thus you see that this Lodge starts under the most favorable circumstances. The petitioners for the charter are brothers whom the Order may justly be proud of, and I doubt not but the expectations of the G. L. will be more than realized in the formation of this Lodge.

Last evening our G. L. met and transacted much business of importance to the Order in this State, and granted charters for three or four Lodges, which I will send you in my next. They also presented to P.G. A. S. BATCHELDER, a splendid Gold Watch, for his valuable services as Outside Herald of the G. L for the last fifteen years. Bro. Batchelder is one of those brethren whom the Order may look upon as one of its earliest members; and he has almost devoted a life time to extend its usefulness. All who know him respect him, and I venture the assertion, that there was no bitter feeling of the green eyed monster in the breast of any of the members at the presentation. I intend if possible to send you for publication the speeches on the occasion. Yours, &c.

LOUISIANA.

SPANISH LODGE.—A special meeting of the Grand Lodge was held at New Orleans, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 22, and a charter granted for a new Lodge to work in the Spanish language, to be called NATIONAL LODGE No. 22. The Lodge was instituted the same evening, and the following officers installed: A. R. de Fuertes, N.G.; J. Saliba, V.G.; E. J. Gormez, S. This is the first Spanish Lodge in the United States.

THE DEDICATION AT FLUSHING, remember, takes place next Tuesday the 26th inst. The steamboats leave the Fulton Market slip at 9 o'clock. How many will go? That it will be a very fine turn-out, there can be no question.

THE CELEBRATION of Huntington Lodge takes place on Wednesday next, the 27th inst. A sail down Long Island Sound, provided the day proves pleasant, will afford an opportunity for a day's enjoyment not often met with—to say nothing of the procession and the oration of P.G. A. A. PHILLIPS, Esq.

☞ OUR Synopsis of the doings of the G. L. of the U. S. at its late session, will be found to contain many matters of an interesting character. For the purpose of future reference, (although not of an official character) we have arranged the proceedings under convenient heads.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—We are certain our readers peruse these letters with a large measure of satisfaction. There is a freshness about them which is exceedingly captivating.

THANKSGIVING.—GOV. YOUNG has followed the example of New-Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Missouri, &c., in appointing Thursday, the 25th of November, as the day for the Annual Thanksgiving in this State. We trust the same day will be designated in every State where the ancient and time-honored observance is held.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1847.

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PHILADELPHIA.—The GOLDEN RULE is published in Philadelphia, by CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North Sixth street, by whom subscriptions will be received and papers delivered in any part of the city Packages sent to the adjoining towns out of the mails.

BOSTON.—Office of the GOLDEN RULE, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the RULE sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

REMITTANCES.—Those of our subscribers who are in arrears for the present Volume, will greatly oblige us by remitting the amount of their dues for the year without delay. If a number of our paper should fail to reach them, they would probably scold "some." Brothers, all we ask is, "Do unto others," &c. You know the rest.

CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

THAT wise and racy little paper, the Boston "Chronotype," under the head of "THE CANT OF CRITICISM," administers a timely and very wholesome reproof to the *soi-disant* critics of our own Gotham and our sister cities. In its strictures upon "humbug," we fully concord, and we think that few will dissent from his conclusions upon the "humbuggery" of *criticism in general*, as practiced in this enlightened country, and of *musical criticism in particular*. Hear what friend Chrono utters upon the "process" of becoming a "musical critic." In the first place:

You cultivate mustachios, and, indeed, the whole capillary vegetation, manuring with chemical invigorators, Macassar oil, or other odoriferous compound, until the ears, however long, do not much protrude. You then get a musical dictionary, or, better, bore some honest musical professor for technical terms. Thus equipped, you are ready for operation, and have only to walk up to some busy editor who wishes to keep up with the rush of the present musical times, and get yourself introduced as a "private gentleman," who will save his labor and furnish for his columns a valuable and elaborate opinion of every artist who appears. You are now on the free list for the operas and concerts, and will have a convenient V for every article. But the criticism; It is the easiest thing in the world. The hard words will canonize its follies and sanctify its sins. With the few who know anything of music and have soul enough to confess when they are pleased, you will, of course, pass for an ass, as you are—no loss here then. But with the million you will be a Solomon—a semi-divinity with an eye into millstones. As you stalk up Broadway with the locks of an Absalom and the ferocious lip-bristles of a tom-cat, you will be whispered of as the Apollo of the opera. No harm done, either, for many a laugh, in their sleeves and out of them, will the musical artists have over your miraculous ignorance and impudence. * * * *

With such a critic, it is all one whether an artist draws tears or dollars, or both. He may put his hearers in exstacies, drawing brine from turnips and laughter from under the ribs of death. The critic is inexorable in his stupidity. He has probably projected the whole frame work and filling up of his critique in advance, even to the *staccatos*, *pizzicatos* and *sfogatos*, and it cannot be altered, for when a man without the semblance of a soul floats in an ocean of ignorance it may as well be in one direction as another. There are only one or two little principles which such a navigator has to guide him. The first is, write the artist *shallow* and you will show yourself *deep;* but, in the second place, put in a sufficient appearance of candor to save yourself from being kicked out by the editor.

Then follows a "*scorching analysis*" of the qualifications of the would-be critic in some of our well-known "dailies;" in the course of which the charge of "humbuggery" is very clearly substantiated. As to the nondescript who "does the criticism" of the Courier and Enquirer, he may perhaps be allowed to shelter himself behind the plea of having done all that can be required (according to Dr. Young,) of "man or angel," "*his best:*" for, as saith the proverb, "*a cat has nothing to give but his skin!*" But, in regard to the Tribune man, this apology can hardly be proffered; he is one of whom it might reasonably have been expected that he would at least have the wit to *learn* upon subjects, with regard to which, it is, perhaps, less his fault than his misfortune—to be in a situation more favorable to nightingales than to *critics*, to wit, *very much in the dark*.

In glancing over the shallow scribbling so much in vogue just now —though we cannot offer to any of these young gentlemen the

Scriptural advice to "tarry at Jericho until their beards be grown, and then return" to the business of criticism—we are tempted to borrow (as did Franklin on a similar provocation,) the words of Pope, and say, in the case of each of them, (quoting from memory:)

——"While Ralph to Cynthia howls,
Making night hideous, answer him ye owls!"

For to enter into a regular criticism of anything so irregular as the twaddle recently put forth in the columns of the Courier, the Tribune, &c., upon the subjects, *not of music*, but of *the writers' notions of music and of musicians*, would be, Quixotte-like, to fight not *wind-mills*' but a *wind bags*. With regard to their mistakes, about Sivori, the best answer his friends can make to the *gaucheries* of these would-be censors, is to persuade all who would know what music is, to *go and hear him*.

And with the charitable wish that the inconveniences of a deficient musical education may be in some measure repaired by wider opportunities, we advise these young men and the rest of their numerous fraternity to make diligent use of their "free-ticket privileges," and avail themselves of every chance to profit by the hearing of the glorious music they so ignorantly and so impotently assail.

The Washington Monument.—The ceremony of laying the Corner Stone of the Monument to the Father of our Country, took place on Tuesday last. It was a beautiful and imposing affair. Not less than one hundred thousand persons must have assisted on the occasion. The military, and the various Societies and Associations which joined in the procession, made a really splendid appearance, among which our Order took a conspicuous stand. An entire division was appropriated to the Odd-Fellows. The turn-out was numerous and imposing, and we could not resist feeling a pride, in witnessing so large a body of respectable and sober looking men, as representatives of our beloved Institution.

The Corner Stone was laid by Gov. Young, assisted by G. W. P. Custis and others. An Ode, written for the occasion by Gen. Geo. P. Morris, was then sung, after which, Chief Justice Jones delivered a very able address,—a glee by the Apollo Brothers, and addresses, by G. W. P. Custis and J. C. Hart, Esqrs. closed the ceremonies.

The day was beautiful, and the whole ceremonies passed off to the satisfaction of all concerned. It will be long remembered as one of the most interesting celebrations that has ever occurred in New York.

New Lights.—A French chemist has succeeded in inventing *solid gas*, which can be purchased by the pound, or by the foot, gives an intense and beautiful light, and being generally prepared in the shape of small cylinders, can be used without trouble; it emits no oder, and does not soil the most delicate hand.

An inferior quality of this solidified gas can be afforded at a cheaper rate, and though neither so bright nor so lasting as the former, is yet a very excellent substitute for the ordinary lamp or candle. What a revolution will this discovery effect in the domestic world! no more filling of lamps, no more snuffing of candles! What with sewing-machines, baby-jumpers, and "club-houses for the married," the ladies, God bless them, will soon perceive a decided diminuation in their share of the annoyances of this very "troublesome world." It is said that another chemist has recently invented a preparation, which, spread upon the walls of a room, invisible itself, will yet depict in faithful daguerreotype, the form and attitude of every person in it. Whether this latter invention will be more welcome to ladies or to gentlemen, we venture not to decide.

Sons of Temperance.—The Grand Division of this Order held its fifth anniversary session in this city last week. The following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing year: Dr. J. S. Graham of Geneva, G.W.P.; Daniel P. Barnard of Brooklyn, G.W.A.; Dr. L. Hassert of New York, G. Scribe; John A. May of New York, G. Treas.; Rev. Warren Rockwell of Hudson, G. Chap.; Daniel Cady of New York, G. Con.; Thomas Leslie of Brooklyn, G. Sent. We learn that the Society is very prosperous, and that the increase for the past year has been large. In the State there are 284 Divisions, having a membership of nearly 20,000. The Sons have done much to promote the Temperance Reformation, and we wish them still greater success.

Royalty of the Press in Holland.—In few parts of Europe does the Press enjoy the freedom of speech attained at the present day by the Hollanders. For instance, we read the following in a recent number of the *Asmodee*, a journal published at the Hague:

"Our king is always talking about abdication. Come now, Majesty William, let us be done with all this. Do you mean yes? or do you mean no? In matters of business, a king of Holland should be round like its cheeses."

Mademoiselle De Luzy.—This lady, governess in the family of the late Duke de Praslin, and of whom he is said to have been enamored, is exciting a great interest among the Parisians, who are always on the *qui vive* for any sort of notoriety; and as her amour with the Duke is regarded as having been one of the causes of the terrible catastrophe, every thing respecting her is sought after with avidity, and extracts from a correspondence attributed to her, are eagerly read by the Parisian public.

From this lady's numerous "thoughts," as given to the world by by M. J. Arago, we select the few following specimens:

When I was quite a little girl I was always thinking; now I seek to think no more.

Thou dost not love, sayest thou? Then happy unhappy one! How much I envy, and how much I pity thee!

How many a woman is lost merely through the wish to institute a comparison! Desire and curiosity are more allied than is generally imagined.

I know of no professor of immorality so eloquent as a ball.

At sixteen we love more; at thirty we know better how to love.

Never ask, do you believe in God? Ask only in what God do you believe?

A single infidelity is everything; two are nothing.

The praises which we prize most highly, are those addressed to our absent qualities.

If virtue were vice, how much would Satan be to be pitied! (Apparently the lady must consider virtue as rather a wearisome thing in present society; and old Nick a good deal to be pitied if he had to practice it constantly.)

Priority of the Chinese in the Discovery of Numerous Branches of Art and of Manufacture.—M. Stanislaus Julien has recently delivered several lectures on this subject before the Institute in Paris, and in his closing address makes the following singular statement:

"It is proved by authentic documents already published or of easy access, that two thousand years before Christ the Chinese had discovered the art of raising the silk-worm; one thousand years before, the mariners' compass; four hundred years before, ink and writing-paper; gun-powder one century before Christ, according to the Pere Aurgot; after Christ, printing with wooden type between 581 and 593; with engraved stone plates in 904; with moveable type in 1041 and 1049; porcelain in the 8th century; artesian wells, the art of lighting and warming with inflammable gas, collected from the depths of the earth and conducted to great distances, suspension-bridges hung on bamboo, or on iron chains, fire-engines, playing-cards, A.D. 1120; paper-money between 1260 and 1341. In medicine, they treat successfully a great number of diseases hitherto deemed incurable in Europe.

"They have been able to dye, and transform, by means of medicaments and a particular diet, the coloring liquid of the whole pilous system, so as to give to pale and red hair a black tint which it retains throughous its growth, even to old age. M. Imbert, who is now a bishop in China, and to whom Europe is indebted for the description of the artesian wells of the Chinese, offers, according to the testimony of the Abbe Voisin, (one of the present directors of Foreign Missions) a living proof of this internal coloring of the hair. It is thus that the Chinese, correcting from time to time the freaks of nature, have been able to call themselves, from remote antiquity, *the people with black hair*. In matters of rural and agricultural economy, they obtain, by means of manuring and irrigation, and a multitude of other methods peculiar to themselves, constant and regular results, which, unless inundations or violent storms occur, to disappoint the calculations of the cultivator, suffice to nourish a population of 360 millions.

"In horticulture they can change the color of flowers while young, hasten the flowering and the fructification of trees, &c.

"We may suppose that the genius of the Europeans will enable them to discover, after a long-continued course of efforts and attempts, a multitude of useful and beneficent inventions which the Chinese have discovered before them, but which lie hidden in their books, and will remain there unknown, unless a liberal and enlightened government shall undertake the translation of these works, in which scientific and industrial methods, applicable to our social state and needs, are described and buried."

The Sultan and the Pope.—The Sultan is having his portrait taken by Louis Rubio, a Roman artist of talent. This portrait is said to be a perfect likeness, and represents the Sultan in the National costume, a close fitting garment buttoned to the throat. M. Rubio having requested permission to make a copy of this portrait for the Holy Father, the Sultan replied in French, with his usual affability that "he gave his consent with the greatest pleasure."

A Society of Protestant Women is about to be formed in London, which will be consecrated to the works of benevolence performed on the continent by the Sisters of Charity: the Bishop of London has consented to act as president of the Committee appointed to organize this novel institution.

Placards were recently put up in some of the street of Paris, to this effect: Wanted, *laborers who are out of work, to assist in cleaning a court and two chambers.* It is needless to add that the police did not suffer these placards to remain long on the walls.

Unknown Animal.—An animal of a species unknown, was recently discovered in the woods around Gradignan; gardens were robbed and devastated every night, while the barking of the dogs signified the presence of some light-footed freebooters. Finally the mysterious visiter was seen in broad daylight, and having taken refuge in a tree in the garden of the Mayor, a shot from the gun of one of the pursuers brought to the ground——a monkey.

A certain courtier, the flexibility of whose political creed was well known, having sent a challenge to one who had commented upon his cameleon propensities, the latter declined meeting him, stating that Don Quixotte had incurred so much ridicule by fighting a *windmill*, that he really could not venture upon the still more ludicious stepof fighting a *weather-cock.*

Social Axiom.—All men are equal except in *heads.*

When B. was asked why she was so often unfaithful to a lover to whom she was strongly attached, she answered, "Don't you know that we love coffee, and yet that this does not hinder us from loving chocolate also?"

The Ballston Democrat has lately passed into the hands of Bro. T. G. Young. It is a well printed and spirited paper, and is deserving of the warm support of the party whose principles it advocates.

☞ A City paper copies our epitome of the late proceedings of the G. Lodge of this State without credit.

Dramatical.

Broadway Theatre.—The management at this theatre exhibits that tact and energy, which, in the competition now existing in the city, appear to be indispensible for securing success. The present week a succession of novelties have been produced of a decidedly superior character. On Monday evening a new comedy entitled "Temper," was presented for the first time in New York and met with unequivocal success.

"Temper," is a truly legitimate comedy, natural and without exagerated incidents or situations, in fact it is a perfect transcript of real life, and of manners living as they rise. Its moral and the general propriety of the language and the purity of its sentiments, might serve as a rebuke to some of the clerical dictators, who are now fulminating from their pulpits, such bitter diatribes against the acted drama. "Temper," without taxing our credulity, or going beyond the end designed, conveys a wholesome lesson to those who by their unhappy infirmities of temper, render the married life a burthensome tie, and embitter the delights of social intercourse by the same shades of character.

Mr. Dawson and Mrs. Field, as the quarrelsome married couple, who are paired but not matched, were tolerably good. Miss Rose Telbin, as the spoiled heiress, impatient of control, and thus creating bitterness of spirit to herself and the object of her regard, was exceedingly happy; she looked a picture, and gave all the lighter shades of the wayward beauty, with great delicacy and discrimination.

Mr. Lester is exactly suited in Mr. Hope Emerson, a diner-out by profession —a genuine man about town. We should like a little more individuality in this gentleman's performances. He is very good as Sir Charles Coldstream in "Used Up." But we do not desire to see the *blase* Baronet served up in variorum editions in every part he plays. Mrs. Winstanly is a bustling, talkative widow, (Mrs. Herbert,) good, but too boisterous—this lady's besetting sin.

Mr. Vache, always judicious, always perfect, and never other than sound and respectable, makes the most of Mr. Godfrey, a sort of characterless old bachelor. Mrs. Watts and Miss Gordon created quite a sensation, in two specimens of old maidism, they are exceedingly rich and unique. Mr. Fleming was the young lover of Florence, a scholar and a man of feeling; this character fits Mr. Fleming better than some he has lately been entrusted with—it is a very creditable performance. But the gem of the piece is the inimitable personation of Sir Marmaduke Topple, an octogenarian bachelor, by Mr. H. Wallack; it is, indeed, one of the richest and most artistical pieces of legitimate acting that we have witnessed for many a day. The portraiture of old age, verging on to fatuity, is not at all times an agreeable picture on the stage; Mr. Wallack rendered it a continuous source of interest and amusement. His acting alone would amply repay the price of an admission ticket.

On Thursday evening, the new ballet troupe appeared, in the grand pantomimic ballet d' action called "The Almee, or an Oriental Dream." We must postpone our notice of this gorgeous affair until next week. It is truly magnificent.

☞ The articles of W. G. are not appropriate for our paper. The writer will find them at our counter.

Notices of New Publications.

WEBSTER'S AMERICAN DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Revised and Enlarged by Chauncey A. Goodrich, of Yale College. New York: Harper and Brothers, 82 Cliff-st. 1 vol. 8 vo. pp. 1400.

We regard Webster's Dictionary as in every respect the best Lexicology of the English Language now in use. It is almost universally acknowledged to be such so far as definitions are concerned; and they form the chief value of a work of this character. These are clear, full and accurate. In relation to some peculiarities of orthography, there is a wide difference of opinion. The reforms in this particular are sustained by high authority, and are daily coming into more general use. Dr. Webster has only extended and carried forward a principle laid down by Johnson and other Lexicographers.

The present revised edition has several new features not possessed by the former editions, or in fact by any other similar work. One most important one is, that it has been made a *Synonymous Dictionary.* Under each important word, all others having the same general signification are given, except in cases where they have been previously exhausted in framing the definitions—an arrangement which will be found of very great value to writers. A great number of scientific words have been added, with the latest definitions. "Walker's Key to the pronunciation of Scripture Proper Names," has been retained, with the addition of three thousand names. A Vocabulary of Modern Geographical Words, with their proper pronunciations, has been appended; an improvement which will be generally appreciated.

This edition is exceedingly well got up in all particulars, and is very creditable to the worthy publishers. It contains near 1400 pages, and is sold at the moderate price of $3,50—a price which should insure its possession by all who desire a Dictionary as nearly perfect as one can well be made.

THE POETIC LACON; or Aphorisms from the Poets. New York: Appleton & Co. Broadway.

This is a capital little volume, in miniature form. It is a collection of sentiments from ancient and modern poetry, suited to all occasions; and of such brevity as to be remembered, like the sayings of Shakspeare. We have been greatly pleased with it. It is a perfect gem; and we advise all to obtain it—remembering that words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

APPLETON'S RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT COMPANION. Being a Traveler's Guide through the New England and the Middle States, with Routes in the Southern and Western States, and also in Canada.

This is one of the most perfect works in its department which has ever appeared. It is a complete guide to all the fashionable places of resort in the traveling season; with accurate descriptions of the principal cities and towns public buildings, natural and artificial curiosities, works of art, &c. Twelve colored maps of the routes of all the principal railroads, are given on a large scale, so that the traveler can use it in the cars, and tell his whereabouts at any point. The fare from place to place, distance, time, remarkable places on the route, and every possible information is given to add to the pleasure of the journey. It is an indispensable companion to every traveler; and one season will return ten times the value of the book in information and pleasure.

THE BOY'S AUTUMN BOOK. Descriptive of the Season, Scenery, Rural Life, and Country Amusements. By Thomas Miller, author of "Beauties of the Country," "Rural Sketches," &c. &c. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-st.

This is an exceedingly pleasant volume. It not only describes the scenery appropriate to the season, but also gives the natural history of the various animals peculiar to the pleasant time of autumn; with numerous anecdotes and interesting narratives. It is a worthy companion to the "Boy's Summer Book," recently published by the same House.

POEMS. By Henry Howard Brownell. New York: Appleton & Co. Broadway. 1847.

This work is beautifully printed, on the finest paper—and that is all. We see no good reason why the author should have published; and if friends urged it, they must have been over-partial. The world is too much in earnest in this day, to give much heed to such "amatory and sentimental effusions" as make up a large part of the volume. The last piece has some merit, some strength in it.

CICERO DE ORATORE: Three Dialogues of M. T. Cicero on the Orator. Translated by W. Guthrie. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-street. 18 mo. pp. 346.

This makes No. 37 of the Classical Library, by the same publishers. The book deserves to be read by all speakers and writers. It will show how greatly we of this day are indebted to the ancients for much of what is said, with such important airs, on the art of speaking and writing elegantly and with effect.

LOUISA MURRAY, and other Tales. By Mrs. F. M. Baker. Bulkley & Co. 146 Fulton-st.

This is a very pretty juvenile, by a favorite with the little folks; and we can heartily commend it to our young friends, as a collection of very pleasant and instructive stories. Parents will do well to examine it.

THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, for October, Edited by John Inman and R. A. West, and published by Ormsby & Hackett, 116 Fulton-st. has been laid upon our table. Among its contents are contributions from T. S. Arthur, H. T. Tuckerman, Fanny Forester, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Osgood, &c—names which are a guaranty for the quality of the repast placed before the reader.

☞ "Hunt's Merchant's Magazine." This most valuable publication for October is on our table. It is filled with information, which we see not how any business man can well be without, and guide his affairs to the best results. This number contains a very interesting account, by Stephens, the traveler, of the reception of the Washington steamer at Bremen, on her first voyage out.

THE ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING.

Copies of this beautiful Gift Book can now be obtained at this Office, bound in the various *colors* of the Order—Price Two Dollars.

NEW ENGLAND AGENCY.—Bro. AARON PIERSON will visit all the brothers in the State of Connecticut, to supply the "Offering," and receive subscriptions to the GOLDEN RULE.

Bro. JAS. H. WHITNEY will visit the brotherhood in Rhode Island, and part of Massachusetts, for the same purpose.

Bro. GEORGE H. FLOYD is our Traveling Agent for the State of New Hampshire, and the north-east portion of Massachusetts, and will supply the Offering and receive subscriptions.

☞ Copies of the "OFFERING" can be obtained at our Boston Office, 40 Cornhill, up stairs, price Two Dollars each. Brothers visiting Boston on business or pleasure, from any part of New England, are invited to call, as above, and we promise them a cordial reception by Bro. L. WYMAN, Jr. our publishing Agent.

Bro. JOHN B. MORGAN is an authorized Agent for the GOLDEN RULE. He is visiting the brethren in Buffalo, and the westernmost counties of this State.

Local I. O. O. F. Directory.

CITY OF NEW-YORK.

THE GRAND LODGE meets at National Hall, Canal street, quarterly, on the first Wednesdays of August, November, February, and May: John G. Treadwell, G. S. Office 68 Barclay street.

THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT meets at National Hall, semi-annually, on the Mondays preceding the first Wednesdays of February and August. John J. Davies, G. Scribe. Office 75 Cortland street.

Sub. Lodges.
National Hall, Canal st.
14 Teutonia.....Mo
151 City.....do
11 Getty's.....Tu
12 Washington.....do
10 New York.....Wed
17 Perseverance.....do
33 Metropolitan....Thr
68 Oriental.....do
87 Fidelity.....Thr
13 Germania.....Fri
1 N. York Degree..Fri
No. 38 Canal-street.
23 Mariner's.....Mo
43 La Concorde.....Tu
137 Cohotatea.....We
49 Hancock.....Th
295 Hospitaller.....Fri
Olinton Hall.
30 National.....Mo
67 Commercial.....Tu
150 Merchants'.....Wed
235 Templar.....Thu
126 Excelsior.....Fri
278 Orion.....Sat
No. 411 Broadway.
107 Hinman.....Mo
177 Eureka.....Tu
31 Olive Branch...Wed
315 Crystal.....Thu
233 Sincerite.....Fri
No. 71 Division street.
64 Empire.....Mo
57 Mutual.....do
47 Mercantile.....Tu
52 United Brothers...do
60 Howard.....Wed
117 Continental.....do
22 Knickerbocker ..Thr
34 Marion.....do
73 Mount Vernon....Fri
6 Clinton Degree...Sat
No. 132 Bowery.
178 Oregon.....Mo
165 Hermitage.....Tu
158 Independence...Wed
1 Columbia.....Thr
228 Beacon.....Fri
No. 187 Bowery.
140 Diamond.....Mo
82 German Oak.....Tu
78 Croton.....Wed
36 Covenant.....Thr

Military Hall, Bowery.
4 Strangers' Ref..Mon
15 Fountain City...Wed
183 Alleghania.....Thr
Washington Hall, Bow.
243 Pilgrim.....Mon
314 Tradesmen's....Tue
321 Ocean.....Thr
No. 327 Bowery.
46 Jefferson.....Tu
237 Acorn.....Wed
Forsyth cor. Broome.
129 Schiller .....Tu
253 Warren.....Thu
5 United Bro. deg. 1 3 We
Av. C. cor. Third-st.
113 Mechanics'.....Mo
234 Eckford.....Wed
2 Manhattan Deg...Th
Clinton-st. cor. Grand.
20 Manhattan.....Mo
36 Enterprise.....Tu
28 Ark.....Wed
44 Harmony.....Thr
Hudson-st. cor. Grove.
40 Greenwich.....Mo
9 Tompkins.....Tu
42 Meridian.....Wed
58 Grove.....Thr
4 Hudson Degree...Sat
29th-st. cor. 8th Av.
182 Blooming Grove. Thr
No. 71 West 17th st.
84 Chelsea.....Wed
210 Siloam.....Tue

Encampments.
National Hall, Canal-st.
12 Mt Horeb, Ger 2 4 Th
3 Mount Sinai..1 3 Fri
2 Mt. Hebron...24 Fri
No. 411 Broadway.
9 Palestine.....2 4 Sat
41 Samaria.....1 3 Sat
No. 71 Division-street.
35 Egyptian.....1 3 Fri
18 Damascus....2 4 Sat
19 Lebanon.....1 3 Sat
Hudson-st. cor. Grove.
28 Jerusalem.....Fri
Avenue C, cor. 3d-st.
10 Mount Olivet. 2 4 Fri
Military Hall, Bowery.
45 Manitou.....2 4 Fri

Clinton-st. cor. Grand.
6 Mosaic.....1 3 Fri
Forsyth, cor. Broome.
37 Mamre.....2 4 Fri
No. 71 West 17th-st.
31 Mount Zion..1 3 Fri

BROOKLYN.
Sub. Lodges.
Fulton cor. Cranberry.
50 Atlantic.....Mo
26 Brooklyn.....Tu
66 Fulton.....Wed
39 Nassau.....Thr
Degree Lodge.
13 Franklin 1 3 Fr 2 4 Sa
Montague cor. Court-st.
190 Stirling.....Mo
153 Montague.....Tu
133 Steuben.....Wed
Henry-st. cor. Atlantic.
94 Eagle.....Mo
166 Magnolia.....Tu
Myrtle Av. cr. Stanton.
288 Grenada.....Mon
306 Cornucopia.....Wed
— Myrtle Avenue.
63 Long Island.....Tu
194 Myrtle,.....Thr

Encampments.
Fulton-st. cor. Cranberry.
7 Salem.....2 4 Fri
Montague, cor. Court-st.
25 Mizpeh.....1 3 Fri
Henry-st. cor. Atlantic.
32 Bethlehem....2 4 Fri

WILLIAMSBURG.
Lodges.
61 Crusaders.....Thu
45 Kings County..Wed
Degree Lodge.
14 Washington...1 3 Tu

STATEN ISLAND.
Castleton House Castle'n
88 Richmond Co....Wed
O. F. Hall, Stapleton.
152 Neptune.....Thr
51 Tompkins En. 1 3 Fri

QUEENS COUNTY.
85 Pacific, Flushing. Mo
81 Jamaica, Jamaica. Tu
141 Hempstead, Hem Wed
144 Protection, Roslyn Sat
241 Pembrooke, Glen C Fri

☞ Fitzray and Island City Lodges unknown.

BOSTON LOCAL I. O. O. F. DIRECTORY.

THE GRAND LODGE meets quarterly, on the first Thursday of August, (Annual Session,) November, February and May, at Covenant Hall, corner Washington and Essex streets. Wm. H. Jones, G. S. 21 School-st.

THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT meets semi-annually, on the first Wednesday in August, (Annual Session,) and February, at Oasis Hall. Wm. H. Jones, G. Scribe, 21 School-st.

Winthrop Hall,
Tremont Row.
1 Massachusets....Mon
37 Shawmut.....Tue
33 Montezuma.....Wed
42 Pacifick.....Thu
23 Franklin.....Fri
Encampment Hall,
339 Washington-st.
32 Ancient Landmark Mo
77 Unity.....Tue
15 Tremont.....Wed
1 Massasoit Encpt 1 3 Fr
Covenant Hall,
c. Essex & Washington-sts.
16 Covenant.....Mon

8 Suffolk.....Tue
10 Oriental.....Wed
2 Siloam.....Thu
25 Boston.....Fri
Oasis Hall.
2 Trimount Encpt 1 3 Mo
East Boston.
Meets in Hall over Universalist Church.
36 Maverick.....Mon
South Boston.
Meets in Lyceum Hall, Broadway.
30 Bethesda.....Mon
53 Hobah.....Tue
6 Mt. Wash'ton Enc. 2 4 Th

Charlestown.
Meets at Mishawam Hall, Charlestown Square
14 Bunker Hill.....Mon
22 Howard.....Tue
78 Olive Branch.....Fri
5 Bunker Hill Enc. 1 3 W
Chelsea.
51 Mystic.....Mon
24 Winnisimmett....Tue
Roxbury.
Meets at Warren Hall, Dudley and Warren-sts.
18 Warren.....Tue
5 Washington.....Wed
12 Shalom Encpt..1 3 Fri

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 12, in Brooklyn, by Rev. Bro T. B. Thayer, Mr. CHARLES W. BARTLETT, of East Hartford, and Miss LAURA M. BAILEY, of Mansfield, Ct.

Oct. 18, by Rev. Bro. T. B. Thayer, Mr. LEMUAL D. MUDGE, of Boston, and Miss ELLEN, daughter of Capt. Joseph T. Pike, Newburyport, Mass.

Oct. 18, by Rev. Buel Goodsell, Bro. CHILION ASHMEAD, Jr. of Oregon Lodge 178, to Miss MARY CATHERINE, only daughter of Coleman Mailler, Esq. of Orange county. (For the elegant and tasteful remembrance of the Printer, the parties have our warmest wishes for their happiness and prosperity.)

DEDICATION OF PACIFIC HALL, FLUSHING.

The new Hall erected by Pacific Lodge No. 85, I. O. O. F. will be dedicated to the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth, on Tuesday, the 26th of October, inst. Invitations have been sent to all the neighboring Lodges, many of whom it is expected will be present. The members of the Order in general are fraternally invited to attend.

Two steamers will leave Fulton Market Slip, New York, at a quarter past 9 o'clock, on Tuesday morning, the 19th, and upon their arrival at Flushing, a procession will be formed, in full regalia, with music, and will proceed to a suitable place in the vicinity, where Addresses by distinguished brethren of the Order will be delivered—after which the procession will return to the Lodge Room, when the ceremonies of dedication will be performed. The whole will be concluded in ample season for visitors to reach the city before dark. Fare each way 18¾ cents. By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

STATE OF NEW YORK, Secretary's Office, Albany, Sept. 28, 1847.—To the Sheriff of the county of New York, Sir: Pursuant to the act entitled "An act to provide for the election of a Lieutenant Governor," passed September 27, 1847, notice is hereby given that at the next General Election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, a Lieutenant Governor of this State is to be elected. Yours, respectfully,
N. S. BENTON, Sec. of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, Oct. 1, 1847.—The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided. J. J. V. WESTERVELT,
Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county, will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See revised Stat. vol. 1. chap. 6, title 3, art. 3d, part 1st, page 140.

Just Published

THE ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING FOR 1848.

THIS beautiful Volume is now ready, and is acknowledged by all who have seen it, to be much superior to any of its predecessors. It is edited by JAS. L. RIDDELY, G.S. of the U. S. G. L. and P.G. PASCHAL DONALDSON, and is illustrated with 12 beautiful Engravings. The paper, print, and elegant classic binding is of the first quality. The publisher assures the Fraternity that he has spared neither pains or expense to produce a suitable Book, worthy of presentation to their sweethearts, wives and daughters. Price $2.

☞ Brothers wishing to circulate the above beautiful Volume in their Lodge or neighborhood, will please address a line to the Publisher,

s25:tf EDWARD WALKER, 114 Fulton-st. N. Y.

CHURCH, LODGE AND PARLOR ORGAN MANUFACTORY.

GEORGE JARDINE, Manufacturer of Church, Lodge and Parlor Organs. Since the distruction by fire of his former place of business, he has re-opened his Manufactory at 548 Pearl-st. near to, and opposite the City Hospital in Broadway, where he is prepared to execute Orders. The patronage of the Order, and especially the Board of Managers of the New Hall, is respectfully solicited. Finger Organs with Barrel Attachments, made expressly for Lodge Rooms. jy31

CARPETING FOR LODGE ROOMS.

ALDRICH BARSTOW & Co. 440 Pearl-st. N. Y. are now manufacturing a style of Carpeting peculiarly adapted for the use of Lodge-rooms, to which they would invite the especial attention of those of the Order purchasing Carpets. Also, a great variety of Carpeting, Floor Oil Cloths, &c for general use. au21:13t*

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER,

NO. 99 Madison street, NEW YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New Work

REGALIA.---M. I. DRUMMOND, 309 Grand-street,

NEW-YORK, has on hand at all times Camp, P. G. and Scarlet Member's dress Regalia, cheap. Lodges and Encampments furnished, at short notice and first rate style. Stars, Fringes, Gold and Silver Laces, at Importers' prices.

REGALIA.—ELIAS COMBS, 260 Grand-st. N. Y.

CONTINUES the Manufacture of Regalia of every description. Lodges and Encampments furnished at short notice. Orders from city or country thankfully received, and no pains spared to give satisfaction. Stars, Tassels, &c. for sale. je26:tf

ENCAMPMENT AND LODGE REGALIA.

TENTS, Crooks, Cushions, Emblems, Costumes, and every other accoutrement for the Work of the Order supplied at the shortest notice and in the best possible manner, by JOHN G. TAYLOR, Costumer, 58 Prince-st. N. Y.

☞ Letters immediately attended to. jan2:tf

LODGE JEWELS.—E. AYRES,

MANUFACTURER of LODGE JEWELS, 98 Nassau-st. Jewels for Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. always on hand. N.B. Seals cut at the shortest possible notice. my15: tf

REGALIA AT ALBANY.

THE Subscriber Manufactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of GILT AND SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction.

Jan2:tf E. VAN SCHAACK, 385 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

REGALIA MANUFACTORY AT UTICA, N. Y.

THE Subscriber is prepared to furnish every article for Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, at short notice, and at reasonable charges. Orders solicited. Address ISAAC TAPPING, Utica N. Y. je5tf

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds, and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. (fe13:tf.) T. PARSON, 270 Main-st.

BANNERS AND FLAGS PAINTED OR EMBROIDERED,

AND furnished complete by H. LIEBENAU, Military Standard and Banner Painter, 491 Pearl-st. Societies and Lodges supplied with official insignia, such as gavils, pens, keys, rods, &c. in sets, gilt and trimmed with velvet in the first style. Je5:6m

ODD-FELLOWS DEPOT AT PHILADELPHIA.

CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows Hall, North Sixth-st., below Race, Philadelphia. THE GOLDEN RULE, and other publications, together with all kinds of Books, Regalia, and all necessary articles used in furnishing Lodges and Encampments. Also on hand, a general assortment of miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Varieties, &c.

F. W. & W. F. GILLEY, 430 Grand-street,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRY GOODS MERCHANTS. Material for REGALIA and DRAPERY, the best assortment in the U. States. f27

COLLECTIONS, &c. IN ILLINOIS.

CHARLES GILMAN, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Quincy, Illinois, will give particular attention to the collection of all claims entrusted to him, as well as to the payment of Taxes for non-residents, investigation of Titles, &c. Satisfactory references given, when desired. au7

FALL STYLE OF HATS.

GENIN, 214 Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church, is now prepared to furnish his customers with the new style of HAT with an improved lining. The subscriber feels warranted in declaring his establishment able to meet any and every demand of the *beau monde*, the economist and of those who prefer to follow their own tastes instead of complying with the dictates of fashion. [s4:tf] GENIN, 214 Broadway.

CHEAPEST CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE U. STATES.

HIRAM ANDERSON, No. 99 Bowery, has just received 20 bales of English Three Ply Double Super and Fine Ingrain Carpeting, imported expressly for city trade, and will be sold 25 per ct. less than any other warehouse. Also, just received,

10,000 yards Ingrain Carpeting, 2s. 6d. per yard.
5,000 Tufted Hearth Rugs, 20s. each.
2,000 yards Double Superfine, 5s. per yard.
5,000 yards Venetian Stair Carpet, 2s. to 4s.
10,000 yards Imperial Three Ply, of entire new patterns, low.
5,000 yards Extra Double Ingrain, new patterns, 8s.

Also, a large assortment of Table and Piano Covers, Mats, &c.
20,000 yards Floor Oil Cloth, any width, cheap.

Remember No. 99. (s25:tf) HIRAM ANDERSON, No. 99 Bowery.

TO LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

CONSTITUTIONS, By-Laws, Blanks, etc., for Lodges and Encampments, printed at short notice, at this Office. Also every description of blanks furnished to order.

SAMUEL HAMMOND & Co. IMPORTERS OF FINE WATCHES,

NO. 44 Merchants' Exchange, 1st door in William-st. have constantly on hand a large and valuable assortment of Fine Watches of their own importation, which they are now selling at lower prices (when quality is compared,) than can be purchased of any dealer in New York. A written warrantee, in all cases, will be given to the purchaser. S. Hammond having attended solely to the repairing of Chronometer, Duplex, and other fine Watches in the late firm of Benedict & Hammond, will continue to give his undivided attention to that branch of the business, in connection with his present partner, whose reputation has long been established, having worked for the last ten years for the trade in this city. m23:tf

J. M. DUBOIS, MANUFACTURER OF SILVER SPOONS,

FORKS, &c. of the newest patterns and finish, the Silver warranted equal to coin. All orders attended to punctually, at 47 Dey-st. N. Y. je19:tf

FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.

THOSE who wish to purchase GOLD or SILVER WATCHES, will find it greatly to their advantage to call on the subscriber, who is selling all descriptions of fine Gold or Silver Watches, at retail, LOWER than any other house in the city.

Fine Gold and Silver English Patent Lever Watches; fine Gold and Silver Detatched Lever Watches; fine Gold and Silver Lepine Watches; Ladies and Gentlemen's fine Gold Guard Chains and Breast Pins; Ladies' Bracelets; Gold Pencils. ☞ Gold Watches as low as $20 to $25 each.

Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought. All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and retail, 51 Wall-st, (late 30) jan2:tf corner of William-st, up stairs.

CHEAP BOOK-BINDERY, 106 Chatham-st. corner of Pearl.

OWEN C. OWENS respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to do every description of Book Binding in the best manner, and in every variety of style, low for cash. Harper's Bible handsomely bound, at various prices. Blank Books ruled and made to order. Music, Periodicals, and Books of every description, bound cheap, and at the shortest notice. o17:1y

WAGER AIR TIGHT COOKING STOVES.

THE best COOKING STOVE for family use, and so decided by the American Institute at their last Fair, receiving the highest Premium and Silver Medal; and hundreds now having the Stove in use can testify to the correctness of their decision. All in want of the best Stove, are invited to call and examine them. References will be given, and the Stove in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. Also, the National Air Tight Cooking Stove, together with a large assortment of Air Tight Parlor Stoves for Wood or Coal, of the most splendid patterns—and a general assortment of the different kinds of Stoves for sale at 218 Water-st. by E. W. M. SAVAGE. [s25tf

HIGHLAND EATING HOUSE.—C. M. HAGGINS, L. LESLIE, No. 10, Lindall street, BOSTON. ap10:tf

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE No. 11 Wall-st. This Institution is distinguished by the following peculiarities:

1st. When the premium is over $50 annually, onefourth may be paid in cash, and three-fourths in a secured note at 12 months, bearing six per cent. interest, or it may be paid half-yearly, quarterly or monthly.

2d. Parties taking life policies and paying 50 per cent. of premium in cash, and those taking policies for shorter periods and paying 60 per cent. in cash, may give their individual notes for the balance, if satisfactory to the officers. There is an annual dividend of profits to the insured.

The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of August, 1847, (27 months) 4160 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a nett capital of over $350,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No, 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

DIRECTORS.—Seth Low, Wm. A. F. Pentz, Henry McFarlan, Chas. S. Macknett, John A. Underwood, Wm. H. Mott, Robt L. Patterson, Andrew S. Snelling, Thomas B. Segur, Edward Anthony, Wm. M. Simpson, Lewis C. Grover.

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GENUINE POPULAR MEDICINES.

AT the MAGASIN DE SANTE, (*Magazine of Health*) 130 Washington-st. Boston, may be obtained the following articles of Popular Medicine, *pure and genuine:*

BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM, the Great English Remedy for Consumption.

UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY FOR THE PILES—the only positive cure for that troublesome disease.

SANDS', BRISTOL'S and BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, and numerous other popular remedies for Scrofula.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail, at the Proprietor's prices, together with all the Popular Medicines in general use in New England—and a fine assortment of Perfumery and Cosmetics. Jy24:tf

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, August 3d, 1847.—To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York: Sir, Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE—A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICTS—One Senator for the THIRD Senate District, consisting of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth wards of the city of New York; One Senator for the FOURTH Senate District, consisting of the Seventh, Tenth, Thirteenth and Seventeenth wards of the said city; One Senator for the FIFTH Senate District, consisting of the Eighth, Ninth and Fourteenth wards of the said city; and One Senator for the SIXTH Senate District, consisting of the Eleventh, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth wards of the said city.

COUNTY—Also the following officers for the said city and county, to wit: Sixteen members of Assembly, One to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully, N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFCE, NEW YORK, August 5th, 1847.—The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided. J. J. V. WESTERVELT, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Rev. Stat. vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 2d, part 1st, page 140.

ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER. NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON. TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

VOL. VII....No. 18. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1847. WHOLE No. 174.

Original Poetry.

LOVE ON.—AN ANSWER TO LOVE NOT.

BY MRS. L. J. B. CASE.

LOVE on! Love on! But not the things that own
The fleeting beauty of a summer day;
Truth, Virtue spring from God's eternal throne,
Nor quit the spirit when it leaves the clay:
Love them! Love them!

Love on! Love on! though death and earthly change
Bring mournful silence to a happy home,
But let the heart rest where no eye grows strange—
Where never falls a shadow from the tomb:
Love there! Love there!

Love on! Love on! a world in error sleeps,
And darkness, sadder than the quiet grave,
Is on the Soul—the fettered Reason weeps,
And Faith lies manacled—a willing slave:
Awake! Unbind!

Love on! Love on! The voice of grief and wrong
Comes from the palace, and the poor man's cot;
Bid the proud bend, and bid the weak be strong,
And life's tried pilgrim meekly bear his lot:
Give strength! give peace!

Love on! Hope on! and, though the evening still
Wear the storm clouds that veiled the noon-day sun,
With high, brave *trust*—with calm unblenching *will*—
Work, nobly work, till the last hour be done:
Love God! Love Man!

THEY who have pushed their inquiries much farther than the common systems of their times, and have rendered familiar to their own minds the intermediate steps by which they have been led to their conclusions, are too apt to conceive other men to be in the same situation with themselves; and when they mean to instruct, are mortified to find that they are only regarded as paradoxical and visionary. It is but rarely that we find a man of very splendid and various conversation to be possessed of profound judgment, or of great originality of genius.—[D. Stewart.

CENSURE of a man's self is generally oblique praise; it is in order to show how much he can spare.—[Dr. Johnson.

Original Tales.

RICHARD, THE WOLF KILLER.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

—— "'Tis an ow'er true tale."

"OF a kind, open, and modest temper, with all the good and solid qualities that a father can wish for in a son, affable to strangers, affectionate to his friends; Henry M—— was one of the most accomplished young men that I ever knew. As to his person, to be sure, he could not be compared with Richard; less robust, less strongly built, small of shape every way; but even that inferiority turned perhaps to his advantage, as he was well made, had expressive, lively eyes, and there was dignity in the paleness of his face. He was at first intended for the church, had studied at the college of M——, the best in the diocese, where he had distinguished himself by the most brilliant success; but the death of an elder brother having changed his prospects, he left the church, and came home to finish an education almost completed, under the eyes of his father, so as to be able to succeed him in time in his office of civil magistrate in the king's court. He was at most twenty-five, when we became acquainted with him in the manner I have already related to you. Long introduced in the world, among the best society of the province, his manners were noble and elegant without affectation; affable to all, without pride, and handsome enough withal, to pretend to a union with the richest girl in Brie.

"He came to the farm a week after the conclusion of the trial, and saw Miss Theresa; and when, in the evening of that day, after he had left us, she, in the simplicity of a heart which has nothing to conceal, asked me what I thought of the young stranger, while Richard, with pale and contracted lips, observed us gloomily; I answered, smiling, that it was impossible to look better, and that I knew but one girl in the world that I wished him for a wife. The week following, Henry W—— came back to the farm. He came again two days after. In short, it was at best, a continual ride or wa k from the farm to M——, and from M—— to the farm. Mr. Emery liked both father and son. Two months after, I think, Miss Theresa and Mr. Henry were

* Continued from page 259.

sitting there, fishing in this pond, when Mr. Emery bid me go for Richard, who had arrived in the morning from Crecy, and who, on seeing Mr. Henry, had pleaded fatigue, and gone to shut himself in his room. He came down, and in passing, bowed coldly to his cousin, and only looked at Henry W—— as he went up the porch. His face, which I saw only at that moment, was frightfully discomposed, and his look scared me.

"'Richard,' said his uncle, when I had gone to the next room, from where I could hear every word, 'Richard, you are a foolish young man, with less reason than a child. I have already told you many times, that even if too close a relationship did not exist between you and Theresa, (but that might be done away with a little money,) I never would sacrifice the future happiness of my daughter to an ill-understood passion. I left Theresa the liberty of choosing. A year or two ago, I know, she did not seem far from wishing to be your wife; but since that, and still more, since poor Mr. Durand's death, I don't know what has passed in her mind; if, like many others, she was disgusted at the guilty neglect that made you stay here, when you could so easily have accompanied him, at least, the more dangerous part of the way, it is certain that she had some secret reason, to change a childish preference, even if it was one, into the most decided aversion; and now, a good match is ready for her, with a worthy young man, whose acquaintance we owe partly to yourself, Richard, who have at first welcomed him, although you do not seem to know him now, and who honors me by asking her hand. He has education, fortune; he loves my daugher, and is loved by her. I let you judge yourself, if a father ought to refuse such advantages?'

"There was a pause; a moment of silence; at last a very dry 'No!' was heard. Such was the disinterestedness of Richard.

"'Well, very well,' resumed Mr. Emery, who had not, like me, remarked his nephew's strange tone; 'I knew that you were not ungrateful—you would not embitter my old age, would you? You remember that I am the brother of poor Marianne, your mother; that I have raised you from your childhood upward, and that if now, you are prosperous, you owe it partly to me. But thank you, Richard, your pesent cruel sacrifice repays me for all; and I hope to reward you still better. In the mean time, my friend, be generous with a good grace. They shall be married in eight days. Now, instead of keeping aloof, and going away like a rival, a prey to that mean feeling of anger and jealousy called envy, you have a more noble part to fulfil: in one word, you must be at Theresa's wedding, and holding out your hand to kind Henry, who is so afflicted at your coldness, tell him that you claim the privilege of being his first groomsman.'

"'I will do it,' said he, in a voice stifled by spite and rage, 'not to-morrow, but to-day, this minute!'

"And as I heard his chair pushed back with violence, I concluded he was going out, and went to the window, and saw him, in fact, followed by his uncle, rush down the steps, and go firmly to meet my young mistress.

"'Cousin,' said he, as Mr. Henry rose on seeing him approach, and looked more at a loss than usual; 'give me leave to wish you joy. Uncle has told me news that did not surprise me. In eight days you become the husband of his daughter. As long as this match was not decided, I may have been jealous of a happiness that many others will envy as well as myself, but since it is settled, I forget that we were rivals, and shall only remain your friend.'

"As this was done so rapidly, and there was in Richard's voice such a mixture of duplicity, openness and raillery, that, at first, I knew not what to think of it. As to Mr. Henry, entirely taken by surprise at so new a language, he shook affectionately the hand that was held to him, and expressed his gratitude for such a noble action.

"'And you, Theresa! you say nothing to me?' said Richard, in a reproachful tone to his cousin, who, fixing on him her large black eyes, had listened attentively, as if she had weighed every word. 'Why do you look at me so? are you angry because I did not better dispute your hand? That would be rather too coquettish. Come, prove to me, like your future husband, that you keep no malice. To-morrow, we have a superb hunting party in the forest. Nothing less than to track that wolf-lynx that escaped six months ago, from a menagerie at the last festival of Mormant, and has done so much ravage in Brie. Two days since, the newspapers announced his presence near Melun, in the grove of Massouri, where they said he had retreated; but, either the papers were ill-informed, or since that time the creature must have traveled, for two days ago, he devoured a man in the wood of Toui, and the following night, he entered by la Houssaye, in the forest of Crecy, which he had not visited before. This morning, I have tracked him myself in the bottom of Tigeaux, to an impenetrable dell. Now, do oblige me so much as to come, you, uncle, and Mr. Henry, to see this new and wonderful attack. It is an important expedition, for the happy hunter who shall kill him, will receive a thousand crowns reward; and provided you assist us, by the great St. Hubert and yourself,' added he, smiling, 'let me lose my name of the Wolf-killer, if any other than myself gets the prize.'

"Thus saying, he vaulted upon Milan, his hunter, ready bridled in the stable, and whom he had taught to come at a sign, bowed gracefully to the company, and setting spurs to his horse, cried:

"'To-morrow, at eight o'clock, the rendezvous is at the black-house!'

"Early the next day, before sun-rise, when the dew shines like diamond drops, and every thing looks revived in nature, a party of riders was gaining the forest by the road of Villenueva St. Denis, and this party consisted of Mr. Emery, Theresa, Mr. Henry and myself. The invitation of Richard had been, as you may think, a subject for grave discussions; his abrupt departure, the tone and manner in which it had been uttered, created vague surmises, which his previous reconciliation seemed to contradict, even if they had been more positive; it was at last resolved that they should go, much against Miss Theresa's opinion. Her reluctance was visible; and thus, our little party, under the influence of so many different thoughts and doubts, resembled any thing but an excursion of pleasure. When we had left the flowery path in the meadows, had crossed the stream that surrounded the forest, and had reached its dark alleys, we soon felt the influence of those solitudes, and became still more anxious and silent. Mr. Henry strove in vain, with his usual amiability, to dispel those feelings; but they still increased, when after three hours' ride, we reached Richard's house. The 'Black-house' stood half way between Neufmoutiers and Mortcerf, and nearly two leagues from any inhabited spot; the moat, full of water, surrounded the house, and is almost the only vestige that remains of it. It had formerly been a convent of some religious order, and was founded, as was said, to receive and assist the wandering or needy traveler, who was exposed to more than one danger in the intricate and dark forest; but the convent had long since been transformed into a hunting lodge of the Duke's. But God forgive me, I felt almost terrified, when, after raising the ponderous knocker of the postern gate, I looked at the triple rampart of high trees that surrounded the dark building, together with its moat and high walls, the arched, damp gate, with its draw-bridge and portcullis. All represented a fortress more than a convent, and seemed like the den of a banditti; and truly one must have been of the gloomy nature of this Richard Schwartz, to have chosen such a dwelling.

"A blast of horns, repeated many times by the echoes of the place, announced our arrival, as eight o'clock struck from the steeple of the half ruined chapel; and we had not yet alighted, when Richard, in the full uniform of lieutenant of the chase—a deep green short coat laced with silver, tight buckskin breeches, long horsemen's boots, an ivory-mounted hunting knife hanging at his side, and his silver laced hat in his hand—advanced to meet us, and took his cousin's hand. Whether he was in a vein of good humor, or that his vanity was flattered by our coming to witness an exploit of which he anticipated all the glory, certain it is, that his looks were less gloomy than usual.

"'By Saint Andrew, the patron of this place, you are welcome,' said he bowing to us all; 'breakfast waited for you.'

"Then taking Miss Theresa's arm, he led us through a long cloister, into a vast hall, where we found assembled about thirty joyous guests; they were, with the exception of a few hunters of the king's preserves, all game-keepers and foresters of the

neighboring districts, all friends and companions of Richard, drawn to this hunt more in expectation of pleasure than in that of gaining the prize, which they were almost sure would devolve on him, as they acknowledged his superiority, although many that I could name, if it was interesting to you, might almost vie with Richard, for skill and experience. When we entered that vast room, which had been the refectory of the convent, there was a loud noise of voices. Some talking, others laughing, and all admiring or descanting upon the trophies of the chase, hanging around the room. Antlers of the largest size, twenty heads of wolves, and skeletons of many savage beasts, were disposed with symmetry along the carved pannels; but at our entrance, all private conversation ceased; a general murmur of admiration greeted the presence of Miss Theresa, when going through the crowd that opened for her. She was led by her cousin to the seat of honor,—and it was a lovely sight, that beautiful girl, so graceful, sitting in the midst of those manly forms, opposite to those sylvan spoils, trophies of arms of all kinds, from the ancient boar-spear to the modern gun; hunting horns hanging round the neck of some mutilated saint, while the rays of the sun reflected through the stained glass of the Gothic windows, shone with a softened splendor on the scene of rough but profuse hospitality. The breakfast was sumptuous, and the game of the forest had supplied it with every variety. An enormous boar-head gave Richard the opportunity of recounting, at great length, all the difficulties and dangers he had undergone, some days before, in killing the animal. As we were at the desert, and at the moment of drinking a third glass in honor of the patron of the hunters, the distant blast of a horn was heard. To the general merriment succeeded an almost religious silence; all eyes turned toward Richard.

"'What is this?' said he rising hastily to open a window that overlooked the forest. 'It sounds like a call;' and another blast, nearer, and more shrill, was heard. 'Yes, I am not mistaken, it is a call, even a forced one, for it sounds a repeat. Come, my boys, to horse, and a gallop to the four cross-roads, where the beast is ambushed, and woe to that miserable Brulart, whom I placed on his tracks; if he has blundered, I'll make him repent it!'

"'And what will ye do to the beast, master?' said Brulart entering the room, covered with sweat and dust. 'Did you think he'd remain there fasting, while you all forgot yourselves at the table?'

"'What do you mean?' said Richard.

"'That the creature is a-foot, and if he keeps on running, the horses that shall join him, must have a rude chase.'

"At these words, they all looked at each other in silent dismay.

"'And where does he come out?' said Richard, rather disconcerted himself.

"'I'll leave you to guess,' replied Brulart; 'do you think he would go back the same road? No, no, he knows better! he leaps the ditch, and goes between the clearing and the thicket; he is a cunning devil, and will lead you a famous run!'

"'But where has the monster gone?'

"'Perhaps in the king's wood,' said one.

"'Only think,' resumed Brulart, 'while I was waiting for you at the cross-roads, whether he heard a noise, or smelt my dogs, I had a glimpse of him as he kissed the edge of the road. I kept as still as a post. But pshaw! he bounded across the way, and over two or three inclosures, and was out of my sight in a second.'

"'Huzzah! huzzah! my friends,' cried Richard, to whom the last words of the pricker gave a little hope; 'an animal that flies thus is incapable of great resolution, and if you will believe me, it shall never be said that the wolf of Mormant has made us beat the bush in vain.'

"Thus saying, he rushed out, and the others followed. When in the yard, he turned to his companions: 'To horse, boys, to horse! we have yet a chance; the beast, roused by fear, cannot have gone far; let us turn him, and if we see him before one hour, his business is done!'

"In a moment more, men, dogs and horses, were ready. The horn sounded the departure of the hunters, who filed off, Richard at their head, under the vaulted postern, and we remained alone in the yard of the black house; Mr. Emery, Mr. Henry, Miss Theresa, and myself.

"'Well, Henry,' said my young mistress looking with complacency at her lover, 'what think you of all this?'

"'That it is a much less amiable company than yours,' replied the young man, 'and that I would rather stay with you than to join the noisy set.'

"'You care nothing about the reward?'

"'What? the thousand crowns?'

"'Yes.'

"'Much, indeed, if you wish it in the least.'

"'Ah! this is truly chivalrous,' said the laughing girl; 'only I will not put your zeal to the test, for fear it should be unsuccessful. You know,' added she maliciously, 'what my cousin Richard said to me, that he agreed to lose his name of wolf-killer, if he let any other gain the promised reward. Now, what success could you expect near so famous a rival? Believe me, unsling that heavy carbine; I would like to see you triumph, but—'

"'But, do you really wish me to try?' said the impatient young man.

"'Theresa nodded.

"'Come, father-in-law,' said he, turning to Mr. Emery, 'since your daughter wills it, come and see me conquer my spurs!' and they both, laughing, took the road of the others.

"We followed them for a long time with our eyes, and talking of so many things that seem so interesting to young girls. We went so far in the thickest parts of the forest, that we felt the want of rest and of a cool seat, as the weather was intensely warm. We were on a spot that seemed admirably suited for the purpose; at the foot of a clump of trees that crowned a very high rock: it was a kind of grotto, lined with ivy, and other plants, the entrance to which, too narrow at first to admit two persons, widened by degrees, ending in a semi-circular excavation, where bubbled a small but fresh spring. The coolness of the place, at least forty feet below the surface of the soil, and mysteriously lighted from above, by a fissure in the rock; the seat offered us by nature, and covered with grass and moss, even the singularity of the place, every thing invited us to rest there. We both sat down, Miss Theresa perfectly secure under the protection of Max, our farm dog, who had followed us and laid down at our feet. But we had scarcely enjoyed ourselves in that delightful spot, when suddenly we heard a strange alarming noise above our heads; a deep growl of our mastiff, who rushed out, with bristling hair and flaming eyes, announced the presence of some danger; but judge my terror, when rushing out, as I turned the rock on one side, I perceived on the other, an enormous animal rushing down headlong into the cavern, preceded by the dog who was evidently retreating. A piercing shriek that I uttered, was answered by one still more dreadful: it was that of Theresa, who was a prisoner, and having no issue to escape, had fainted at the sight of the monster. Her situation was dreadful; but I knew not all its horrors, and only understood the extent of her danger, when the sounds of the horns and the barking of all the hounds told me what enemy was so close to her. The wolf-lynx of Mormant, sir! pursued, wounded, furious; a ferocious beast, which in the space of two months had devoured twenty persons, shut up in such a narrow space, face to face with a feeble young girl! I thought my poor mistress lost, and by what death! and I was myself surrounded by a pack of hounds, thirsting for blood, that, without a prompt assistance, would probably tear me to pieces.

"At last Mr. Henry and Richard appeared, vying who should keep ahead of the hunters, who were yet at a distance; but such was my terror, that I could only point out to Mr. Emery the dangerous situation of his daughter. In an instant they threw themselves from their horses; the dogs were whipt from the entrance of the cave; then the most dreadful spectacle broke upon their eyes; at the bottom of the grotto lay Miss Theresa, motionless, her head half supported by a stone; two feet from her was her intrepid defender, backed against the rock, grinding his teeth, and thus checking the wolf, which was ready to spring upon her. If the dog had only drawn back one step, it was all over with

the poor child; and such was the position of the three actors of this dreadful tragedy, that it was impossible even to the ablest shooter to kill one without the other. There was but one means, but too dreadful to think of; it was to enter the cavern and struggle bodily with the monster in a narrow passage, that could afford no freedom of motion.

"'My fortune to him who shall save my daughter,' cried out the desperate father, wringing his hands, tearing his hair, and who could hardly repeat: 'My daughter! my child! save my daughter!'

"In the meantime, the danger was still more pressing, a deep roar like the noise of distant thunder began to shake the cavern.

"'If I save her, will you give her to me?' at last said Richard, speculating coldly upon the old man's tenderness, and bargaining for his daughter.

"Mr. Emery calmed for a moment, seeking Henry with his eyes—Henry, her betrothed, the pride and prop of his old age. He glanced around, but in vain; Henry had disappeared.

"'Will you, if I save her, give me her hand,' repeated Richard, 'when a coward forsakes her?'

"'Yes,' replied the wretched father, and the word had hardly escaped his lips, when Richard, drawing his hunting knife, rushed to the cave.

"But, oh, surprise! he had not reached it, when a violent explosion shook it to its center, and in a moment afterward, a man issued from a cloud of smoke, holding a carbine in one hand, and on his shoulders Miss Theresa, still insensible. It was Henry W—— himself, who, when he was accused of cowardice had, as it were, by miracle, snatched his betrothed from a certian death. While the others were losing time in useless deliberations, he had acted with all the devotedness of a loving heart. He had got up the rock; had perceived the fissure that gave light to the interior of the cave, and fastening the bridle of one of his horses to the root of a tree, that grew upon the rock, he had slid down with that help, to the bottom of the cave, leaving traces of his blood on the sides of the crevice, yet, happy to risk his life to save that of his beloved.

"He was hailed with unanimous shouts; and when Theresa, restored to life by the tender cares of all present, opened her eyes, the first looks she met were those of Henry, to whom she only understood she owed so much when she perceived Max licking his bloody hands, while the body of the monster lay still quivering, at some distance.

"Mr. Emery whose gratitude was equal to his happiness, would have the wolf skinned on the spot in order to celebrate the latter, by a joyous 'hallali' the triumph of his daughter's deliverer, and it was with a childish joy that he helped to cut off the still threatening head of the monster.

"'Here!' said Claud Babeuf to Mr. Henry, 'here is the bullet that killed this devil! it was well lodged, faith; nothing less could have done for that eater of human flesh.'

"'A fine shot,' said another.

"'That is a well earned thousand crowns,' said Leroux, while his brother was trying his lungs in blowing the horn with all his might; every one placed his ward in his own manner; all seemed so happy!—all, but Richard, who had kept aloof during this scene.

"'My friends,' said the generous Henry, taking Theresa's hand, as she rose, 'you will divide the sum among you; as for me, this is my reward, my sweetest recompense;' and taking the way to the house, he was preparing to start, when Richard took him aside and said:

"'Certainly, sir, fate favors you; you have won two fine games from me in a very short time; my mistress first, then my name and reputation. But, beware! if until now, you have had an insolent good luck, remember that there is no gambler so unhappy as not to have his revenge at last.'

[CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT.]

JEALOUSY violates contracts—dissolves society—breaks wedlock—betrays friends and neighbors—nobody is good—and every one is either doing or designing them a mischief. Its rise is guilt or ill-nature, and by reflection it thinks its own faults to be other men's; as he that is overrun with the jaundice takes others to be yellow.—[Stray Thoughts.

Sunday Afternoon Reading.

STANZAS ON THE SABBATH.

BY MRS. GOODWIN.

'Tis sweet to hear the Sabbath bells
Ring out on woodlands, floods, and fells:
Now clear and jubilant; anon,
Mellow'd and mournful they chime on.
And sweet, from church or chapel rear'd
Midst glens to rural hearts endear'd—
Oh! sweetly on the morning air
Sounds the meek hymn ascending there,
When rural voices join to raise
An anthem to their Maker's praise!

And solemn and majestic floats
The organ-chant in rolling notes,
Pour'd richly down the pillar'd aisle
Of some time-hallow'd Gothic pile.
When mingle there, in prayer and song,
A city's thousand voices strong.
Oh! who unmoved can listen then
To the responsive deep "Amen?"
The soft refulgent light that streams
Through windows mapp'd with holiest themes,
The blazonry of cherubs' wings,
Proclaims thy temple, King of kings;
And marble tablets, sculptured round,
Mark where the dead have refuge found.

Such are the Sabbath notes that rise
From earth's vast altar to the skies.
And have the ocean-waves no voice
To bid the sacred hours rejoice?
Have they, who on the dangerous deep
For life an anxious vigil keep,
No tribute for the Almighty One
Who rules them from his viewless throne?
Hark! o'er the wide and billowing main
Soft music comes, a choral strain;
And, kneeling on the barrier frail
(How vain their strength, if that should fail!)
That lifts them from that yawning sea,
Bold, rugged men are group'd in prayer,
In child-like pure simplicity!
And, lo! their God is with them there!

"PHILANTHROPY."—One of the most beautiful words which our language has borrowed from the Greek, is *Philanthropia;* or as we have it, *Philanthropy*, signifying the "Love of Man." It has a musical sound; and the very utterance of it begets pleasant thoughts, and inspires prophecies of good. The truth it unfolds, and the lesson it teaches to the thoughtful, when we come to look into its meaning, make, as it were, a golden link in the chain which binds us to the good and the great of the past. They had their inspirations, those old men; they saw more or less clearly, at times, what ought to be among the nations, and caught sight of that sublime truth which recognises the unity of our race. This word *Philanthropy* shows so much as this. A vision, however far off, of the relation existing between all men, as members of one great family; the duty and pleasure of loving and helping, one the other; the dwelling together of the nations in peace, as being of the same flesh and blood and bone, and bound together by the ties of a common brotherhood, and a common interest—these are the thoughts and feelings which must have lived somewhere, in some hearts in the olden time: and which, struggling for utterance, gave birth to this beautiful and musical speech. Plain is it that to some true soul in the far off ages of the Past, these great truths were partially visible—at least a glimpse of them had been caught—else we had not known that noble and brave word, *Philanthropy*. Let us rejoice in its existence, and seek to give it a divine second birth in action.—[T. B. Thayer.

UPRIGHT MEN.—We love upright men. Pull them this way and the other and they only bend, but never break. Trip them down and in a trice they are on their feet again. Bury them in the mud and in an hour they would be out and bright. You cannot keep them down—you cannot destroy them. They are the salt of the earth. Who but they start any noble project? They build our cities, whiten the ocean with their sails, and blacken the heavens with the smoke of their cars. Look to them, young men, and take courage. Imitate their example, and catch the spark of their energy.

ADVICE TO RICH AND POOR.—Let not class array itself against class, where all have a common interest. One way of provoking men to crime is to suspect them of criminal designs. We do not secure property against the poor, by accusing them of schemes of universal robbery; nor render the rich better friends of the community, by fixing on them the brand of hostility to the people. Of all parties those founded on different social conditions are the most pernicious.—[Dr. Channing on Self-Culture.

Scenes in Palestine.

THE HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

IV.—JERUSALEM—A MORNING'S WALK.

There is little pleasure in visiting the places within the walls of Jerusalem which are reported by the monks to be the scenes of the acts and sufferings of Christ. There is no certainty about these; and the spots, regarding which there can be no mistake, are so interesting, that the mind and heart of the traveler turn away from such as may be fabulous. About the site of the Temple, there is no doubt; and beyond the walls one meets at every turn assurance of being where Christ walked and taught, and where the great events of Jewish history took place. Let us go over what I found in one ramble; and then my reader will see what it must be to take walks in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

Leaving the city by the Bethlehem Gate, we descended into the valley of Hinnom or Gehenna. Here there are many tombs cut in the rock, with entrances like door-ways. When I speak of Bethany, I shall have occasion to describe the tombs of the Jews. It was in this valley, and close by the fountain of Siloam, that, in the days of Jewish idolatry, children passed through the fire, in honor of Moloch. This is the place called Tophet in Scripture—fit to be spoken of as it was, as an image of hell. Here, in this place of corruption and cruelty, where fires hovered about living bodies, and worms preyed on the dead—here was the imagery of terror—"the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched." The scene is very different now. The slopes are terraced, that the winter rains may not wash away the soil; and these terraces were to-day green with springing wheat; and the spreading olives and fig-trees cast their shadows on the rich though stony soil. Streams were led from the pool of Siloam among the fields and gardens; and all looked cool and fresh in the once hellish spot. On the top of the opposite hill was the Field of Blood—the field bought as a burial place for strangers, by the priests to whom Judas returned his bribe. For the burial of strangers, it was used in subsequent ages; for pilgrims who died at the Holy City were laid there. It is now no longer enclosed; but a charnel-house marks the spot.

The pools all round Jerusalem are beautiful; the cool arching rock roof of some, the weed-tufted sides and clear waters of all, are delicious. The pool of Siloam is still pretty—though less so, no doubt, than when the blind man, sent to wash there, opened his eyes on its sacred stream. The fountain of Siloam is more beautiful than the pool. It lies deep in a cave, and must be reached by broad steps which wind down in the shadow. A woman sat to-day in the dim light of reflected sunshine—washing linen in the pool. Here it was, that in days of old the priest came down with his golden pitcher, to draw water for the temple service; and hither it was that the thought of Milton came when he sang of—

> Siloa's brook that flowed
> Fast by the oracle of God.

We were now in the Valley of Jehoshaphat; and we crossed the bottom of it, where the brook Kedron must run when it runs at all; but it seems to be now merely a winter torrent, and never to have been a constant stream. When we had ascended the opposite side of the valley, we were on the Mount of Olives. The ascent was steep—now among tombs, and now past fields of waving barley, flecked with the shade of olive trees. As we ascended, the opposite hill seemed to rise, and the city to spread. Two horsemen in the valley below and a woman with a burden on her head, mounting to the city by a path up Moriah, looked so surprisingly small as to prove the grandeur of the scenery. Hereabouts it was, it is said, and may reasonably be believed, that Jesus mourned over Jerusalem, and told his followers what would become of the noble city which here rose upon their view, crowning the sacred mount, and shining clear against the cloudless sky. Dwellers in our climate cannot conceive of such a sight as Jerusalem seen from the summit of the Mount of Olives. The Moab mountains, over toward the Dead Sea, are drest in the softest hues of purple, lilac, and gray. The hill country to the north is almost gaudy with its contrasts of color; its white or gray stones, red soil; and crops of vivid green. But the city is the glory—aloft on the steep—its long lines of wall clearly defining it to the sight, and every minaret and cupola, and almost every stone marked out by the brilliant sunshine against the deep blue sky In the spaces unbuilt on within the walls, are tufts of verdure; and cypresses spring here and there from some convent garden. The green lawns of the Mosque of Omar, are spread out small before the eye, with their groups of tiny gay moving people If it is now so glorious a place to the eye, what must it have been in the days of its pride! Yet, in that day, when every one looked for the exulting blessing, "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces!" there came instead the lamentation over the Jerusalem that killed the prophets and stoned the messengers of Jehovah, and whose house must be therefore left desolate.

The disciples, looking from hence upon the strength of the walls, the massiveness of the Temple buildings, then springing 480 feet from the bed of the brook below, and the depth and ruggedness of the ravines surrounding the city on three sides, might well ask when those things should be, and how they should be accomplished. On the fourth side, the north, where there is no ravine, the Roman army was encamped. We could now see that rising-ground, once covered with the Roman tents, but to-day with corn-fields and olive-grounds. The Romans encamped one legion on the Mount of Olives; but it could not do any harm to the city; and the only available point of attack—the north side—was guarded by a moat and three walls. The siege was long; so long that men's hearts failed them for fear, and at least one famished woman ate her own child: and at last the city was taken and nearly destroyed; and of the Temple, not one stone was left upon another. How we were in the midst of these scenes to-day! We stood where the doom was pronounced; below us was the camp of the single legion I have mentioned; opposite was the humbled city, with the site of the temple courts; and over to the north was the camp of the enemy. Here was the whole scene of that "great tribulation, such as was not known from the beginning of the world."

From the summit of Olivet, we went down to the scene of that other tribulation—that anguish of mind which had perhaps never been surpassed from the beginning of the world. "When Jesus had spoken these words," (his words of cheer after the last supper,) "he went forth," we are told, "with his disciples over the brook Kedron, where was a garden." This garden we entered to-day from the other direction, and left it by crossing the bed of the brook. It is a dreary place now, very unlike what it must have been when "Jesus oft-times resorted thither with his disciples." It is a plot of ground on a slope above the brook, enclosed with fences of loose stones, and occupied by eight extremely old olive-trees—the oldest, I should think, that we saw in all our travels. I do not mean that they could have been growing in the days of Christ. That is supposed to be impossible; though I never could learn what is the greatest age known to be attained by the olive-tree. The roots of these were supported by little terraces of stones, that neither trees nor soil might be washed down the slope by the winter torrents. But little remains of these once fine trees but hollow trunks and a few straggling branches. It is with the mind's eye that we must see the filling up of this garden enclosure where Jesus "oft-times resorted thither"—its orchard of fig, pomegranate, and olive-trees, and the grass or young springing corn under foot. From every part of it the approach of Judas and his party must have been visible. By their "lanterns and torches and weapons," gleaming in the light, they must have been seen descending the hill from the city gate. The sleeping disciples may not have heeded the lights and footsteps of the multitude; but step by step as it wound down the steep, and then crossed the brook, and turned up to the garden, the victim knew that the hour of his fate drew on.

By the way the crowd came down, we now ascended toward the city, turning aside, however, to skirt the north wall, instead of returning home through the streets. Not to mention now other things that we saw, we noted much connected with the siege:—the nature of the ground—favorable for the encampment of an army, and the shallow moat under the walls, where the Romans brought two great wooden towers on wheels, that the men in the towers might fight on a level with those on the walls, and throw missiles into the town. This scene of conflict is very quiet now. A crop of barley was ripening under the very walls: and an Arab, with a soft, mild countenance, was filling his water-skins at the pool, called the sheep-pool, near the Damascus gate. The proud Roman and despairing Jew were not more unlike each other than this Arab, with his pathetic face, was unlike them both. As he stooped under the dim arches of the rock, and his red cap came into contrast with the dark gray of the still water below, and the green of the dangling weeds over his head, our thoughts were recalled to our own day, and to a sense of the beauty we meet in every nook and corner of the Holy Land.

From this ramble, my readers may see something of what it is to take walks in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

(Peoples' Journal.

A great man is made so for others, not for himself—to relieve the poor, comfort the afflicted, protect the oppressed, correct the vicious, and deliver the captive.

The eye is an expressive organ, and lays the mind under heavy penalties; it also contributes much to its riches.

The Ladies' Page.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Oh! woman's love 's a holy light,
And, when 'tis kindled, ne'er can die;
It lives, though treachery and slight
To quench the constant flame may try.
Like ivy, where it grows 'tis seen
To wear an everlasting green;
Like joy, too, 'tis found to cling
Too often round a worthless thing.

O, woman's love! at times it may
Seem cold or clouded, but it burns
With true undeviating ray,
Nor ever from its idol turns.
Its sunshine is a smile—a frown,
The heavy cloud that weighs it down;
A tear its weapon is—beware
Of woman's tears; there's danger there.
Its sweetest place on which to rest,
A constant and confiding breast.
It's joy, to meet—it's death, to part—
Its sepulchre, a broken heart.

The Origin of the Dream.—When Prometheus with a celestial spark animated the figure of earth into a man, Jupiter was indignant, and said, "Every day thy man shall die, and for the half of his life he shall lie before thee without sense or thought, until at last he passes away for ever." Now, in the evening the new man sank down and fell asleep. Once the Muses, the gentle daughters of Jupiter, found him, and looked full of love and compassion upon the closed eyes of him who died every night. "The poor good creature!" said the Muses; "as beautiful and as youthful as Apollo!" Is it doomed every day when it wishes to repose, to lose heaven and earth, enveloped with the thick shades of Orcus?"

"We will," said Calliope, the oldest Muse, "penetrate into his Orcus, and bestow on him our gifts, and give him a fairer earth and Olympus, until our stern father again allows him to enjoy the living day."

The goddesses, who render happy the Olympus of the gods, touched the mortal—the high Muse of poetry with the trumpet—the Muse of tones with the flute—Thalia, with the rod of bells—Urania, with the starry sphere—Eraio, with the arrow of love—even Melpomene with the dagger—and all the other Muses touched him.

Suddenly the sleeper, the corpse of night, bloomed, for the dream came, and created round him a heaven and an earth, and gave them to him: bold and light forms played their life before him, and he stood in the midst of them; fruits grew into blossoms, and the blossoms into flowers, and there remained the fairest fruits, and the most beautiful youth became beautiful still; the earth had lost its weight, and a light zephyr moved the high mountains before the evening sun; a rose-thorn, in the shape of Melpomene's dagger, scratched his heart, and the blood became a rose, red or white; flute-tones again gave a desire to the sleeping one, and from the furthest depths of heaven breathed down into his heart.

The sleeping man smiled like one who was happy, and wept. Then the God of the Muses woke him with the sun-light, that the mortal might not see the immorta

What a Mouth ought to be.—The mouth is the frankest part of the face. It can the least conceal the feelings. We can neither hide ill-temper with it nor good. We may affect what we please, but affectations will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose upon them. * * * A mouth should be of good natural dimensions, as well as plump in the lips. When the ancients, among their beauties, made mention of small mouths and lips, they mean small only as opposed to an excess the other way, a fault very common in the south. The sayings in favor of small mouths, which have been the ruin of so many pretty looks, are very absurd. If there must be an excess either way, it had better be the liberal one. A pretty pursed up mouth is fit for nothing but to be left to its complacency. Large mouths are oftener found in union with generous dispositions than very small ones. Beauty should have neither; but a reasonable look of openness and delicacy. It is an elegance in lips, when, instead of making sharp angles at the corner of the mouth, they retain a certain breadth to the very verge, and show the red. The corner then looks painted with a free and liberal pencil.
(Leigh Hunt.

We don't like people for the merit we discover in them, but for that they discover in us.—[Lord Byron.

TO YOUNG WOMEN.

BY LORD LYTTLETON.

Even in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think the husband gain'd, that all is done—
The prize of happiness must still be won;
And oft the careless find it to their cost
The lover in the husband may be lost.
The graces might alone his heart allure;
They and the virtues meeting must secure.
Let e'en your prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for him, and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his weal or woe
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The *household scepter* if he bid you bear,
Make it your pride his servant to appear—
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife;
And wrinkled age shall unobserved come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone;
Ev'n o'er your cold and ever-sacred urn
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

The Complexion.—The production of a good, clear, healthy complexion is not so difficult a task as is generally supposed; it depends upon perfect health of body. Late hours, crowded parties, heated and improperly ventilated rooms, the breathing of the carbonic acid gas and the animal effluvia exhaled by even the cleanest persons,—these cause a disturbance of the vital functions, and consequently impair the complexion. The occupations of many females, especially seamstresses and dressmakers, who supply the exigencies of the toilet to those whose complexions are injured by dissipation, are of a nature to impair their bodily health, and of course destroy that freshness and beauty of skin which they originally possessed in common with the ladies whose dresses they make. Like them they are confined in close and crowded rooms; but they are employed, besides, in laborious occupations, and cramped by the attitude which they are forced to assume during from ten to fifteen hours. Goodness of complexion, whether the skin be fair or brown, is incompatible with excess of bodily or mental labor, or excess of pleasure and dissipation. Proper attention to the skin, plenty of exercise in the open air, wholesome diet and reasonable hours, will do more to produce a beautiful complexion than all the cosmetics ever invented.

How to Choose a Wife.—"A place for everything, and everything in its place," said the patriarch to his daughter. "Select a wife, my son, who will never step over a broomstick." The son was obedient to the lesson. "Now," said he pleasantly on a gay May-day, to one of his companions, "I appoint that broomstick to choose me a wife. The young lady who will not step over it shall have the offer of my hand." They passed from the splendid saloon to the grove; some stumbled over the broomstick, and others jumped over it. At length a young lady stooped and put it in its place. The promise was fulfilled; she became the wife of an educated and wealthy young man, and he the husband of a prudent, industrious, and lovely wife. He brought a fortune to her, and she knew how to save one. It was not easy to decide which was under the greatest obligation; both were rich, and each enriched the other.

Wives.—Women should know that no beauty has any charms but the inward one of the mind; and that a gracefulness in their manner is much more engaging than that of their person; that modesty and meekness are the true and lasting ornaments; for she who has these is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for the education of children, for the affection of her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title on our respect.

The Force of Love.—Such is the force of this passion, that it will tend to turn day into night; witness the following: Miss Mary Lydia Lucrine, a maiden lady of genteel fortune, who died in the year 1778, at her apartments in Oxford Street, and who, some years since, meeting with a disappointment as to matrimony, made a vow, "never to see the light of the sun!" Accordingly the windows of her apartment were closely shut up, and she strictly kept her resolution. A few years ago another lady, who had resolved "never to see the light of the day again," from a matrimonial disappointment, lived shut up in darkness, (at least she had only a lamp or candle burning,) in Charterhouse Street: and this lady, like the above, rigidly kept her maiden vow, to the great satisfaction of their tallow chandlers. Oh, this love! this love!—[Dodsley.

Choice Miscellany.

TIME TO ME.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

TIME to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.
If advice we would convey
There's *a time* we should convey it;
If we've but a word to say,
There's *a time* in which to say it!

Oft, unknowingly, the tongue
Touches on a cord so aching,
That a word, or accent, wrong,
Pains the heart almost to breaking.
Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Had been soothed, or turned aside,
By a quiet voice of kindness!

Many a beauteous flower decays,
Though we tend it a[illegible]
Something secret on [illegible]
Which no human [illegible]
So, in many a lovely breast,
Lies some canker-grief concealed;
That if touched, is more opprest!
Left unto itself—is healed!

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;
More offend from want of *though!*
Than from any want of feeling!—[London Journal.

DEFENSE OF MAJOR ANDRE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Newark Daily Advertiser, writing from Wayne, Passaic county, N. J., under date of Sept. 29, communicates the following interesting document—it being neither more nor less than the defense of Major ANDRE, the British spy, in the war of the American Revolution. We do not remember to have seen it before, and we presume it will be equally new to most of our readers;

"I came," said Major Andre, "to hold a communication with a general officer of the American Army, by the order of my own commander. I entered the American lines by an unquestionable authority—when I passed from them it was by the same authority. I used no deception. I had heard that a Provincial officer had repented of the course he had taken, and that he avowed that he never meant to go so far as he had gone, in resisting the authority of his King. The British commander was willing to extend to him the King's clemency—yea, his *bounty*, in hopes to allure others to do the same. I made no plans. I examined no works. I only received his communications, and was on my way to return to the army, and to make known all that I had learned from a general officer in your camp. Is this the office of a spy? I never should have acted in that light, and what I have done is not in the nature of a spy. I have noted neither your strength nor weakness. If there be wrong in this transaction, is it mine? The office of a spy a soldier has a right to refuse; but, to carry and fetch communications, with another army, I never heard was criminal. The circumstances which followed, after my interview with General Arnold, were not in my power to control. He alone had the management of them.

"It is said that I rode in disguise. I rode for security *incog.*, as far as I was able; but other than criminal deeds induces one to do this. I was not bound to wear my uniform any longer than it was expedient or polite. I *scorn* the name of a SPY: brand my offense with some other title, if it change not my punishment, I beseech you. It is not *death* I fear. I am buoyed above it by a consciousness of having intended to discharge my duty in an honorable manner.

"Plans, it is said, were found with me. This is true; but they were not mine. Yet I must tell you honestly that they would have been communicated if I had not been taken. They were sent by General Arnold to the British commander, and I should have delivered them. From the bottom of my heart, I spurn the thought of attempting to screen myself by criminating another; but so far as *I* am concerned, the truth shall be told whoever suffers. It was the allegiance of Gen. Arnold I came out to secure. It was fair to presume that many a brave officer would be glad at this time to have been able to retrace his steps: at least, we have been so informed. Shall *I*, who came out to negotiate this allegiance only, be treated as one who came to spy out the weakness of a camp? If these actions are alike, I have to learn my moral code anew.

"Gentlemen, officers, be it understood that I am no supplicant for mercy: *that* I ask only from Omnipotence—not from human beings. Justice is all I claim—that justice which is neither swayed by prejudice, nor distorted by passion, but that which flows from honorable minds directed by virtuous determinations. I hear, gentlemen, that my case is likened to that of Capt. Hale, in 1775. I have heard of him and his misfortunes. I wish that in all that dignifies man—that adorns and elevates human nature, I could be named with that accomplished but unfortunate officer. His fate was wayward, and uncomely was he cut off, yet younger than I now am. He went out knowing that he was assuming the character of a spy. He took all its liabilities into his hand, at the request of his great Commander. He was ready to meet what he assumed, and all its consequences. His death the law of nations sanctioned. It may be complimentary to compare me with him: still it would be unjust. He took his life in his hand when he assumed the character and the disguise. I assumed no disguise, nor took upon myself any other character than that of a British officer who had business to transact with an American officer.

"In fine, I ask not even for justice, if you want a victim to the manes of those fallen untimely, *I* may as well be that victim as another. I have in the most undisguised manner given you every fact in the case. I only rely on the proper construction of those facts. Let me be called any thing but a *spy*. I am not a spy. I have examined nothing, learned nothing, communicated nothing, but my detention to Arnold, that he might escape if he thought proper so to do. This was, as I conceived, my duty. I hope the gallant officer who was then unsuspicious of his General, will not be condemned for the military error he committed.

"I further state that Smith, who was the medium of communication, did not know any part of our conference, except that there was some necessity for secrecy. He was counsel in various matters for General Arnold, and *from* all the interviews I had with him: and it was Smith who lent me this dress-coat of crimson, on being told that I did not wish to be known by English or Americans. I do not believe that he had even a supposition of my errand. On me your wrath should fall, if on any one. I know your affairs look gloomy; but that is no reason why *I* should be sacrificed. My death can do your cause no good. Millions of friends to your struggle in England you will lose if you condemn me. I say not this by way of threat; for I know brave men are not awed by them—nor will brave men be vindictive because they are desponding. I should not have said a word had it not been for the opinion of others, which I am bound to respect.

"The sentence you this day pronounce will go down to posterity with exceeding great distinctness on the page of history; and if humanity and honor mark this day's decision, your names, each and all of you, will be remembered by both nations when they have grown greater and more powerful than they now are. But, if misfortune befalls me, I shall in time have all due honors paid to my memory. The martyr is kept in remembrance when the tribunal that condemned him is forgotten. I trust this honorable Court will believe me when I say, that what I have spoken was not from any idle fears of a coward. I have done."

SCENE IN A GAMBLING HOUSE.

THE following very remarkable circumstance is vouched for by Green, the reformed gambler, which we condense from his work on gambling. There is a degree of romance attached that in a manner relieves it of the horror excited by the catastrophe. It occurred at New Orleans some years ago. A sea captain was in the habit of frequenting a roulette table, kept by a Frenchman in company with a party of gamblers. Green remarks that they played with more fairness then, than is customary or general with them now. The captain was evidently influenced in his visits more by a wish to kill time than for any passion for the sport. He had visited the room frequently, and his invariable bet was *twenty-five cents*, and winner or loser he never increased it. He visited the place on the night in question.

The sea captain, having placed his bet upon the red, sat with his head leaning upon his hand, as if to await the result of the game. The ball fell into the column, and he was the winner. The wheel started again, but the captain did not move, and contrary to usual practice, the amount of his bet was doubled. He won the second, third, fourth and fifth, the sum doubling each time. Thus it went on to the eighth time, when the gamblers began to be excited, and uttering loud curses, exclaimed, "He wins again!" At this, many who were in the room gathered around the table. The result of the ninth and tenth being the same, one of them cried out—"He is a fool! why don't he make sure of what he has won?" The eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth brought the same result, and many exclaimed—"He is mad!"

But the game went on and the captain continued heedless. The fourteenth was in his favor. At the fifteenth, thousands were at stake, from the small beginning of twenty-five cents, and all eyes seemed fixed in amazement. Still he won. The sixteenth was the same. The bankers vociferated curses upon the wheel player.—Others urged the captain to withdraw at least a part of his winning. *Sixteen thousand dollars* was at stake for the seventeenth. The ball flew like lightning, but there was no change. The money was piled up before the captain in heavy bank notes, but he moved not a finger nor uttered a word.

At this juncture a husky voice, in seaman's phrase, was heard—"Haul in, old captain! you don't bet all that pile against this set of land pirates! haul in;" and a hand was stretched forth from one at the table grasping the money and depositing it in a hat. It was the first mate of the captain's vessel. Having thus secured the money, he seized the captain by the shoulder, saying—"Come, you have a full cargo, its time to hoist sail"—when, horrible to relate, the corpse of the captain fell against him. He had been sitting with his head upon his hand throughout all this exciting scene; having died while in the act of betting the first quarter. The mate called for water, and dashed it into his face; then for spirits; but all efforts to resuscitate him were in vain. Life was extinct.

The gamblers then demanded that the money should be refunded; but the mate had rolled it up in a handkerchief, put it in the hands of a cabin boy, and charged him to run with it for his life to

the ship, and deliver it to the clerk, and summons the crew to the gambling house. The tumult and confusion was so great that the boy slipped away unnoticed.

When the corpse was laid on the plank, the gamblers again demanded the money of the mate, stating that, as the captain had undoubtedly died betting the first quarter, justice required that it should be returned to the bankers. The mate, in a tone of defiance, replied that the orphan children of the captain needed the money, and should have it. Force was then threatened if he refused to deliver it up. Seeing that their threats were unheeded, they rushed upon him with violence, seized his hat, and bore it off, supposing that they had thus secured the money; but to their surprise the hat was empty. A large number who were present took the part of the mate, and great excitement prevailed throughout the house. An assault was made upon the mate. Some cried one thing and some another. "Down with him!" "Get the money!" "Let him alone!" "You have no right to rob him!" mingled with oaths, and imprecations, and curses. At this moment twenty to thirty of the ship's crew rushed in, and one word from the mate brought them to his rescue, and the gamblers were soon made to stand at a distance. Something was said respecting the money, which led the sailors to suppose that the mate had been robbed, and they were about rushing upon *Monsieur Grampin*, as the proper person to indemnity him for any loss he might have sustained, but were diverted by the entrance of some twenty of the city watch, armed with short swords.

The sailors knew the character of this posse, made up of what were called among them, '*wharf-rat Frenchmen*,' and were no more daunted by their array of force, than they would have been by the display of tin swords in the hands of so many trained monkeys. A fracas was, however, prevented between the sailors and the watch, by the assurance of the mate that the money was safe, and a request from him that they would quietly return to the vessel. He proposed to take the corpse on board, but was informed by the captain of the watch, that a coroner's inquest must be held over it before it could be moved. He then seated himself by the corpse of his captain, to watch over it during the rest of the night; and the gamblers returned to the common work of darkness, playing cards and drinking liquor, meanwhile, now and then, uttering curses upon the dead body of the captain.

Swiss Coin.—The Swiss have got the most comical coinage in Europe. Almost every canton has a monetary joke of its own and the joke that is current in one canton (say for a franc), will not pass in another for one farthing. Facetious, however, as the currency is, it is no joke to the traveler; he is sure to find the Swiss exchanges always against him, and his best course is to lose his money, without losing his temper also.

Some take the trouble of learning the value of a few Swiss coins; and it is not a bad plan, if you wish to avoid being cheated. But if you agree with Butler,

"The pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat,"

you will give yourself no more trouble about the coins of the cantons than you will about their quarrels. Indeed, if you are wise, you will, before starting for Switzerland, cultivate a taste for the pleasure of "being cheated." It will contribute enormously to your ease and enjoyment; and—mark what I now tell you—if you have any of it left, after your tour is over, you will not want opportunities for indulging it in dear old England.

The very names of the Swiss coins are enough to make Heraclitus laugh. Imagine kreutzers and zwanzigers, batzen and rapps!

A funny fellow the Swiss Master of the Mint must be! The mere *coining* of the word zwanziger argues an accomplished wag.

Reader—"How much is a zwanziger?"

"Six batzen."

"And how much is a batz?"

"Ten rapps, or rappen."

"But what is a rapp?"

"The sixtieth part of a zwanziger."

Reader—"Thank you. Now I know as much about the coins of Switzerland as I do about those of the new planet Iris."

That will do; so let me proceed to acquaint you, that in 1834, twelve of the cantons agreed to appoint a commission to *reform* the currency; of course, to make it more amusing. The commissioners have not yet reported. It must be hard to produce a more comical system, or it would have been done by twelve reformers in less than thirteen years. They are still sitting, we believe, at *Grin*denwald.

AN EPIGRAM.

"And, doctor, do you really think
That asses' milk I ought to drink?
It cured yourself, I grant it's true;
But then 'twas mother's milk to you."

The "razor strop man," holding forth at the Massachusetts Agricultural State Fair, was thus addressed by a green young man, who thought himself remarkably smart: "You're a d—d fool." "One more left of the same sort," said the razor strop man, pointing at the presumptuous individual who thought to floor him.

"I wish you had been Eve," said an urchin to an old maid, who was proverbial for meanness. "Why so?" asked she. "Because," said he, "you would have eaten all the apple, instead of dividing it with Adam."

"A play upon words," as the fireman said when he thrust his hose into the bookseller's shop to put out the flames.

WHAT I LOVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH OF H. C. ANDERSEN.

I love the sea, when its stormy billows roar;
I love it, when its waves roll gently to the shore,
And the pale moonbeams shine upon its blue expanse.
I love the lofty hills—whose summits scarce may glance
Aspiring hopes to scan—and the deep vales between.
I love the forest glades, in their tint of somber green;
And 'neath the starry skies, the calm still hour of night,
And the bright sunset glow of radiant rosy light,
And the crisp hoar-frost whit'ning every winter tree.
I hate—what do I hate? Ah! nothing that I see!
I only hate, in sooth, each bad and bitter thought;
I only hate the breast with evil passions fraught;
And bigotry I hate, that steals religion's name.
But those high thoughts I love that leads the way to fame.
And childhood's innocent simplicity I love;
And the gay birds, that from their leafy nest's above
Warble sweet songs; and flow'rets sparkling with the dew.
I love a friend, when I know him kind and true;
And woman! ah! *one* only ever gain'd my heart;
But she became a bride—compell'd from her to part,
I love the sad remembrance cherish'd in my breast;
And the grave's peace I love, and death's unchanging rest!

Dancing Dervishes.—I then hurried back to Pera to see the mewlewli, or dancing dervishes. They met in a place of worship of their own, with a kind of circus in the midst, with a very smooth floor. I counted fourteen dervishes prostrate round the circle. Their chief knelt on his carpet opposite the entrance, and was engaged audibly in prayer, to which the rest from time to time made responses. The chief had on a sky-blue robe, and a thick felt cap of a light-brown color, in the shape of a truncated cone, bound round with a green scarf. The rest wore the high cap without any decoration, and long robes of dark hues. When the chief made an end of his prayer, a dervish in the gallery began a very loud chant, while the whole company, headed by the chief, paraded twice or thrice round the room, with their arms crossed upon their breasts, the inferior brethren making profound obeisances as they passed the carpet on which their chief had been seated. Then commenced a low, wild, melancholy strain, without any definite melody, but still not unpleasing, performed on a flageolet and flute. This continued for about ten minutes. The dervishes then once more prostrated themselves with their faces to the earth. A small drum then sounded; upon which the dervishes rose up, and let fall their outward robes, appearing in short white jackets, and long white coarse petticoats, that trailed on the floor. Their feet were bare. The music then struck up again, accompanied by a loud noisy chant, and every dervish, except the chief, and one other, who acted some intermediate part, began a slow, solemn, rotatory movement or dance, with their arms held out horizontally, their revolutions throwing out the white petticoat into a conical shape, with its hem or border steadily floating a few inches above the floor. This continued without intermission for a quarter of an hour. The dervishes then ceased their revolutions, and recommenced the obeisances, and after that once more resumed the rotatory dance for a quarter of an hour, accompanied by the music and the song in the gallery as before. The ceremony closed with a dying fall in the music, pleasingly managed; and before the last two or three devotees had ceased to turn round, the friction of the bare feet upon the floor, now that the music was low and still, was distinctly heard. There was something almost touching in the quiet and composed demeanor of the chief and his followers. The entire absence of any appearance of fatigue or giddiness on the part of the performers in this extraordinary ceremony is really quite surprising.—[Three Weeks' Residence in Constantinople.

Belgian Railroads.—The grand diversion on the Belgian and German railroads consists in the guards continually asking for the passengers' tickets. I am satisfied it is done for mere pastime, and a most agreeable and exciting one it certainly is. The directors deserve all praise for inventing it—

"Votre billet, monsieur!"

The following scene took place in my presence last year on one of the Belgian lines:

"Votre billet, monsieur!"

The guard was addressing the cockney father of a family, who knew little more French than I do of Japanese. He thought the officer alluded to one of his children, whose familiar appellation happened to be Billy, and he pushed the boy toward the window to answer for himself.

"Votre billet," repeated the guard, laughing; the Belgians are the best-humored people in the world.

"This is mon Billy."

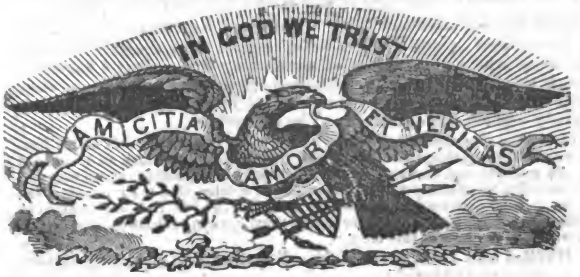
"Non, non," said the good-humored guard.

"I say, yes, yes," said the father, and his wife corroborated the statement, putting her hand on Master Billy's shoulder, shaking her head, and repeating—"Notre Billy—Notre Billy—half price—demi-prix—notre Billy—under ten—dix annees,"—pronouncing the *dix* honestly, every letter of it.

It was excellent fun, and all owing to the ticket-system on the Belgian railways. I fell in with the same worthy family frequently afterwards, and used to call the father Cockneius Magnus, for he was certainly the finest bird of his species that "famous London town" ever produced.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."



NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1847.

QUESTIONS WITH ANSWERS.

1. Why should Odd-Fellowship be approved and encouraged by the *Christian?*

Because it aims to help forward the great work of Christian love and benevolence, by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, the fatherless and the widows, in their affliction.

2. Why should the *Patriot* and *Magistrate* encourage it?

Because one of its first lessons is obedience to authority, observance of law, and a faithful performance of all the duties of a good citizen.

3. Why should the *Philanthropist* give it his hearty aid?

Because it seeks to remove and alleviate the evils of poverty, sickness and misfortune, through an admirable system of mutual relief. Because it is the friend of education, and gathers to its blessings those who would otherwise grow up in ignorance and vice. Because it labors to remove the causes of dissension and strife among mankind, and to make real and practical the sublime and beautiful truth of the common brotherhood of the race.

4. Why should *Parents* rejoice in, and help on, Odd-Fellowship?

Because it provides a safe, a pleasant and profitable way for young men to spend their evenings, which otherwise might be spent in taverns, at the convivial table, or in dangerous and vicious company. Because it brings them under moral influences, and inspires with noble thoughts and purposes; and, in repeated instances, has given a new and higher tone to the character, and a more elevated aim to the life.

5. Why should *Wives and Sisters* approve and encourage it?

For the same reason; and because it teaches its disciples to be devoted and faithful to their families, to be courteous and kind; because it watches over the husband and brother at home or aboad, provides for them in sickness, buries them if death comes, and raises up a band of warm friends for the widow and sister; and, in many cases, makes permanent pecuniary provision for them.

6. Why should the *Business Man* and *Traveler* unite with, and promote the interests of Odd-Fellowship?

Because in traveling over our wide-extended country, he is liable to misfortune and accident, or to be suddenly prostrated by disease, in distant places where he is without friends or acquaintances—and in such cases Odd-Fellowship will enable him at once to find friends, brothers and helpers, who will watch over him, provide for him, soothe and comfort him, and stay by him till the offices of love are all fulfilled, and their services no longer needed.

7. Why should the *Poor Man* become an Odd-Fellow?

Because it teaches him a lesson of economy; to lay by a small sum every week, that he may have something when a rainy day comes. Because it secures him and his loved ones from want, and from the cold charities of the world, when calamity or sickness falls upon him.

8. Why should the *Rich Man* cast in his lot with us?

Because he will be aiding a noble institution, which is silently doing an immense work in the removal of suffering and wrong; and is daily confering its blessings on thousands of waiting and needy ones. Because, so doing, he will enjoy the richest and most lasting of all luxuries, *the luxury of doing of good!* Because, when he comes to that point at which he must leave all his wealth behind him, he will rejoice most in that portion which has been devoted to the blessed work of humanity. And lastly, because hundreds of widows and orphans will rise up to call him blessed; and will plant his grave with flowers, and water them with the warm tears of gratitude and love. T.B.T.

LETTER FROM A LADY.

E. WINCHESTER, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* I have been for some months an attentive reader of the GOLDEN RULE; and observing that you occasionally insert communications from ladies, even when they are not peculiarly flattering to your Order, I have ventured to intrude on you for a few moments.

My attention was first directed to the I. O. O. F. by an address delivered by a Rev. gentleman, at one of your celebrations in an Eastern State. This address was elegantly written and gracefully delivered. It set forth in glowing colors the benefits the Order was calculated to confer on mankind in general, and on its members in particular. "They would feed the hungry, clothe the naked, comfort the widow and fatherless, heal the broken-hearted," etc. etc. Moreover, it was represented that they were very strict in their rules of admission, "receiving none but those of the purest moral character."

I was actually unsophisticated enough to credit all this, and from the various publications of the Order to which I had access, I formed the highest opinion of the Association, and expressed myself so warmly in its praise that I was laughed at for my enthusiasm, and it was even insinuated that I had some particular friend a member, from whom these favorable opinions were derived. Be that as it may, I certainly do not deny being strongly prepossessed in their favor, and greatly regret that I have been compelled to change my opinion.

Within the last year a Lodge has been formed near us, and I discover that the beautiful theories I so much admired, the principles which once adopted were so marvelously to "ameliorate the evils of humanity," are found inconvenient to practice; I find you are not so *very* particular whom you admit. You doubtless hope that time, and the precept and example of the unexceptionable members may correct the principles and regulate the conduct of the remainder. "Charity believeth all things, hopeth all things," and I will still trust that "the little leaven may leaven the whole lump."

I fear you will think me "actuated by a spirit of fault-finding," but I cannot refrain from expressing my surprise at an article inserted in a late number of the Golden Rule without note or comment. I refer to the one in which some crusty bachelor, whose stomach appears to be the seat of his affections, recommends the wives of Odd-Fellows to prepare a "comfortable supper every Lodge night," if they wish to render their homes attractive. "The wives" are much obliged for the suggestion, and will act on it if they think proper. Did it not occur to you, Mr. Editor, that "the wives" might possibly feel fatigued after the "arduous labors" of the day, and stand in as much need of *rest* as their husbands do of *refreshments?* Pardon the freedom of my remarks. Had I not sufficient respect left for the Odd-Fellows to wish to see them consistent, I should not have addressed you. Yours very respectfully,

ALICE VANDERHEYDEN.

We have given the above communication a place in the GOLDEN RULE, out of courtesy to our fair correspondent, and because we believe the strictures it contains are deserving of serious attention.

We equally regret with our correspondent, that there are members of our Order who do not act up to the high principles enjoined upon them by Odd-Fellowship. It is a subject of sincere mortification to worthy brothers of our Order, that owing to the anxiety naturally incident to the building up of new Lodges, there are occasional departures from that strict inquiry into the character of applicants, which is insisted upon by the constitution of our Order. And from this neglect, much odium has been cast upon Odd-Fellowship. But while we readily make this painful admission, we unhesitatingly repudiate the strictures of our correspondent, that Odd-Fellowship does not practice its avowed precepts. As an Order, it is a systematic performer of all the benevolence it so emphatically enjoins: it is no dealer in theories; it practically carries into action all it professes. During the last year, it has expended over $300,000, in ameliorating the evils of suffering humanity. This is practical benevolence, sufficient to stop the mouths of our most violent opponents. It also exercises a salutary influence over its members, even over those unworthy ones, of which our fair correspondent so justly complains. But Odd-Fellowship is a human institution, its members are men subject to the common infirmities of humanity. If religion, which is a divine institution, governed by divine influences, ranks among its professors, unworthy members, why should Odd-Fellowship be made chargeable with the conduct of its erring brothers? Judge Odd-Fellowship as we estimate religion, not by the conduct of its members, but by the principles it avows.

Our fair correspondent objects to our good-humored suggestion to wives, in connection with our remarks on "*late hours.*" We can

assure the lady, the article was not written by a "crusty old bachelor." It was penned by an old married man, whose affections are seated in the domestic circle of his home—and one who believes the only true enjoyment of life is centered in home associations and home comforts.

We fear our fair opponent has not yet reached to the dignity of the wife and the matron, or she would not so tartly object to the providing of that most social of all meals, which has been lauded by poets, novelists, and travelers, as the one most calculated to bring out the true home feeling. We are sorry that our fair objector will not consent to be

"The busy housewife plying her evening care."

Yet, we still maintain, that the ladies would do well to follow our advice, to render home enjoyments attractive, even should "the seat of their" (husband's) affections rest in the stomach. Remember the stomach lies near the HEART.

PRESENTATION OF A GOLD WATCH.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 25th, 1847.

E. WINCHESTER, Esq.—*Dear Sir and Brother:* In my last I proposed to give you the remarks of our M. W. G. M. upon presenting to Br. Batchelder a Gold Watch, procured for him as a reward for long service as the G. G. of the Grand Lodge, if it was possible to procure them. I have been favored with a sight of the Watch, and pronounce it to be one worthy of the Donor, and valuable to the recipient from the fact that it is the free-will offering of a body which properly appreciates his services. The watch is one of M. J. Tobias' make, full jeweled. On the face is, at the top, the All-seeing Eye, on the sides are the Bee Hive and Clasped Hands, and at the bottom is the Three Links; the Sun is in the center of the Dial, and on the back the following inscription:—Presented by the G. L. of I. O. of O. F. of Pennsylvania, to P.G. A. S. BATCHELDER, as a token of merit, and a reward for years of meritorious service as Grand Guardian. The Watch was presented during the session of the Grand Lodge, by the M. W. G. M. who made the following remarks, viz.:

P. G. Guardian Batchelder: I am instructed by the G. L. to present to you this beautiful Watch as a mark of her respect for your character as an Odd-Fellow, and an evidence that your services as Grd. Guardian have been duly appreciated.

Called upon as you were, when this body was in its infancy, when but few subordinate lodges were scattering their light of "Friendship, Love and Truth" over the great State of Pennsylvania, you came to the duties connected with the Guardian's post, with an energy which could not be checked, and an attention that knew no division, and entirely dedicated to the service of our brotherhood, labored on, until you now can behold the extension of our principles to almost every county of our jurisdiction.

Your aid in this dissemination has not been without effect; you have given many facilities, from time to time, to the Grand Lodge officers, and if they have witnessed them, as I have, and as I am sure they have, they cannot put cherish as I now do, deep feelings of gratification upon this occasion.

Accept this present, as one known by us to be deserved; and may you, upon beholding it from time to time, be assured of our appreciation of your kind and efficient services.

Permit me to assure you of the pleasure which is felt by me in being selected as the instrument to exhibit the wish of this Grand Lodge, and to assure you that it is my earnest hope that that happiness which ever waits on good works may, in the future, be fully enjoyed by you.

To which P.G. Batchelder replied:

Most Worthy Grand Master, Officers and Members of the G.L. of Penn.: Most sincerely I return you my thanks for the flattering vote, by which you have expressed your appreciation of my conduct, while acting in the office of Grand Guardian of this body. For nearly twenty-three years the prosperity of our beloved Order has been the dearest wish of my heart, well assured that its principles deserved, and would, eventually, receive the approbation of the great and good of all communities. That it has been the object of the Brethren by the practice of those principles in their daily walks of life so to dispense them as to remove the prejudice which existed in the minds of the uninformed, I rejoice to know, and am proud to witness the triumph of our principles over prejudice, and to feel that the "Friendship" we profess, the "Charity" we practice and the "Love" we enjoin, are acknowledged by our fellow citizens as well deserving their approbation and esteem. The Order in our State has, within a few years, increased to an unparalleled extent; and there is a pride which we all must feel when we reflect that we have contributed to this glorious result.

For this valuable testimonial of your esteem I give you my most heartfelt thanks, and assure you that so long as life shall last, I will value it as of inestimable price, and when life with me shall cease and be no more, I will transmit it to my children's children, ever to be retained in my family as a token of the friendly consideration in which their ancestor was held by the Order in Pennylvania.

To-morrow, our Brethren at Reading dedicate their new Hall, and if the weather proves favorable, they will, I doubt not, make a fine display.

Yours, Fraternally.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE

R. W. GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES,

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS,

At the Annual Communication held at Baltimore, Sept. 1847.

FIFTH DAY.—Concluded. FRIDAY, Sept. 24, 9 o'clock, A. M.

Permanent Grand Lodges.—Rep. Senter, from the Special Committee to whom the subject of permitting State Grand Encampments and Grand Lodges to hold their sessions at such places as they may deem expedient within their several jurisdictions, reported adversely—which was agreed to. The Committee,

Perceiving the necessity of having a fixed point, under each G.L. and G.Enc. to which all communications should be directed, and from which all documents should emanate, and wishing to avoid all subjects of legislation which may create sectional jealousies and disputes, are of the opinion, that the interests of the Order demand a permanent location for each G. L. and G. Enc. and that, in no instance, should they be allowed to change them, save in such cases as is already provided by the laws of this body.

Written and Unwritten Work.—Rep. Dwinelle moved the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Committee on the State of the Order be instructed to inquire and report whether the resolution providing for the mode of altering the written and unwritten Work of the Order, and recorded on page 360 of vol. 2d of the proceedings of this body, be a valid existing law of this body, or whether it be not in conflict with Articles XV, XVI and XVII of the Constitution of this R. W. G. L.

Instructions in the Work.—Rep. Wakefield moved the adoption of the following, which was agreed to:

Resolved, That the P.G.Sires and R.W.G.Sec. be a Committee to prepare and report to the next session of this G.L. full and complete instructions in the whole work of the Order, and that the G.S. shall keep a secret record of such instructions, and of all alterations or changes that may hereafter be made in the same.

Digest.—On motion of Rep. Coffin, the G.L. proceeded to the consideration of the order of the day, being the report of the Committee on the Digest. A motion to accept the report of the Committee, and adopt the Digest of the Laws of the Order accompanying the same, was agreed to under the previous question, by ayes 53, noes 6. Thereupon, Rep. Spooner, of Ohio, submitted the following question which the G.Sire answered in the affirmative:

Will it be incumbent on State G. Ls. and G. Encampments and the Executive Officers thereof, to enforce rigidly in their respective jurisdictions the provisions and requirements contained in the Digest of Laws and decisions, this day adopted by this body?

Chairs and Desks.—The Finance Committee made sundry reports, which were adopted—among them one recommending the appropriation of a further sum of $500 for Chairs and Desks for the G. L.

Remission of Per Centage.—The Committee on Finance, on the application of the G. L. of Wisconsin for the payment of the ten per cent. which accrued from the first day of January to the time of its institution, reported in favor thereof—which was concurred in.

Removal of the G.L. of Alabama.—Rep. Chapman, of Ia., from the Committee on this subject, made a report, which was agreed to, permitting the G. L. of Ala. in accordance with its request, to hold its sessions hereafter at such place in said State as may be agreed upon at a regular session.

Digest—Supplement.—On motion of Rep. Wells, of Mass., the following resolution was agreed to:

Resolved, That the Committee on the Digest of the Laws be authorized and directed to prepare a supplement to the Digest already reported, to contain the laws and decisions, adopted at this session, and that the same be published together with the Digest of Laws.

Copyrighting Proceedings, &c.—Rep. Stokes, of Pa., submitted the following resolutions, which were ordered to lie on the table, but subsequently taken up and adopted:

Resolved, That the G.Sec. be directed to have the Digest of Laws secured by copy-right.

Resolved, That the Digest be printed in convenient form, and sold to Grand Lodges and Encampments, and Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, immediately under this jurisdiction.

Resolved, That the Journal, from 1843 to the close of this session, be printed, stereotyped and copy-right secured.

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed on printing, to act in conjunction with the G.Sec. in the above work.

Stereotype Plates of G. L. Proceedings.—Rep. Smith, of Tenn., from the Committee to whom the subject was recommitted, submitted an amended report and resolutions, which were adopted, authorizing the Grand Officers to purchase the copy-right and stereotype plates from Messrs. McGowan & Treadwell, of Vol. 1, and Nos. 1 and 2 of Vol. 2, of the Journal of Proceedings of this G. L. for the sum of $1500, in three annual instalments of $500, said publishers delivering over to the Secretary all the numbers of said journal now in their possession, they binding themselves to have $200 worth of the same on hand at customary valuation.

Organization of State G. Ls.—Rep. Moore, of D. C., from the Special Committee to whom the subject was referred, made the following report, which was on motion of Rep. Dwinelle, ordered to lie on the table:

The Special Committee to which was referred so much of the annual report of the G.Sire as relates to the present organization of State G.Ls. and the necessity which exists for a change in the construction of some of those bodies, have embodied in the accompanying resolutions the best plan which they can devise for accomplishing the object which has been submitted to their consideration.

This plan, it will be perceived, contemplates the retention of the general legislative power in the P.Gs. where it has always been placed, and which power it is deemed inexpedient to transfer to the Subordinate Lodges. The P.Gs. as a distinct class, in possession of an exalted degree which they can only obtain through the elective voice of the mass of their brethren, have always exercised this privilege. That they have used it wisely, is abundantly attested by the prosperity of the Order; that to continue it in the same class of members can work no injustice to the great body of the fraternity, has been fully demonstra-

ted by experience; and that it is unsafe to place it any where else, must be apparent to every member who carefully examines the various relations and responsibilities which are imposed by the different degrees of the Order.

Your Committee do not approve the suggestions which point to the propriety of reconstructing G. Ls. on a strictly representative principle, by permitting the Delegates to such bodies to be chosen by the Initiatory Lodge. In G. Ls. thus organized the Order could not repose as much confidence as in those which would emanate from the P.Gs. alone; for the reason that a G. L. composed of delegates elected by the Initiatory Lodge would be subject to the control of that Lodge, either by express instructions or by means of the ballot, and, as many of the members of such Lodges owe no direct obedience to this Parent Body, its interests and those of the Order at large would not be sufficiently protected.

Your Committee, therefore, deem it their duty to recommend an adherence to the custom which separates the legislative power of the State from the ordinary business and work of the Lodges, and confides it exclusively to P.Gs. in possession of the G. L. Degree, whose inperative duty it is to see that the general laws and work of this G. L. are duly carried into effect.

WILLIAM W. MOORE,
A. K. MARSHALL,
JOHN C. YEAGER.

I agree in the report, with the exception of so much as relates to the election of the delegates to State G. Ls. being confined exclusively to the P.Gs. preferring it should be made by the members in good standing in the Subordinates.

M. WOODRUFF.

The following are the resolutions offered by the Committee for the consideration of the G. L.:

Resolved, That the P.Gs. are the conservative power in Odd-Fellowship, in whom is vested the legislative power for the government of the Order in their respective States.

Resolved, That experience has demonstrated that the exercise of this power for the general good is not incompatible with any of the duties devolving on the same class of members as the Representatives of their various Subordinate Lodges, on questions of a merely local nature which directly effect the interests of the Lodges.

Resolved, That the P.G. being thus constituted the especial guardians of the honor and interests of the Order, it is their duty to conform to all needful regulations having in view the preservation and harmony of the institution committed to their charge, and when they neglect or refuse to perform this duty, it is obligatory on them to surrender their trust to the G. L. U. S. whence it was received.

Resolved, That in view of the augmentation of the members entitled to seats in the G.Ls. of some of the States, it is necessary, in order to reduce those bodies to a working number, to reorganize them upon principles different from those which have heretofore prevailed; and therefore it is hereby enacted and directed by the G. L. U. S.—

1st. That no G. L. shall be composed of more than ——— hundred members entitled to active participation in its legislative proceedings, except in cases where the number of Lodges within any jurisdiction shall exceed ——— hundred, in which case none of them shall be entitled to more than one active voice in the proceedings of the G. L.

2d. That whenever the P.Gs. within any jurisdiction shall exceed the number above prescribed, the G. L. of such jurisdiction shall devise some just and equitable apportionment of representation, whereby each of its Subordinates, through some of their P Gs. may have its due weight and influence in the proceedings of the Grand Body, according to the number of its members in good standing at the date of its last official report.

3d. That the P.G. dignity shall continue to be recognised in all brethren of good standing who are in possession of the G.L. degree, and who shall have duly served a regular or special term of office in conformity to the laws of this G. L so far as to permit them to visit their State G. Ls., and to render them eligible to any of its offices, as well as to entitle them to vote, in person or by proxy under seal of their Lodge duly attested, at all elections for officers thereof; also, so far as to recognize the P.Gs. of each Lodge as the electoral body from and by which all the Delegates on the part of said Lodge to the State G. L. are to be chosen.

4th. Delegates to represent Subordinate Lodges in a G. L. shall be elected for one year, and be eligible for re-election. They shall each be entitled to one vote on any question that may be determined in their presence; except in the case of Lodges that shall send a single Delegate, in which case such delegate, when present at the taking of any vote, shall be entitled to cast the full vote to which his Lodge may be entitled.

Rep. Bain, of Va., asked and obtained leave to place on the Journal the following resolution as a substitute for the above:

Resolved, That Sec. 5, Art. 1, Div. 3d, on page 35 of the Digest, fully sets forth the doctrine with regard to P.Gs. and G. Ls. in the premises.

New Lodges.—The Committee on the State of the Order, to whom were referred sundry petitions and papers for the charter of Lodges in foreign parts, reported as follows, which was adopted:

First—On the petition for the charter of a Lodge to be styled Excelsior Lodge No. 1, in the town of Honolulu, Island of Oahu, Hawaiian.

While your Committee view with much regret the course pursued by the D. D.G.Sire of Mass. in 1844 in the origin of this proceeding, as one furnishing a dangerous precedent, yet as your petitioners did not partake in the enactment of the fault, and have acted in good faith under their dispensation, and thus give as good reason to believe that their efforts will result in the formation of a valuable Lodge, if a charter be granted them: your Committee do therefore recommend its being granted.

Second—On the petition for a Lodge in the same town, to be styled Pacific Lodge No. 1, as a rival institution, your Committee recommend that the petition for a charter of the same be not granted.

Third—On the petition for a charter of a Lodge to be styled Venezuela Lodge No. 1, to be located in the city of Caraccas, Province of Venezuela, South America, your Committee recommend the granting the petition for a charter.

Fourth—On the informal petition for a Lodge in Pelotas, Brazil, your Committee recommend that a charter be not granted.

Periodicals of the Order.—On motion of Rep. Wells, of Mass., the G. L. proceeded to consider the report of the Special Committee relative to publications in Periodicals. On motion the report was accepted. A division being asked on the resolutions accompanying the report, the same were considered seriatim. The question being on the first resalution, it was amended by striking out all after the words "best interests," and the resolution, as amended, was rejected. The question being on the second resolution it was disagreed to.

Digest—Free Copies.—Rep. Spooner, of Ohio, offered a resolution, which was agreed to, providing that the Reps. of each State and each G.L. and G.Enc. be furnished with a perfected and complete copy of the Digest of Laws.

Rep. Griffin, of Ga., from the Committee on the Digest, reported an Appendix to the same, which was ordered to lie on the table.

Amendment to the Digest.—Rep. Spooner, of Ohio, moved that Sections 15 and 16 of Art. 2, Digest of Laws, defining funeral regalia, be repealed and annulled: which the chair decided to be out of order—from which an appeal was taken, and the decision of the chair sustained.

Double sets of Officers.—Rep. Griffin, of Ga., from the Committee on the State of the Order, submitted the following report, which was agreed to, and a motion to reconsider negatived:

The Committee on the State of the Order have considered the resolution passed on the motion of Rep. Roche, of Md.

The Committee find no difficulty in answering the abstract question. The general usage of the Order does not recognize the propriety of Subordinate Lodges electing two sets of officers. But the Committee cannot suffer their announcement of the general proposition to come before the G.L. without a settlement of the particular case which has given rise to the question.

The mover of the resolution has handed to the Committee the Journal of the R.W.G.L. of Md. for May, 1847. From the proceedings spread upon that journal, the Committee find that Wm. Tell Lodge No. 4, has been in the practice, for 17 years, of electing two sets of officers. The reason of this practice is, that the Lodge, by special permission from the G.L. of Md. works both in the English and German languages. The officers are elected for twice the usual term, and serve alternate nights. *Each set now serves twenty-six nights.* This practice has been tolerated by the G. L. of Md. since the year 1830, and the P.Gs. promoted in Wm. Tell Lodge have enjoyed all the privileges of the G.L. The Committee would consider it an act of gross injustice, at this late day, by abstract legislation, to overturn a practice which is identified, as the Committee are assured, with the existence of the Lodge. In the instance of this particular Lodge, the Committee think that the privilege in question should not be withdrawn, anomalous though it may be.

Explanation of By-Law XXX.—Rep. Griffin, from the Com. on the State of the Order, having considered the resolution offered by Rep. Ellison, of Mass., reported that—

The Committee cannot deny that the 30th Art. of the By-Laws is obscure, but they are convinced that the reason and spirit of the law require that it should be interpreted, as prohibiting the initiation of persons in any part or place of their own, as well as other States, distant from their permanent residences, while Lodges and Encampments are located in their immediate neighborhood.

Admission of Indians.—The Committee on the State of the Order reported that it would be improper to legislate on the subject of the resolution offered by Rep. Yeager, of Pa. Concurred in.

Written and Unwritten work.—The same Committee reported in relation to the resolution of Rep. Dwinelle in reference to the mode of altering the written and unwritten work, that the resolutions adopted last year, in relation to this subject, were null and void. Adopted.

Expenses of Preparing the Digest.—The Finance Committee reported a resolution, which was adopted, appropriating $700 to defray the expenses of the members of the Committee on the Digest of the Laws of the Order.

The New York Appeals.—Rep. Torre, from the Committee of Appeals, reported on the subject of the New York Appeals, which was laid on the table. (For this report, see G. R. Oct. 2.)

Organization of G.L.—On motion, the Grand Lodge proceeded again to the consideration of the report of the Special Committee relating to the organization of State Grand Lodges. The question being on adopting the substitute offered by Rep. Bain, of Va., for the report of the committee, it was cut off by the previous question. The question was then taken on adopting the report of the Committee, and decided in the negative by the following vote:

AYES—Day, DeSaussure, Gill, Kerlin, Marshall, Moore, McCauley, Seasford, Spooner, Taylor, of Md., Williamson, Yohe, Yeager, P.G.Sires Hopkins, Kennedy, Sherlock—18.

NAYS—Anderson, of Ga., Atlee, Affron, Bain, Brewer, Brown, of Miss., Clark, of N. J., Chapman, Coffin, Cole, Davis of Mass., Dimon, Dwinelle, Ellison, Green, Holmes, Hough, Haines, (2 votes,) Jones, Kelley, Lilly, MacRae, McKinnell, Neally, Parker, Ramsdell, Roche, Senter, Smith, Stokes, Simons, Theobald, Woodruff, Wells, Ware, P.G.Sire Wildey—39.

The G. L. proceeded to the consideration of the resolutions accompanying the report of the Committee, and the substitute offered therefor, when, on motion of Rep. DeSaussure, of S. C., the subject was indefinitely postponed.

On motion the Grand Lodge adjourned to 8 P. M.

FRIDAY EVENING, 8 o'clock.

G. Rep. Regalia.—Rep. Day, of Ohio, offered the following as an amendment to the 25th By-Law, which, under the rule, was laid on the table:

Regalia for G.Reps. shall be a collar of purple velvet not more than 4 inches in width, with a roll of scarlet velvet; the trimmings to be of yellow metal; the collar to be united in front with three links, to which may be suspended such medal or medals as the member may be entitled to wear.

P.G.Reps. and the Officers and P.Os. of the G.L.U.S. to wear the regalia above described.

The jewel of the G.Sire and P.G.Sires shall be a medal three inches in diameter, of yellow metal, on one side of which shall be the coat of arms of the U. S. surrounded by an ornamented edging of silver.

Reps. and P.Reps. shall wear medals of the size and style above, with the coat of arms of the State represented.

Duties of the H.P. and J.W.—Rep. Griffin, of Ga., from the Committee on the State of the Order, made the following report, which was adopted:

The Committee on the State of the Order, ask leave to report, on the first and second questions, proposed by Rep. Wilson, of Wis., and the question proposed by Rep. Ellison, of Mass., conjointly.

The charges of Officers of Encampments do not throw much light upon the subject matter of the questions. The Committee are aware of no reason why the J.W. should not preside in the absence of the C.P. and S.W. if the local laws do not prohibit it.

The Committee also say, that in the absence of the H.P. if no P.H.P. be present, there is nothing in the charge books or laws to prevent any R.P. member from performing all the duties of that officer.

Lodges Working in Foreign Languages.—Rep. Griffin, from the

same Committee, made the following report, which was read and adopted:

The Committee on the State of the Order, beg leave to report on the questions proposed by Rep. McKinnell of La.

In answer to the first inquiry, the Committee say, that a Lodge working in a foreign language may of course, keep a record of its proceedings in the language in which it works; but it is also bound to keep a record in the English language, otherwise the Grand Officers having authority, would not always be able to inspect such record.

Duties of Junior P.G.—To the second inquiry, the committee answer:

The junior P.G. is not strictly an officer of the Lodge, but it is his duty to occupy the seat of P.G. for one term, and deliver the P.G.'s charge at initiation. It is therefore improper that he should be elected to any office.

Visiting Brothers.—Rep. Griffin, from the same Committee, made the following report, which was adopted:

The Committee on the State of the Order, in answer to the inquiry of Rep. Ware of R. I., report:

The resolution on p. 308, vol. 2, was intended to obviate the necessity of the visitors working his way in, and it is so expounded in the Digest, Sec. 2, Art. 6, Division 2d.

Organization of G. Encampments.—Rep. Griffin, from the same Committee, asked leave to report on the third and fourth questions proposed by Rep. Wilson, of Wisconsin, and the question proposed by Rep. McKinnell, of La., conjointly.

The G.L.U.S. permits G.Encps. to be organized, either of P.C.Ps. and P.H.Ps. or of P.C.Ps. alone. Each G. Enc. is at liberty to form its Constitution, in this particular to suit itself. See Digest Sec. 2, Art. 1, Division 4th.

As to grade of P.H.Ps. therefore the Committee say, that it depends entirely on the local laws. If by these laws they are admitted to membership in the G. Enc. the Committee think that it would be best to make them eligible to any office, including that of G.P. It is advisable that all members should be placed on the same footing. But the Committee report that all these matters are submitted to the local legislation of the Patriarchal branch of the Order.

Touching the right of P.H.Ps. to petition for a charter for a G. Enc. the committee say:

Under Art. 6 of the By-Laws the mode of petitioning for a charter for a G.Enc. is prescribed, and although the expression of "each Lodge or Encampment shall appoint one or more of its P.Gs. or *Ps.* as Reps. &c." yet the Committee are persuaded that the obvious meaning is P.C.Ps. The Committee therefore believe that P.H.Ps. are not competent petitioners.

Appendix to the Digest.—On motion of P.G.S. Hopkins, the Appendix accompanying the report of the Committee on the Digest, was adopted.

Funeral Service.—On motion of Rep. Wells, of Mass., the report of the Committee on the Digest with the accompanying Funeral ceremony, was taken up and adopted—42 to 13.

Rep. Senter, of N. H., offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the form of prayer adopted, with Funeral Address, be left optional for Lodges and Encampments, whether they use it or none.

Rep. Chapman, of Ind., moved to add the words, "and Funeral Ceremonies," after the word "forms," in the resolution of Rep Senter, which was agreed to. The resolution was then adopted. Adjourned.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—To Grand Secretaries CURTIS, of Pa., and DICKS, of Miss., for printed proceedings of the Grand Lodges of those States respectively. They are valuable for our files, though our attentive correspondents have enabled us to anticipate that portion of their contents which is of general interest.

AN AGRICULTURAL ORDER OF MERIT is about to be created by the King of Prusia. One side of the decoration will bear the effigy of the King, and the other the name of the person receiving it.

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

NEW LODGES.—A Special Meeting of the R. W. Grand Lodge was held at their room, National Hall, Canal-st. on Friday evening, the 22d inst.—Grand Master TAYLOR presiding—at which charters were granted for the following new Lodges:

STOCKBRIDGE No. 333, located at Stockbridge, Madison county.
TIOGHNEOGA No. 334, Greene, Chenango county.
SMYRNA No. 334, Smyrna, Chenango county.
WYANDANCH No. 336, Williamsburg, Kings county.
GLOBE No. 337, City of New York.

The special business having been consummated, the session was closed.

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.—The Committee of Grievance of Lodges met in the Grand Lodge Room, National Hall, on Friday evening, Oct. 22, and was organised by the election of P.G. Wm. W. Wallace, Chairman, and P.G. Danl. P. Barnard, Secretary. Several appeals were read by their titles, when the Committee adjourned to meet on the call of the Chairman.

WATERTOWN, Oct. 19, 1847.

BRO. WINCHESTER: On the 18th inst. I instituted WONOMA LODGE No. 323, at Adams, Jefferson county. The following brothers were elected and installed into their offices, viz: Chas. W. Rodgers, N.G.; S. D. Hungerford, V.G.; H. B. Whipple, S.; E. J. Jolsbury, T. The Lodge commences work under very favorable auspices. Bro. Rodgers, their N.G. is an old P.G. having been N.G. of Oneida Lodge two terms, and I believe one of the charter members of the Lodge. He understands the work of the Order well, and will of course be a valuable member to the Lodge at its commencement. There is every prospect of their increasing in number of good members rapidly. The Order in this jurisdiction is very flourishing. FRATERNALLY yours, ED. CLARKE, D.D.G.M.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1847.

☞ Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, NEW YORK, by E. WINCHESTER, Editor and Proprietor, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms $2 a year in advance, or 6¼ per week, delivered by a carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

PHILADELPHIA.—The GOLDEN RULE is published in Philadelphia, by CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North Sixth street, by whom subscriptions will be received and papers delivered in any part of the city Packages sent to the adjoining towns out of the mails.

BOSTON.—Office of the GOLDEN RULE, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the RULE sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

A WELCOME VISIT.—We have seldom enjoyed greater pleasure than in meeting and taking by the hand our esteemed brother, P.G. M. SAMUEL YORKE ATLEE, of the District of Columbia, and whom our readers know so well through his sparkling "Letters from the Metropolis." Bro. ATLEE spent several days in our city during the present week, and received the greetings of a large number of the brotherhood; and we hope his visit was as agreeable to himself as it was pleasurable to us. Few men in our Order are more widely or favorably known, than Bro. ATLEE. He has been a member for seventeen years, and has seen Odd-Fellowship grow from a small and feeble sapling to a majestic tree, spreading its protecting branches afar, and giving grateful shelter to many weary and toil-worn travelers.

He may justly be regarded as the father of the Order in the States of Ohio and Michigan, where it was established by him, and he has not ceased to feel a warm interest in its progress in those flourishing jurisdictions. Perhaps there are not a dozen Odd-Fellows in the Union who outrank Bro. AtLee, and we are sure there are not many who cherish a more lively regard for the Institution than he, or who have performed more zealous and faithful services in its behalf. The esteem in which he is held by the Order was evidenced by the reception, a year ago, of twenty-seven votes for the Office of Deputy Grand Sire, in the G. L. U. S. though only a visitor to that Body at the time, and not being a candidate. Four more votes would have secured his election. As a Representative to the G. L. U. S. from the G. Enc. of D. C., his influence was felt and appreciated by his associates in that R. W. Body, and we trust his voice will continue to be long heard in the councils of the Order.

THE WEATHER.—After quite a long continuance of fine weather, cold has come upon us, seemingly in earnest. The balmy days of "Indian Summer"—and how unspeakably lovely they have been in their soft, hazy, golden beauty!—have gone by; they must be reckoned among the banished things of the Past! We wonder whether any of our readers have enjoyed them as much as we; whether they have "stolen a march" on Time and daily tasks, and sallied forth, were it but for a few hours, to look upon the sweet face of Nature, and thank God for the beauty with which he has so richly dowered this fair earth, and the overarching heavens? Those who have thus roamed through the romantic, picturesque environs of our city, (and surely no city in the world, unless it be, perhaps, Constantinople, can boast of environs of such varied enchantment,) the wooded hights of Weehawken, the magnificent scenery of Staten Island, the beautiful country round Brooklyn, about Harlem, and along the banks of the blue and sail-gemmed Hudson, enjoying the peculiar charm, so softened, and yet so brilliant, imparted to the landscape by an October sun, can doubtless comprehend and sympathize in the regret with which we chronicle the approach of that most unwelcome gray-beard, Winter. Why is it that, while everybody loves summer better than winter, we cannot manage to lengthen the one and shorten the other? But things are sadly "at loose ends" in the world; and verily it seems to us that the winters are lengthening and the summers growing shorter.

At all events, we must take up the exquisite lament of Ingeborg, in Frithioff's Saga, and say mournfully, "Summer is gone!" for this year of grace, 1847. The leaves are whirling about in little rustling vortices, and sharp gusts from the north sweep after us, stinging our elbows and ankles as we turn the corner of vacant lots; our noses are looking blue, and the buttons on our coats are making acquaintance with the button-holes, while our hands involuntarily dive into the shelter of our pockets!

As the fine season passes away, we instinctively turn to in-door comforts for consolation: visions of arm-chairs by the fireside, and the cosy delights of evening in a well-warmed parlor, while the wind whistles at every door and window without finding a cranny by which to enter, flock before our fancy: and as we remember the by-gone charms of summer, and of country life, we begin to realize the fact that the good things of life are pretty equally divided between town and country. But would it not be well, dear reader, could we manage to *unite* the pleasures of both? Could we blend the excitement of life, the varied relations and activities of the city, its manifold conveniences, and comforts, and intellectual incitements, with the fresh air, the fresh eggs, the ever fresh and spirit-freshening beauty, tranquillity, and delight, of life in the country? Just think of it; would it not be glorious? And why can't it be done? Can't somebody invent a way of doing it? And while this same "*somebody*" is "fixing" a patent way of effecting this delightful matrimony between the best things of life, now so incompatible, won't the same ingenious individual try his skill at inventing some way by which to cut off a good piece of our tormenting, flint-skinning winters, and tack it on to our too-soon-departing summers? We will give a hat, *warranted no worse than Horace Greeley's*, to whomsoever will set himself, *successfully*, to accomplish this double object of our heart's desire.

The Greek Slave.—As we were one morning leaving the room where this surpassingly beautiful statue is exhibited, our souls filled with reverence, and a deep yearning after the realization of the Ideal excited by its unspeakable loveliness our eyes yet retaining the impression of that matchless form, that divine face, the touching significance of that proud, sad, glorious head;—we overheard a very nicely-dressed young lady remark to an equally nicely-dressed young gentleman, as they also descended the stairs:

"The face looks very innocent, *but how unmeaning it is!*" in which profound criticism the nicely-dressed young gentleman was heard to concur! We could not help thinking of the remark, profoundedly true, (Mad. de Stael's, was it not?) "*il faut le genie pour comprendre le genie.*" All right, for, after all, this wonderful creation was not intended either for the dolts or the dandies of either sex, no matter how "nice" their wardrobe.

Winter Amusements.—The approach of cold weather is throwing the city upon its internal resources for diversion. We have Signor Blitz, Tom Thumb, Ice-creams, the Greek Slave, and Kellogg's exquisite picture, (the Circassian,) hardly less beautiful; and our grand new Broadway Theatre is blazing away in all the splendor of its interminable row of solar lamps; Madame Anna Bishop is singing at the Park, and the new Opera *troupe* are about to commence their scientific warblings. We shall be happy to notice the performances of this company from time to time, provided they send us "free-tickets" when the season begins; a hint which they would do well to follow, in order that our country friends, (and be it known to all whom it may concern, that the Golden Rule has a subscription list of over eleven thousand, and "a reading public" of some fifty thousand persons,) may learn what they may expect to find when they visit our city.

The King of Sardinia has determined to construct a railroad from Turin to Chambery. Mount Cenis will be pierced by a tunnel, and a machine has already been constructed, at a cost of 500,000 francs, for this immense undertaking. (*Democracie Pacifique.*) Go it! Kings in your palaces, decreeing great undertakings to be paid for out of the national pockets! railroad contractors making snug fortunes out of the toil of sinews, and the sweat of brows! and ye also, hard-handed brothers! "rising early and resting late," and working patiently beneath a sun to whose bright face ye can seldom find time to raise your eyes! you have each a mission to fulfil and you are fulfilling it, though perchance unconsciously. Yes, go on girdling the earth with belts of inter-communication, bridging chasms and rivers, and covering it with telegraphic wires to bring the four quarters of the world together, annihilate space and time, and make our planet *one home* for a family of brothers! And in the moral world also let railroads, bridges, and telegraphs be constructed, that men may get to see and know each other, and thus their sympathies and their affections be drawn out toward all. If, as Carlyle has asserted, "*all war is misunderstanding*," the grand operations of our day, the aim of which is to effect the facilitation of travel, and of intercourse, must have a powerful effect in bringing in the better day, when all the nations of the earth shall be bound into one great family by the flowery chain of Peace.

Lotteries have been recently suppressed in the Prussian dominions by a royal decree, and the sale of foreign tickets prohibited under severe penalties.

Frederic Soulie.—This distinguished poet and novelist died on the 23d of September, after a long and painful sickness. Endowed with high intelligence, and a noble and devoted soul, Soulie has left a memory that will not soon fade from the hearts of his countrymen. We translate the following account of his last moments, from a letter in the Courrier des Etats Unis, of the 20th inst.

"Surrounded by devoted and affectionate friends, you cannot imagine a more beautiful serenity than that which beamed in the face of him who was leaving us. Before withdrawing from us, he wish to leave, to each of us, a remembrance: to one he gave his portrait, to another his watch, to a third his snuff-box. * * *

"In the hour of death, our admirable friend seemed to be transfigured; his thought seemed to soar, his speech became the immortal language of poesy. He spoke, and spoke only in verse. He addressed verses to all who surrounded him; to his two physicians, to his friends who were present, to the absent artists who had shared in his successes. We listened, we bent down our ears; unhappily the hiccough interrupted his words, and sometimes prevented us from seizing them completely. I took a pen for a moment and wrote under his dictation. I had been his secretary for nearly fifteen years. God blessed me by granting me this privilege in his last moments.

"I will not give you his verses. Beraud has treasured them, and he will read them to all upon his grave. * * *

"He sent the most touching adieus to his friends, and especially to his mother. A few moments more, and his eyes were veiled, without having been detached from those who stood around him."

He died while dictating his poem, leaving the last line unfinished. He was 47 years of age.

A great concourse of admiring friends attended his remains to the grave, and eloquent discourses were pronounced on the occasion by MM. Victor Hugo, Taylor, Buloz, and Antony Beraud.

Curious Contrasts in Morals—We learn that Prince Albert Frederick Henry, brother to the King of Prussia, has applied for a divorce from his wife, one of the daughters of the King of Holland. The prince and princess have lived apart for five years, scrupulously careful never to be in the same city at the same time.

Meantime the Portafoglio Maltese, in its correspondence from Alexandria, relates the following: "All the women in one of the finest harems of this city, have been found unfaithful to their master, an old man of eighty years of age, and paralytic, cheated by his eunuchs. Imagine the scandal, especially in the European colony, the fair frail ones being all well known to all the European ladies of *bon ton*. But the Pacha has interfered, and has given another proof of the elevation of his views; and instead of resorting to the sabre and the bow-string, he has banished the eunuchs (after inflicting corporeal punishment upon them) to Sennar, and caused the guilty ladies to be transported to Caramania and Upper Egypt. Those who comprehend the force of oriental jealousy, which is always carried to fury, can alone appreciate the elevation, greatness, and magnanimity of the Viceroy's conduct in this matter. Some people here suppose that the *odalisques* have been banished to the other world, and that they will be massacred on the road; but this is a gratuitous calumny, and Mehemet-Ali is incapable of such barbarity."

It is curious indeed, on casting our eyes over the world, to see what a "peck o' trouble" so many of our neighbors are in, in the matter of their love affairs; and it is still more curious to see how differently they manage in different parts of the world. In Egypt, for example, the hight of moral purity and dignity consists, for the men, in marrying and shutting up in a harem four wives, who must be daughters of respectable families; after which, they purchase, and shut up in the same harem, as many more women as they can conveniently maintain;—while morality and respectability enjoin upon all women as their first and highest duty, to veil their faces, and preserve intact allegiance to their husband-owner. And public opinion, "respectability," the lawyers, the *muftis* (priests,) and the police are of one accord in upholding and enforcing arrangements deemed so essential to morality in Egypt.

In Europe, religion and morality prescribe a different course; one man and one woman being bound together by the marriage-tie, no matter how alien their hearts and how opposite their inclinations, must at any cost, still continue together. After the long delays, the publicity, the expense, of a complicated legal process, some few of these unwilling couples succeed in slipping off the yoke; but unless successful in this attempt, public opinion, "respectability," the police, the lawyers, and the priests, are still of one accord in upholding and enforcing these arrangements of morality in Europe.

In Egypt, the harem-owner, when his jealousy is roused, cuts off the heads of his disgraced favorites, or sews them up in sacks and throws them into some river. In civilized countries, things are managed after a somewhat different fashion; but the result is not, after all, so very dissimilar. In both cases, and indeed in most of the

matrimonial troubles of our time, it strikes us that the root of the difficulty lies in the fact that *man makes the laws for woman.*

Now, as men have tried so long, and so unsuccessfully, to get their marital affairs into order, what if they should give the women a chance to try their hand in arranging these knotty relations? We are not sure that they would entirely succeed; but, at least, they could hardly make a worse failure than their brethren.

MADEMOISELLE DE LUZY.—This lady has been imprisoned with a view to ascertain what share she may have had in bringing about the late catastrophe. The unenviable publicity which she has acquired, so far from having brought her into disgrace, seems to have raised her quite high in public favor; so true is it that, in France, and above all, in Paris, *notoriety*, no matter of what sort, for good or for evil, is the surest passport to the good graces of the public. A considerable sum has been offered to her to induce her to consent to the publication of her correspondence with the deceased Duke. Every particular concerning her previous life and history is eagerly sought after, and it is stated that two gentlemen, attracted by the publicity to which she has attained, have already offered themselves to her in marriage! If therefore, any of our fair friends, slighted by Hymen, are desirous to find a short cut to matrimony, we would advise them by all means to repair to Paris, and contrive to get themselves implicated in the *denouement* of the next chapter of horrors enacted in that mercurial city; apparently they would find this a certain path to the object of their wishes.

LOLA MONTES.—This danseuse, whose elevation to the rank of Countess by the King of Bavaria has given so much offense to the *old nobility*, continues to be very coldly received in her new sphere. It appears that the Bavarian journals neglected, as long as they could, to announce her elevation, and the haughty nobles, whom etiquette would have compelled to make advances to the *parvenue*, profited by this omission, and *ignored* the event; the new Countess, impatient to be admitted within the charmed circle to which she has attained, having left her cards, "Maria, Countess of Landsfeld," at several of their houses, had the mortification of having them sent back to her with these words written on the back—"*We know of no such Countess.*"

But the official announcement of the dancer's good fortune, being made at last, the proud lords and ladies will have to receive her into their ranks; and, for our part, in spite of pedigrees, we cannot see why *dancing* should not be as well rewarded as the more aristocratic employment of *doing nothing*.

PRINCE LUCIEN BUONAPARTE BANISHED FROM VENICE.—It is stated in the Gazette d'Augsburg, that Prince Lucien Buonaparte has been obliged to quit the city, because he had expressed himself too freely upon the recent events in Italy. Speaking of the learned men, he had said: "*Tutti questi dotti Italieni sono dei pazzi,*" (all these learned Italians are fools,) upon which a Venetian wittily answered, "*Non tutti, eccellenza, ma buona parte,* (not all, your excellency, but good part of them,) a very happy pun upon the prince's name, *buona parte* being the original name of Bonaparte, but changed by him to render it more French, and signifying in Italian *a good part of them.*

CULTIVATION OF RICE IN FRANCE.—The rice plantations recently established in the delta of the Rhone, have yielded a return vastly superior to the most sanguine hopes of the cultivators. A farmer on the left bank of the river, has harvested a return of 70 to 1; and though the tract which has yielded this enormous crop is of small extent, and had been previously prepared and manured with care, a result so eminently successful, will naturally stimulate others to a similar attempt; especially, as on other farms, where no particular care has been bestowed upon this new crop, a return of 25 to 1 is the lowest obtained; and this in spite of an unusually long and severe winter, and of a north-wind that blew from the end of July to the early part of September. With ordinarily good weather, a far better return may be expected, and there seems to be no doubt that France will be able to produce with ease a great abundance of rice annually.

LONG ISLAND RAILROAD.—We are glad to observe that the business of this excellent road is rapidly increasing. The receipts of the first three weeks of the present month exceed those of the corresponding period of last year sixty per cent. The road is 96 miles in length, and the fare is lower than on any other road in this country, being only two dollars for the whole distance; while the fare from Albany to Utica, and from New York to Philadelphia, about the same distance, is respectively $3,50 and $4. The management of this road is in good hands, and it is deserving the warmest support of the public.

THE FAIR.—The Twentieth Annual Fair of the American Institute was brought to a close on Saturday evening last, having been open three weeks. It was visited by many thousands of people—and the exhibition of the numerous articles of domestic manufacture in the various branches of American Industry and Invention, gave universal satisfaction. We should be pleased to enumerate many of the beautiful specimens of the fruits of our domestic industry; but the limits of our paper will not permit.

INTERESTING RELIC OF ANTIQUITY.—The superintendent of the Royal Library in Berlin, has just discovered among some old parchments purchased in Spain, and presented to the library by M. Heine, (a doctor of theology,) a fragment of the lost books of Livy. The Academy of Sciences in Berlin, to whom they have been submitted, has decided that these fragments date back as high as the first century of the Christian era; that is to say, the century in which Livy lived. These fragments are now in process of stereotyping under the auspices of the academy.

THE CHOLERA is gradually advancing on its old route. The last European advices inform us that it has again reached the confines of Europe, and considerable anxiety is felt by the citizens of Warsaw and Moscow at its near approach.

QUERY.—How much writing-paper is commonly used in making a bed? A couple of sheets.

Notices of New Publications.

THE UNION MAGAZINE. Israel Post, 140 Nassau-st.

We are glad to see, lying upon our table, the November number of the new Magazine, the "Union," edited by Mrs. Kirkland. It certainly cannot be surpassed by any of its competitors, either in regard to literary, pictorial, or typographical merit; and although it has been established only five months, may now be fairly considered at the head of the class of journals to which it belongs. One of the most striking features of the Union is the *true taste* which distinguishes it at all points; extending to its most minute and apparently unimportant arrangements. The editorial conduct, not less than the editorial matter, is graceful and judicious. Mrs. K. furnishes several papers for the present number, and has, as associates, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Jane E. Campbell, W Oland Bourne and several others of note. Mr. Caleb Lyon gives us a transcript, in the original type, of a genuine Chinese Ode, with a translation—and this is but one of numerous spicy things in this number. The embellishments are *seven*, and all of them expensive, as any one who knows any thing of engravings can judge for himself. The Union *must* succeed—or there is no such thing as success.

CAMPAIGN SKETCHES OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO. By Capt. W. S. Henry, U. S. Army. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. Part I.

This is an exceedingly interesting work, and is the record of personal observation and adventure, as well as a faithful description of the marches and battles of our armies in Mexico. The writer begins with the "Army of Observation," and follows it through Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Matamoros, and the various camps on the way to Monterey. We have read this first part through, and wait impatiently for the second. It is beautifully printed on fine paper, and is a blessing to the eyes. It will be one of the most popular works of the season.

LOCKE AMSDEN, or the Schoolmaster: A Tale. By the Author of "May Martin," the "Green Mountain Boys," &c. 12 mo. pp. 231. Boston: B. B. Mussey.

This is a good book, interesting and profitable. As proof of it, we offer the fact that we have read it through from first to last, which is not done in one case in a hundred in noticing books of mere fiction. This tale, however, is not mere fiction; but the history of actual experience, as the life of many a Schoolmaster can witness. The object of the author is a noble one, and he has executed his work in a manner most honorable to his heart, and creditable to his talents as a writer. All teachers, and friends of popular education, should read this book for their own good, and to encourage the author in his effort to elevate our public schools, and place the teacher in the high social position to which he is entitled. And all young ladies who wish to be worth loving, will find it to their profit to read it, and then follow in the steps of the beautiful and noble Mary Maverick.

THE UNIVERSALIST REGISTER AND ALMANAC. 1848.

A copy of this work, containing the statistics of the denomination for whose use it is prepared, has been sent us by Bulkley & Co. 140 Fulton-st. The following summary shows the present condition of this Denomination:

United States and Territories. One General Convention; one Historical Society, with a valuable Library; 18 State Conventions (beside 4 State Sunday School Associations, 2 State Missionary Associations, and one State Relief Fund;) 80 Ecclesiastical Associations (beside 2 Local Sunday School Associations, 3 Local Missionary Associations, and 3 Tract Associations;) 25 periodicals, including Annuals; 9 Schools and Academies; 1098 Societies; 709 Meeting Houses, and 707 Preachers. Of these, and beside these, there are reported 153 organized Churches, 167 Sunday Schools, 25 new Meeting Houses, 45 new Preachers, 27 new Societies, and 17 books published since the last issue.

☞ "THE WAYSIDE CROSS, or the Raid of Gomez, a Tale of the Carlist War," is the title of the last number of Harpers' Library of Select Novels. It is by Capt. E. A. Millman, of the 33d Regiment and is very interesting.

CHRISTOPHER TADPOLE. By Albert Smith. With Illustrations by John Leech. Part I. Burgess, Stringer & Co. Broadway.

This is one of the richest and most amusing books we have looked into for a long time. The "Struggles and Adventures" of Christopher are well calculated to take the wrinkles out of the brow of care. Albert Smith is one of the comic writers for "Punch," and what he does in his line is well done. The illustrations are numerous and capital, and beautifully engraved on wood by J. W. Orr, of this city, an artist of excellent merit in his profession. There is to be another Part—each at 25 cents.

Dramatical.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—Col. MANN has proved himself an energetic, and capable manager, during the brief space he has as yet, held the managerial sceptre in his splendid new establishment. But his last stroke of policy is the cap-stone of his success. He has the merit of having produced in this city, the first perfect Ballet ever represented in this country. Not only are the principal dancers in this gorgeous affair complete in all the qualifications of accomplished artists, but the coryphees, led by the promising young native *dansuses*, M'lles Celeste and St Clair, are also well drilled and disciplined, under the direction of M. Bartholomin, and the general effect of the whole piece is thus rendered complete. The scenery, too, by the artist of the theatre, J. R. Smith and his assistants, is magnificent and appropriate. The costumes beautiful and in exceeding good taste; and the musical department, under St. Luke, the leader, is equally worthy of commendation. The public flock in crowds to witness the novelty of a ballet, presented in a style, that would not discredit some of the leading theatres of Europe, and Col. Mann is reaping a rich harvest for his good taste and liberality.

The dancing of M. and Mde. Adele Monplaisir, is really beyond the ordinary terms of stereotyped praise we are accustomed to bestow on artists. It is truly original in its style; brilliant to a degree we are not accustomed to, and graceful in a way that is peculiarly striking and picturesque. It is not of the cold classic school, but is characterised by an *abandon*, and a fire, that defies critical strictures. M. Corby, the comic dancer, is also an amusing and exceedingly finished artist; and M'lle Anna Bulan, is a very superior *seconde*. M. Bartholomin, the Director of the company, possesses a true knowledge of his art—his pantomime is exceedingly impressive. We look for a series of these ballet d'action from him, of even a superior cast to D'Almee. The manager need not fear exhausting the interest of the public for this species of fascinating amusement.

The stock company appear to much advantage, in the well selected pieces which are given nightly, with the ballet.

A new piece, entitled "The Country Squire," has been eminently successful. The piece itself is a spirited affair, and the excellent acting of H. Wallack, Lester, and Mrs. Winstanley, has established it as a permanent favorite.

THE ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING.

Copies of this beautiful Gift Book can now be obtained at this Office, bound in the various *colors* of the Order—Price Two Dollars.

NEW ENGLAND AGENCY.—Bro. AARON PIERSON will visit all the brothers in the State of Connecticut, to supply the "Offering," and receive subscriptions to the GOLDEN RULE.

Bro. JAS. H. WHITNEY will visit the brotherhood in Rhode Island, and part of Massachusetts, for the same purpose.

NEW JERSEY.—Bro. CLARK HUTCHINSON will visit the brothers in New Jersey, and receive subscriptions for the GOLDEN RULE, for which he is an authorized Agent.

MICHIGAN.—ROBERT B. MORSE, Esq. is our General Agent for the State of Michigan. A relative of the Publisher, though we believe not yet an Odd-Fellow, we hope the brethren will give him a cordial reception.

Bro. JOHN B. MORGAN is an authorized Agent for the GOLDEN RULE. He is visiting the brethren in Buffalo, and the westernmost counties of this State.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 24, in Brooklyn, by Rev. Bro. T. B. Thayer, Mr. JACOB G. DAY, and Mrs. REBECCA A. DEERE, all of Brooklyn.

Oct. 7, in Brockport, by Rev. Mr. Chipman, of Le Roy, Bro. CHARLES JACKSON, of Owahgena Lodge, Casenovia, N. Y. and Miss MARY A. SEVERANCE, of Brockport.

Oct. 19, in Casenovia, N. Y. by Rev. E. J. Jillett, Bro. G. W. CARPENTER, N.G. of Owahgena Lodge No. 223, and Miss CATHERINE A. only daughter of Martin Spear, Esq. all of Casenovia.

DEATHS.

Oct. 13, in Fredonia, N. Y. SAMUEL FREDERICK, only son of Hon. Francis H. and Mrs. Mary (Adams) Ruggles, aged 7 years.

Sept. 11, in Utica, N. Y. WILLIAM ALFRED, son of Bro. Wm. England, aged 5 years and 10 months.

Just Published

THE ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING FOR 1848.

THIS beautiful Volume is now ready, and is acknowledged by all who have seen it, to be much superior to any of its predecessors. It is edited by JAS. L. RIDGELY, G.S. of the U. S. G. L. and P.G. PASCHAL DONALDSON, and is illustrated with 12 beautiful Engravings. The paper, print, and elegant classic binding is of the first quality. The publisher assures the Fraternity that he has spared neither pains or expense to produce a suitable Book, worthy of presentation to their sweethearts, wives and daughters. Price $2.

☞ Brothers wishing to circulate the above beautiful Volume in their Lodge or neighborhood, will please address a line to the Publisher.

s25:tf EDWARD WALKER, 114 Fulton-st. N. Y.

CHURCH, LODGE AND PARLOR ORGAN MANUFACTORY.

GEORGE JARDINE, Manufacturer of Church, Lodge and Parlor Organs. Since the distruction by fire of his former place of business, he has re-opened his Manufactory at 548 Pearl-st. near to, and opposite the City Hospital in Broadway, where he is prepared to execute Orders. The patronage of the Order, and especially the Board of Managers of the New Hall, is respectfully solicited. Finger Organs with Barrel Attachments, made expressly for Lodge Rooms. jy31

CARPETING FOR LODGE ROOMS.

ALDRICH BARSTOW & Co. 440 Pearl-st. N. Y. are now manufacturing a style of Carpeting peculiarly adapted for the use of Lodge-rooms, to which they would invite the especial attention of those of the Order purchasing Carpets. Also, a great varietyof Carpeting, Floor Oil Cloths, &c for general use. au21:13t*

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER,

NO. 99 Madison street, NEW YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New Work.

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NEW-YORK, has on hand at all times Camp, P. G. and Scarlet Member's dress Regalia, cheap. Lodges and Encampments furnished, at short notice and first rate style. Stars, Fringes, Gold and Silver Laces, at Importers' prices.

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CONTINUES the Manufacture of Regalia of every description. Lodges and Encampments furnished at short notice. Orders from city or country thankfully received, and no pains spared to give satisfaction. Stars, Tassels, &c. for sale. je26:tf

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TENTS, Crooks, Cushions, Emblems, Costumes, and every other accoutrement for the Work of the Order supplied at the shortest notice and in the best possible manner, by JOHN G. TAYLOR, Costumer, 58 Prince-st. N. Y.

☞ Letters immediately attended to. jan2:tf

LODGE JEWELS.—E. AYRES,

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Jan2:tf E. VAN SCHAACK, 385 Broadway, Albany. N. Y.

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ODD-FELLOWS DEPOT AT PHILADELPHIA.

CURTIS & NORCROSS. Odd-Fellows Hall, North Sixth-st., below Race, Philadelphia. THE GOLDEN RULE, and other publications, together with all kinds of Books, Regalia, and all necessary articles used in furnishing Lodges and Encampments. Also on hand, a general assortment of miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Varieties, &c.

F. W. & W. F. GILLEY, 430 Grand-street,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRY GOODS MERCHANTS. Material for REGALIA and DRAPERY, the best assortment in the U. States. f27

COLLECTIONS, &c. IN ILLINOIS.

CHARLES GILMAN, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Quincy, Illinois, will give particular attention to the collection of all claims entrusted to him, as well as to the payment of Taxes for non-residents, investigation of Titles, &c. Satisfactory references given, when desired. au7

FALL STYLE OF HATS.

GENIN, 214 Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church, is now prepared to furnish his customers with the new style of HAT with an improved lining. The subscriber feels warranted in declaring his establishment able to meet any and every demand of the *beau monde*, the economist and of those who prefer to follow their own tastes instead of complying with the dictates of fashion. [s4:tf] GENIN, 214 Broadway.

CHEAPEST CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE U. STATES.

HIRAM ANDERSON, No. 99 Bowery, has just received 20 bales of English Three Ply Double Super and Fine Ingrain Carpeting, imported expressly for city trade, and will be sold 25 per ct. less than any other warehouse. Also, just received,

10,000 yards Ingrain Carpeting, 2s. 6d. per yard.
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WAGER AIR TIGHT COOKING STOVES.

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The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of August, 1847, (27 months) 4160 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a nett capital of over $350,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No, 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

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STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, August 3d, 1847.—To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York: Sir, Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE—A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICTS—One Senator for the THIRD Senate District, consisting of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth wards of the city of New York; One Senator for the FOURTH Senate District, consisting of the Seventh, Tenth, Thirteenth and Seventeenth wards of the said city; One Senator for the FIFTH Senate District, consisting of the Eighth, Ninth and Fourteenth wards of the said city; and One Senator for the SIXTH Senate District, consisting of the Eleventh, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth wards of the said city.

COUNTY—Also the following officers for the said city and county, to wit: Sixteen members of Assembly, One to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully, N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFCE, NEW YORK, August 5th, 1847.—The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided. J. J. V. WESTERVELT, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Rev. Stat. vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 3d, part 1st, page 140.

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Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER. NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON. TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

VOL. VII....No. 19. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1847. WHOLE No 175.

Original Tales.

RICHARD, THE WOLF KILLER.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

——"'Tis an ow'er true tale."

"EIGHT days afterward, on Saturday, the 12th of August, 1787, there was a holiday at the farm; for that morning, at 10 o'clock, had been celebrated, in the Parochial Church of Jossigny, in the presence of a numerous and select assembly, the marriage of Mr. Henry W——, the son of the civil judge of the king's court, with Theresa, the daughter of Mr. Emery, the farmer. The ceremony was plain and impressive; both young, handsome, and fondly loving each other, they formed one of those couples that are seldom met with except in villages. Miss Theresa was so pretty in her wedding dress, that when, at the foot of the altar, she knelt to receive the blessing of our venerable Pastor, she looked so handsome and interesting that I almost forgave Richard for his jealousy. I must own, however, that since the adventure of the wolf of Mormant, he was no longer the same man; too artful not to understand that his impotent rage would lead to nothing if he quarreled with his rival, he had hardly uttered his insolent menace, before he repented it, and felt the necessity of regaining his lost ground in the opinion of Mr. Henry. With any other than this excellent young man, it would have been difficult; but a few words, attributing to the ill-humor of the moment any harsh expressions that he had used, were sufficient to place him again upon the usual footing; and that very evening, after supper, a new reconciliation was sealed by one of those Judas kisses that will always deceive an upright man.

"According to the wish expressed by Mr. Emery, in his former conversation with his nephew, that he should be groomsman, Richard was busily engaged in doing every thing that might show the generosity of a heart which sacrifices itself nobly; as chief manager of his cousin's wedding, he had directed all its preparations, had written all the invitations with his own hand, and sent them every where; he had spent the whole week in busy preparations; and on the solemn day, to see his eagerness, and the air of satisfaction spread on his face, he might have been taken for a brother who gives away a sister, rather than for a rival of the happy lover of his mistress.

"The wedding dinner was not spread in a narrow, confined room, but before the door of the farm-house, under the shade of two rows of old chesnut-trees, opposite to ten barrels of wine broached for the numerous guests; and after having somewhat allayed their appetite, they gave themselves up to that innocent merriment which flows from the heart; the jokes, the laugh were loud, but decent, and would have been prolonged to a late hour, if old Bandro, the best fiddler of the province, had not given the signal for dancing.

"The bride opened the ball with Richard, under a vast tent, illuminated with colored lamps, and pitched upon the greensward at the end of the meadow.

"Mr. Emery, who, on that day, seemed to have recovered the ardor of his youth, was the most intrepid dancer, and every one was so much engaged, either with his own pleasure, or that of others, that eleven o'clock struck at the next village before any one thought of retiring.

"As for me, I do not know what motive made me go back to the house; but just as I was going slowly up stairs, listening to the distant sounds of the music, and contrasting that noisy joy with the silence of the farm, I was not a little surprised on seeing, through the window, the figure of a man, with his back turned to me, who, as far as I could judge, was loading a gun. My first impulse was fear, but soon recovering from a foolish feeling, I pushed open the door and went in without any precaution. On seeing me, Richard, for it was himself, seemed less embarrassed than I was.

"'Our lovers forget themselves in dancing,' said he, coolly placing his carbine in a row of shot-guns that stood along the wall; 'every thing, however, is in readiness to give them an evening salute, on the retiring of the bride, and here is, thanks to my care, a chiming of organ pipes that will be worth all the cracked bells of our village.'

"I did not answer; I knew it was the custom to crown every remarkable village or country wedding, with a salute or two of fire-arms, and I went up without thinking any more about it. In a few minutes, however, hearing several voices, I came down again and went across the room. This time Richard was not

* Concluded from page 276.

alone; he was surrounded with a dozen young men, apparently intoxicated, to whom he gave his instructions very coolly.

"'Attention boys!' said he, as if he mistrusted their power of action; 'for fear of accidents, let us proceed to the distribution of arms. You, Bastien, No. 1; thou, Simon, No. 2; that's the one next,' and he thus counted to fourteen, arranging the guns in order according to their number, and setting apart the two last, as being his uncle's and his own, that remained in their places. 'Above all, my lads, no hurry, no mistake. I need not tell you, that, in that farther corner, there is a carbine loaded with a bullet. You recollect that it is Henry's arms, and that the slug in it is the same that killed the wolf of Mormant, and it would be a great pity to lodge in a dead wall that piece of lead cast for a nobler purpose.'

"As he had just done speaking, Mr. Emery, who could not have heard him, came in breathless, and I remarked with sorrow, that, for the first time in his life, the old man had, in his joy, been enticed by example, and had drank more than his wont. 'Cannoneers, to your pieces,' cried he, going up a few steps toward a room on the ground floor, the window of which had been lighted suddenly. 'Here are our two young people that have come in secretly. Let us give them a platoon fire to wish them a last good night.'

"At these words, which he had no need to repeat, each rushed upon his gun, as if the post had been attacked by the enemy. It was done very disorderly; and as the light, which, probably, did not suit somebody, went out that moment, leaving every one in complete darkness, Mr. Emery, the last of them, felt for his piece, and found it by chance. I was there, sir, at that window, looking eagerly toward that of the young couple, opposite to which I could see in the shade, each of the shooters getting in his place, in the room, I could plainly see Mr. Henry standing, looking in admiration at his wife, who was taking off, one by one, the virgin flowers which adorned her brow, and I was anticipating gaily the fright they would receive at the sudden explosion; when, at once, on the word of command of Richard, the noise of shivered glass and a cry of indefinable horrid pain, shocked and palsied my senses. Henry had just been killed, sir! by a bullet in the middle of the breast, and by whom? —No, you never could guess at the horrible craft of the murderer! By this poor Mr. Emery, in the hands of whom, upon examination, was found the arms of the victim! Oh what a misfortune! what a dreadful murder! what a dastard deed! what a complication of crimes!

"It is a very hard task sometimes to administer justice. There was an old man morally innocent—everybody present affirms and believes it; he himself swears that he had shot upward, and not horizontally in the direction of the window, and yet, as a judge, what could you have thought? how to reconcile your moral conviction with positive proofs, and evident, material facts?

"'Was there in the house, a gun loaded with a bullet?'

"'Yes.'

"'Did not that gun belong to Henry W——? Did not Mr. Emery take and shoot that instead of his own?'

"'Yes.'

"'Therefore, Mr. Emery either purposely, or otherwise, was evidently the guilty man.'

"Another presumption no less weighty, was the result of the inspection of the body; the ball, after having gone through the breast, had lodged in the back-bone, and many witnesses declared, that it was the identical bullet that Claud Babeuf had taken from the wolf, and with which, with the superstition of a hunter, Henry had reloaded his gun.

"Thus perished, miserably, the victim of a treacherous murderer, and the blackest combination of atrocity that the human brain had ever plotted, Henry W——, in the flower of his age, a young man of the noblest hopes; thus terminated the first day of that union, so full of happy prospects; a night of death, which converted the white garment of the bride, into a robe of long mourning, and which was soon to count another victim in the person of the unfortunate father of Theresa, whom despair led to the grave, the day before a decree of the parliament of Paris declared him guilty of involuntary homicide on the person of Henry W——, and condemned him to fine of 500 fr.

"Left a widow and an orphan, struck in the dearest affections of life, we feared for a long time that Theresa could not resist those dreadful shocks; but under that frail and delicate form existed a soul of iron, which I was far from suspecting. She struggled against adversity; and with admirable courage, faced every difficulty; in the management of the farm and the interior of the household. Such, in fact, was her powerful energy, that Mr. Emery's death brought no visible change in the administration of the property; the laborers were not suspended for one single day; and three months after these sad events, the farm, going on as usual, and, under her direction, continued to be accounted as the best in Brie. Herself alone, poor woman! she could not keep from the influence of such misfortunes; it was engraved on her features in traces deep and unalterable. No longer did her cheeks display the rosy hue of health; those eyes so full of sweetness were sunk; her face became pale and meagre, her looks became harsh and gloomy as in one who suffers inwardly; and, surprising! she was still handsome; but her beauty had changed in expression; she had lost the appearance of extreme youth, but it was changed into a more matronly air; and had you surprised her in her long moments of meditation, when she brought all the past before her eyes, silent and immovable for hours, you would have thought her one of those fine old statues, that you admire, although their strange aspect saddens you.

"One year passed thus, without her ever speaking to me of the past or relieving her heart by pouring out in my faithful bosom that grief which absorbed her whole soul. Concentrating in her heart all her dreadful recollections, she accused nome, or complained of no one; not one word that could recall the horrible catastrophes; one might have thought that she had forgotten its victims, if an object with which she never parted, had not told me of the contrary; it was the fatal bullet, which after having saved her life, had caused her lover's death,—a precious and bloody token, that she wore night and day, and that I saw her more than once, bathe in secret with her tears.

"One day, on the eve of the anniversary of the fatal day that I dreaded for her, to my great surprise she looked less sad than usual. A certain expression in her physiognomy struck me; it was not precisely joy, and yet the slight animation of her features and eyes, almost resembled it. As I was looking at her with astonishment, without daring to question her, but seemingly imploring a deserved confidence:

"'My good Margaret,' said she, showing me a crumpled paper that she held in her hand, 'I am going to tell you news that will astonish you; to-morrow I marry again, and I marry my cousin Richard.'

"I looked at her, and thought her insane. It was the first time since the death of Henry that the name had been pronounced at the farm.

"'Yes,' said she, 'my most ardent wishes are accomplished. Here is a letter from him; he grants me all I ask, a marriage prompt, and without ceremony; here, at this place, on the same night that I became a widow. I have waited a long time; but at last, thank God! I have succeeded; to-morrow I shall be Richard's: to-morrow Richard shall be mine!'

"I was so stupified, that I could not answer, but I saw in her looks and voice that something strange was preparing, and I wept in silence.

"'Why those tears?' said she; 'understand my joy, my happiness better, and thank Heaven that my prayers have been heard; I wanted that man to be happy; to-morrow shall be the happiest day of my life!'

"The next day, 12th of August, 1788, Richard, whom I had not seen for a year, came to the farm very early. The first moment was difficult; therefore, when he came through the door, in vain did he compose his face, to affect an easy and tranquil manner; I remarked his secret embarrassment; he looked as if he mistrusted his cousin, and his absent look left him only when the notary came, contract in hand, to communicate to him the clauses and conditions of the marriage. He listened to the reading with scrupulous attention, and as the young widow not only mentioned her own portion, but all the fortune which she had from her father's succession; this circumstance inter-

ested him the more as a special article insured the whole to the surviving party.

"It was at midnight, in the lonely chapel of the parsonage. that was accomplished, in the presence of a few indispensable witnesses, the saddest sacrifice that eyes could behold. In the dark, by torch-light, as if it had dreaded the light of the sun, a true work of darkness, a frightful and terrible contract, cemented by hell! was consummated in the face of the God of eternal justice. The fatal 'Yes' was no sooner pronounced, than from the manner of Theresa in saying it, Richard repented and felt afraid; but it was too late to repent; therefore, striving to dispel any sinister impressions, he thought only of his love, and of the certainty of possessing, together with his mistress, that brilliant situation which he had obtained at last, through so many obstacles.

"Everybody was in bed when we went back to the farm; we got in stealthily and in silence; less like the masters of the house, than like robbers who fear to be seen: and although at that moment Theresa endeavored to reassure Richard on the score of being obliged from reasons of decency to keep their union as mysterious as possible, I could not help shuddering when I found myself alone with them in the nuptial chamber. It was the same where, on such a day and hour, had been murdered the most amiable and virtuous of men; nothing had been changed since that disastrous and fatal night; the same furniture, the glass before which the bride had undressed, a marble table that Henry had overturned as he fell; even to the narrow interior iron grating that death had not respected.

"At the bottom of the room was a back door that led by a winding staircase, to a kind of upper gallery, ten or twelve feet above the floor. It was a communication built by Mr. Emery when he occupied that ground floor, to go up to his daughter's room, which was above. Theresa had hardly arrived, when she went to that door, and took away the key, under pretence of going up stairs to undress for the night; then desiring me to go before to light her, she double-locked it and bolted it after her.

"'But what are you doing?' said I, with rather a discontented air, for I thought her too much composed; 'do you not see that you are shutting up Richard?'

"'Richard! say rather the infamous murderer of Henry!' cried she, and seizing a carbine concealed at the foot of the little stair-case, she went up rapidly before I could stop her, to the gallery.

"Then was I made aware of the most awful design. Below, in the room, was Richard, pale, haggard, understanding but too well the dreadful vengeance that hung over him. Above, over his head, appeared Theresa, threatening and terrible, brandishing in her hand the carbine that she held, and handsomer than ever, with emotion and rage.

"'Richard Schwartz,' said she, in a firm tone, 'dost thou see near the window that large stain of blood which yet covers the wall? That is the blood of my lover, treacherously murdered by thee, on this spot, at such an hour, and such a night, one year ago! Now if thou hast a soul, think of it, for as sure as thou hast committed the crime, thou art going to answer it before God!'

"By her voice, by her accent, Richard saw that he was a lost man; he cast a rapid glance around him, as if to look for means of escaping his foe; but there was no issue! The door was locked and bolted; strong iron bars defended the window. It was truly a prison. Exasperated, furious, raving, he resembled a tiger caught in a snare; he bounded from one end of the room to the other, vomiting horrid imprecations, howling in rage and despair, and with his bloodly nails was shaking the hinges of the door, when again resounded the voice of his unmerciful judge.

"'The gospel says,' 'whoever shall strike with the sword, shall die by the sword,' cried Theresa taking aim; 'to thee, then Richard the murderer! To thee the Talion law! It is the bullet which, by thy hands, struck to the heart Henry, my beloved!'

"She shot as I turned away my head, and at the same moment the sound of a heavy body falling upon the floor told me of the end of this long agony.

"In ten minutes more, everybody was up in the house; some lifting the body, others seaching for Theresa, whom I had been forced to accuse, to my great regret; not availing herself of the first moment of confusion, the unfortunate girl had disappeared, and we heard of her fate only two days afterwards. Her mind in a wild state of horror, she had thrown herself into the Marne, a little above Monterain, about two leagues from the farm: and her body, dreadfully mangled, had been found near the bridge of Lagny, entangled in the wheels of a mill, where the stream had carried her.

"Such is, Sir, the history of these wrecks of former times," added the poor woman; "such are the events that have left me alone in the world, without resources, without protection, desolate. After Theresa's death, an uncle of hers inherited all her fortune; but as if he thought that the curse of Heaven was on that house, he never would live in it; and by degrees it fell into a complete abandonment, and became what you now see it?"

It was late, but the sad tale had so engrossed my attention and feelings, that I could only show my sympathy to a woman that misfortune had made venerable by putting some money in her hand. I whistled to my dog and turned homeward.

Editorial Notes of Travel.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

NUMBER FOUR.

Oxford—The Bodleian Library—Illuminated Manuscripts—Colleges,

My Dear W.—Two and a half hours by the Great Western Railway, brought me from London to Oxford. This is usually spoken of as the railway *par excellence*. It is laid on the broad guage, the rails being 7 ft. 8 in. apart, while on those laid on the narrow guage, the rails are but 4 ft. 7 in. distant from each other. My experience, however, has proved the narrow guage to be preferable, the cars having less motion and going with more steadiness than on the wide guage.

Oxford should not be overlooked by the visitor to this country. It is hallowed by religious and literary associations, and its architectural beauties are such as to have given birth to the expression, that it is "a city of palaces." I put up at the Mitre Hotel, where I got the best mutton and chocolate, I had eaten or imbibed here or elsewhere. At Bath I also found similar entertainment. Gunsmen and Invalids usually gather good living about them, and it is proverbial almost, that the creature comforts are always highly appreciated by priests and convalescents. After an excellent breakfast, I purchased the services of a guide, for a shilling an hour, andsallied forth to make the most of the five hours I could only allow myself to filch from business, in order to devote to Oxford's objects of interest. One of the first of these, demanding attention, was the famous Bodleian Library. On entering I was shown a case of glass, like that on a fancy shopman's counter, filled with illuminated manuscripts, old and rare. There was an illuminated copy of the Koran, rich in blue and gold, and exhibiting the most delicately wrought tracery of vines and flowers, covering a page of eighteen by twelve inches, except a circular piece of writing in the center, of the size of a dollar, and one above and below it, each of half the size. Save this small amount of space devoted to the reading matter of the Koran, in delicate penmanship, the whole of each large page is covered with the illuminated figures and flowers. It formerly belonged to Tippoo Saib. There is also a Hebrew Bible, with notes at the bottom, fancifully formed into the shape of animals, and written so fine that the naked eye can scarcely distinguish the letters. Also an illuminated missal of Henry 8th, one page containing the writing, and the opposite covered with the illumination. It is said that these cannot be reproduced, the art being lost. Next was shown an Anglo-Saxon Bible, written in the tenth century. At the foot of each page are sketches of drawings, illustrating the matter above. There is a book of Enoch, written in the Ethiopian character, which was brought by Prince from Abyssinia. All these were on vellum, and many others in the same collection. I must mention a copy of the Book of Proverbs, written in French, by a lady, in Queen Elizabeth's time, in such perfect

character that it is difficult to distinguish them from the impressions made by the finest type.

Passing from this room to the next I confronted a window of stained glass, of Dutch make, and done in 1638. It is beautiful from the elegance and good taste of the coloring, which contrasts favorably with some of the more gaudy specimens to be seen elsewhere. Each light of glass contains a picture, in circular form, of about eight inches in diameter. One exhibited a grotesque illustration of the faith of the honest designer. It represents the Devil, with his tail curling behind, making off upon his long legs with a pitcher, part of the communion service of plate, in his hand, which act of sacrilege St. Dunstan espying, the saint catches his thievish satanship by the nose with a pair of tongs, which holds him securely, of course, until the worthy saint shall recover the sacred plate. Retracing my steps, and entering a hall, extending the entire length of one side of the quadrangle, formed by the building, I was shown the very lantern taken from Guy Fawkes, when about to blow up the Parliament House. It was a broken, black and villainous looking thing enough, to be capable of setting fire to any mine of destruction—in the right hands. This hall, as well as the succeeding side of the building, was hung with paintings. Turning the next angle was the fourth, like the first named, filled with books, thus coursing around the entire square. The paintings are, many of them, fine, and the productions of Kuiller, Wilkee, Rembrandt, and Vandyke. The library contains nearly 500,000 volumes, and is rapidly increasing, as by act of parliament, one copy of each work published in Great Britain is deposited in it.

I next visited the room used for a Divinity School, whose exercises are read before the Regius Prof. of Divinity, which was the place in which Charles 1st had assembled the house of Lords. Afterwards Cromwell used it as a stable, and destroyed the marble floor and the stained glass of the windows. It is said that these cannot be replaced as they were, because the art of staining glass, as it then existed, is lost. But whether or not the modern art is inferior, is a question with some. The roof is a gem of architectural art. It is most elaborately carved, rich in coats of arms, bosses, shields, &c., in an almost infinite variety, no figure being repeated, and is all of stone. This was built in the 15th century. The longer this roof is looked at the more its rich beauties grow upon the beholder.

But a few yards distant from this last, stands the Theatre where the prize essays are recited on commemoration day, at the close of the term. It was built by Christopher Wren, in Charles 2nd's time. The flat ceiling, 70 feet by 80 in diameter, and 50 feet above the floor, is sustained without a pillar or any perceptible support. It is said to be the largest span of roof in England, without support from below. On the floor above, underneath the low roof, is seen a complication of timbers, ingeniously arranged for the sustaining power, somewhat upon the plan of a suspension bridge. On the wall hangs a portrait of the great architect, by Kueller. From the "lantern," on the top of the building, is seen a view seldom equaled in its combination of beauty and interest. A forest of towers, domes, pinnacles and spires, sculptured and carved, thick with rich embellishments, rising from the bosom of a valley set with groves. Bordering these, and stretching away on every side, are wooded and verdant landscapes, their slopes rising in the distance into hills that seem to shut in these palaces dedicated to God, that a holy and refreshing quiet may prevail. It seems the earthly paradise for the book lover. Of the nineteen colleges and five halls, I could visit but a part. And of this portion I could fill sheets with description, but must omit all but a slight mention of a few striking objects connected with the New College, All Souls, and Christ Church.

The ceiling of New College Chapel is of a rich appearance, produced by fine tracery in composition of stone, by Wyatt. At the east end the whole surface of the wall is of beautiful sculpture, by Westmacott, representing the Resurrection, Ascension, &c. On the south side is a fine window of stained glass, Flemish, 300 years old. In a niche in the wall is preserved an old crozier of William of Mickham, Bishop of Winchester and founder of the College at Winchester. It is of silver is 6 feet 8 inches long, gothic shaped and richly gilt and enameled. On the west side of the ante chapel is a large window of stained glass, by Jarvis, from a design of Reynolds. In the center is a representation of the birth of our Saviour, from whom irradiates light that illumes all the cardinal virtues, represented in adjoining compartments of the window. All the figures are large. There is a chaste beauty and subdued charm about it, all in perfect taste. There are no gaudy colors, yet all is extremely rich. Adjoining this chapel are some fine old cloisters, more extensive than those of Westminster Abbey.

Proceeding next to All Soul's Chapel, we found the dining hall hung with paintings. A half-length portrait of Bishop Heber in robes—a handsome man, with brown hair and most pleasant expression of countenance. Also, an original portrait of Jeremy Taylor, and one of Young, the author of Night Thoughts.

Passing through a burying ground, we came to an old church, built in the 7th century. Secret passages run through the thickness of the wall, through look-outs from which the priests could observe the congregation without being themselves seen, and could effect ingress or egress to and from the chapel. Curious Saxon work, carved in stone, follows the lines of the arches in chain-work and ziz-zag form. Underneath this church is a crypt, where the Saxons worshipped underground, during the Danish invasion. This is an object of exceeding great interest and beauty of all Saxon architecture.

Christ College contains a fine gallery of Paintings. Some in water colors, done before the invention of oil paintings, chiefly representing Christ and the Virgin. There is a painting by Van Egot, the inventor of oil paintings, in 1441, representing the descent from the cross. Also a Christ by Andre del Castagno, the first Italian painter in oil colors, done in 1477; a St. Wedusa, by Rubino, frought with horror; and Annibal Correggio's Butcher's Shop, for which the National Academy have offered 6000 guineas.

In the Dormitory is to be seen the monument, styled the Shrine of St. Fredeswide, the founder of the Nunnery of St. Fredeswide, the old Saxon name, and who died in 740. It is about 25 feet high, by 20 long, and 8 broad in fine florid gothic carving; is in 3 stories, stairs within, ascending to the upper from the lower. The sculptured saint lies full length upon the first floor, still and cold, yet living in traditionary recollection for the good she did in life.

But I must arrest my pen, my dear W. or you will hear the tithe of Oxford that I have seen and heard, and that, for its length, would be unreadable. Therefore, adieu, ORION.

DEPOPULATION OF SPAIN.—The number of the Moors who were expelled the country has never been exactly known. But M. Weiss says, that if we add to the 800,000 Jews who left the country in 1492, the numberless hosts of Moors who perished in the insurrections of the sixteenth century, and the still greater number of those whom Spain cast from out of her bosom in the reign of Philip III., it will be seen that this kingdom lost in the space of a hundred and twenty years, about three millions of its most laborious inhabitants. This is independent of the thousands of Spaniards who lost their lives on fields of battle in France, in Germany, in Flanders, in Ireland, in Africa, and at sea; in upholding the gigantic struggle for the supremacy of the house of Austria, and the Roman Catholic faith, a struggle which was altogether beyond the strength of the monarchy.

It has been calculated that, in the seventeenth century, upwards of 40,000 men were sent annually out of Spain, either as defenders or colonists of America and Africa, or as soldiers, to keep in subjection Flanders, Sicily, Naples, Sardinia, and the many other countries which were then subject to the Spanish monarchy. Few of these ever returned, and the emigrations to America increased with the external reverses and internal decay of the country

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CONSTRUCTION AND POSITION OF BEDSTEADS.—A French surgeon states, that by fitting bedsteads with glass feet, and isolating them about eighteen inches from the wall, he has cured the patients sleeping on them of many nervous affections. Suspicions are beginning to arise, too, that our well-being may be affected by sleeping parallel to, or at right angles with, the line of the terrestrial magnetic current. The house in which we live has an influence on our sensations sometimes little suspected.

[The Builder.

Scenes in Palestine.

THE HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

V.—BETHANY, AND PLAIN OF JERICHO.

We made an excursion from Jerusalem to the Jordan and the Dead Sea; going by way of Bethany and Jericho, and returning by the convent of St. Saba. There is at this day so much danger of falling among thieves in going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, that travelers join parties when they can, and unite their guards into a corps of armed men. Our own party of four joined the ten with whom we had traveled in the Desert: and four strangers—European gentlemen—requested permission to ride with us. Thus we were eighteen: and the dragomen, cooks, horse-keepers, and mule-drivers, who took charge of our tents and baggage, and ten armed guards, swelled our number to that of a caravan which no robbers were likely to attack. Indeed we scarcely saw any body the whole way. The dangerous part of the road appeared deserted, and the plain of Jericho, once studded with towns, and filled with fertility, lay before us almost as lifeless as the basin of the Dead Sea.

We left Jerusalem by St. Stephen's gate—my three friends, myself, and our servants and baggage, and met the rest of the traveling party at the bridge in the valley of Jehoshaphat, at 9 A.M. We proceeded by the camel road to Bethany, which winds up the side of Olivet, and crosses its ridge to the east As soon as we had passed the ridge, Bethany came in view, lying on the eastern slope of the mount of Olives, and, as we all know, "fifteen furlongs" distance from Jerusalem. It is now a village inhabited by about twenty families; a very poor place; but looking less squalid than might be expected, from its houses being built, as everywhere in that country, of stone—square, substantial, and large, compared with cottages in England. Its position on the side of the hill is very fine, seen from below.

Before descending the hill, however, we alighted from our horses to visit an old tomb which is called the tomb of Lazarus. No enlightened traveler believes this to be really the place where Lazarus was buried: but to see any ancient tomb on that spot was an opportunity not to be missed; and we gladly went down the dark rock-hewn steps to the little chamber where some corpse had once been laid. I have often wished that the old painters had enjoyed such opportunities; and then we should have had representations of Lazarus coming forth from chambers in the rock, and not rising from such a grave as is dug in European church-yards. The limestone rocks of Judea are full of holes and caverns; and we know from the Scriptures how abundantly these were used by the old inhabitants as dwellings for themselves and their cattle, as a shelter to the wayfarer, a refuge to the fugitive, a hiding-place for robbers, and a place of deposit for the dead. Where a cavern was found with holes or recesses in its sides, a little labor would make it an extensive place of burial. By squaring the entrance, and giving some regularity to the arch of the roof, a handsome vestibule was obtained: and then the recesses were hewn into form for the reception of bodies. Sometimes these recesses had pits; sometimes niches in their walls, so that each recess would contain several bodies: and sometimes they were small, so as to contain only one each. Sometimes the vestibule opened out into passages, which had recesses on each hand; so that a large company of the dead might lie hidden in the heart of the mountain. The whole was secured from wild beasts and other intrusion by a stone door fitted to the entrance, or a large block rolled up against it. Those who have seen these Eastern tombs can never again be puzzled, as I was in my childhood, when reading of "the chambers of the grave," and of the dead calling to one another in the house of death, and of the stone being rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre. Many a child wonders, as I did, how the way was made clear for Lazarus to come forth merely by the removal of a stone: but, once having stood looking in at the door of a sepulchre, how vivid becomes the picture of Jesus standing there, and calling to Lazarus with "a loud voice," to come forth! How one hears that voice echoing through the chambers of the tomb, and sees the dead man in his cerements appearing from the steps of the vault, or the shadow of the recess!

In the tomb which we explored at Bethany, the vaults went down a considerable way into the rock. One flight of deep, narrow steps led us into a small vaulted chamber; and two or three more steps, narrower still, into the lowest tomb, which had little more than room for one body. The monks, when taken as guides, show in the village what they call the house of Martha and Mary, and that of Simon the Leper: but we did not inquire for these, having no wish to mix up anything fabulous with our observations of a place so interesting as Bethany.

We looked back upon the village again and again as we descended into the valley; and it was painful to lose sight of the place where Jesus was wont to go to solace himself with the friendship of Lazarus and his sisters, and rest from the conflicts which beset him in the great city over yonder ridge. But we were now on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, and about to pass among the fastnesses of the thieves who seem to have infested this region in all times. After riding along the valley, sometimes on the one hill and sometimes on the other, for three or four miles, we left behind us the scanty tillage spread along the bottom of the valley, and began to ascend to the hollow way which is considered the most dangerous spot of all. Here Sir Frederick Henniker was stripped and left for dead by robbers in 1820. His servants fled and hid themselves on the first alarm When they returned, he was lying naked and bleeding in the sultry road. They put him on a horse, and carried him to Jericho, where he found succor. Perhaps he was thinking of the parable of the Samaritan when this accident befel him. I was thinking of it almost every step of the way.

Another story was presently after full in my mind;—a beautiful catholic legend which was told me by a German friend in America, when I little dreamed of ever traveling over this spot. Our road now gradually ascended the high ridge from which we were soon to overlook the plain of Jericho. The track was so stony and difficult as to make our progress very slow: and the white rocks under the mid-day sun gave out such heat and glare as made me enter more thoroughly into the story of Peter and the cherries than my readers can perhaps do. And yet the many to whom I have told the legend in conversation have all felt its beauty. It is this:

Jesus and two or three of his disciples went down, one summer day, from Jerusalem to Jericho. Peter—the ardent and eager Peter—was, as usual, by the Teacher's side. On the road on Olivet lay a horse-shoe, which the Teacher desired Peter to pick up: but which Peter let lie, as he did not think it worth the trouble of stooping for. The Teacher stooped for it, and exchanged it in the village for a measure of cherries. These cherries he carried (as eastern men now carry such things,) in the bosom-folds of his dress.* When they had to ascend the ridge, and the road lay between heated rocks, and over rugged stones, and among glaring white dust, Peter became tormented with heat and thirst, and fell behind. Then the Teacher dropped a ripe cherry at every few steps; and Peter eagerly stooped for them. When they were all done, Jesus turned to him, and said with a smile, "He who is above stooping to a small thing, will have to bend his back to many lesser things."

From the ridge we had a splendid view of the plain of the Jordan—apparently as flat as a table to the very foot of the Moab Mountains, while the Dead Sea lay, a blue and motionless expanse, to the right—(the south)—and barren mountains enclosed the whole. The nearer mountains were rocky, brown, and desolate, with here and there the remains of an aqueduct, or other ancient buildings marking the sites of settlements which have passed away. The distant mountains were clothed in the soft and lovely hues which can be seen only through a southern atmosphere. The plain was once as delicious a region as ever men lived in. Josephus calls it a "divine region;" and tells of its miles of gardens and palm-groves; and here grew the balsam which was worth more than its weight in silver, and was a treasure for which the kings of the East made war. Jericho is called in the Scriptures the City of Palm-trees; and Jericho was but one of a hundred towns which peopled the plain. Now, all near was barren; and equally bare was the distant tract at the foot of the mountains; but in the midst was a strip of verdure, broad, sinuous, and thickly wooded, where we know that the Jordan flowed. The palms are gone; and the Sycamores, and the houey which the wild bees made in the hollows of their stems. The balsam which Queen Cleopatra so coveted as to send messengers from Egypt for plants to grow at Heliopolis has disappeared from the face of the earth; and, instead of these, and the fruits and sugar canes which were renowned in far countries, we find now little but tall reeds, thorny acacias, and trees barren of blossom or fruit. The verdant strip, however, looks beautiful from afar, and shows that the fertility of the plain has not departed. There is enough for the support and luxury of man, were man but there to wish for and enjoy them.

We descended, by a road like an irregular staircase, the steepest hill I ever rode down. The gentlemen dismounted; but the heat was so excessive that I ventured to keep my seat. When I glanced up from the bottom, and saw the last of the party beginning the descent, it looked so fearful that I was glad to turn away. We were now at the foot of the mountain called Quarantania, supposed by the monks to be the scene of the Temptation. A few pilgrims come from afar, every year, to spend forty days on this mountain, barely supporting life during

* "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom."—*Luke* iv. 38.

the time by the herbs they find there. I need hardly say that there can be no good reason for fixing on this mountain as the place, and that the choice of it is probably owing to its commanding the plain of the Jordan and its cities—once no unfair specimen of the "Kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them." The caverns in the face of this mountain, once used as dwellings or tombs, are now the abodes of robbers. When some of our party showed a desire to reach the lower ones, the Arab Shiekh who was responsible for the safety of our party drew his sword across his throat, to show the danger, and barred the way.

It may be remembered, that the men of Jericho complained to Elisha the prophet that the water of their spring was not good, either to drink, or to water their land for tillage, (2 Kings: ii 19,) and that though their city was pleasant, they could not enjoy it for this reason; and that Elisha purified the spring, "so that the waters were healed unto this day." Beside this spring, now called Ain Sultan, we encamped in the afternoon, and found its waters truly delicious. Nothing could be prettier than this encampment, in a spot so forest-like as to contrast strongly with all we had seen for many weeks past. Our tent was close upon the brink of the clear rushing brook: but the heat was so excessive that we could not endure the tent, and had our dinner table placed under a tree, whose roots were washed by the stream. Broad lights glanced upon the rippling waters, and deep green shadows lay upon its pools. Our horses were feeding in the thicket beyond; and the Arabs sat in groups near the tents. Other parties of our company were dining or lying on the brink of the stream. Every encampment of travelers in these places is beautiful; but I never but once saw one so beautiful as this. After a walk to the remains of an aqueduct, and other traces (mere traces) of former habitation in the days when Jericho was a great city, I went, with one companion, to see the spring, which was but a short way from our tents. The water bubbled up from under some bushes, and spread itself clear and shallow, among some squared stones which seemed to show that the source had once been enclosed. By this time it was dusk: the evening star hung above the nearest hill. All was silent about us, except the rustle and dip of the boughs which hung above the water. My companion and I found the temptation to bathe quite irresistible. Under the shadow of a large overhanging tree there was a pool deep enough for the purpose, and there we bathed, rejoicing with the people of Jericho in the sweetness of the water.

The Eastern traveler feels a strong inclination to bathe in every sacred sea, river, and spring. How great the interest is, and how like that of a new baptism, those at home may not be able to imagine; and such may despise the superstition which leads hundreds of pilgrims every year to rush into the Jordan. But, among all the travelers who visit the Jordan, is there one, however far removed from superstition, who is willing to turn away without having bowed his head in its sacred waters?

There was no moon to-night: but the stars were glorious when I came out of our tent to take one more look before retiring to rest. Here and there the watch fires cast yellow gleams on the trees and waters: but there were reaches of the brook, still and cool, where the stars glittered like fragments of moonlight. This day stands in my journal as one of the most delicious of our travels.—[Peoples' Journal.

EFFECTS OF CULTIVATION.—Buffon asserts that wheat is a factitious grain, and that there is scarcely a vegetable, whatever its present character, on our farms, that can be found growing naturally. Rye, rice, barley, and even oats, cannot be found wild; that is to say, growing naturally, in any part of the world. All have been modified, by the industry and skill of man, from their originals, and to such a degree as not to admit of our recognizing them, or of discovering their relations. Such are the effects of cultivation, that from even a small bitter Chilian root we have succeeded in obtaining the potatoe. From the nauseous *apium gravsalens* comes the delicious celery; and from the diminutive colewort, with its seven distinctive leaves and ungrateful flavor, the sapid and nutritive cabbage of a dozen pounds weight.

THOSE boast of abstinence who have lost their digestive power; those boast of chastity whose blood is cold and stagnant; those boast of knowing how to be silent who have nothing to say. In short, mankind make vices of the pleasures which they cannot enjoy, and virtues of the infirmities to which they are subject.
(Zhenay.

THE heart of man is older than his head. The first-born is sensitive, but blind—his younger brother has a cold, but all-comprehensive glance. The blind must consent to be led by the clear-sighted if he would avoid falling.—[F. W. Ziegler.

A SAILOR once had a high dispute with his wife, who wished him to the devil. "Plague on me, Peg," said he, "if don't think I should fare pretty well with the old fellow, as I married into his family."

The Ladies' Column.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

I HAVE learnt the sweet language of flowers,
Their meanings I now will explain,
And I hope thus beguiling your hours,
Fair ladies, attention you'll deign:
I speak not of Lilies and Roses,
They speak for themselves in your bloom,
But of thoughts that are lurking in posies,
I think I may somewhat presume.

Dear ladies, when "Love lying bleeding,"
With "Bachelors' Buttons" you see,
I'd have you the "Turk's Cap" be heeding,
Lest "Wormwood" you prove them to be.
For what though "Narcissus" seem dying,
There's "Balm," gentle ladies, for you;
And a sunbeam of "Time" is replying,
You'd better wear "Patience" than "Rue."

And though "Venus's Looking-Glass" fading,
And wealth often proves "Golden Rod,"
The path simple "Honesty" shading,
Causeth "Heart's-ease" to spring from the sod.
Oh! long may they flourish together,
In Briton's fair garden to smile;
And the "Rose" and the sweet "Prince's Feather,"
Be the pride and the hope of our isle.—[London Mirror.

AN EGYPTIAN LADY.—She wore, first, a chemise of some thin white material, with loose sleeves, embroidered round the edge, hanging over her hands; then a large pair of crimson silk trousers, so long and wide that they entirely concealed her bare feet; then came a garment like the Turkish *anteree*, descending to the feet before, hanging in a train behind, and opening at the sides, with long sleeves open from the wrist to the elbow, and falling back so as to display those of the chemise beneath. This dress was made of crimson damask, and embroidered all round the edge with black braiding, and was confined—not at the wrist, but over the hips—with an Indian shawl, wound two or three times round, and knotted before. The last garment was a jacket, reaching only to the waist, with half sleeves, made of an exceedingly rich stuff of dark blue silk, embroidered all over, in a running pattern, with gold, and edged with gold-braiding and buttons. Three large silver amulet-cases, containing charms, were hung over the shawl girdle. The head dress is the prettiest part of the Egyptian costume, and Sofia's was exceedingly rich. Her hair was divided into twenty or thirty small braids hanging over her shoulders, to the end of each of which were affixed three silk cords strung with gold coins of various sizes. Two rows of gold coins, as large as half-crown pieces, laid close together, encircled her forehead: and at each temple depended a cluster of smaller ones, with an agate ornament in the middle. The back of her head was covered with a small Egyptian Fez, ornamented with a large *Choors* of solid gold, and bound on by a handkerchief of embroidered crape. She wore two necklaces of large gold coins thickly strung together, and each individual piece of money depending from a massive ornament in the form of a fish; one of these necklaces was long, and the other just encircled her throat; and between them was a string of beads, of Egyptian agates, as large as bird's eggs, and strung together with golden links. Her ear-rings were of gold filigree, in the shape of flowers; and her bracelets, of which she wore several, of massive gold and silver. We computed that she carried about three hundred and fifty pounds on her person, in coins alone, without including her other ornaments.—[*Mrs. Romer's Pilgrimage.*

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.—"Dost thou love me?" asked a youth, in the holiest and richest hour of love—the first, when souls find themselves and give themselves. The maiden looked at him and was silent.

"Oh, if thou lovest me," said he, "do not be silent." But she looked at him and could not speak.

"Then I was too happy, and hoped thou wouldst love me; but now all is over—all hope and happiness," said the youth.

"Beloved, do I not love thee, then?" asked the maiden, and she asked it again.

"Oh, why dost thou utter the heavenly sounds so late?" asked he.

She answered, "I was too happy, and could not speak; it was not until thou gavest me thy pain that I was able."

"How tall your trees grow," observed a stranger to Voltaire. "Well," answered the cynic, 'they have nothing else to do."

Choice Miscellany.

THE REFORMER.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

All grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
Smiting the Godless shrine of man
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With pale alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in;
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;
That grand, old, time-worn turret spare;"
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept, to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with playful locks of gold,
"Why smite," he asked, in sad surprise,
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his ax's gleam;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled—
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Upspringing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'T was but the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking Day.

Green grew the grain on battle-plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;
The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and plow.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay
And cottage windows, flower entwined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,
The lights on brimming crystal fell,
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet's bed,
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,
And with the idle gallows-rope
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.

The outworn right, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone—

These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the World shall draw
From their decay.

Oh! backward-looking son of time!
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer:
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,
Are one, the same.

As idly as in that old day
Thou mournest, did thy sires repine,
So, in his time, thy child grown gray,
Shall sigh for thine.

Yet, not the less for them or thou
The eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats!

Take heart!—the Waster builds again—
A charmed life old goodness hath;
The tares may perish—but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night:
Ho, wake and watch!—the world is gray
With morning light!

THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

——'I know that all men hate my father;
And therefore, Javan, must his daughter's love—
Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love—
Make up to his forlorn and desolate heart
The forfeited affections of his kind.'—Milman.

The following narrative is borrowed from the interesting work of M. Maurice Alhoy on the convict prisons of France:

"'It is now some years,' says this writer, 'since I passed several months in the town of Rochefort. It became my daily habit to walk in the gloomy avenues of the public garden, and there I used to watch the convicts as they worked in pairs, carrying heavy burdens, and gladly purchasing, by the performance of the most laborious tasks, the favor of being allowed to escape for a few hours from the pestilential atmosphere of the prison. I had remarked a young girl who passed before me several times, casting an anxious and longing look toward the building in which the ropeworks were carried on. The young girl wore the Vendean costume. She seated herself upon a bench under the trees, and remained apparently lost in thought. I approached and recognised her. I had seen her the preceeding evening at the house of the gatekeeper, and had then been informed of the object of her journey. The young girl was engaged to be married, and her father was in the convict prison. Eutrope, the peasant to whom she was betrothed, was acquainted with the guilt of his future father-in-law, for the same village had been their home. He was conscious how much he might lose in the esteem of others by marrying the daughter of a convict; but Tiennette was beloved, and Eutrope's affection for her made him shut his eyes to the possibility that any painful result might arise from their union.

'He wished to marry the companion of his childhood; but he desired that this father, who in the eyes of the law was dead, who had no longer any right over his daughter, and whose remembrance it was well to banish, should no more be spoken of. Tiennette loved her father, and the contempt with which others regarded the author of her days, only redoubled the fond affection of his daughter. She was desirous that he should sign her marriage-contract, and bestow upon her a father's blessing. Eutrope had long resisted this wish of Tiennette; he still objected to the step she proposed to take; and it was with an unwilling heart he undertook with her the journey to Rochefort. Eutrope was a well-looking youth, with frank and open manners, and of a prepossessing appearance. It was not long before he joined us, after making some purchases which had detained him for a time from his betrothed.

'I took upon myself to interpret to him the wishes of Tiennette. I told Eutrope that a father is never guilty in the eyes of his daughter; that no laws, judges, or juries can unloose the ties of nature; and that the filial piety of Tiennette ought to be considered by him as a precious pledge of the virtues of his future wife. The girl did not speak, but her eyes were fastened on the countenance of Eutrope. She watched its every movement, as if to gather from them his acquiescence in her desire. Eutrope listened to me with his eyes fixed upon the ground. When I had done speakiug, he made me no reply, offered no objection, but took the arm of Tiennette within his own, and together the young couple turned their steps toward the prison. I followed them, and the poor girl, who seemed to consider my presence as useful in confirming the vacillating resolutions of her lover, encouraged me by her looks to remain with them. We found on our arrival that the aged convict had been ill for some days; he was no longer in the prison, but had been conveyed to the hospital. We silently traversed the long court, and mounted the staircase. When we reached the entrance of the wards, the young girl trembled violently, her cheeks became deadly pale, and her heart seemed to sink within her. Eutrope and Tiennette were permitted to approach the prisoner's bed; but I was refused admittance by the turnkey, and I could only see from a distance the remainder of this touching scene. At the foot of the convict's bed stood Eutrope, while Tiennette approached

her father with an expression of fearfulness which she vainly strove to conceal. He raised his languid head, turned his dimmed eye upon his child, and a faint smile passed over his sunburnt countenance. The turnkey who had introduced the two young people into the ward, remained gazing upon the scene; a good Sister of Charity supported the sick man; he took the pen which was handed him, glanced over the marriage-contract, which had been prepared beforehand, and wrote beneath it his dishonored name. Then stretching toward Tiennette his wasted arms, he clasped her to his bosom. The movement he made in doing so shook his chain, one link of which rested in the hand of Eutrope, who looked at it with a bewildered stare; while another rustled against the dress of Tiennette, whose tears fell upon the rusty iron. The head of the dying man soon sunk once more upon his pillow. Tiennette took advantage of this moment to glide her trembling hand furtively under the coverlid. The turnkey had that instant turned to lead the way out of the room, and the anxious glance she fixed upon him betrayed to me alone the poor girl's secret offering to her father. Eutrope, who seemed ill at ease. made a sign to Tiennette, and they both went slowly out, with downcast looks. When they had reached the foot of the staircase which led to the wards, the young girl said to Eutrope, 'The step which we have now taken will bring us a blessing.' They then entered together the chapel of the Civil Hospital, offered up a short prayer, bade me farewell, and mounted a little cart, which bore them back to their native village.

'Yes, God will bless thee, poor maiden, who didst not forsake the author of thy days, nor think that his guilt had broken every tie which subsisted between thee and him. Thy children will pay to thy virtue the dutiful homage with which thou hast not feared to honor a guilty father.'"

An African Snake.—The most common snakes of Cape Coast and of the adjacent countries, average four feet and a half in length, but in the interior, snakes, apparently of the boa kind, are met with of gigantic size. Mr. Duncan relates in his "Travels in Western Africa, in 1845-46," that in crossing a swamp he met a number of women, laden with produce for the market, and accompanied by several armed men, who walked in the rear, all much alarmed, and who informed the traveler of the extreme danger of passing any further, as a large snake had taken up his position in a tamarind-tree on the road-side.

"One of the party," the author proceeds to relate, "offered to go back and show us the enormous snake, and several others of the party volunteered their services also. Accordingly we proceeded about six hundred yards, when we arrived at the velvet tamarind-tree, which they had spoken of, and which was thickly covered with leaves; but upon examining the tree, we could not observe anything of the nature described. When I was just upon the point of accusing them of hoaxing us, one of them, who stood a little behind my horse, suddenly called out 'Waroo—waroo!' upon which, one of my soldiers seized my bridle to pull my horse aside, and, to my amazement, the monster was pointed out to me with part of its body coiled round a bough, and its head and a considerable part of its body hanging down very near our heads.

"It appeared this reptile had descended the tamarind, and had ascended a much larger tree of a different description. I immediately dismounted, and unstrapped my double-barreled carbine, which was heavily charged, one barrel with swan-shot, and the other with smaller shot. The snake was certainly of enormous dimensions, and remained quite motionless. I took a steady aim at the neck, just behind its head, and fired the charge of slugs effectually, though, for some time, it seemed to have but a slight effect upon it, for it raised its head, and coiled the fore-part of the body round another branch of the tree; but the spine being injured, it soon appeared to lose strength, and the tail, which was coiled round a limb, began to relax. It again uncoiled its fore-part, which hung down towards the ground. I then took my sword, which I had sharpened equal to a razor, and cut the head off at one stroke; but even then the people would not venture to touch it with their hands to pull it down, till I gave them a piece of small cord, which I invariably carried in my pocket. This was fastened around the body, and they then succeeded in pulling it down. The monster was of the boa tribe, and measured thirty-one feet long, but the natives told me they had seen them much larger."

I do not mean to censure the custom of preserving in brass or marble, the figures and likenesses of eminent men; but busts and statues, like their originals, are frail and perishable. The mind and character cannot be exhibited by the hand of an artist with unconscious matter; the record of our virtues and achievements can alone, in some degree, trace the resemblance; painting and sculpture fail to reach or approach the correct features of the mind.—[Tacitus.

THE LANDLORD.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

What boot your houses and your lands?
In spite of close drawn deed and fence,
Like water, 'twixt your cheated hands,
They soak into the graveyard's sands
And mock your ownership's pretence.

How shall you speak to urge your right,
Chok'd with that soil for which you lust?
The bit of clay, for whose delight
You grasp, is mortgag'd too: Death might
Foreclose, this very day, in dust.

Fence as thou will, this plain poor man,
Whose only fields are in his wit,
Who shapes the world, as best he can,
According to God's highest plan,
Owns you and fences as is fit.

Though yours the rent, his incomes wax
By right of eminent domain;
From factory tall to woodman's axe,
All things on earth must pay their tax
To feed his hungry heart and brain.

He takes you from your easy chair,
And what he plans, that you must do:
You sleep in down, eat dainty fare,
He mounts his crazy garret-stair
And starves, the landlord over you.

Feeding the clods your idless drains,
You make more green six feet of soil;
His deathless word, like suns and rains,
Partakes the seasons' bounteous pains,
And toils to lighten human toil.

Your lands, with force and cunning got,
Shrink to the measure of the grave;
But Death himself abridges not
The tenures of almighty thought,
The titles of the wise and brave.

(London People's Journal.

Sagacity of the Dog.—The following instance of fidelity and sagacity in a dog was some time back related by Dr Pariset, late President of the Academy of Medicine at Paris, at a meeting of the Society for the Protection of Animals:—"A young man, at Perpignan, was arrested on a charge of conspiracy, and taken by two gendarmes from that city to Paris. He had a dog, which, seeing its master carried off in this manner, knew that he was unhappy, and his looks showing sadness and grief, the dog followed the carriage in which his master was conveyed, but took care not to show himself to him. When they arrived in Paris the carriage was driven to the prison of the Conciergerie. There the three travellers alighted, and the dog not being able any longer to conceal himself, assuming an attitude of submission, of condolence, and of fear, came crouching to his master, who, surprised and affected, replied to his caresses by his own, and obtained leave from the governor of the prison for the poor animal to remain with him. Three months passed before the trial came on, and on the day it took place the young man was followed to the hall of justice by his dog, which lay down under a bench, where it remained during the trial. The young man was unanimously acquitted, and was most warmly congratulated by numerous friends who were present. Before leaving the court he inquired for his dog, but he was nowhere to be found From the joy which followed the acquittal, the dog concluded that his master was out of danger, and had nothing more to fear, and it immediately set out for Perpignan, traveling night and day. After a journey of more than 100 hours he reached the city, and arrived at his master's house, where he barked loudly and scraped violently at the door; and when it was opened by the surprised family, the dog rushed in, his heart palpitating, his eyes sparkling with delight, running from side to side, leaping, and uttering cries of joy, the movements of his whole frame seeming to say, 'Rejoice, he is safe and sound, and after a short time he will be in the midst of you.' In reality, two days afterwards a letter arrived, acquainting the family of the happy result of the trial, and announcing the speedy return of him for whom they had so long suffered the greatest anxiety. From Paris to Perpignan the distance is 240 leagues—600 English miles. As soon as the dog saw his master acquitted, which he knew from witnessing the joy of his friends, he must have reasoned in this manner; 'My master is now in safety, and I am no longer necessary to him; let me run home to those who are kept in a state of cruel suspense by the uncertainty of his fate, and show them by my joy that he is safe. They will then be as happy as I am.'"

Cruelty to dumb animals is one of the distinguishing vices of the lowest and basest of the people. Wherever it is found, it is a certain mark of ignorance and meanness; an intrinsic mark, which all the external advantages of wealth, splendor and nobility cannot obliterate. It will consist neither with true learning nor true civility; and religion disclaims and detests it as an insult upon the majesty and the goodness of God, who having made the instincts of brute beasts minister to the improvement of the mind, as well as to the convenience of the body, hath furnished us with a motive to mercy and compassion toward them very strong and powerful, but too refined to have any influence on the illiterate or irreligious.—[Jones of Nayland.

In the whole course of my life, I never knew one man, of whatever condition soever, arrive to any degree of reputation in the world, who made choice of or delighted in the company or conversation of those who in their parts were not much superior to himself.—[Lord Clarendon.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1847.

THE SPIRIT OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

"The Spirit of Odd-Fellowship," as applied in the exclusive sense of the term, comprehends the very pith and essence of those principles, which are inculcated by our Order. The member of our Fraternity, who has not been imbued with this spirit, has yet to learn the duties he has obligated himself to fulfil.

In the first place, it exacts a willing obedience to the constituted authorities we have by the very act of our association, pledged ourselves to support. This is a most vital point in Odd-Fellowship. Remove the land-mark of voluntary obedience to constituted authority, on the part of members, or Lodges, and the ground-work of our superstructure is undermined.

Our Laws are open to revision, or modification, under certain legal restrictions, and any movement made by isolated bodies of our members, not in accordance with the established regulations of our well-defined authorities, is a subversion of the true Spirit of Odd-Fellowship. If the Order of Odd-Fellowship is destined to be destroyed, it will be from a neglect of carrying out its true spirit, in this particular, of obedience to constituted powers. Disunion must terminate in the *extinction* of our Order.

The Spirit of Odd-Fellowship enjoins inviolable secrecy, on all matters we have pledged ourselves to preserve sacred; and this obligation extends as well to the letter as the spirit. It interdicts any unnecessary allusions to the language and work of the Order; it prohibits any reference to the symbolical mysteries we have adopted. It forbids any defense, or exposition of our principles, which are not fully warranted by the strict letter of our Constitution, or sanctioned by the regulations of our Order. We fear much injury has accrued to the Order, through the injudicious conduct of unthinking Brethren, in these points, especially in our public celebrations. A strict regard to prudence in these matters cannot be too strongly recommended to our public speakers.

In connection with our relative duties toward each other, as Odd-Fellows, this "Spirit of our Order" is of paramount importance. Carry out this *spirit* in our Lodge Rooms,—how would it calm the angry passions of debate, and subdue the worldly spirit, that mixes itself up even with our most sacred duties.

In our individual relations toward our Brothers, the Spirit of Odd-Fellowship should ever exercise its influence. This spirit produces Charity—Charity that suffereth all things—Charity that not only teaches us to bear the infirmities of our Brother, but engages us actively to seek his reformation and amendment. It is that Heaven-born Charity that is ever active. It is not "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." It is not content with simply performing the duties prescribed in our collective capacity. It seeks to promote the interests and personal welfare of a worthy Brother. It directs the weight of our confidence to support and further the interests of a Brother, because he is a Brother, when such can be done, without comprising the higher claims society has upon us.

It is an anomaly in Odd-Fellowship, when we find Brothers forgetting these positive duties of our Order. The neglect of this individualizing the Spirit of Odd-Fellowship, has given occasion to our opponents, to decry the practical influence of the Order. The argument is, we know, unsound, for Religion has suffered by the misconduct of its so-called professors. But in an Order like Odd-Fellowship—avowedly designed for carrying out philanthropic principles—to witness a failure on the part of its members, in the vital point on which our Order is founded, is indeed a disgrace to those who so unworthily fulfil the high duties of their calling.

We know how many worthy members live up to the principles we profess: we are proud to acknowledge how truly the "Spirit of Odd-Fellowship," is carried out by these men. We would see their number augmented, until all within our borders are imbued with that holy Spirit, which is founded on the immutable watch-words of our Order—Friendship Love and Truth.

DEDICATION AT READING, PA.

This anxiously expected event came off on Tuesday, October 26th. The day was fine, but with a sharp western air, which made it rather unpleasant to those exposed to its full force, and to the banner bearers. Our Hall, also, was not finished, though hastily put into good order for the occasion. Most of the preparations were, therefore, hastily made, which, with the inexperience of the Board of Managers and their advisory Committee, (of one member from each of the five Lodges and two Encampments,) caused some things to be omitted, and others to be imperfectly performed; so that we were undoubtedly much indebted to the good feelings of the brethren present, for the general satisfaction expressed by them throughout the day and evening.

The Hall.—The building, known as the "Odd-Fellows' Hall," is erected on the corner of Fifth and Franklin streets—one square south of the Market square, where formerly stood the old Court house—about the center of our growing city. It is 40 feet wide on Fifth street, facing east, and extends 90 feet on Franklin street, facing north—built of brick, the first story fronts faced with clouded white marble, and the remainder of the fronts covered with mastick cement, painted with a light French gray. At the corners and at the windows on Franklin street, the walls project from two to four inches deep, forming an appearance of pillars, (I am no architect, and cannot, therefore, give the proper terms,) which are covered with heavy cast iron caps; while in front, a semi-circular window in the third story, surmounted with arches, lessens the apparent hight of the building. Underground, on Fifth street, there are cellars for the use of the stores—in the west end, on Franklin, there is an area, faced with red sand stone, descending to a very large room, fitted off for a Refectory. The first story is occupied with two stores, rented for a dry goods and a drug store, fronting on Fifth street; and on Franklin street, two more, one leased for a hat and cap store, and the other not yet rented. In the extreme western end, is the entrance to the stairway. This entrance is 10 feet wide, walls included. The second story is devoted to a large saloon, 80 by 40, and about 17 feet high, with 2 ante-rooms over the entrance or stairway. This saloon is intended for public gatherings, or lectures, &c. The third story is divided into a room on Fifth street, 20 by 40, with two ante-rooms; a square room, fronting on Franklin, 20 by 20 feet; two rooms, about 36 by 20; a passage way on the south side, giving admission to the rooms; and an ante-room over the entrance. This story is about 14 feet high. The fourth story contains the Hall proper, of 40 by 70 feet, with ante-rooms in the west end—and is about 17 feet high. The Hall is already furnished with a large and excellent organ, purchased for the Order, by the Berks County Degree Lodge. The whole is roofed with tin. The building was erected by an association of individuals, the Lodges and Encampments having purchased a portion of the stock, likewise. Its erection was commenced April 1st, 1846—the corner stone was laid in July following, and will probably be occupied by our Lodges and Encampments on or before January next. Such is the building—now let us describe

The Dedication.—This commenced about 11 o'clock, A. M., and took place in the Grand Saloon. Our excellent German Brass Band were stationed in the music gallery, at the west end, and discoursed good music at proper intervals during the services. And a Choir, selected expressly for the occasion, from the lady and gentlemen amateurs of the place, were arranged on a temporary platform at the east end, and enchanted all present by the admirable manner in which they sung the Odes, selected and prepared for the purpose. They were aided by the sweet tones of a small organ-like

instrument, excellently played by one of the ladies of the choir. The room was crowded by brethren in full and rich regalia—members of the Grand and other Encampments generally on the south side. D. D. G. M. Wm. A. Wells, Master of Ceremonies, occupied the chair in the east, provided for the Grand Master. Rev. Bro. Keller, Chaplain, a short distance off, on his left; and the Board of Managers stood on his right. Seats for the officers of the Grand Lodge were reserved on his right and left. Having called to order, he dispatched the Chief Marshal, Gen. W. H. Keim, to the Hall above, for the Grand Lodge. On the return of the C. M. the solemn and interesting ceremonies of dedication took place. [These we omit as they are nearly the same as those used at Germantown, and published in the G. Rule of the 24th of April last.]

The prayer by the Chaplain was brief, comprehensive, beautiful and affecting; and all the services were listened to in breathless attention, and performed with great correctness and propriety. After the services, the brethren dispersed to prepare for

The Procession.—The Lodges and Encampments commenced forming soon after one o'clock, and moved off at about two, under command of Bros. W. H. Keim, Chief Marshal; Joel Ritter, J. B. Bell, and H. A. Muhlenberg, Aids, and seven Assistant Marshals, besides the Marshals of the several Lodges and Encampments. Every thing was arranged, and the whole procession conducted with great ease and precision in the order and route designated in the programme. [We are obliged to omit the programme of the Procession and the route passed over. There were in the procession 25 Lodges and six Encampments, whose rich regalia and splendid banners made an imposing appearance.]

The route passed over embraced about four miles, and the procession was gathered around the Speaker's stand, at the Military Garden, at about half past 3 o'clock, to hear

The Oration.—This was delivered by Prof. H. S. Patterson, M. D., Grand Warden, and P. G. R. of this State. The chilling air, growing damper and colder towards evening, rendered it difficult and uncomfortable to speak and to hear, yet the Oration was listended to with unabated attention, to the very close, by many of the brethren and spectators. When published, as it undoubtedly will be, it will be found well worthy of a careful perusal. The orator dwelt on the general desire and expectation of all ages and nations in regard to an era yet to come when our race shall enjoy a state of purity and happiness. Some nations there have been who have no tradition of a paradise—but none who have not a prophetic expectation of a millenium. He glanced at the agencies that have been, and now are, working out the fulfillment of this expectation; and, next to Christianity, if not a part of it, he ranked Odd Fellowship with its doctrine of human equality, general fraternity, and of the One God and Father of all. He dwelt, then, on the practical exemplification of its doctrine, in its workings; and on its steady and rapid increase under such workings and such influences, and the probability, therefore, that it was destined to become the greatest agent in ameliorating the condition of mankind. He closed with a glance at the early history of Pennsylvania, when the friendly followers of Fox, and the loving missionaries of the Moravians moved among the red men as brothers—when the city of the first was indeed a place of "brotherly love," and the rude dwellings of the latter were truly *guadenhuetten*, i. e. "huts of mercy." How expressive of the great ideas suggested by, and exemplified in, Odd-Fellowship! An institution wholly animated by brotherly love, and whose Lodges might well be called Gnadenhuetten, is worthy the attention of Pennsylvanians.

The oration occupied about three quarters of an hour—the orator omitting a small portion in its delivery—after which the Grand Lodge was escorted to its quarters, mainly by Germania Lodge, whose members understand and perform their duties well. Thus closed the exercises of the day, at about 5 P. M. In the evening, the Grand Saloon was again occupied with

The Levee.—This commenced at 7 o'clock, and was well attended, especially by the ladies. The German Brass Band were again in the gallery, discoursing excellent music, and many a young form, radiant with beauty and animated with innocent joyousness, promenaded to it with a springing step. The Grand Lodge and Encampment officers were generally there, with others of the brethren, in rich regalia, setting off beautifully the plain and beautiful light drapery of the ladies. At about nine o'clock, seeing some singularly arranged groups gathering in the middle of the saloon, and finding the *brass* instruments of the Band strangely metamorphosing in sound and shape to certain *stringed* instruments, I thought it time for a certain class of old folks to leave—and *did so*, to escape a change in my own person! I believe, however, that some remained until the wee sma' hours of the morning grew into considerable size and numbers.

Conclusion.—The procession occupied over five squares, the members generally walking four abreast—embracing, say, between one and two thousand persons, though many rate it higher. There was a great profusion of Encampment regalia, more in proportion than I ever saw—and more elegant regalia in proportion to the numbers present. Of the banners displayed, six or seven were got up expressly for the occasion, in a very superior style, and at considerable expense of money and labor.

Of the visiting brethren and Lodges, the writer cannot speak with fulness and correctness, his position in the procession not allowing an opportunity for examination. Richmond Lodge, near Philadelphia, was represented by a considerable number of brethren—as were also the Lodges in Pottsville, Pottstown, Norristown, Orwigsburg, Bernville, Leesport, Womelsdorf, and other places. But one Lodge deserves especial mention. Phenix Lodge, of Phenixville, Chester County, instituted but a few months ago, came up clad in neat regalia, and with a good banner, numbering over 100 in ranks out of a membership of 120—a far greater proportion than turned out in some of our Lodges on the spot!

The greater portion of our visitors left for home in the evening. Some who did not attend the Levee attended the regular meeting of Salome Lodge No. 105, and shared in the visitation of the Grand Officers. *All*, as far as heard from, professed themselves highly gratified with the entire doings of the day, and evening, and the early part of the morning. And thus has ended our Dedication day in Reading.

A. S. G.

TRIP TO WINSTED, CT.

Dedication of Orion Lodge—Woman and Odd-Fellowship—Winsted, its Social Character and Business—Housatonic Valley—Canaan Falls—The Region Round About—Mountaineer, &c.

Last week we took a trip to this place to deliver an address at the dedication of the new Hall of Orion Lodge No. 43. The exercises were conducted with great spirit and propriety, under the direction of Bro. Twiss and the officers of the Lodge. The heralds, with pure water, flowers and wheat, emblematic of Friendship, Love and Truth, performed their part with great effect; illustrating the connection of the institution with the beautiful, as well as the useful; and showing how forcibly truthful lessons may be taught through appropriate forms and emblems. The prayer, by the Chaplain, was excellent and impressive, and the singing worthy the occasion.

The Hall is one of the most spacious and convenient we have seen out of the city; and fitted up with that simplicity and propriety of arrangement which always betoken good taste. The chairs and settees are of black walnut, in Gothic style, rich and massive. The ladies have been specially active in aiding the brothers in fitting up the room, and deserve much praise for the interest they have manifested. They made up full one-half, if not two-thirds, of the audience. It is very pleasant to us to notice how rapidly and universally woman is coming to see the Order in its true light; and how on all occasions and in every place, they are lifting voice and hand to aid it forward.

Winsted is a pleasant little town; and in location, and in its social and business aspect, quite different from what we expected. The population is intelligent, refined, and diligently observant of all the laws of courtesy and hospitality; and in these respects are well represented by the brothers of Orion Lodge.

In its business relations, Winsted is not often surpassed for activity and energy. The little stream running through the village makes it as lively as a cricket. Mr. Thayer, a namesake, to whom we are indebted for many civilities, took us through the place, showing us all worthy to be seen. The scythe factories turn out yearly some 80,000 scythes. The clock manufactory sends out about 14,000 clocks of all descriptions. The woolen mill turns off some 1200 yards weekly. And beside these, there are other factories, forges, &c., doing a large amount of business, and consuming some four or five hundred tons of anthracite coal.

We wonder this region is not more visited. The Housatonic Valley is one of the most picturesque and delightful places imaginable. The railroad runs most of the distance on the banks of the river, winding in among the hills, and presenting many points of scenery truly beautiful; among which is Canaan Falls, where the Housatonic plunges down some sixty feet at one leap. It is a splendid sight. A first class hotel here would do a first rate business in the travel season. Grand fishing and shooting in the neighborhood. We saw a fine flock of ducks as we passed in the stage from Winsted; and the numerous ponds and streams abound in pickerel perch, trout, &c. We wonder some Yankee has not started a hotel somewhere in this quarter.

The route is delightful. First by steamboat to Bridgeport, 60 miles; then by railroad up the valley, 70 miles, to Canaan; then by

stage, or private carriage, anywhere you please among the hills and valleys. The Mountaineer is a fine and fast boat, abundant table, and gentlemanly officers. The road is under excellent management, and you have the unusual favor of stopping to enjoy a good dinner on the way. We found the officers, conductors, and stagemen, invariably courteous; and we did not get one rough or crusty answer all the day—which is a great deal to say. We can heartily commend this route for the reasons named, and many others we might name, if we had time. Only one thing is wanting, a *leetle* more speed between Canaan and Winsted. T. B. T.

GRAND WARDEN PRALL'S ADDRESS,

AT THE INSTITUTION OF GLOBE LODGE NO. 337, OCT. 27, 1847.

Brothers:—Before proceeding to farther business, the books make it the duty—and in this instance a pleasing one—of the Instituting Officer, upon bringing into existence another link in the already expanded chain of Friendship, Love and Truth, to deliver to the assembled brethren an appropriate address. Brevity will, however, this evening, be *its* only merit. But Odd-Fellowship, itself, needs no champion, enshrined in the panoply of truth and justice, to do battle in its behalf and preserve it from contumely and insult—neither does it require expounders to blazon forth, at this late day, its glorious and universally honored principles. And even if it did, on this occasion the necessity does not exist. When surrounded as I now am with literally the flower of Odd-Fellowship, (for the good and true are entitled to that appellation, irrespective of condition or caste in the community;) surrounded as I am with brothers, many of whom have, since their connexion with our beloved institution, voluntarily stept forth and lent a helping hand, an energetic hand, in placing it, not only in an elevated position—so far as morality and respectability is concerned—but have vied, one with the other, in disseminating those bright and ennobling features it portrays, amid the sorrowing and the destitute. The suffering brother, while meekly submitting to the ravages of disease, has been treated with more than fraternal solicitude, and when the unerring death-shaft has oped its fearful course, his dying pillow has been soothed by the genial influences of our Order; and the dimmed and tearful eyes of the widow and the orphan spontaneously directed to it for consolation and succor. Such has Odd-Fellowship been made by its votaries. And after long and arduous struggling, it has reached a zenith of popularity and fame unequalled in the annals of ancient or modern times. "The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the learned and unlearned," commingle, not as distinct members of society, with feelings and opinions at direct hostility to each other—or either blinded with passion or prejudice;—but as Odd Fellows should meet, throwing aside their condition in life, and associating together upon the broad platform of universal brotherhood; mutually basking in the benignant rays emanating from our sun-like Order, which, like that great luminary, sheds daily and hourly, its blessed light, without distinction, upon all.

To the petitioning brothers I would say that, to me, the name you have selected as your watchword to rally under, is particularly appropriate for a band of brothers. For it is handed down to us, from high authority, in living characters of purple and gold, that "the *Globe* represents the extensive field of our labor. That it not only teaches us to move *onward* in our work until misfortune has no want to relieve, and sorrow no tear to dry; but, also, that from whatever nation our brethren may come, they are not to be sent empty away." Therefore, come they from the torrid regions of the equator; from the frigid realms of the mighty Ice King of the north; from that bright island spot washed by the Atlantic's eastern waves—the land of the brave as it once was the home of the free—where oppression and tyranny march hand in hand—and where famine now stalks supreme; myriads from whose green sward have sought an asylum and a resting place in the *home* of Washington, the immortal; in the *country* where their kinsman, the brave and lamented Montgomery, freely perilled his life-blood; in the *land* of civil and religious liberty.

Should they perchance hail from Scotia's chivalric hills, from the busy marts of England, from the sunny clime of France, or from any of the various nations of Europe or Asia, from one continent to the other, from the Atlantic to the Pacific's utmost bounds, and where in the latter Odd-Fellowship has already taken root amid heretofore barbarous and savage islands, and bids fair to bud and beautify: all this vast concourse and heterogeneous array, are alike entitled to your sympathy and regard. You have therefore a field before you, —taking your *name* as an indication of your purpose—whose immensity is almost without bounds.

In assuming the responsibility of sustaining a new Lodge which is about to be entrusted to you—act with due caution and reflection. Be not over anxious in at once filling your Lodge. Initiate slowly and let all, be they whom they may, undergo the ordeal of scrutinizing committees of investigation, before you deem them worthy of companionship. Your weal or woe depends greatly on this. Preserve as far as in you lies, the *purity* of our Order. Act toward each other as brothers, not in the worldly acceptation, but as colaborers in the vineyard of Benevolence and Charity. Treasure not up between you unkind words—but forgive all that offend you, as you hope to be forgiven, when that day of repentance and sorrow, fear and hope arrives. Sooner or later, come it will, and therefore endeavor to live and act in all the relations of life, inside and outside of these walls, with becoming forbearance and rectitude—so that *all* will have deep cause to regret your departure from their midst, when that eventful epoch occurs.

In your intercourse with the world, be not swayed by prejudice or nationality. Let love and good-will be your polar stars, ever keeping in remembrance the *priceless* precept that "there is but one country—the Earth; but one nation—the Human Race." Do but this, and Globe Lodge and the worthy brothers which compose it, will not only have placed that Lodge and themselves upon the monumental structure of Friendship, Love and Truth—but multitudes of sojourners upon the great and mighty Globe we inhabit, will cherish with long and ardent attachment the liveliest recollections of the good results arising—through you, Brothers—from Odd-Fellowship and Odd-Fellows.

In concluding this portion of the duty assigned me, and which has been hastily considered, and I fear imperfectly discharged—permit me to tender my ardent desire for your future prosperity and welfare. You have among you willing hands and honest hearts. Hands that are ever outstretched to the calls of the needy and the destitute—and hearts that throb with anguish and woe at the pains which afflict, and the sorrows that pervade, the lot of our common brotherhood. An ample field is before you for the furtherance of those divine feelings and objects—and I feel assured that Odd-Fellowship, in you, has not only obtained an illustrious auxilliary to her future honor and glory, but that your own career will be exalted as it is propitious.

Brothers of Globe Lodge, No. 337, allow me, in the name of Friendship, Love and Truth—the imperishable insignia of our faith—in the name of Charity, Benevolence, and Brotherly Love—in the name of all that is most sacred and dear—the honor of greeting you as a Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows! and may the Great and Good Spirit, whom all true Odd-Fellows worship and reverence, ever watch over, aid, and protect you.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE

R. W. GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES,

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS,

At the Annual Communication held at Baltimore, Sept. 1847.

SIXTH DAY AND LAST. Saturday, Sept. 24, 9 o'clock A. M.

The R. W. G. L. assembled pursuant to adjournment. Present M.W.G. Sire Kneass, all the Grand Officers, and a representation. Prayer by the R.W.G.Chap.

The reading of the Journal of the Session of yesterday was dispensed with.

Returns.—Rep. Ramsdell of Mn., from the Committee on Returns, submitted a long report in relation thereto, naming the Grand and Subordinate Lodges and Camps whose returns are correct, as well as those which are incorrect; and pointing out the incorrectness of the latter. It is a singular fact that the latter class forms the greatest portion the Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments, as well as the Subordinate Lodges and Camps under the jurisdiction of the G.L.U.S.

Constitutions.—On motion of Rep. DeSaussure, of S. C., the G.L. went into the consideration of the report of the Committee on Constitutions, page 58, printed Journal. After an amendment of the same by P.G.Sire Hopkins, the report was adopted.

South Carolina Appeal.—Rep. Williamson, of Ten., from the Committee on Appeals, submitted the following report and recommendation, which was adopted:

The Committee on Appeals, to whom was referred the appeal of P. V. Dibble and others, from the doings of the G. Enc. of S. C. ask leave to submit the following report:

The material facts set forth in the appeal are as follows: The election of officers of the G. Enc. takes place, by its Constitution and By-laws, on the 31st day of December. At the meeting for that day, 1846, no quorum was present, and the members adjourned to the next day. At the hour appointed, the members assembled in the lobby of the hall, the hall itself being occupied by a Subordinate Lodge then in session. The G.P. refused to open the G. Enc. ordering at the same time a meeting for the next evening, when the Encampment was opened and the Grand Officers elected.

Against this action the appeal is taken, on the ground that the election is illegal, because it did not take place on the day prescribed by the Constitution and By-Laws.

It appears to your Committee that no quorum being present on the day appointed for the election, it was competent for the minority to adjourn to the next day—and when on the next day, there appeared a physical obstacle to their entrance to the hall, the G P. was justified in adjourning until the next day, as a matter of necessity. The election, on the day prescribed by law, being thus deferred by unavoidable circumstances, there exists no good reason for declaring that election null and void. Your Committee, therefore recommend that the appeal be dismissed.

Certificate of Membership.—Rep. Ramsdell, from the Committee on this subject, made the following report, which was read and adopted:

To the R. W. G. L. of the United States:

The Committee to whom was referred that portion of the G.Secretary's report having reference to the diploma plate and to the certificate published by the Messrs. Winchesters, ask leave to report:

That while recommending to the Order the use of the blank form of diplomas (as suggested by the G.Sec.) for charters, they deem it inexpedient to enforce it upon the Order.

That the diploma as published by this R. W. G. L. is the only diploma recognized by the Order, and that the publication of the certificate by the Messrs. Winchesters is an infraction of the rights of this G. L.

The diploma of the G. L. was published in the year 1860, five years previous to the certificate named, which it is evident is intended to enter into competition with, or to take the place of the diploma.

Your Committee would here beg leave, therefore, to reiterate the resolution adopted by your body at its last session: "That by the existing laws the right to print or publish any portion of the work of the Order, or any form of diplomas, belongs exclusively to this G. L"

Respectfully submitted,
N. R. RAMSDELL,
ANDREW YOHE,
HENRY McKINNELL.

On motion of Rep. Torre, of S. C., to reconsider the resolution adoptiong the above report, it was resolved in the affirmative.

The question again being on adopting the report of the Special Committee in reference to diplomas, Rep. Jones, of Ill., offered the following substitute for the report of the Committee:

Resolved, That the beautiful certificate of membership as published by Bro. Winchester, is no infringement of any law of this Grand Lodge.

Rep. Neally, of Maine, moved the previous question, which being seconded by a majority of the Lodges, was put as follows: "Shall the main question be now put?" which was resolved in the affirmative. The main question was then put, "will the G. L. adopt the report of the Committee?" which was resolved in the affirmative. The yeas and nays being required, appeared as follows:

YEAS—Bain, Brown of Miss., Chapman, (2 votes,) Coffin, Cole, Davis of Mass., Day, *Dimon,* (*f*) DeSaussure, (2 votes,) Ellison, (2 votes,) Griffin, Gill, Holmes, (2 votes,) Hough, Haines, Kerlin, MacRae, Moore, McCauley, (2 votes,) McKinnell, (2 votes,) Neally, Ramsdell, (2 votes,) Sessford, Senter, (2 votes,) Smith, (2 votes,) Spooner, Stokes, (2 votes,) Taylor of Md., Woodruff, (2 votes,) Wells, Ware, (2 votes,) Yohe, (2 votes,) P.G. Sires Hopkins, Kennedy, Sherlock—49.

NAYS—AtLee, Affron, Brewer, Clark of N. J., Dwinelle, Jones, (2 votes,) Kelly, Lilly, Macdonough, Williamson, Wilson—12.

New York Appeal Case.—The G. L. on motion proceeded to the consideration of the report of Rep. Torre, of S. C., from the Committee on Appeals, in the matter of the appeal of John W. Dwinelle, and Theodore Dimon, of N. Y., which having been under consideration for sometime, it was accepted and adopted—the previous question having been moved by Rep. DeSaussure of S. C.

On motion of Rep. DeSaussure, of S. C., to adopt the first resolution accompanying the report of the Committee, P.G. Sire Kennedy moved to amend the resolution by striking out all after the word "effect" in the first resolution.

Rep. Kelly, of Va., moved the previous question, which, being seconded by the G. L., the main question—to adopt the first resolution—was put and carried by the following vote:

YEAS—Anderson of Ga., AtLee, Bain, Brewer, Brown of Miss., Clark of N. J., (2 votes,) Chapman, Coffin, Cole, Day, Dimon, Dwinelle, DeSaussure, (2 votes,) Ellison, Green, Griffin, Gill, Jones, (2 votes,) Kerlin, Kelly, (2 votes,) Lilly, MacRae, Moore, (2 votes,) McCauley, Macdonough, Parker, Roche, Senter, Taylor of Md., Torre, Williamson, Wilson, Woodruff, Ware, (2 votes,) P.G. Sires Wildey, Kennedy, Sherlock—45.

NAYS—Morris, Smith (2 votes,) Spooner, Stokes, Wells, (2 votes,) Yohe, (2 votes,)—P.G. Sire Hopkins—10.

The second resolution accompanying the report, was unanimously amended as follows:

Provided, however, that the Constitution as adopted be forwarded to this G. L. for approval, pursuant to the requirements of Art. 10 of the By-Laws of the G. L. U. S.

The question was then taken under the previous question, and adopted by the following vote—*all the P.G. Sires in the negative:*

AYES—Anderson of Ga., Anderson of S.C., Atlee, Bain, Brewer, Brown of Miss., Clark of N. J., (2 votes,) Chapman, (2 votes,) Cole, Dimon, Dwinelle, DeSaussure, (2 votes,) Ellison, Green, Griffin, Gill, Jones, (2 votes,) Kerlin, Kelly, (2 votes,) Lilly, McCauley, Macdonough, Parker, Roche, Senter, Taylor of Md. Torre, Williamson, Wilson, Woodruff, Ware (2 votes.)—37.

NAYS—Coffin, Day, Moore, 2 votes, Smith, 2 votes, Spooner, Stokes, 2 votes, Wells, 2 votes, P.G.Sires Wildey, Hopkins, Kennedy, Sherlock—17.

Rep. Torre, of S.C., moved the following resolution, which was agreed to:

Resolved, That this Constitution which has been designated by this G. L. for the action of the G. L of N. Y. at November session, be referred to the Committee on Constitutions, to report, if any, and what parts should be stricken out before it be sent down to the G. L. of N. Y.

On motion the Grand Lodge adjourned.

FRIDAY, 4 o'clock P. M.

Investments.—The Finance Committee reported a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Grand Officers to invest the surplus funds of G. L. U. in State Stocks.

Written and Unwritten Work.—Rep. Clark, of N. J., offered the following amendment to the Constitution, which was ordered to lie on the table:

Amend Art. I of Constitution, page 51, bottom line, after the words "Odd-Fellowship, add, that the unwritten work of the Order, shall in nowise be altered or amended, except by an unanimous vote of this G. L.—and the written work of the Order shall in nowise be altered or amended except with the concurrence of four-fifths of the members of the G. L.

Grand Lodge U. S. Regalia—On motion the By-Law prescribing Regalia for the G. L. of the U. S. was taken up, amended, and adopted.

Balloting for Degrees.—The Committee on the State of the Order to whom was referred the question of Rep. Jones of Ill. reported through their Chairman, Rep. Griffin, that they had considered the same, and came to the following conclusion. The report was adopted:

In the opinion of the Committee the time, place and manner of balloting on applications for degrees, are proper subjects for local legislation. If the local laws permit the Lodge to open in the initiatory and all other members to be present, when the ballot takes place, the Committee would not interfere with those laws, as they violate no fundamental principle. But under no circumstances would it be lawful to permit members to vote who have not received the degree applied for.

Constitution of G. L. of N. Y.—Rep. DeSaussure, of S. C., from the Committee on Constitutions, made the following report, which was read:

To the R. W. G. L. of the United States:

The Committee on Constitutions to whom was referred the Constitution proposed to be submitted to the State G. L. of N. Y. beg leave to report:

That upon an examination thereof it presented an apparently novel system, to wit: That of District Grand Committees, but this feature upon further inquiry, appears to your Committee rather new from its antiquity. The existence of District Grand Committees having been recognized and acted upon in the earliest period of the existence of the Order in this country, cannot now be objected to by your Committee. But they report, that there are certain features in the Constitution of these Committees, which in their opinion are in opposition to the principles established by this G. L. By Sec. 4, Art. 2, power is given to the Committees to meet in the Initiatory Degree for the purpose of hearing appeals.

Your Committee would recommend that so much of this section as relates thereto be stricken out. By Sec. 5. Art. 2, power is given to the same Committee to confer the G. L. Degree. The action of this body at its present session has decided that the G. L. Degree cannot be conferred in any other place than the G. L. Room. Your Committee must therefore recommend that it be stricken out. By Art. 4, Sec. 8, in the absence of the G. Master or any P.G. Master, the senior member is required to instal the Grand Officers; this question having been decided at the present session, your Committee would recommend that it be so amended as to correspond with the action which has heretofore been adopted.

All of which is respectfully submitted,
WILMOT G. DeSAUSSURE,
S. YORKE AtLEE,
W. H. BROWN.

Rep. Stokes of Pa., objected to the reception of the report of the Committee, upon the ground that it does not present a report upon a Constitution submitted by the G. L. of N. Y. for approval, but upon a Constitution submitted by the Subordinate Lodges of that State.

The G. Sire decided that this body having referred the Constitution to the Committee on Constitutions, it is in order for the Committee to report upon it.

The question recurring upon the report of the Committee on Constitutions, Rep. Dwinelle, of N. Y., moved the previous question, which being seconded by the Lodge, the main question was then put, and the report was adopted.

Alabama Appeal—Rights of P.Gs.—Rep. Torre of S. C., from the Committee on Appeals, made the following report, which was read and concurred in:

The Committee on Appeals, to whom was referred the appeal of P.G. Salemon, from the action of the G. L. of Alabama, ask leave to submit the following report:

The substance of the appeal is set forth in the following words:

1st. On the right, under Clause 1 of Art. 6 of the present Constitution, to determine any Constitutional question otherwise than by the votes of the P.Gs. present.

2d. On the right to adopt such parts of the present Constitution by votes of Lodges, as were, under our former Constitution, required to be adopted *By two-thirds of the votes present;* and whether such parts, of our present Constitution as were so adopted, have been legally and properly passed.

3d. On the right of P.Gs. as members of the G. L. to control the action of the G. L. constitutional questions, by their votes in that capacity, to prevent any encroachment on their rights or constitutional privileges, by votes being taken by representations.

4th. On the correct and proper view to be taken of the Constitution of a G.L. whether it is an assemblage of P.Gs. or of Subordinate Lodges, represented through their delegates; and whether it is not the conservative branch of the Order, upon whom devolves the duty, through their position, of controlling the destinies of Odd-Fellowship.

To the several questions here involved, the Committee report answers as follows:

1. The Constitution of the G. L. of Alabama, provides that there shall be two modes of voting. First by P.Gs. and second by Reps. of Lodges. Being silent upon the subject of the particular questions, on which the modes of voting may be employed, the only inference is, that the Lodge is competent at all times to decide in which manner the vote shall be taken. The By-Laws of that G. L. which may be considered as the best interpreters of the Constitution, provide that the vote by representation of Lodges may be called on all questions except the election of Grand Officers. The Committee therefore are of opinion that the G. L. of Alabama, has the right by her Constitution, to determine constitutional questions otherwise than by votes of P.Gs. present.

2. It is the opinion of the Committee, that the parts of the present Constitution referred to in paragraph two, have been legally adopted.

3. P.Gs. when members of a G. L. are subject to its Constitution and Laws, and have no right to control the action of the G. L. by any other than legal and constitutional means.

4. The proper view to be taken of a G. L. is so fully set forth in the "Digest" adopted by this G. L. and in the report of the Committee on Constitutions just adopted, as to render any answer to this paragraph unnecessary, except a mere reference to those documents.

Funeral Regalia.—On motion of Rep. Spooner, of Ohio, the G.L. agreed to consider the amendment to the By-Law, proposed by him, in relation to Funeral Regalia, page 100, printed Journal; when, on motion of Rep. Parker, of N.H., the subject was indefinitely postponed.

Price of Digest.—Rep. Wilson, of Wis., offered the following resolution, which was read and adopted:

Resolved, That the G.Sec. is required to sell the Digest to G. Ls. and others at twenty-five dollars per 100 copies, and for a less number at thirty-seven cents per copy.

Diploma.—Rep. Ramsdell, of Mich., from the Committee on that subject, made the following report, which was read and adopted:

The Committee to whom it was referred to report upon the expediency of removing the restriction of the G Sec. in confining that officer to the selection of G. Ls. as agents for the sale of Diplomas, and also upon the expediency of disposing of the Diploma Plates, respectfully report:

That they recommend the removal of said restriction; and that they deem it inexpedient to dispose of said Plates at the present time, and ask leave to submit the following resolution:

Resolved, That the second resolution on page 200, 2d vol. of the proceedings of this G. L. and the seventh resolution, and the words "as may by the said G. L. or Enc. be constituted sub-agents for granting such diplomas," in the 8th resolution on page 534, vol. 1, be and the same is hereby rescinded, provided the repeal of the aforesaid resolutions shall not revive the resolution on the subject of the sale of diplomas on page 360, of said first volume.

Appeals.—Rep. Torre, of S. C., submitted the following resolution, which was agreed to:

Resolved, That on appeals to the G. L. U. S. the parties appellant shall be required to present a sufficient number of printed statements of their case to furnish one copy to each member of this G. L.

Special Rep.—The M.W.G.Sire, in pursuance of the Constitutional provision adopted at this session, authorizing the appointment of a Special Representative to foreign jurisdictions, nominated G.Cor. Sec. James L. Ridgely, as G.Rep. to the G. L. of British North America, at the next Annual Communication of that body, which nomination was unanimously confirmed by the G. L.

After prayer by the R. W. Grand Chaplain, the Grand Lodge adjourned *sine die.*

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

Relief Lodge No. 328, was instituted at Lodi, in the county of Cattaraugus, on the 13th ult. by D.D.G.M. Timothy Parson, of the District of Erie, assisted by P.Gs. Colvill and Morrison, of Forestville Lodge No. 227, P.G. Seward, of Buffalo, and other brothers of the Order. The following are the officers for the balance of the present term; Judge A. H. Hurd, N.G.; D. P. Barker, V.G.; S. P. Mead, S.; S. W. Soule, P.S.; M. H. Barker, T. This is the first Lodge in the county. Its future prosperity may be augured from the fact that *thirty-seven* candidates were made acquainted with the beautiful mysteries of our Order during its first two meetings—upon 32 of whom the five subordinate degrees were conferred. These, with the petitioners, make a Lodge of 49 members, 44 of whom are scarlet, at the close of its second meeting. "I have been," writes the District Deputy, "at the institution of a goodly number of Lodges, and heard of many more; but nothing like this has ever before come to my knowledge. They are the best men in the place." Success to them!

We learn that one or two other Lodges are about to be applied for from that county.

Auriga Lodge No. 319, located at Columbia village, St. Lawrence county, was instituted Oct. 20, by D.D.G.M. L. B. Storrs, assisted by a large number of brothers from St. Lawrence, Mastaqua, and Ogdensburg Lodges. The following brothers were installed into their respective chairs: Joseph Baker, N.G.; Wm. J. Manly, V.G.; Abel A. Simmons, S.; Jno. Thomas, P.S.; Abrm. Ross, T. Three brothers were admitted by card, and four applicants were initiated into mysteries of our Order. Seven propositions for membership were received. This Lodge has a brilliant career of usefulness before it, which it will accomplish with credit to itself and honor to the Order. They have a neat and beautiful Hall. Meets on Monday evenings.

Globe Lodge No. 337, was instituted at the corner of Bowery and Hester-st. in this city, on the 27th ult. by G.W. Wm. H. H. Prall, of No. 15, assisted by the following brethren: D. S. Smith, of 58, officiating as D.G.M. p.t., W. H. L. Voorhies, of No. 49, G.W. p.t.; John G. Treadwell, of No. 22, G.S.; Joel B. Porter, of No. 15, G.T. p.t.; Saml. Foster, of No. 151, G.Mar. p.t.; John Galbraith, of No. 253, G.Con. p.t.; Wm. G. McLaughlin, of No. 4, G.Guar. The G. L. being organized, and before proceeding to perform the ceremonies of institution, G.W. Prall, officiating as G.M. addressed the brethren, who were about to compose the Lodge: which address was listened to with marked attention, not only by the petitioners, but a large number of visiting brethren. (The Address will be found in a preceding column.) The Lodge was then instituted after the usual forms, and the following officers were elected and installed to serve until the 30th of June, 1848: J. R. Griffith, N.G.; J. Walwoork, V.G.; J. Doran, S.; J. Witts, P.S.; J. T. Willings, T. This Lodge starts with prospects of sure success; they certainly evinced great zeal and ardor in their organization, every petitioner (33 in number,) was present, and from their hearty response to the excellent remarks made by the instituting officer, we have no fears in saying that they will live up to his advice, and carry out the true principles of Odd-Fellowship.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Nov. 2, 1847.

E. Winchester, Esq.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—I have only to say at this time, that we are doing as usual in our State, and that Venango Lodge No 253, located at Franklin, Venango county, has been recently opened by D.D.G.M. Gill, of Crawford county, and the following brethren were duly installed into the respective offices, viz: W. H. Lamberton, N.G.; F. D. Kennear, V.G.; W. Henry, S.; B. Alexander, A.S.; N. Carey, T. This is the first Lodge of Odd-Fellows in this county, and I have no doubt but it will be the means of doing much good in the section of our State it is located in.

Our brothers at Reading and Carlisle have each had fine days for their parade, and I am informed that a lively spirit was manifested in both places on the occasion. I presume you will hear from some of your correspondents of the doings at each place, or I should have attempted to have given your readers an idea of the Celebrations.

Our Grand Lodge holds an adjourned meeting on Monday next.

Yours in haste.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1847.

☞ Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, Editor and Proprietor, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms $2 a year in advance, or 6¼ per week, delivered by a carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Golden Rule is published in Philadelphia, by CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North Sixth street, by whom subscriptions will be received and papers delivered in any part of the city. Packages sent to the adjoining towns out of the mails.

BOSTON.—Office of the Golden Rule, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the Rule sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

We have lately resumed in the Golden Rule weekly notices of Dramatic Entertainments. We have done this from a belief that such notices would be acceptable to a large portion of our subscribers; but we are fully aware, that in so doing, we may offend the prejudices of those who look upon Theatrical Amusement with disapprobation.

As public journalists, and as conductors of a widely spread periodical devoted to the interests of Odd-Fellowship, popular literature, &c., we have not adopted our present determination regarding theatrical reviews, without deliberately weighing the claims of the stage.

We candidly acknowledge that the stage is open to much censure; The general cast of entertainments presented in the present day, are not of that high-toned character which we could desire. There are exceptionable points also, connected with the Theatre, which every moralist would desire to see amended. But we as honestly believe that these defects, in the government of the stage, are greatly magnified and exaggerated by the ultra opponents of Theatrical amusements.

In our principal theatres, a rigid deference is exacted to public opinion; the Managers of these establishments dare not produce pieces offensive to good taste, or to good morals; nor can the actors violate the feelings of propriety by unseemly coarseness, or the pointed delivery of passages which may be construed into an outrage on delicacy. We speak advisedly on this point, and from a perfect and full knowledge of the present state of the stage. As to the more objectionable associations of the theatre, growing out of the "*third tier*" and saloons, we cannot offer even an apology. They should be abolished—they are incubuses on a highly refined and intellectual amusement; and yet, in justice to the greater portion of play-goers, we must assert, that the evils arising out of these palpable excrescences on the theatre, are comparatively limited in their range. These offensive parts of the theatre are visited by a comparatively small portion of the audience, and that portion would find a resort similar in character, at every corner of our streets, or at the houses which are to be found in all cities, unblushingly appropriated for these purposes.

But we leave these almost unseparable adjuncts to theatres, as they are to an extent to any species of public amusement, and base our advocacy of Theatrical entertainments on the broad ground of expediency. Wherever people are congregated in masses, amusement will be sought, and it must be provided. We may whine and cant over the desecration of public morals occasioned by the stage, but of all amusements the stage is the most intellectual. It comprises, too, in its range of varied and diversified entertainments, precisely the characteristics which can attract all ages and all classes of society; and in all its variety of shades, it presents recreations and pleasures, which at the same time improves the taste and enlarges the perceptions of audiences. It is only to assert, what even the opponents of the stage allow, that the Drama embodies the highest conceptions of genius, and has incorporated within its voluminous creations, the most sublime poetry, and the most discriminating knowledge of human nature. We believe that it might be made, also, a powerful conservator of the morals of a community. The love for Dramatic entertainments appears to be an inherent principle in man. It has always been paramount in highly civilized communities, in all ages of the world. The stage has even been converted to religious purposes. In the early ages of the Christian Church, the "Mysteries and Moralities," so called, became powerful instru-

ments in the hands of the church for the spread of religious and moral instruction. In later periods, it transferred its powers to what may be its original design, viz: "*to show the manners living as they rise*,"—"*to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure.*" It is to be regretted, perhaps, that the modern Drama does not fully carry out the legitimate purpose of the stage. That it does not, is perhaps the fault of our age, not of the Drama. As luxury and refinement increase in communities, a more voluptuous taste is induced in the minds of the people. The stage must follow the prevailing taste. Hence the seductive Lyrical Drama, the fascinating Ballet, the pointed and satirical Extravaganza and Burlesque, the gorgeous Spectacle, the thrilling Melo-drame, the light and sparkling Vaudeville, and the bustling, laugh-inspiring Farce—have superseded, to a great extent, the legitimate Drama, so called. By the admirers of the Drama, these hybrid performances are considered desecrations of the stage; while the opponents of the theatres quote this decline of the legitimate Drama with exultation, as a proof of the idle and demoralizing character of the stage. Both of these classes of objectors are wrong. The stage, as a caterer for the public's recreation and amusement, only consults the tastes of its patrons.

To *please* it *lives*—and to *live* it must *please*. Those who are so furious in their denunciations of the stage, and who in their crusades against this species of public amusement deal out their anathemas so unsparingly on the Drama and its supporters, would do well to take a more philosophical view of the case. They are fighting half the time with "windmills," in their Quixotic attempts to crush the stage. It is too firmly fixed in the hold it obtains on the public mind to be uprooted by these violent and unreasonable attacks. Let these objectors seek to reform the stage, and every rational mind will aid in the task—seek to overthrow it, and they expose themselves to ridicule.

In the crusade against theatres that is springing up in this city and elsewhere, we have regretted to see the unseemly attacks that are made against actors as a class. It is uncharitable to stigmatise any body of our fellow men, *as a body*. It is rather singular that a profession which requires the possession of the highest attributes of mind, combined with the graces of education and accomplishments, should be vilified and degraded, and its professors ranked as the Pariahs of society. Yet such is the case. And more worthy of observation is it, that with all these prejudices and injustice leveled against actors, that they, as a body, are even what they are. It has often been quoted and proved by writers, that the lives of the members of the histrionic profession afford as little room for censure, as a class, as any other distinct classes of men known in the world—while many of them have exhibited characters and conduct that would have done honor to any station of society.

We have lately heard, from the pulpits of this city, wholesale denunciations of players, as a class, and we could not but be impressed with the conviction of how unwise it was for a member of the clerical profession to provoke comparisons between the poor, despised player, and the clergy of this and every other age. We will not pursue the painful comparison. But history, and the daily occurrence of passing events, speak "trumpet tongued" to these clerical revilers of the actor's character—that they should cease their uncharitable attacks.

In conclusion, we say, that we advocate and support the stage on the broad ground of its utility. It is desirable that the exhibition of dramatic performances should be as frequent as possible in all large and populous places. The common business of life, too intensely pursued, makes men unmindful of precepts and maxims of virtue, which they are more apt to forget in the eager pursuits of their avocations, than to abandon through want of principle. The drama awakens all the kinder emotions of the heart, and prevents that moral stagnation which so much tends to degrade and brutify.

☞ We conclude in this number our synopsis of the proceedings of the G. L. of the U. S. at its late session. We have presented in a brief manner, every thing of importance which came before that body, and though not official, they can be depended upon as entirely accurate. It will be observed that the Golden Rule is the only periodical in the U.S. that has given its readers a synopsis of these important proceedings.

☞ Bro Cochran!—Just take a look at the leading Editorial in the Golden Rule of Jan. 17, 1846, and compare it with the article on page 46 of the Odd-Fellow of Nov. 3, 1847, and tell us what you think of it?—The paper to which you have credited the article is in the frequent habit of doing these things—its morality not being any impediment thereto. Be just and fear not!

☞ The poem by Montgomery, sent us by our correspondent at Toronto, has already appeared in the Golden Rule.

Editorial Personalities.—We deprecate the too frequent practice of editorial contentions and personalities as sincerely as our brothers of "The Symbol" can possibly do. It is our desire to make the "Golden Rule" an interesting and instructive family paper, combining with it a faithful digest and authority of all public acts connected with our Order. To effect this, we spare neither pains nor expense; to this end we are increasing our facilities, and, with the opening year, we hope to present an hebdomedal journal, which shall be, in every respect, worthy the largely increased and still increasing patronage we have been favored with. In carrying out this design, we are only resorting to the legitimate means which every honest and independent proprietor of a public journal is entitled to use for the furtherance of his interests. We have been too long connected with the press to believe that the public will support a paper devoted to personal attacks on its cotemporaries; and we cannot but regret that our brothers of "The Symbol" should have found it necessary to go out of its way to designate us as covertly attempting to injure that paper, or to provoke a warfare with it. We unequivocally deny the charge. We are wholly unconscious of having given cause for so grave an accusation, and we have only adverted to the statement made in the Symbol, to repudiate, in the broadest sense, any disposition, on our part, to build up the reputation of the "Golden Rule," upon principles charged upon us by our brothers of "The Symbol."

American Musical Institute.—We are happy to inform our readers that this Musical Association, is about commencing its winter series of Oratorios. On Tuesday evening next will be produced at the Tabernacle, for the first time in this country, the new Oratorio of "Elijah"—on which occasion Mr. Leach, from the Manchester and Birmingham Oratorios, will make his first appearance before an American audience. The reputation which this gentleman has acquired in England as an Oratorio singer, with the great merits of the piece and well-known musical talents of the Institute, induces us to anticipate a rich treat. The public are greatly indebted to the untiring exertions of Bro. Henry Meigs for the successful establishment of the Musical Institute. Their performances have always given entire satisfaction.

Consumption.—M. Deschamps has addressed a letter to the Paris Academy of Sciences, stating that he has succeeded in discovering an infallible remedy for pulmonary disease, even when the formation of tubercles is ascertained; and it is said that, with his recipe, he has sent securities to the value of 70,000fr., which he offers to forfeit if experience should not demonstrate its efficacy.

The Hedgehog.—It is said that the hedgehog is proof against poisons. M. Pallas states that it will eat a hundred cantharides without receiving any injury. More recently a German physician, who wished to dissect one, gave it prussic acid, but it took no effect! he then tried arsenic, opium, and corrosive sublimate, with the same results.

Cure for Hydrophobia.—At Adina, in Friule, a poor man suffering under the agonizing tortures of hydrophobia, was cured by draughts of vinegar given him by mistake, instead of another potion. Another physician at Padua got intelligence of this event, and tried the same remedy upon a patient at the hospital, administering a pound of vinegar in the morning, another at noon, and a third at sunset, and the man was speedily and perfectly cured.

The Archives Israelites says: "It is calculated that the total number of Jews spread over the surface of the globe is 6,000,000 of souls. Of these 180,000 are in the enjoyment of civil rights, viz: 30,000 in the United States of America, 50,000 in Holland, 10,000 in Belgium, and 90,000 in France. In England 20,000 are yet incompletely emancipated.

The house in which Shakspeare was born was sold at the auction mart, by Mr. Robins. It was purchased by the committee acting at Stratford and London for £3,000, there being no opposition bidding.

A vessel has arrived at London with a cargo of bricks from the tower of Babel, and with other architectural curiosities for the British Museum.

Mr. Constable, publisher, of Edinburgh, has given the large sum of £10,000 for the manuscripts left by the late Dr. Chalmers. Among them is a Commentary on the Bible as far as the book of Jeremiah.

A new likeness of her Majesty has been recently published. We allude to the new crown piece which has been issued by the mint. We hope this portrait of our gracious Queen will be in the possession of the humblest individual.—[Punch.

Dramatical Register.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The enterprising proprietor of this magnificent establishment, deserves the success which is so triumphantly crowning his experiment. Novelty of the rarest kind, follows in quick succession, and crowded houses nightly, is the reward of his labors.

The gorgeous Ballet, "L'Almee," was withdrawn on Monday evening, although still in the full tide of undiminished attraction, to make way, on Tuesday, for another new Grand Dramatic Ballet, called "La Jeune Dalmate, or the Return to the Village," that was received by a crowded house, with rapturous demonstrations of applause.

The story of the new Ballet is exceedingly interesting; similar in its incidents to the Opera of Linda of Chamouni. Elina, a young Dalmatian peasant, (Mde. Monplaisir,) has gained the affections of Count Eric, (M. Monplaisir,) but is betrothed to Wolf, (M. Corby.) The piece opens with preparations for the nuptials of Wolf and Elina. The Count with his friend Miller, (M. Grossi,) arrives at the village to take a last farewell of his Elina. Miller seeing the distress of his friend, hits upon a plan to secure Elina to the Count. In the hight of the bridal festivities, he causes Warberg, Elina's father, (M. Bartholomin,) to be arrested for rent due the Count. Wolf and the villagers offer to raise the money for Warberg's release; and Eric, who has joined the marriage party, in disguise, also gives a purse of gold to Elina, for her father, but urges her to leave her home and fly with him to his castle. She reluctantly consents. Warberg restored to liberty now enters, with his wife Berthe, (Mde. Bartholomin,) and her daughter Zimeline, (Mlle Bulan.) They are informed of Elina's flight, and the distracted father rushes off in pursuit of his child.

The second Act opens in a magnificent ball room, in the Count's Castle. Elina is discovered richly attired, but heart stricken and repentant. Numerous guests arrive, and a series of beautiful dances are executed. In the midst of gaities, Warberg enters and demands the restoration of his guilty daughter. He succeeds in carrying her off, and the scene changes to the cottage of Warberg. There the family are discovered mourning over the lost Elina, when Wolf enters and announces the return of Warberg and his daughter. An interesting scene d'action now succeeds. Elina is pardoned by the parents, and the young Count, attended by Miller, comes in pursuit of his beloved Elina, and offers her honorable marriage, as a reperation for her wrongs. And the piece terminates happily, with a series of brilliant and characteristic dances.

We cannot speak in too high terms of eulogy, on the execution and getting up of this beautiful Ballet. The dancing and pantomimic action of Mde and M. Monplaisir, exceeds in brilliancy and expression any ot their previous efforts. The Polka National, in the first Act, is perhaps, for its characteristic expression, and for the striking beauty of its powers, and for its brilliant execution, unsurpassed in our memory, by any artistes we have seen on this continent. It was rapturously encored, and would have been demanded a third time, but from consideration for the accomplished artistes. The pantomimic action of these talented performers, was more *spirituelle* than in L'Almee. There was less of the mere mechanism of their art, and more poetry. The grand Pas de deux in ball room scene, is also deserving of praise. Melle. Bulan, as Zimeline, received a full share of the honors of the evening. It is a finished specimen of pantomimic and cheregraphic skill. A Pas de trois, by this lady, assisted by Mlle's and St. Clair, in the second Act, drew forth reiterated bursts of applause.

M Corby, as the disappointed lover, has not a very prominent part, but he makes it an important feature by his immitable execution.

M. Bartholomin rendered the scene, where he reclaims his daughter, one of the most effective pieces of Dramatic action we ever remember to have witnessed.

Mde. Bartholomin, as the mother of Elina, was also expressive and effective in her action.

The management has produced this piece with lavish expenditure. The scenery is beautiful and picturesque, and the costumes, which are all new, are exceedingly beautiful and characteristic withal. The Ballet will undoubtedly have a long run.

There has been little of Dramatic novelty at this house since our last, except the unsuccessful attempt to revive Farquhar's Comedy of "The Inconstant," most barberously mutulated and cut down to three Acts. These old comedies of a grossly indelicate and gone-by shcool, are not adapted to the tastes of modern audiences. Their wit cannot in this age, compensate for their licentiousness. The actors too, of the modern style, have lost even the traditionary points of those old plays. And moreover they are wanting in the weight, necessary for giving due effect to the characters. The performers were all at fault, misplaced and ineffective; the audience, were cold and dissatisfied, and the whole affair may be set down as a failure. For our own parts, we protest against the desecration of these rich old comedies, presented in this mutilated state; especially while there are modern novelties more in accordance with the tastes of audiences, and better suited to the capabilities of the Broadway company.

"Temper" has been played with undiminished success, since the withdrawal of the Inconstant. Here the company were themselves again.

THE MODEL ARTISTES.—This is an exhibition which should be visited by every pure-minded lover of art. It consists of representations of groups of Statuary, Paintings, and various Scriptural subjects, which are not only exceedingly chaste and beautiful, but convey to the minds of beholders, through living tableaux, vivid pictures of scenes famous in history, and of noble works of Art. "John the Baptist Preaching in the Wilderness," "Sappho," "Diana rising from the Bath," "Expulsion from the Garden," are particularly deserving of mention as finished and artistical performances. The false delicacy which would condemn these exhibitions, argues little for the taste or judgment of objectors. "To the pure all things are pure," and we are not surprised to find the rooms of the Apollo crowned every evening by ladies and gentlemen to witness these intellectual entertainments, which are got up by Dr. COLLYER in a manner very creditable to himself and his troupe of Artistes.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 1, in Brooklyn, Rev. T. B. Thayer, Mr. JAMES FRANCIS KENNE, of this city, and Miss ELIZABETH L. DALRYMPLE, of Brooklyn.

Oct. 14, at New Vane, by Rev. D. P. Wood, P.G. WILLIAM H. STEWART, of Middletown Lodge No. 112, Middletown, and Miss CAROLINE HULSE, of the former place.

DEATHS.

Oct. 23, in Brooklyn, SAMUEL GROVE, only son of Ellen and Bro. Henry R. Oxwith, P.C.P. of Salem Encampment No. 7, aged 3 years 4 days.

NEW JERSEY.—Bro. CLARK HUTCHINSON will visit the brothers in New Jersey, and receive subscriptions for the GOLDEN RULE, for which he is an authorized Agent.

MICHIGAN.—ROBERT B. MORSE, Esq. is our General Agent for the State of Michigan. A relative of the Publisher, though we believe not yet an Odd-Fellow, we hope the brethren will give him a cordial reception.

WISCONSIN.—Mr. ROBERT B. MORSE, our General Agent for Michigan and Wisconsin, will visit the Territory in a short time.

REMITTANCES.—Those brothers who have not remitted for their subscriptions, will oblige us by doing so at the earliest moment, by mail, post paid.

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AGENCY FOR MASSACHUSETTS, MAINE, NEW HAMPSHIRE AND RHODE ISLAND.—The undersigned, having been appointed exclusive Agent for the above States for the sale of the Offering, is ready to supply copies to the Brotherhood, and to Sub Agents, at his Office, 40 Cornhill, Boston, up stairs—Office of the Golden Rule. Members of the Order, and others, desiring this elegant Annual, beautifully bound in emblematic colors, are requested to call on

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Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER. NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON. TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

VOL. VII....No. 20. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1847. WHOLE No. 176.

Original Tales.

A GOOD BROTHER.

BY L. A. GOBRIGHT, P.G.

THE word "Charity" is so generally misapprehended, that we are compelled to be explicit, and call it "Love." It would be presumptive to assert that its abiding place is more especially in associations benevolent, as contradistinguished from those which are sectarian—that we, who have it for our motto, are its most devoted adherents; and that, to a greater extent than they who are not of the Brotherhood, we perform its heavenly behests, "Visit the Sick—Relieve the Distressed—Bury the Dead." No! the principles of Odd-Fellowship existed prior to the advent of the World's Redeemer; they were, among innumerable instances, beautifully and brightly exemplified in the friendship of Jonathan and David, and in the increase, by Elijah, of the widow's oil. The mere fact that an individual is attached to the Order, is not conclusive, in any mind, that he has a heart emoleient with charity. There are men odd-fellows in deeds who are not Odd-Fellows in name, or by designation. A connection with the Fraternity, however, expands the field of usefulness, and as a consequence, affords increased opportunity for the practice of benevolence.

These were the views entertained by Jonathan Wood, who, to make use of a plain phrase, was "old-fashioned." He scouted all straps but that with which he held his work to his knee, and was indifferent to all fashions, (except of shoes,) thinking, very justly, that men should not be judged by outward appearances. With a soul that waxed warm when there was presented to him an object of sympathy, he believed that to him, in the end, there would be an adequate reward—"a blessing in the deed." He stood on a "good footing," (if we make a very few exceptions,) with all who knew him. Like other men he had had difficulties with individuals, but toward them he entertained no ill-will. One of those was a lady, who passed him by "as a publican and a sinner!" It must not be supposed that they were unmarried, and that they had had a lovers' quarrel; on the contrary, they rejoiced in seeing their children gamboling around them in all the sunshine of youth and innocence. It may suffice that Jonathan was indented to Mr. Landon, her husband, and it was during his apprenticeship that the variance originated. Landon and Jonathan were good friends, and at Jonathan's solicitation, Landon joined the Order, and they met in the same Lodge. With this preliminary, we now proceed with the remainder of our beautiful narrative.

Brother Landon, having long been afflicted with bodily infirmities, could not devote himself as assiduously as he desired to his business. However, he was enabled to procure bread for his family, and pay for it. But, poor fellow! from his emaciated and pallid appearance, every body said he was "not long for this world." * * * * * * *

The day had been boisterous, and October was just on the eve of departure—a period when a seriousness, a melancholy, is thrown over the mind by the fall and rustle of the leaf, the chilling atmosphere, and the deep-toned wind (sighing, as it were, the requium of the seasons past,) and by the many other incidents to autumn. And at such a time, comfortably sheltered, as we lie upon our pillows, our thoughts revert to the very poor and friendless, to whom the sound of "home" occasions little gladness, for they are warned that the ruder blasts will sweep through their miserable habitations, and that trials, sufferings, and privations, will be their portion. We think, too, of the friends, enervated by disease and lingering with consumption, who have been permitted, for the last time, to gaze upon the earth clad in its floral beauty, and whose graves will soon

"Put on their winter robes of purest white."

—But there was a low knock at Jonathan Wood's door, and it was night. He had been sent for in haste—Landon had just died! He dressed himself with all possible expedition, and accompanied the messenger to the "house of mourning." Landon had died before he arrived. Three brothers were engaged in washing the body and preparing it for the shroud. The duty of closing the eyes of the deceased had been neglected, and this he performed; and remained until his services were no longer required on that occasion.

On the ensuing day, the remains of Landon were interred, with the ceremonies of the Order.

The wife was prevented from attending the funeral, for reasons which will presently be discovered.

She had made inquiry and ascertained that Wood had re

peatedly been to the house; and it was then that the flame of gratitude destroyed the thorns of dislike, or prejudice, that had so long rankled in her bosom toward the husband's former apprentice. And Wood had strong reasons to suspect, and to congratulate himself, that the painful estrangement of former days was to be remembered only with regret that it ever had an existence.

Jonathan—or Brother Wood—while he was one morning working at his seat more industriously than usual, suddenly threw down his hammer and the half-finished shoe—took off his leather-apron, put on his coat and hat, (a white one, with a black scarf on it,) supplied his mouth with a fresh piece of tobacco, and, after hastily washing his hands in the kit and wiping them on his pantaloons, he started for the residence of the widow. (If he had taken time to consult the triangular piece of glass, nailed with sparables to the wall, he would have discovered that he had a smutty face, and a "rough exterior.") He soon reached the lonely residence, in the suburbs of the city, and, without ceremony, was admitted into the chamber. He was received with all the cordiality of an old and constant friend!

"Take a seat, Jonathan. I'm glad to see you. I have thought of you repeatedly during my sickness. Now that poor John has gone, I feel, I *know* that I need the consolation of friends."

"Mrs. Landon," rejoined Jonathan, in a firm and emphatic tone, "you shall have it, you shall have it."

Weak as she was, she forced herself into a sitting posture, and continued:

"I need, too, Jonathan, assistance, and—"

"I am ready and willing," he replied, "to do for you what my little means will allow."

"And Heaven will bless you! You behold—you behold—this poor infant, not three weeks old, whose face was not seen by its father before he left us for ever! He is gone! Oh! that—"

And, without concluding the sentence, she fell back upon the pillow, pressing her eyes and forehead firmly with her hands, and in a paroxysm of agony.

Jonathan could not restrain his tears—he wept in sympathy, for he had known her many years—had received, when an apprentice, many acts of kindness from the deceased, and now he rejoiced, in heart, that he could make to the widow some slight return.

"Mr. Wood—Jonathan," she remarked imploringly as she wiped the tears from her face, and clasped her infant closer to her breast; "Jonathan, come and see us again—bring Mrs. Wood—advise me what to do. Oh! forgive the past—I did the wrong."

Jonathan again gave her assurances of friendship; and, bidding her "good-bye," and shaking her by the hand, he left the room.

Nobly did Brother Wood fulfil his promises. He first supplied the family with shoes, of his own make; and, secondly, visited all the Lodges, and solicited subscriptions for the widow's relief, which, with the assistance of the Lodge to which Landon was a member, alleviated her distress, and provided her with the necessaries of life. He purchased, at cost price, every end and shred of leather, and the tools, which belonged to the deceased, and gave her all his patronage—the binding of his shoes.

Jonathan Wood, as the reader is aware, is in humble life, but a good example is presented for the imitation of those whose avocations are more lucrative.

But Mrs. Landon, poor woman, is diseased, incurably; her bodily frame will soon be consigned to the churchyard, where that of her late consort has, ere this, moldered into dust! She is, indeed, "entitled to our aid and sympathy."

May He who is the widow's friend encircle her with his arms of everlasting love; be very near to her tender offspring, and bless the good brother who exercised the "charity that never faileth," and prosper his kindred associates who, with him, to the present hour, contribute of their substance for her relief!

City of Washington, Oct. 1847.

TRUST him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.

Original Poetry.

THE PASS OF BELUN.

BY KATE DASHWOOD.

"But the God of battles was with them, and He delivered the enemy into their hands."

"To arms! to arms! proud Belun's hight
With bristling spears reflects the light,
And glistening shield, and bright cuirass,
Flash back the sunbeams down the pass;
'Mid sword and falchion flaming high,
And crimson banners' gory dye,
Onward they come—a mighty host,
The pride of princely Urzan's boast!

"Up! up! Ben-hadad!—down the steep,
That mighty host tumultuous leap.
Up! up! arouse thy scatter'd band!
We'll sweep them as with burning brand,
And Urzan's hosts, shall know
Ben-hadad's warrior-princes stand
O'er Judea's mighty land,
Nor flee before the foe—
Though countless as the myriad sands
That through yon gore doth flow!"

Thus spoke young Mirza's soul of fire,
And fiercely fallen Judah's ire
Kindled like flame—from pass and hight,
And dark ravine, those men of might,
Like swift-wing'd meteors, silent rushed;
No sound, no war-note, all is hush'd,
'Till 'mid that forest far and wide,
A thousand strong-armed warriors bide.
It were a goodly sight to see
Ben-hadad's spearmen stand,
Like war-steeds, where the archery*
Of Korl—their chosen band—
Grasped each fierce hand with eye of flame,
For on young Mirza's warriors came—
The strong men of the land!
With staff and sling, like him of old,
Who smote, and proud Goliath roll'd
Upon the gory sand.
And there they stood amid the gloom—
Hush'd was that forest, as a tomb.

On swept the foe with trumpet-clang,
While rocky steep and cavern rang:
On through the pass—they reach the plain,
And bright the sunbeams flash again,
O'er sea of lances waving high,
And banners floating to the sky;
With foaming steed, and flashing shield,
Onward they sped o'er Gherza's field;
They shout 'mid clashing helm and spear—
"Death to the foe who flees from fear!"

Like avalanche from rifted steep,
Ben-hadad's fiery warriors leap—
"Death, death! to Israel's foes!"
On, on, the stormy spearmen sweep,
A crash! and then uprose
A mingled wail that rent the sky!
Earth totters, rocks fall from on high
And giant-trees like storm-clouds fly
Down from that forest hight;
'Tis o'er—the last faint wail is hush'd,
And lo! where Israel's foes lie crush'd!

* The Jews were prohibited the use of cavalry.

TASTE and elegance, though they are reckoned only among the smaller and secondary morals, yet are of no mean importance in the regulation of life. A moral taste is not of force to turn vice into virtue; but it recommends virtue, with something like their most serious concerns.

HE whose heart is not excited upon the which a martyr has sanctified by his sufferings, or at the grave of one who has largely benefited mankind, must be more inferior to the multitude in his moral, than he can possibly be raised above them in his intellectual nature.

Original Notes of Travel.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

NUMBER FIVE.

ENGLAND, Sept. 1847.

Two and a half hours sail took me from Oxford to Bath. This is through a charming country, of undulating and varied surface, and in high cultivation. Bath broke upon us with delightful effect. Situated in a basin surrounded by hills of 400 to 800 feet altitude above the sea, and stretching up their sides to the tops, the new portion extends much above the old Bath, whose altitude is but 40 feet. The buildings are of a drab gray stone. The old town contains a fine old Abbey, which I had not time to examine carefully.

In the upper town, on the elevated ground, is laid out Victoria Park, beautifully diversified, and extending over the slope of a vast hill.

While rapidly surveying this locality, I observed a young lady, bonneted and shawled, emerge from one of the handsome dwellings on the "Terrace" bordering the park, and entering the grounds, proceed to a seat upon a bench and occupy herself with a book. It occurred to me that one of our young ladies would have seated herself for reading within doors, and thus have deprived herself of the health giving influence of the fine air of the park. I have frequently seen the same thing in other public grounds in this country.

Returning to the lower town, I proceeded to the Royal Private Baths connected with the hottest spring, and embracing a range of private baths, a tepid swimming bath of noble dimensions, and a large open bath, which in point of architecture, internal fittings and conveniences, and tasteful arrangements are said to be fully equal if not superior to any in Europe. Wishing to enjoy the luxury of a private bath, I was shown into one consisting of a suite of two rooms, a dressing and bathing room, each about 12 feet square, the first was fitted up and furnished with every convenience, from a pair of boot hooks to an easy sofa, that the most particular of *elegantes* could desire. A door opens into the bathing room, where, descending six marble steps guarded by brass railings, I was gradually immersed in the mineral water of 100 degrees heat. The bath is about six feet deep, and the same across, and lined with white tiles. Three brass handle cocks are within reach to admit the Volcanic Vapors, either at their natural temperature of 114 degrees, tepid or cold, by which means the degree of heat may be regulated at the option of the bather.

But forced by the inevitable necessities of circumstance, I must tear myself from Bath, wishing much for a year of leisure to winter in Oxford, and summer in Bath and upon the banks of the "Willowy Avon."

Discarding the railway, which, in this region, runs much among Mr. Toodle's "cuttings and tunnels," we took stage from Bath to Bristol, a distance of twelve miles, for the purpose, from an outside seat, of observing the country. The road winds along the banks of the Avon, keeping in view hills and glades that adorn its banks. On the right was seen the tower of the rich and eccentric author of Vathek. It is on the highest point of land but one, for which so great a price was asked him, that he determined to dispense with its advantages. We passed a traveler propelling himself from Bristol to Bath at the rate of six miles an hour. He was seated in a light carriage with low wheels, and with great apparent ease with his feet worked the power which produced their revolutions. Up the ascents and down on the fine smooth road, he went swiftly on, as though some invisible agency was propelling him. Farther on, under the green hedge, was seated a man, playing thimble-rig, to the great amusement, and, doubtless, at the expense in pocket, of half-a-dozen bumpkins in smock frocks—theirs the rural simplicity in keeping with the place; his the shrewdness learned elsewhere.

Bristol, old and dirty Bristol, with its bad inns, was reached too soon. On either side of the old narrow streets, are seen old houses with the upper stories projecting, and so near, that neighbors reaching across the street might shake hands from the windows of opposite houses. Getting out of old Bristol and ascending the hights, we were refreshed by the scenery and fine air of Clifton. The beautiful situation of Clifton is handsomely improved with stone houses of the light Bristol stone, or Bath stone, as it is generally called, all having hedged yards in front. These are rented at lower rates than the rents with us. On Clifton Downs we had a charming walk, skirting the banks of the Avon, rocky and rising here to a great hight, much like our Mohawk, near Little Falls, though of greater hight of banks. It was then low tide, and the river could be crossed on foot with ease. Twelve hours later, ships of 1000 tons burden would be coming up to the outer docks of Bristol, incredible as it was from appearances as we saw it. High above the winding road, on the bank where a mass of rock rises to the hight of 300 and more feet, opens out the mouth of a cave which is entered in the Downs half-a-mile distant. It winds its way under ground, and comes out of the bare surface of the perpendicular rock, 250 feet above the bed of the river.

Coming into the city I saw them at work widening the docks to avoid a repetition of the Great Britain affair.

Bristol is worse supplied, or rather is supplied with worse hotels than any city I have yet been in on this side of the Atlantic.

But again, on by rail, and gladly bid adieu to the dirty inn of old Bristol. And now know that all the ease and comfort of which I have spoken as appertaining to Railway traveling in England, belongs only to the first class carriages. The second class, with narrow uncushioned seats, are a sort of pillory, and so constructed as to shake their victims ague-like, call for no eulogium. All the expensive and luxurious equipment are lavished upon the first class cars, and a sufficiency of money can buy them. All is in keeping with all else here—for the first class, and all who have money, there is all of comfort and luxury: for the second class, the *un*moneyed, none are to be had and these are not expected to enjoy them. Yet is the fare of the second class cars about 4½ cents per mile, enough, it would seem to us, to buy comfort. The fare in the first class cars is about six cents per mile. By paying well for it, most excellent living is to be had here, and courteous attendance; but heaven help those who have no money, for their chance with man would be poor indeed.

Much ridicule and abuse, here, indicates a dislike of the Irish. And notwithstanding the spirit of *progress* at work here as well as elsewhere, a hatred of America exists; a bull-ism that seems part of their nature. A consciousness of the growing greatness of America, begetting a jealousy of superior commercial and political eminence, is a great cause of this feeling, and Bull growls, as with a bad grace he receives the food from the hands that feed him.

But a power is at work among the many. Before the light of that great political sun, now blazing in the West, the ideas of the divine right of Kings and feudal privileges are sensibly fading, and we hear Englishmen talk much of burdens that will be removed and of superior privileges enjoyed by the Americans. They feel sensibly, and hesitate not to complain of the unrighteousness of that burden saddled upon them by the tory Pitt, in waging war at the expense of hundreds of millions of English treasure, and oceans of English blood, to sustain the legitimacy of monarchial thraldom throughout continental Europe against that great trampler on rotten dynasties, Napoleon. Irishmen say that England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity. But man supposes, Time discloses. Yours, in F. L. and T.

ORION.

TIME is like a ship which never anchors: while I am on board, I had better do those things that may profit me at my landing, than practice such as shall cause my commitment when I come ashore. Whatsoever I do, I would think what will become of it when it is done. If good, I will go on to finish it; if bad, I will either leave off where I am, or not undertake it at all. Vice, like an unthrift, sells away the inheritance, while it is but in reversion: but virtue, husbanding all things well, is a purchaser.

THOSE who place their affections at first on trifles for amusement, will find these trifles become at last their most serious concerns.

The Family Circle.

THE TRUE HEART'S ASPIRATIONS.

I would be thine!
Oh, not to learn the anguish
Of being first a deity enshrined,
Then, when the fever fit is past, to languish,
Stripp'd of each grace that fancy round me twined!
Not such the lot I crave!

I would be thine!
Not in bright summer weather,
A sunny atmosphere of joy to breathe;
But fear and tremble when the storm-clouds gather,
And shrink life's unrelenting doom beneath,
Failing when needed most.

I would be thine!
To lose all selfish feeling
In the sole thought of *thee*, far dearer one!
To study every look thy will revealing,
To make thy voice's ever-varying tone
The music of my heart.

I would be thine!
When sickness doth oppress thee,
With love's unwearied vigilence to watch.
Waking—to soothe, to comfort, to caress thee;
Sleeping—to list in dread each sound to catch,
Thy slumbers that might break.

I would be thine!
When vexed by worldly crosses,
To cheer thee with affection's constant care,
To stay thee 'neath the burden of thy losses,
By showing thee how deeply thou art dear—
Most so in thy distress.

I would be thine!
Gently and unreplying
To bear with thee, when chafed and spirit-worn,
The hasty word, the quick reproach, denying,
But by the soft submission which is born
Of steadfast love alone.

I would be thine!
My world in thee to centre,
With all its hopes, cares, fears, and loving thought;
No wish beyond the home where thou should'st enter,
Ever anew to find thy presence brought
My life's best joy.

I would be thine!
Not passion's wild emotion
To show thee, fitful as the changing wind;
But with a still, deep, fervent, life-devotion,
To be to thee the help-meet God designed—
For *this* would I be thine!—[Fraser for Oct.

PATERNAL DUTY.—The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief and occasional word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it any excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living without this effort. I ask, by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which *he* desires? Is it an advantage to them to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely well-cultivated intellects, hearts sensible to domestic affection; the love of parents, and brethren, and sisters: a taste for home pleasures; habits of order, regularity, and industry; a hatred of vice and vicious men; and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue—are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property—simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which could render that property a blessing.—[Wayland's Moral Science.

GENTLE INFLUENCES.—Austerity and denunciation will not bring the wanderer back, or move within him the springs of virtuous action. Cold indifference and neglect are not the means by which we are to dissolve the congealed fountains of human affection, and win the soul to virtue. The man who employs these as the instruments of reform, will labor in vain. They can no more subdue the stubborn heart than the rude blasts of polar skies can melt the towering iceberg and the mountains of eternal snow. Severe coersive measures will not reclaim the erring. Man is so constituted that every attempt to drive him from an error, either of the head or heart, tends to confirm him in his course If there is aught that will allure the wayward from the haunts of folly and the selfishness of a misguided ambition, it is the voice of friendly admonition. If there is a power in the universe sufficiently potent to soften the heart and to draw the victim of dissipation and vice away from the scene of his dishonor, that power is kindness. It serves to quiet the fears, to subdue the passions, to enlist the best affections, and thus the victory is gained. The superior power and efficacy of gentle influences is beautifully illustrated in the fable of the Sun and the Wind, in their effort to make the traveler part with his cloak. The Wind commenced a furious attack. From the dark clouds he breathed out threatning and violence. At his voice the deep foundations of the everlasting mountains did tremble. The tall oaks bowed their lofty heads as he passed, and at the sound of his chariot wheels the wild beasts ran howling from the hills! But it was all in vain. The poor traveller drew his cloak more closely around him. At length the wind retired, and the thick vapors rolled away. All was still, the Sun smiled upon the traveller and he threw down his cloak. Thus mild and gentle means accomplished what all the artillery of the elements could not perform.

When other means fail, remember that a word spoken in love, even a tear or a smile, may reclaim the wanderer. Univercœlum.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—Without female society, it has been justly said, that the beginning of men's lives would be helpless, the middle without pleasure, and the end without comfort. The celebrated D'Alembert makes a reflection that does honor to the female sex and his own feelings: "We are, in a peculiar manner," says he, "in want of the society of a gentle and amiable woman; when our passions have subsided to participate in our cares, calm and alleviate our sufferings, and enable us to support our infirmities; happy is the man possessed of such a friend! and more happy still if he can preserve her, and escape the misfortune of a survival."

BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Vienna, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer or porter, and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks stretching forth their hands, screaming, and imploring succor, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman, who was present, a Count Pulverini, I think, held out a purse of one hundred sequins as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat, and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, of being dashed against the fragment of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one in the vast number of spectators had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant passing along was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of oars, gained the middle of the river, brought the boat under the pile; and the whole family safely descended by means of a rope. "Courage!" cried he; "now you are safe." By a still more sternuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and the family to the shore. "Brave fellow!" exclaimed the Count, handing the purse to him, "here is the promised recompense." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant. "My labor is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to this poor family which has lost all." [We are indebted to Horace Walpole for the preservation of this beautiful incident. He would have been entitled to much more of our gratitude, had he evinced the same anxiety to preserve the name of the illustrious peasant, as he has shown with regard to that of the nobleman who offered the reward. But the title and the gold had fully greater charms for him than the name of an obscure laborer.—[My Note-Book.

WOMAN'S TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable in a famale than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway; reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feelings of a bad heart. Smiles, kind words, and looks, characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty; and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.

(Lady's Newspaper.

Choice Miscellany.

FELLOW WORKERS.

From the crevice of a cloudlet,
In the eastern gray,
Came a beauteous Beam of light-
Leading in the Day. [ness,
Flowrets woke up as she softly
Stole upon the lands;
Joyfully the leaves and grasses
Clapp'd their dew-wet hands!
Over field, and over forest,
Silently she went,
Like a messenger in earnest,
On some mercy bent.

By a quiet, shady hedgerow,
In a sheltered nook,
Where we love to linger, reading
In God's leafy book;
There a tender Shoot of greenness
Claimed earth's needful care,
And the Beam, so soft and gentle,
Was beside it there;
And, with streaming hands of silver
Bent she down in prayer,
While a murmur, indistinctly,
Rose upon the air:

"Oh, behold this germ of beauty
Pressing into life;
Come, thou golden god of noontide,
Help it in this strife!
I will tint its slender leaflet
And its fragile flower;
Ray of sunshine—Fellow-worker-
Help me with thy power!"
Light and Heat were fellow-work-
And God bless'd the deed; [ers,
For the flower was passing lovely,
Though a simple weed!

There are many germs of goodness
Dormant in each breast,
Lying there in sad half-slumber
And unquiet rest.
Fain they would both bud and blos-
But, within the soul, [som,
Prison'd are they—nothing nearer
To the distant goal.

Come, oh, silvery Beam of Knowl
Turn the dumb intent [edge!
To a speaking, healthy action—
For this wert thou sent.
Be thou, too, a fellow-worker,
Glowing Ray of Love;
Pierce within the sheltered hedge-
Draw the germ above: [row,
Souls that else were poor and life-
Shall evolve new powers— [less
Weeds upon the wayside worthless
Shall be God's bless'd Flowers!

[London People's Journal.

SCENE AT A BULL FIGHT.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS.

The bull came forth, advanced ten paces, and stopped short, dazzled by the light and stupified by the noise. Upon this occasion the bull was a black one, and it bore the colors of the houses of Ossuna and of Veragua. Its mouth was covered with foam—its eyes sparkled like two rays of fire. "Look! look!" said Rocca de Togores, one of the first poets, and most witty man in Spain; "the bull is a good one." Scarcely were the words uttered than the bull precipitated itself upon the nearest picador. It was in vain that the latter tried to stop it with his lance; the bull rushed upon the iron, and, taking the horse at the breast, thrust one of his horns into his heart. The horse was raised from the ground by the impetus, and beat the air with its fore feet. The picador saw that it was all over with his horse. He seized upon the top of the barrier, withdrawing himself at the same time from his stirrups, and as the horse fell over on one side he held fast on the other. The horse endeavored to raise itself, the blood flowing from its breast in two separate spouts. It reeled for a moment, then fell again. The bull fell furiously upon it, and in a second inflicted ten other wounds. The second picador, seeing the bull obstinate in destroying the horse, quitted the barrier and advanced toward it. Although his horse had its eyes bandaged, it reared up; it felt instinctively that its master was leading it on to death. The bull, seeing another antagonist, rushed forward to meet him. What took place was as rapid as thought:—in a second the horse was thrown backwards, and fell with all its weight upon the breast of its rider. We heard, so to say, the shriek of his bones. Then there arose an universal hurrah; twenty thousand voices cried out together, *bravo, toro! bravo, toro!* Rocca cried out like the rest; and I found myself also exclaiming, *bravo, toro!* And truly the animal was a superb one. Its body was as black as jet, and the blood of its two adversaries covered its head and shoulders like a scarlet hood. At this moment Cuchares, the torero—the king of the arena—made a signal, and the whole troop of chulos and of banderilleros surrounded the bull. In the middle of this group, and directing its movements, was Lucas Blanco, another torero, a handsome young man of twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, who had only been initiated in the use of the sword, and allowed to kill, for two years past. He was not called upon to act with the chulos, but the enthusiasm of the combat carried him away. The bull raised its head, looked for a moment at the crowd of enemies, waving their many-colored capes and banners, and rushed upon Lucas Blanco, who was nearest to him. Lucas contented himself with turning upon his heel, which he did with infinite grace and self-possession, and the bull passed by. The chulos, pursued by it, ran to the barrier. The last must have felt the breath of the animal burning his shoulders.

Arrived at the barrier, they flew over it:—flew is the word; for with blue, scarlet, and green capes, they seemed like a flock of birds with their wings expanded. The horns of the bull pierced the barrier, and transfixed the cape of the last chulo, as it fell back upon its head. The animal remained for a short time covered with the cape, as if with a hood, and it was soon stained with large patches of gore. For a moment the bull turned upon itself as if it was going mad, and then the cape went into pieces, with the exception of a shred that remained like a streamer attached to its right horn. Now that it could see, the bull turned round and embraced the whole arena with a rapid and gloomy glance. Lucas Blanco and Cuchares stood at equal distances, both calm, both attentive. Three men were drawing the picador from beneath his horse, and endeavoring to raise him on his feet. The picador reeled:—he was pale as death, and a bloody froth stained his lips. Of the two horses, one was dead; the others still kicked, as if struggling for life. The third picador, the only one that still sat upon his horse, remained motionless as a statue of bronze. After a moment's investigation, the bull's eye rested upon the group that was busy conveying away the wounded picador. It torn the sand with its fore feet, lowered its nose to a level with the furrow it had just traced, bellowed loudly, and rushed toward the group. The three men who were carrying the picador abandoned him and ran to the barrier. The wounded man beat the air for a moment with his hands, and then fell faint.

But the last picador had galloped up and taken station between the bull and its victim. The animal made his lance bend like a reed, and touched his horse with its horn as it rushed by. The horse, severely wounded, rose upon its hind legs, and carried his master away to the extremity of the arena. This obstacle overcome, the bull rushed upon Lucas Blanco, who had gone to the assistance of the picador, and had raised him up upon one knee. Lucas made a step on one side, and spread his mantle between himself and the wounded man: the bull deceived, threw itself upon the cloak. The bull, not understanding the frailty of the opposition that it met with, stopped short, turned round, and again rushed upon Lucas, who had only his blue cape as a weapon of offense or defense. Lucas again stepped on one side, leaving his cape to be run at; and the bull was in a moment ten paces beyond him. During this interval, the chulos and banderilleros had re-descended into the arena, and the servants of the circus had again ran to the assistance of the picador, and were bearing him toward the barrier. The whole quadrille surrounded the bull, waving their capes: but the bull had no eye save for Lucas Blancho. It was a struggle between the animal and that man, from which nothing could distract the former. "Back, Lucas! back!" exclaimed, at the same time, all the chulos and the banderilleros. "Back, Lucas!" shouted out Cuchares. Lucas only looked the more contemptuously at the bull. The animal was coming right at him, with its head lowered. Lucas placed the point of his foot between the two horns and jumped over its head. "*Bravo, Lucas!*" shouted twenty thousand voices; "*Viva, Lucas! Viva, viva!*" The men threw their hats into the arena, the ladies threw their fans and their bouquets. Lucas saluted the multitude with a smile, as if he had been playing with a goat. My companions, pale and green, and moist as they were, applauded and shouted with the rest. But neither the cries nor the shouts of applause could turn the bull from its revenge. Its eye followed Lucas only, and again the animal moved toward the blue cape, but this time, measuring its distance, so that it should not go beyond it. Lucas avoided the bull by a skilful vault aside. But the animal was only four paces beyond him. It returned to the charge without giving him time to recover himself. Lucas threw his cape upon its head, and retreated backwards toward the barrier. Veiled for a moment, the bull allowed his adversary to gain about a dozen paces in advance; but the cape was soon torn to shreds, and again the bull rushed upon his tormentor. It was a question of agility. Would Lucas arrive at the barrier before the bull, or would the bull catch Lucas before he had gained the barrier? Lucas stepped upon a bouquet; his foot slipped upon the moist flowers, and he fell. A great shriek arose from twenty thousand voices, and was succeeded by a profound silence. Something like a cloud passed before my eyes;—in the midst of that cloud I saw a man fifteen feet up in the air. And, strange to say, in the midst of this perplexed and dazzling vision, I saw all the details of poor Lucas's dress. His little blue vest, trimmed with silver, his rose-colored waistcoat, with steel-buttons, his white trousers braided along the seam, were all distinctly visible. He fell. The bull was waiting for him; but another adversary was also waiting for the bull. This was the first picador, who upon a fresh horse, rushed upon the animal at the moment when it was lowering its horns upon Lucas. The bull, feeling itself wounded, raised its head, and, as if it was certain of finding Lucas where it left him, rushed upon the picador. The bull had scarcely left Lucas than the latter rose up, and saluted the multitude with a smile. By a miracle the horns had passed on both sides of his body; it was the forehead of the bull alone that had thrown him in the air. By another miracle he had fallen without injuring himself. A loud murmur of sympathy and joy ran round the circus;—twenty thousand persons could once more breathe freely.

M—Man.—Man is a Marvelous and Matchless Model of Mechanism; a Mutable Mass of Mirth and Misanthropy; Merry Midst Mourning, Mournful Midst Mirth. Man Mars his Mundane Mission by Mixing in Monstrous Mummeries, Mindless of the Meek Monitions of his Mighty Master, Madly Misprising his Mild and Moderate Mandates Mid the Manifold Manifestations of the Multiplied Mercies Meted out by his Maker. Muse, then, Misguided Mortals, on the Magnitude of thy Misdemeanors; Mind not the Meretricious Machinations of Malevolent Ministers, but Merit the Meed of a Merciful Messiah.

W—Woman.—Woman, Who Whilome Was Weak, Was Wrought upon by the Wheedling Words of the Wily one, since When the World Weeps o'er its Wickedness. Wanting Woman, the World Were a Waste, and We Wending our Weary Way through its Wilderness, Would Waft our Wailings to the Winds and Waves. Woman, Without thy Winsome Ways, Wealth Were Worthless, a Will o' the Wisp. The Witchery of thy Wooing Words Works Wonders, like the Waving of the Wizard's Wand; Witness thy Weariless Watchings o'er the Wounded and the Wretched, Withstanding our Waywardness through Weal or Woe. Wanton Waddlers on the Wane, Writhing under Wrinkles, may Wage thee Warfare, but the Wise Welcome and Worship thee.

Population of the Earth—Animal Existence.—The population of the globe is supposed to be under a thousand millions, or, according to M. Hassel, 936,855,000. If, then, says a French writer, all mankind were collected in one place, every four individuals occupying a square metre, the whole might be contained in a field ten miles square. Thus, generally speaking, the population of a country might be packed, without much squeezing, in its capital. But the mean idea this gives us of the number of the human race, is counter-balanced by its capability of extension. The new world is said to contain of productive land 4,000,000 square miles of middling quality, each capable of supporting two hundred inhabitants; and 6,000,000 of a better quality, capable of supporting five hundred persons. According to this calculation, the population of the New World, as peace and civilization advance, may attain to the extent of 4,000,000,000. If we suppose the surface of the old world to be double that of America (and notwithstanding the comparative poverty of the land, this calculation may be accepted, if we say nothing of Australia and the various archipelagos), it would support 8,000,000,000; and thus the aggregate population of the entire globe might amount to 12,000,000,000, or twelve times the present number.

How many curious speculations suggest themselves here! What space will it take for the inhabitants of the earth to increase to twelve times their present number? Will such increase ever take place? Supposing the epoch to approach when 'the table is full," what will be the condition of the then races of mankind? In what way, through what proximate causes, will the number of births adjust themselves to the number of deaths? Will war be once more resuscitated from the ashes of ages—for war must have been dead, to admit of the completion of the ranks of the species? Will hatred, want, misery, follow as usual the footsteps of the destroyer, and the earth swallow up the children which her uncalculating instincts have produced?

But it is folly to perplex ourselves with the inquiries upon subjects which are obviously beyond the grasp of the intellect. All we know with certainty is, that the human world has gone on for at least four thousand years, without attaining to more than one-twelfth part of its possible extent. Our knowledge is limited, and must always be so. Not to talk of the interior of the earth, which we can learn but little about from hammering upon its crust, we are each individually ignorant even of our fellow-beings on the surface. One of us may know something of insects, and so on; but the mind does not exist which is able to comprehend the organic world in its entireness. It is said that there are 100,000 species of vegetables, five or six times that number of insects, about 1200 of quadrupeds, 9800 of birds, and 1500 of reptiles. The sea we know almost as little about as we do of the interior of the earth; but as its bottom is at least double the extent of the surface of our continents and islands, we may roughly take the number of its species, animal and vegetable, as equal to that of the species which require atmospheric air. As for the microscopic world, there we are entirely lost; but in all probability it is as rich in species as the world that is cognizable to our ordinary senses. But if we take the entire number of species of organized beings at only 2,000,000, what human intellect is capable of studying them to any purpose? If a man gave himself up to the task as the business of his life, attending to the examination of each species but one minute, and working incessantly during ten hours in the day, he would not accomplish the cursory unreflecting survey in less than twenty years! These considerations should at least teach us humility; and for the rest, we may safely trust in the Creator of these unspeakable wonders, that His almighty hand will sustain the work which His omniscient wisdom conceived, and that the same power which originated the plan, will extend to its consummation.

Waterloo the Night of the Battle.—I shall never, as long as I live, forget the adventures of that extraordinary night. In the first place, the ground, whithersoever we went, was strewed with the wreck of the battle. Arms of every kind—cuirasses, muskets, cannon, tumbrils, and drums, which seemed innumerable, cumbered the very face of the earth. Intermingled with these were the carcasses of the slain, not lying about in groups of four or six, but so wedged together that we found it impossible, in many instances, to avoid trampling upon them, where they lay under our horses' hoofs; then, again, the knapsacks, either cast loose or still adhering to their owners, were countless. I confess that we opened many of these, hoping to find in them money or other articles of value, but not one which I at least examined contained more than the coarse shirts and shoes that had belonged to their dead owners, with here and there a little package of tobacco and a bag of salt; and, which was worst of all when we dismounted to institute the search, our spurs for ever caught in the garments of the slain, and more than once we tripped up and fell over them. It was indeed a ghastly spectacle, which the feeble light of a young moon rendered, if possible, more hideous than it would have been if looked upon under the full glory of a meridian sun: for there is something frightful in the association of darkness with the dwelling of the dead; and here the dead lay so thick and so crowded together, that by and by it seemed to me as if we alone had survived to make mention of their destiny. The battle was now at an end, or removed to a distance. The shouts, the imprecations, the outcries of "Vive l'Emperor!" the discharge of musketry and cannon were over; and the groans of the wounded all around me became every instant more and more audible; I thought the night would never end. Much about this time I found a soldier of the Royals lying across my legs; he had probably crawled thither in his agony; and his weight, his convulsive motions, and the air issuing through a wound in his side, distressed me greatly; the last circumstance most of all, as I had a wound of the same nature myself. It was not a dark night, and the Prussians were wandering about to plunder; the scene in Ferdinand Count Fathom came into my mind, though no women appeared. Several stragglers looked at me as they passed by, one after another, and at last one of them stopped to examine me. I told him, as well as I could, for I spoke German very imperfectly, that I was a British officer, and had been plundered already; he did not desist, however, and pulled me about roughly. An hour before midnight I saw a man in an English uniform walking toward me. He was, I suspect, on the same errand, and he came and looked in my face. I spoke instantly, telling him who I was, and assuring him of a reward if he would remain by me. He said he belonged to the 40th, and had missed his regiment: he released me from the dying soldier, and, being unarmed, took up a sword from the ground, and stood over me, pacing backward and forward. Day broke; and at six o'clock in the morning some English were seen at a distance, and he ran to them. A messenger being sent off to Hervey, a cart came for me, and I was placed in it, and carried to the village of Waterloo, a mile and a half off, and laid in the bed which, I understood afterwards, Gordon had been carried out. I had received seven wounds; a surgeon slept in my room, and I was saved by excessive bleeding.—[Gleig's Story of the Battle of Waterloo.

Senses of Sight and Smell in Vultures.—A poor German emigrant, who lived alone in a detached cottage, rose from his bed, after a two day's confinement by fever, to purchase in the market some fresh meat for a little soup. Before he could do more than prepare the several ingredients of herbs and roots, and put his meat in water for the preparation of his pottage, the paroxysm of fever had returned, and he laid himself on his bed exhausted. Two days elapsed in this state of helplessness and inanition, by which time the mass of meat and pot-herbs had putrefied. The stench becoming very perceptible in the neighborhood, vulture after vulture, as they sailed past, were observed always to descend to the cottage of the German, and sweep round as if they had tracked some putrid carcase, but failed to find exactly where it was. This led the neighbors to apprehend that the poor man lay dead in his cottage, as no one had seen him for the last two days past. His door was broken open; he was found in a state of helpless feebleness; but the room was most insufferably offensive from something putrefying, which could not immediately be found; for the fever having deprived the German of his wits he had no recollection of his uncooked mess of meat and herbs. No one imagining that the kitchen pot could contain any thing offensive, search was made every where but in the right place. At last, the pot lid was lifted, and the cause of the insupportable stench discovered in the corrupted soup-meat. Here we have the sense of smelling directing the vultures without any assistance from the sense of sight, and discovering unerringly the locality of the putrid animal matter, when even the neighbors were at fault in their patient search. Some few days succeeding this occurrence, after a night and morning of heavy rain, in which our streets had been inundated to the depth of a foot, and flood after flood had been sweeping to the river the drainage of the whole town, a piece of recent offal had been brought down from some of the yards where an animal had been slaughtered, and lodged in the street. A vulture, beating about in search of food, dashed in a slanting direction from a considerable hight, and, just resting, without closing his wings, snatched up the fresh piece of flesh and carried it off. Here was the sense of sight unassisted by that of smelling, for the meat was too recent to communicate any taint to the morning air, and the vulture stooped to it from a very far distance. On another occasion, very near the time when these facts attracted my notice, a dead rat had been thrown out, early in the morning, into the street, having been caught in the previous night. Two vultures sailing over head in quest of a morning meal descended at the same time, stooping to the dead rat, the one from the south the other from the north, and both seized the

object of attraction at the same moment. Here again was the vision unaided by the sensitiveness of the nostrils, directing *two* birds with the same appetite, at the same moment, to the same object.—[Gosce's Birds of Jamaica.

TURTLE TUG.—The muscular power of the turtle is so great, that, when unwounded, he is a first-rate *tug*. A rather curious proof of this was received, in the year 1696, by a slave, who was fishing alone in his little canoe off the island of Martinique. The man fell in with an immense turtle lying fast asleep on the surface of the water; and conceiving that he had stumbled upon a prize, he drew near cautiously, and passed the boat's painter, with a running knot, round one of the creature's flippers. The sleeper awoke, and seeing something near him that was not an honest-looking turtle like himself, he took to flight, drawing canoe and man in his wake, without seeming to feel that he had any burden at all. The slave was nothing daunted by a proceeding which he of course had expected, and he sat very quietly in the stern of his skiff, steering with his paddle, and hoping every now and then that the turtle was getting tired, or was near drowning. But the courser, whose services he had thus treacherously impressed, was restive, and in one of his vagaries the canoe was capsized. This was too common an accident to be thought anything of; and after some trouble, he righted his boat, and took his seat in her as before, but with the loss of paddle, knife, fishing-lines—everything, in short, it had contained. Having now no paddle to steer with, he was at the mercy of circumstances, and the capsize occurred again, again, and again, the turtle always taking advantage of his fright being engaged in turning up the canoe, to rest himself on the surface of the water, and get into wind for a new career.

On they skimmed along the liquid plain, till the sudden night of the tropics came down upon that desert sea, and the slave found himself whirling in the dark at the tail of what must now have seemed a marine demon. The sun rose again upon his fane, and seemed to lend fresh vigor to his ravisher. Fain would he have dispensed with the services he had of his own will enlisted; but without paddle, without knife, he felt himself even too happy in being able to cling to the boat at all. On, therefore, they hurried, on a journey that seemed to have no end, and which was diversified only by the occasional capsize of the canoe, and the simultaneous halt and refreshment of the turtle. Incredible as it may appear, the second night arrived, and was passed in the same manner; and it was not till the next morning that the animal exhibited symptoms of weariness and stupefaction, and allowed himself to be stranded on a shoal. The slave by this time was half dead with hunger, thirst, and fatigue; but yet he had energy enough left to kill his enemy, and feast on his spoils.

HUNTING TURTLES.—In Dr. Lang's recent account of north-eastern Australia, we have the following description of the mode of capturing turtles in Moreton Bay:—"The greatest excitement prevails in *hunting* the turtle, (for it can scarcely be called fishing) black natives being always of the party, and uniformly the principal performers. The deepest silence must prevail; and if the slightest noise is made by any European of the party, the natives, who assume the direction of affairs, frown the offender into silence. They are all constantly looking around them for the game, and their keen eye detects the turtle in the deep water when invisible to Europeans. Suddenly, and without intimation of any kind, one of them leaps over the gunwale of the boat, and dives down in the deep water between the oars, and perhaps, after an interval of three minutes, re-appears on the surface with a large turtle. As soon as he appears with his prey, three or four other black fellows leap overboard to his assistance, and the helpless creature is immediately transferred into the boat. A black fellow has in this way not unfrequently brought up a turtle weighing five hundred weight. Great personal courage, as well as great agility, is required in this hazardous employment, the black fellows being frequently wounded by the powerful stroke of the animal's flippers."

SPANISH INQUISITION.—The so-called "Holy" Inquisition, at Seville, caused 2000 heretics to be burnt, and 16,000 to be condemned to punishments, which entailed moral degradation and confiscation of property. According to Llorente, the Inquisition, from its origin to its abolition in 1808, caused 31,912 Spaniards to be burnt alive, and condemned 291,450 persons, thus ruining upward of 340,000 persons, whose shame was visited upon their families, for whom nought remained but disgrace and misery.

RECIPE FOR GOOD HUMOR.—Rise betimes in a morning, and go early to rest, that the body may be preserved in health; let your reflection be, how short are your hours before you, if devoted to business, study, social enjoyment, or other rational recreation; and then find time, if you can, to indulge in spleen and ill-humor.

Scientific Information.

THE MOON.—The moon, when closely examined by powerful telescopes, has the aspect of a dislocated and shattered world; and that part of the terrestrial globe, from which Darwin supposes it to have been projected, abounds more than any part with tremendous volcanoes, and has, even of comparatively late years, been subject to the action of earthquakes which have raised considerably above its former level an extensive line of coast. The condition of the moon has been completely laid open to us by the telescope of Lord Rosse, which renders perfectly visible every object of the height of a hundred feet. Edifices, therefore of the size of York Minster (says Dr. Scoresby,) or even of the ruins of Whitby Abbey, might be easily perceived, if they existed. But there is no appearance of that nature. Neither is there any indication of the existence of water or an atmosphere. There is a vast number of extinct volcanoes, several miles in breadth; through one of them, there is a line, in continuance of one about one hundred and fifty miles in length, which runs in a straight direction, like a railway. The general appearance, however, is like one vast ruin of nature; and many of the pieces of rock, driven out of the volcanoes, appear to be laid at various distances. Rocks and masses of stone are almost innumerable. From these circumstances, and especially from the want of an atmosphere, it seems impossible that any form of life analagous to those on earth could subsist there. But, on the supposition that the moon has inhabitants, the earth must present to them the appearance of an immense moon, exhibiting the same phases which we witness in their orb, but almost immoveably fixed in their sky, while the stars must seem to pass slowly beside and behind it. Our earth to them will appear clouded with variable spots, and belted with equatorial and tropical zones, corresponding with our trade winds, and it may be doubted whether, in the perpetual change of these, the outlines of our continents and seas could ever be clearly discerned.—[Wonders of Astronomy.

THE ROSSE TELESCOPE.—The capacity of this instrument is wonderful. Such is its power that if a star of the first magnitude were removed to such a distance that its light would be three millions of years in reaching us, this telescope would, nevertheless, show it to the human eye. Is it to be wondered at, then, that with such an instrument grand discoveries should be made? It has been pointed to the heavens; and, although in the beginning only of its career, it has already accomplished mighty things. There are nebulous spots in the heavens which have baffled all the instruments hitherto constructed, but this telescope resolves their true character completely. Among the wonderful objects which have been subject to its scrutiny is the nebula in the constellation Orion. I have had an opportunity to examine it. It is one of the most curious objects in the whole heavens. It is not round, and it throws off furious lights. From the time of Herschel it has been subjected to the examination of the most powerful instruments—but it grew more and more mysterious and diverse in its character. When Lord Rosse's great telescope was directed to its examination, it for a long time resisted its power. He found it required patient examination—night after night and month after month. At length a pure atmosphere gave him the resolution of its constitution; and the stars of which it is composed burst upon the sight of man for the first time.—[Mechanics' Magazine.

SUBSTITUTE FOR GLASS.—Professor Schonbein, the inventor of the celebrated gun-cotton, is said to have discovered a curious and valuable substitute for glass. It consists of pulp of common paper, made transparent, by causing it to undergo a certain transformation, which the professer calls *catalytic*. With this paper, made water-proof, is manufactured perfectly transparent window-panes, vases, and bottles, which will not be easily fractured.

MAGNETIC MUD.—The assertion that the mud in some of the North American lakes exercises an attractive or magnetic influence on the boats sailing above it, is thus corroborated by Sir A. Mackenzie:—"At the portage of Matrees, on Rose Lake, the water is only three or four feet deep, and the bottom is muddy. I have often plunged into it a pole twelve feet long, with as much ease as if I merely plunged it into the water. Nevertheless, this sort of mud has a sort of magical effect upon the boats, which is such that the paddles can with difficulty urge them on. I have been assured that loaded boats have been been in danger of sinking, and could only be extricated by being towed by lighter boats. As for myself, I have never been in danger of foundering: but I have several times had great difficulty in passing the spot with six stout rowers, whose utmost efforts could scarcely overcome the attraction of the mud. A similar phenomenon is observed on the Lake Sagmaga, where it is with difficulty that a loaded boat is made to advance; but fortunately the spot is only about four hundred yards over.

FOSSIL REMAINS.—Professor Erdmann, of Dorpat, who is traveling in the south of Russia, has just discovered, in the neighborhood of Odessa, a great many skeletons and fossil bones of animals not now inhabiting this region of the globe. Among them are remains of elephants and rhinoceroses, creatures whose habitats are strictly tropical, and which could not now exist even in the most genial districts of Europe. The bones were found immediately under a calcareous deposit of recent origin; thus proving that at no very distant date, geologically speaking, Europe was peopled with huge pachyderms, similar to those luxuriating in the swamps and jungles of India and Africa.

MAPLE SUGAR.—At an average, the full grown maple tree will yield about five pounds of sugar at each tapping, and if carefully treated will last forty years.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1847.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

We give to our readers to day, a copy of the new Constitution as adopted at the late Session of the Grand Lodge of this State, by a vote of 202 in the affirmative. The whole number of votes cast amounted to 279, of which 77 were in the negative.

Whatever difference of opinion may have existed during the preparatory movements, made for the constructing of a new Constitution, to meet the wants and exigencies of this Empire State, we believe that now the Constitution has become a law, by the action of our highest legislative tribunal, all will cordially join to give effect to its enactments, and harmoniously coalesce to faithfully carry out its provisions.

The Constitution as now amended, may not be perfect in all its enactments; it may not precisely meet all the peculiar exigencies, growing out of the vast and constantly increasing number of members in our populous State. But we honestly believe that it will be found to work better for the general interest of the Order, than the old Constitution, which we had entirely outgrown. It is a trite observation connected with legislative proceedings, but it is no less true, that all laws must be modified and altered to suit the present wants of the People. Odd-Fellowship is governed by the same principles which affect States and Empires. Its astonishing increase, and the general features impressed upon the Order by its rapid growth, have given rise to many important changes in our laws and formularies, during the last few years. Such modifications of our State and General Constitutions, must from time to time take place, so as to adapt our Order to the wants and wishes of the members. Every reflecting and worthy Brother should bear these important truths in mind. It would conciliate angry feelings, it would correct that false impression held by many old and valued members of the Order, who conceive any change in our Legislative acts, to be pregnant with danger to the well-being of our Institution. Let us bring a full perception of these truths, to bear in our respective and individual relations, in carrying out the provisions of our newly adopted Constitution, and Conciliation and Harmony will hereafter reign in the Councils of the State, and in our Subordinate Lodges.

Letter from Washington.—An interresting letter from "s. y. a.l." with several others—and much matter in type—are crowded out to make room for the New Constitution of the G. L. of N. Y. which we desire to lay before the Order in this State entire at the earliest moment after its passage. We hope next week to present a greater variety.

☞ We notice in one of the late London weekly journals, copious extracts from the eloquent Address of Rev. Bro. Curran, at the opening of the Ariel Lodge on the 8th of July last, at Mauricetown N. J. It is spoken of in terms of high commendation.

Troy Line of Steamboats.—This is the most delightful season of the year to take a trip up the Hudson, and view its romantic scenery. The "Empire," Capt H. B. Macy, will be found to be a first class boat, and the officers abundantly qualified for their duties, and careful for the comfort of their passengers.

CONSTITUTION OF THE R. W. GRAND LODGE OF N. YORK,

As Amended and Adopted November 4, 1847.

ARTICLE I.—of the grand lodge.

Sec. 1. The R.W. Grand Lodge shall be known by the name, style, and title of "The Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the State of New-York," and shall be composed of all Past Grands, who are contributing members of Lodges subordinate to this Grand Lodge, and who have been admitted as required by this Constitution.

§ 2. The Grand Lodge has jurisdiction in Odd-Fellowship within the State of New-York, and is the supreme tribunal of the Order in its jurisdiction. No Lodge can be formed or continue to exist without its sanction. It possesses the sole right and power in the manner hereinafter provided, of granting or suspending charters; of receiving appeals and redressing grievances, arising in Lodges; of originating and regulating the means of its own support; of deciding as the last resort in this jurisdiction all questions arising out of its Constitution, By-Laws and Rules of Order; and of doing all other acts necessary to promote the interests of the Order, provided the same are not in violation of the laws of the land.

§ 3. To entitle a Past Grand to be admitted to the Grand Lodge Degree, he must produce satisfactory evidence that he has served a regular term as N.G. of a Subordinate Lodge, and is a contributing member of a Lodge in this State, at the time of his admission.

§ 4. Any member of the Grand Lodge, guilty of any misconduct as such member, or of infringing upon the Constitution or By-Laws of the Grand Lodge, or of improper conduct in the District Grand Committees, may be expelled at any meeting of his District Grand Committee, hereinafter provided, after charges duly specifying his offense shall have been offered, and notice thereof given to him: *Provided*, two-thirds of the members present thereat agree thereto. Such member cannot be restored to membership afterward, except by permission of the Grand Lodge, on the application of the District Grand Committee which expelled him. The effect of such expulsion shall only extend to depriving him of a seat in the District Grand Committee, and of the right of visiting the same, or the Grand Lodge. An appeal from the District Grand Committee may be taken to the Grand Lodge in the same manner as other appeals.

ARTICLE II.—of district grand committees.

Sec. 1. Every county in which there now are situated one or more Subordinate Lodges, having at least five Past Grands who are contributing members thereof; and every county when it shall contain one or more Lodges as above, and having the number of Past Grands with the qualifications as above, shall be denominated a District, and the Past Grands in membership in said Lodges, shall constitute the Grand Committee of the District; except the City and County of New York, which shall be divided into four Districts, as follows: District No. 1 shall be composed of all Lodges located South and South East of a line commencing at the Hudson River at the center of Chambers-street, running thence along the center of Chambers-street to the center of Chatham-street, thence along the center of Chatham-street to the center of Division-street, thence along the center of Division-street to the center of Grand-street, and thence along the center of Grand-street to the East River. District No. 2, of all Lodges located within a line commencing at the North River at the center of Spring-street, running thence through the center of Spring to Mott, and through the center of Mott until it intersects the line of the first District in Chatham-street. District No. 3, of all Lodges located within a line commencing at the center of Spring and Mott streets, running through the center of Mott to Houston, and through the center of Houston to the East River, on the one side, and the lines of the first and second Districts on the other. District No. 4, of all other Lodges located in said city. No Lodge in the City of New-York shall remove out of its District without leave of the Grand Lodge.

§ 2. Every two or more counties, other than those mentioned in Section 1, of this Article, shall, by the Standing Committee, hereinafter provided for, be attached to some regular adjoining District, and any two such counties adjoining having together Lodges and Past Grands as provided in said Section, shall be formed into a District by said Committee.

§ 3. To entitle a Past Grand to membership in a District Grand Committee, he shall produce a certificate from a Subordinate Lodge in the District, showing that he is a Past Grand in good standing in such Lodge. And each Subordinate Lodge shall give notice to the District Grand Committee of its District, of the withdrawal, suspension, or expulsion, of any Past Grand thereof.

§ 4. The District Grand Committees shall meet in the Past N.G.'s Degree, and shall hold regular sessions, monthly, quarterly, or specially, as each may determine. The Annual Session of each District Grand Committee shall be held on the third Wednesday in July, in each year, at such hour and place in the District as may be previously fixed upon by such Committee, or in default thereof, by the D.D.G.M. of the District.

§ 5. Each District Grand Committee shall have power to make rules for its own government, subject to the approval of the Grand Lodge; to recommend the granting of charters for new Lodges, to be located in the District; to consider, determine, and redress all appeals and grievances originating in the District; to settle disputes and controversies arising between Lodges in the District; to grant dispensations for the admission or reinstatement into Lodges in the District, of expelled members, or members of expelled or suspended Lodges; to permit public lectures, addresses, and processions in the District; and to provide for the necessary expenses of the meetings for such Grand Committees, and have such other powers as may hereinafter be granted; *Provided*, that no power hereby granted

shall prevent the Grand Lodge from exercising the same powers at its regular sessions, as hereinafter provided; nor shall any District Grand Committee exercise any power out of its District, except over members of Lodges located in the District.

§ 6. Each District Grand Committee shall at each annual meeting, and as often as vacancies shall occur, elect its own Secretary, who shall keep faithful minutes of all meetings of the Committee; issue all notices that may be ordered by the D.D.G.M., and file all appeals and other papers appertaining to the Committee. He shall send to the Grand Lodge, at each regular session, under the seal of the Committee, a full report of the proceedings of the Committee, and certify to the Grand Lodge or any Committee thereof, such proceedings and papers in his possession as may be required, and perform such other duties as may hereinafter be provided.

§ 7. Any District Grand Committee may be suspended from the exercise of its jurisdiction by the Grand Lodge, for any violation or gross neglect, or refusal to perform its duties: *Provided*, that charges duly specifying the offense, shall first be submitted, and the same proceedings taken as is hereinafter provided in the case of charges against Subordinate Lodges. A two-thirds vote of the Grand Lodge shall be necessary for suspension, which shall continue during the pleasure of the Grand Lodge. The effect of suspension shall be to deprive the members of such Committee of the privileges of membership in the Grand Lodge; but the Grand Lodge may exempt such members thereof as are shown not to have participated in the offense whereof the Committee was convicted, from the effect of such suspension, and place the Subordinate Lodges of the District under the jurisdiction of such members, provided there be five or more, as a special Grand Committee, with such powers as the Grand Lodge may by resolution confer upon them.

ARTICLE III.—OF THE SESSIONS AND BUSINESS OF THE GRAND LODGE.

SEC. 1. The Grand Lodge shall hold a Regular Annual Session, to commence on the third Monday of August, in each year, at 10 o'clock, A.M., and shall continue to meet, at the same hour, from day to day consecutively, (Sundays excepted) until the close of the Session. The first Annual Session, after the adoption of this Constitution, shall be held in the City of New York, and every third Annual Session thereafter shall be held at the same place—and the two intermediate Sessions shall be held at such place out of the first and second present Judicial Districts as the Grand Lodge shall at the next previous Session determine on; *Provided*, that such intermediate Sessions shall not be held twice successively at the same place—and in default of the Grand Lodge making provision for holding such intermediate Session, the Standing Committee shall designate a place of meeting out of said first and second Judicial Districts; *and provided* further, that all Sessions shall be held in the City of New York until the Grand Lodge of the United States shall permit Sessions to be held elsewhere. But the seat of the Grand Lodge shall ever be held to be at the City of New York, and the Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer shall always keep their offices there, and communications for the Grand Lodge shall be directed to the Grand Secretary at that place.

§ 2. The business of the Grand Lodge shall be transacted by the elective officers of the Grand Lodge, and Representatives, elected in the manner as hereinafter provided. All members of District Grand Committees may be present at the sessions, but none except officers and Representatives of the Grand Lodge, shall be permitted to speak or vote on any subject at the sessions.

§ 3. Every Lodge shall be entitled to one Representative in the Grand Lodge. Any Past Grand, in good standing in a Lodge, may be authorized by any number of Lodges in the District in which his Lodge is located, to represent such Lodge in the Grand Lodge. The election of Representatives shall be held within thirty days previous to each Annual Session, to serve for one year from the third Monday of August thereafter. Vacancies may be filled at any time to serve the residue of the term. The Representatives mentioned in this Section shall be styled Regular Representatives, and each shall be entitled to five cents per mile going from his residence to the Grand Lodge, and returning by the usual route of travel, when the Lodge or Lodges represented by him shall be entitled to ten votes or more, according to Article IX. of this Constitution, and in that proportion for any smaller number of votes, to be paid by the Grand Lodge; *Provided*, however, that the above compensation shall wholly cease whenever the Grand Lodge of the United States shall grant permission to hold Sessions out of the City of New York, in such terms as to give effect to the first Section of this Article.

§ 4. Every Lodge shall have the right to elect for the same term as a Regular Representative, or any less term, a Proxy Representative, from any P.G. in good standing in a Lodge in this State, to act only in the absence of the Regular Representative. A Lodge may withdraw its Proxy at any time.

§ 5. At the Annual Session, the installation of Grand Officers shall take place, and all manner of business within the power of the Grand Lodge shall be transacted.

§ 6. Special Sessions may be called by the Grand Master, for the transaction of extraordinary business only, which shall be specified in the call, and not less than forty days notice of such Special Session shall be given by letter to every Representative; which forty days shall commence from the date on which said letters are mailed. Such Special Sessions shall be held at the place where the next preceding Annual Session shall have been held.

§ 7. On the first Wednesday of each month, except September, the Grand Lodge shall hold a "Special Degree Session" at 8 o'clock, P.M., in the City of New York, at which the Grand Lodge Degree shall be conferred upon such qualified applicants for the same, as shall then present themselves for that purpose, and at such Sessions no other business, than receiving certificates of such applicants and conferring said degree, shall be transacted. Such Sessions shall be held at such place as shall be designated for that purpose at the Regular Sessions, subject to be changed by the Standing Committee, of which, notice shall be given to the Subordinate Lodges by the Grand Secretary.

§ 8. The Grand Lodge cannot be opened unless one third of the Subordinate Lodges are represented, except at the "Special Degree Sessions."

§ 9. All Sessions of the Grand Lodge shall be opened and held in the Grand Lodge Degree.

ARTICLE IV.—OF OFFICERS.

SEC. 1. The Elective Officers of the Grand Lodge shall be—
1st. M.W. Grand Master.
2d. R.W. Deputy Grand Master.
3d. R.W. Grand Warden.
4th. R.W. Grand Secretary.
5th. R.W. Grand Treasurer.
6th. R.W. Grand Representatives to the Grand Lodge of the United States.

§ 2. The appointed officers shall consist of—
Worthy Grand Chaplain.
Worthy Grand Marshal.
Worthy Grand Conductor.
Worthy Grand Guardian.
Worthy District Deputy Grand Master for each District.

§ 3. The Elective Officers of the Grand Lodge shall be elected as follows: at the Annual Meeting of each District Grand Committee, the Past Grands in good standing in the Lodges in said District shall by ballot vote for such candidates for the several offices as may have been previously nominated in the manner hereinafter provided. As soon as the poll is closed, the votes shall be canvassed, and the result shall be certified forthwith by the D.D.G. Master, or presiding officer of the Committee and the Secretary under seal, and forwarded immediately to the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge.

§ 4. Nominations for all elective Grand Officers shall be made as follows: every District Grand Committee may, by the votes of a majority of members present at a regular meeting, nominate one candidate for each of the elective Grand Offices, which nominations shall be certified to the Grand Secretary before the first Monday of April in each year. The Grand Secretary shall on that day issue a circular to each District Grand Committee, containing the names of the candidates in nomination, and by what committee nominated, together with the names and numbers of the Lodges to which they are attached and the location thereof.

§ 5. The nominations for D.D.G. Masters of each District shall be made at the annual meeting or the Grand Committee, and the same shall be immediately sent to the Grand Secretary to be delivered to the Grand Master elect on his installation.

§ 6. No one shall be eligible for any elective Grand Office unless he be a member of the Grand Lodge, and have attained such degrees as by virtue of his office he may confer upon others; and the candidates for G. Master and G. Representatives shall have attained the R. P. Degree, and be in good standing in a Subordinate Encampment in this State.

§ 7. On the first day of the Annual Session, the votes for elective Grand Officers shall be canvassed in the Grand Lodge. No vote shall be valid or recorded as a part of the poll unless it be for a regularly nominated candidate. A majority of all the votes given shall be necessary to a choice. In case no candidate shall have received a majority, the Representatives present shall forthwith proceed to vote by ballot for the candidates nominated, and in case no choice is made on the first ballot, then the balloting shall be confined to the two candidates having the greatest number of votes in the Grand Lodge. Such canvass and election shall be the first business after the reading of the record.

§ 8. The Grand Officers shall be installed at any time during the Annual Session that the Grand Lodge shall determine. The present G. Master, or any P.G. Master present shall install the G. Master, who shall install the other Grand Officers.

§ 9. The Appointed Officers shall be appointed by the G. Master, by and with the consent and approval of the Grand Lodge.

ARTICLE V.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

SEC. 1. The M.W. Grand Master shall preside at all sessions of the Grand Lodge and preserve order therein, and enforce a due observance of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and of this Grand Lodge. All questions of order, and all decisions made by him, on any point growing out of the Constitution or By-Laws of this Grand Lodge, shall be subject to appeal from his decision to the Grand Lodge, and it shall be his duty to put the questions on all such appeals to the Grand Lodge; he may appoint all Grand Officers *pro tem.*, and all committees not otherwise provided for in this Constitution, or ordered by the Grand Lodge; he shall give the casting vote in all cases when the votes are equally divided, except in cases of the election of officers. After any sum of money shall have been voted, he shall order the Grand Treasurer to pay the same. He may grant dispensations, on the application of a Lodge to confer degrees on a member without delay: he may in person confer official degrees; he shall decide all appeals on questions of law which may be made to him from the decisions of the D. D.G. Masters: he shall receive and act upon all complaints which may be made to him against D. D. G. Masters, Lodges or District Grand Committees: he shall give such instructions from time to time in the work of the Order to the Deputies or to the Lodges as may be necessary. When officially visiting the District Grand Committees or Subordinate Lodges, he shall be received with the honors of the Order.

§ 2. The R. W. Deputy Grand Master shall support the Grand Master in presiding, and in his absence shall fill the chair for him.

In the event of a vacancy in the office of Grand Master, the Deputy Grand Master shall become Grand Master for the balance of the term.

§ 3. The R. W. Grand Warden shall assist the G. Master in conducting the business of the Grand Lodge; he shall, under the Grand Master, have special charge of the door; and in the absence of the Grand Master and D.G. Master, he shall preside.

§ 4. The R.W. Grand Secretary shall make a just and true record of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge at every session, and transmit, immediately after the close of the Annual Session, to the District Grand Committees and Subordinate Lodges, printed copies thereof. He shall keep his office and the records and papers of the Grand Lodge in the city of New York. He shall keep the accounts between the Grand Lodge and its Subordinates; receive all moneys coming to the Grand Lodge therefrom, and pay the same over to the Grand Treasurer, weekly. He shall issue all necessary notices and circulars to Subordinates, and to the District Grand Committees and Representatives. He shall provide all stationery for the use of the Grand Lodge, and superintend such printing as the Grand Lodge shall direct. He shall perform such other duties as are herein provided for, or that may be ordered by the Grand Lodge. He shall receive such salary as may be ascertained and fixed upon at each Annual Session, which salary shall be paid quarterly. He shall, previous to installation, give bonds to the first three named Grand Officers, in such form and penalty as they shall approve of, for the faithful discharge of his duties.

§ 5. The R. W. Grand Treasurer shall receive and take charge of the moneys of the Grand Lodge; pay all orders drawn on him by the Grand Master, under the seal of the Grand Lodge; make such investment of the funds as the Grand Lodge may direct; keep his accounts in such a manner as will exhibit the sources and amount of receipts, and by whom paid; the purposes and amount of disbursements, and to whom paid; have his accounts closed up on the first day of August, annually, and submit them to the Finance Committee, and transmit by the Grand Secretary, annually, to the Subordinates, an exhibit of his accounts. He shall attend all regular sessions of the Grand Lodge. He shall previous to installation give bonds to the first three named Grand Officers, in such form and penalty as they shall approve of, for the faithful performance of his duties.

§ 6. The R.W. Grand Representatives shall attend the meetings of the Grand Lodge of the United States and faithfully represent the wishes of this Grand Lodge therein. Their necessary traveling and other expenses while attending the duties, shall be borne by the Grand Lodge.

§ 7. The W. Grand Chaplain shall attend the sessions of the Grand Lodge for the purpose of opening and closing the same according to his office.

§ 8. The W. Grand Marshal shall assist the Deputy Grand Master in supporting the Grand Master in the Grand Lodge—attend the Grand Master in his official visits to District Grand Committees or Subordinates—issue his proclamations when necessary, and obey his commands.

§ 9. The W. Grand Conductor shall assist the G. Marshal in the discharge of his duties.

§ 10. The W. Grand Guardian shall attend at the door of the G. Lodge, and permit none to enter or depart without the consent of the Grand Warden.

§ 11. The W. District Deputy Grand Masters shall, in the absence of the Grand Master, preside at all meetings of the District Grand Committee of their respective Districts, and preserve order and decorum therein, and enforce due observance of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Grand Lodge; be the organs of the Grand Master with the Subordinates in their Districts; have power to call special meetings of the District Grand Committees when necessary; to grant dispensations to Lodges in their Districts for granting certificates for the five degrees in less time than may be otherwise permitted, when circumstances require it, and to officiate in person, or by Special Deputy, in conferring the five degrees in places where no Degree Lodge may be located. They shall see that the Work of the Order is performed uniformly; confer official degrees on past officers; collect from Lodges in their Districts all returns and moneys due the Grand Lodge, and forward them immediately to the Grand Secretary; install the officers of the Lodges under their charge; decide all questions of law that may be submitted to them by Lodges or members thereof under their charge, and report, semi-annually, to the Grand Master of their proceedings. They shall forthwith report to the Grand Master all cases of violation on the part of Subordinates of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Grand Lodge, or of disobedience to its lawful commands, or the lawful commands of the District Grand Committees. When officially visiting the Subordinates of the District, the D.D.G.Ms. shall be received with the honors of the Order. They shall previous to entering upon the discharge of the duties, give bonds to the first three named G. Officers in such form and penalty as the District Grand Committee shall approve of.

§ 12. All Grand Officers shall, in addition to the duties specified in this Constitution, perform such other duties as the Grand Lodge enjoin.

ARTICLE VI.—REMOVALS AND VACANCIES.

SEC. 1. Any Grand Officer may be removed from his office by the Grand Lodge for misconduct or neglect of duty; but he shall be entitled to a fair trial, and two-thirds of the votes of the Representatives present shall be necessary for removal; *provided*, however, that if the Grand Master, or any officer presiding as such, shall at any time refuse to put the question on any appeal from his decision to the Grand Lodge, as required by Article V. Section 1, of this Constitution, the fact of such refusal shall be forthwith entered upon the journal, and it shall then be competent for any Representative, forthwith, to the exclusion of all other business, to submit a resolution for the removal of the officer so refusing, from office; and upon such resolution being submitted, the Grand Lodge shall at once proceed to the consideration thereof; and on such resolution being adopted by a majority of the votes of the Representatives present and voting, the office of such Grand Master, or officer acting as such shall be deemed and declared vacant; anything in the former part of this Section to the contrary notwithstanding.

§ 2. No officer shall officiate in the Grand Lodge during the time occupied in his trial. Whenever the Grand Master or officer acting as such, shall be on trial, or whenever a resolution for the removal of the Grand Master, or officer acting as such, shall be submitted pursuant to the next preceding Section, the Grand Lodge may direct any P.G. Master, then present, to occupy the Chair.

§ 3. Any Representative may be expelled from his seat as such for misconduct, upon the vote of two-thirds of the Representatives present, at any meeting after a copy of the resolution of expulsion shall have been served upon him.

§ 4. Vacancies in the office of D. D. G. M. shall be filled by the Grand Master, to serve for the residue of the term of the former incumbent. Vacancies in the other Grand Offices, except those of Grand Master, shall be filled by the Grand Lodge if in session, if not, then by the Standing Committee, and for the term of the former incumbent.

ARTICLE VII.—COMMITTEES.

SEC. 1. The elective Grand Officers, except the Grand Representatives, shall constitute "*The Standing Committee*," to act in the recess of the Annual Session of the Grand Lodge, and perform such duties as may be assigned to them. Of said Committee the Grand Master shall be Chairman, and he may call meetings thereof at his discretion.

§ 2. There shall be appointed at each Annual Session, the following Regular Committees from among the Representatives present:

1st. Committee of Elections and Returns.
2d. Committee of Finance.
3d. Committee of Correspondence.
4th. Committee of Appeals.
5th. Committee of Laws of Subordinates.
6th. Committee of Petitions.
7th. Committee on the State of the Order.

§ 3. The Committee of Elections and Returns shall consist of three members, who shall be appointed by the Grand Master who is holding over, or the incumbent of the Chair at the time of the opening of the Session, and whose duty it shall be to examine and report to the Grand Lodge, on the election and eligibility of Representatives. They shall also examine and canvass the return of votes for Grand Officers, and report to the Grand Lodge the result thereof.

§ 4. The Committee of Finance shall consist of five members, who shall be appointed by the Grand Master, by and with the consent of the Grand Lodge, and whose duty it shall be to examine and report on all accounts and claims against the Grand Lodge, previous to their being passed for payment by the Grand Lodge; to examine the accounts of the Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer, annually, and report the result of their examination and the condition of the finances immediately thereafter to the Grand Lodge; to ascertain and report at the commencement of each Annual Session, the amount required for the expenses of the Grand Lodge for the ensuing year; and suggest such measures of finance as they may deem expedient.

§ 5. The Committee of Correspondence shall consist of three members, whose duty it shall be to examine, conduct, and report on all correspondence of the Grand Lodge, and to suggest any measures in the nature of the business of their appointment.

§ 6. The Committee of Appeals shall consist of nine members, who shall be appointed by the Grand Master, by and with the approval of the Grand Lodge, whose duty it shall be to examine all appeals referred to them, and report thereon such action as may be proper in the Grand Lodge.

§ 7. The Committee of Laws of Subordinates shall consist of nine members, whose duty it shall be to examine and report on the By-Laws of the Subordinate Lodges referred to them; and also to examine and approve of the Constitution and By-Laws of Subordinates that may be submitted to them previous to being printed, and to direct such alterations in the By-Laws as will make them conform to the Laws and Regulations of the Order.

§ 8. The Committee of Petitions shall consist of nine members, whose duty it shall be to examine all petitions referred to them, and report to the Grand Lodge such action thereon as may be proper.

§ 9. The Committee on the State of the Order shall consist of nine members, appointed in the same manner as the Finance Committee, who shall examine the reports from the D.D. Grand Masters, and from the District Grand Committees, and such other matters as may be referred to them, and report thereon to the Grand Lodge, and they shall annually present to the Grand Lodge an exhibit of the condition and progress of the Order under this jurisdiction, and recommend such measures for the good of the Order, as they from time to time, shall judge proper.

ARTICLE VIII.—OF APPEALS.

SEC. 1. In all cases where a member of a Lodge has been fined, reprimanded, suspended, or expelled by his Lodge, he may appeal to the District Grand Committee of his District, by filing with the Secretary of his Lodge a notice of his appeal, with the grounds thereof, and thereupon the Lodge shall, without delay send, under

its seal, to the District Grand Committee, such notice of appeal, together with certified copies of all minutes, charges, evidence, and other books and papers in the possession, or under the control of the Lodge, relating to the subject matter of the appeal, and thereupon such Grand Committee shall summon the parties before the Committee, or such sub-committees as it may appoint, and hear the parties or their counsel, such counsel being members of the Order, and determine the matter of the appeal as hereinafter provided.

§ 2. In all cases where a member of a Lodge has been deprived of some right, honor, privilege, or benefit, by his Lodge, he may appeal in the manner before stated and the same proceedings shall thereupon be had as provided in the 1st Section hereof.

§ 3. In the cases provided in the 1st Section hereof, whenever it shall appear that there has been irregularity or informality in the form of the charges and specifications, or in the manner of preferring them, or in the manner of appointing the committee of trial, or in the appointment of members thereof, or in the proceedings of such committee, or of the Lodge, it shall be the duty of the Grand Committee to set aside such irregularity or informality, and all subsequent proceedings, and remit the cause back to the Lodge for further proceedings; and whenever it shall appear that the charges, if sustained, are not such as the Lodge, by its Constitution, or By-Laws, or by the Rules and Regulations of the Order, can take cognizance of, or that the accused has been legally acquitted of the charges, or that the evidence given was not sufficient to prove the charges, it shall be the duty of the Grand Committee to reverse the proceedings of the Lodge, and the appellant shall thereupon be reinstated into all the rights and privileges which he had at the time the charges were preferred, and no further proceedings of the subject matter of the charges shall be taken against him; and whenever it shall appear that incompetent evidence has been introduced, or competent evidence excluded by the committee of trial, or the appellant had not a fair opportunity, or sufficient time given him to appear and defend himself and produce his evidence, the proceedings of the Lodge shall be reversed, and the cause referred back for a new trial. But no new evidence, except to prove irregularity, informality, or unfairness, shall be received by or on behalf of the Grand Committee, nor shall a Lodge, in any case, introduce evidence to contradict its own minutes.

§ 4. In the case provided in the 2d Section hereof, the Grand Committee may receive such evidence and make such a determination in reference to such appeals as shall be just.

§ 5. Any Lodge or member, party to any appeal before a District Grand Committee, feeling aggrieved at the decision thereof, may appeal therefrom to this Grand Lodge, but such appeal shall be confined exclusively to matters of law or of irregularity or unfairness in the proceedings of the Grand Committee. Such appeal shall be made by filing with the D.D. Grand Master of the District, a notice of the appeal and the ground thereof, and thereupon a statement of facts, and of the proceedings of the Grand Committee, and of the decision thereof, shall be forthwith certified by the D.D.G. Master and Secretary of the Grand Committee, under seal, and sent with the appeal to the Grand Lodge. Upon such case being received by the Grand Secretary, he shall forthwith refer the same to the Committee of Appeals, who shall, if practicable, report thereon, at the first Session of the Grand Lodge which shall be held thereafter.

ARTICLE IX.—OF VOTES.

SEC. 1. Every Lodge shall be entitled to one vote where the number of members returned in the next preceding Annual Report shall be less than fifty—two votes where the number shall be fifty, and one vote for each additional fifty members. Each Representative shall in all cases of ballot and vote, except in the single case in this Section hereinafter provided for, be entitled to cast the number of votes to which the Lodge or Lodges he represents is entitled. Each elective Grand Officer shall be entitled to one vote. All questions and votes before the Grand Lodge not in this Constitution otherwise provided for, shall be determined by a majority of the votes given by the Representatives and Elective Grand Officers present, and when five of the Representatives call for the vote by yeas and nays, or when the same are by this Constitution required to be taken, they shall be so taken and recorded on the Journal; *Provided*, however, that all questions for the expulsion of a Representative shall be by the votes of Representatives present.

ARTICLE X.—OF REVENUE.

SEC. 1. The revenue of this Grand Lodge shall be raised for the purpose of defraying the necessary expenses thereof, and not for accumulation or investment beyond the sum of one thousand dollars, to meet the current expenses in anticipation of receipts.

§ 2. Such revenue shall be deprived from charter fees, and assessments hereinafter provided.

§ 3. The fee for a charter for a Subordinate or Degree Lodge, shall be Thirty Dollars each, to accompany the application for a charter.

§ 4. At each Annual Session, the Finance Committee shall ascertain what will be the deficiency for the current year, in the amount on hand, exclusive of One Thousand Dollars, as aforesaid, to pay the estimated expenses of the Grand Lodge. And the amount of such deficiency shall be assessed upon each Subordinate Lodge in proportion to the number of its members returned at the commencement of the next preceding term thereof. Such assessment shall be paid by the Lodges, semi-annually, who shall remit the same without delay, to the Grand Secretary, through the D. D. G. Masters.

§ 5. Each District Grand Committee shall ascertain the probable amount of the expenses thereof, together with the indebtedness unprovided for, and assess the amount upon each Subordinate Lodge in the District, in proportion to the number of its members returned at the commencement of the term next preceding the time of such assessment, which shall be forthwith paid by the Lodge, after notice thereof of such assessment, to the Secretary of the District Grand Committee, who shall be charged with the receipt and disbursement thereof, and who shall render his accounts, when required, to the Grand Committee. The Secretary of the District Grand Committee shall give a bond to the D. D. G. M. of the District, in such form and penalty as he may approve of.

ARTICLE XI.—OF SUBORDINATE LODGES.

SEC. 1. On the written application of five or more brothers of the Order who have attained the Scarlet Degree, praying for a charter to open a Lodge where there is no Lodge established; or on the application of ten or more brothers, five of whom shall have attained the Scarlet Degree, for a charter to open a Lodge where there is one already established, (except in the city and county of New York, where thirty, of whom ten shall have attained the Scarlet Degree, shall be necessary,) the Grand Lodge may grant the same, and such Lodge shall receive its charter and the necessary charges and instructions from the Grand Master, or the Deputy Grand Master of the District, or by a Past Grand specially deputed, all necessary expenses, if any, of the installing officer, to be borne by the Lodge so opened. *Provided*, that the cards of the petitioners, or a certificate of the deposit thereof with the D. D. G. M. of the District, shall accompany the application.

§ 2. An application as provided in the 1st Section thereof, shall be presented to the District Grand Committee, in whose District the Lodge is proposed to be located, at any or special meeting thereof, and if said Grand Committee approve of the same, the application, charter fee, and certificate of approval, shall be forwarded, through the Grand Secretary, to the Standing Committee, who shall, on the receipt thereof, have power to issue a dispensation to open such Lodge, subject to confirmation at the next session of the Grand Lodge, in which case a regular charter shall issue.

§ 3. In case an application as provided in the 1st Section be made for a Lodge to be located in a county not embraced within the jurisdiction of a District Grand Commitee, the Standing Committee shall have power to issue a dispensation to open such Lodge, with the same effect as in the next preceding section.

§ 4. At the end of each term, every Subordinate Lodge shall report to the Grand Lodge the work thereof for such term, which shall include the names of those initiated—admitted by card—rejected—withdrawn by card—reinstated and deceased—and the names of those suspended and expelled, with the cause thereof—together with the number of certificates for degrees granted—the whole number in membership—the amount of receipts—and the result of the election of officers: accompanied by whatever amount may be due to the Grand Lodge.

§ 5. At each annual Session, every Lodge shall report in addition up to the first day of July, a full return of members, with their names ranked according to degrees taken, and a statement of the number of brothers relieved—widowed families relieved and brothers buried—and the amount of moneys applied to each of these purposes—designating the amount paid for the education of orphans.

§ 5. All laws, regulations, or rules of Grand Lodge for the general government of Subordinate Lodges, or the officers or members thereof, shall be incorporated into the Constitution thereof, and no changes therein shall be made, expect as hereinafter provided.

§ 7. The Constitution of Subordinate Lodges cannot be changed or amended in any manner, except at a regular session of the Grand Lodge, next after the regular session at which the proposition for such change and amendment shall have been submitted in writing, by two Representatives; *Provided*, that all changes which may be required to make such Constitution conform to such laws, rules, or regulations as may be made by the Grand Lodge of the United States, may be ordered at any session; and, *provided*, further, that the Grand Lodge at the Annual Session, 1848, may make such alterations in the Constitution of Subordinate and Degree Lodges, as may then be adopted.

ARTICLE XII.—OF DEGREE LODGES.

SEC. 1. Upon the written petition of *five* or more Past Grands, and five or more Scarlet Degree members of the Order, praying for a warrant to open a Degree Lodge, the Grand Lodge may grant the same, and such Degree Lodge shall receive its charter and the necessary lectures and instructions in the same manner as is provided for Subordinate Lodges.

§ 2. The District Grand Committees and Standing Committee shall have the same power in reference to the approval of applications and issuing of dispensations to open Degree Lodges as in the case of Subordinate Lodges.

§ 3. At the end of each Degree Lodge term, all Degree Lodges shall report to the Grand Lodge the work of the term, specifying the names of the brothers on whom degrees have been conferred, and the Lodges of which they were members, together with the names of brothers admitted as members, rejected, suspended or expelled, and the cause thereof, the whole number in membership, the amount of receipts and expenses, and the balance on hand, and the result of the election of officers.

§ 4. Each Degree Lodge shall report, in addition, to the Annual Session, a full return of the brothers in membership on the first day day of July, annually.

§ 5. No Degree Lodge shall admit or retain in membership any person who is not at the time a regular contributing member of a Subordinate Lodge under this jurisdiction, unless his card is in the

possession of the Grand Lodge or its officers, as an applicant for a charter.

ARTICLE XIII.—OF OFFENSES OF SUBORDINATE OR DEGREE LODGES.

SEC. 1. No Subordinate or Degree Lodge, or District Grand Committee, shall be expelled or suspended or deprived of any of its rights or privileges, except as provided in this Constitution.

§ 2. Whenever any Subordinate or Degree Lodge shall violate the Constitution, By-Laws, Rules or Regulations of the Grand Lodge of the United States, or of this Grand Lodge, or of a District Grand Committee, such Lodge shall be liable to a trial and punishment as herein provided.

§ 3. Before any Subordinate or Degree Lodge can be put upon trial, charges duly specifying the offense shall be preferred to the Grand Lodge by a District Grand Committee, or by the Grand Master, or the D. D. G. M. of the District in which such Lodge may be located, and upon the receipt thereof by the Grand Secretary, he shall present the same to the Standing Committee, and such Committee shall, if the charges are in due form, appoint not less than three Past Grands, who are disinterested in the subject matter of the charges, and who reside near the location of the accused Lodge, to act as Commissioners, to take testimony in the case, before whom the parties shall be summoned with their counsel and evidence, and books and papers; and the evidence which shall so be taken shall be reduced to writing and returned by the Commissioners to the Grand Lodge, and upon the receipt thereof by the Grand Secretary, he shall give notice to the parties of the time when the charges and evidence will be laid by him before the Grand Lodge, which shall be as soon as practicable after their receipt. At the time appointed the papers shall be presented, and the respective parties shall be heard by counsel if they desire it. After which the Grand Lodge shall proceed to determine the case; *provided*, that no Lodge shall be suspended or expelled, unless by a two-thirds vote of the Grand Lodge, and all suspensions shall be for a limited time.

§ 4. When a Lodge under this jurisdiction shall have notice that charges are preferred against it, such Lodge shall not, during the pendency of such charges, grant any Clearance Cards, except to members who have removed, or who intend *bona fide*, within one month after their application, to remove out of the county in which such Lodge shall be located: and until the charges are disposed of, such Lodge shall make no disposition or transfer of any of its property or funds, except to pay its debts and current expenses, and benefits accruing to members.

§ 5. Any brother or brothers who shall be concerned in organizing, or who shall give countenance and support, or shall visit any Lodge in the State of New York, purporting to be Odd Fellows, and not possessing a legal, unreclaimed and valid Charter, duly granted and presented, or confirmed by this Grand Lodge, shall be deemed unworthy of fellowship:—and such brother, upon satisfactory proof, shall be suspended or expelled at the option of the Lodge of which he is a member. And any brother so expelled, shall not be reinstated unless the Grand Lodge assents thereto. Nor shall any person who has been in membership in any spurious or illegal Lodge, be received into any regular Lodge without the consent of the Grand Lodge.

§ 6. Upon the suspension or expulsion of a Lodge, or surrender or forfeiture of its Charter, it shall be the duty of its last installed officers and members having the custody of the charter, books, papers, property, and funds of the Lodge, to assign, transfer, and deliver the same on demand to the Grand Master, or the D. D. G. Master of the District, or to such Past Grand as may be specially deputed by the Grand Master or Grand Lodge to receive the same; and the same shall be held subject to the order of the Grand Lodge. And any officer or member, having such custody, refusing such demand shall be forever afterwards excluded from membership or fellowship in this Order, notwithstanding such Lodge should afterwards be restored to good standing.

§ 7. All effects or funds received by the Grand Lodge from any Subordinate or Degree Lodge under the last section, shall be kept separate and apart from the property or funds of the Grand Lodge, and such funds shall not be estimated as a part of the funds of the Grand Lodge, but shall be held in trust to be restored should such Lodge ever be reinstated, or upon the expiration of the period of suspension. *Provided, however*, that in the event said Lodge should not be restored to fellowship within three years, the funds of said Lodge shall be placed in the general fund of the Grand Lodge.

§ 8. Any Subordinate or Degree Lodge failing to hold its meetings for six months, or to make its returns as required by Article XI, Section 5, of this Constitution, for one year, shall be deemed an extinct Lodge, and its charter shall be forfeited.

§ 9. Members of a suspended or expelled Lodge, or of a Lodge whose charter has been surrendered or forfeited, who were in good standing at the time of such suspension or dissolution, or who may have paid all arrearages then due to the Grand Lodge, shall, upon the recommendation of the District Grand Committee in which such suspended or extinct Lodge is located, receive from the Grand Secretary a certificate, under the seal of the Grand Lodge, to enable them to make application for admission to membership in another Lodge; *provided*, such members are not excluded by Sections 6 and 7 of this Article.

§ 10. Upon the application of any five or more members of an extinct Lodge, to the Grand Lodge, for the restoration of such Lodge to fellowship, accompanied with satisfactory evidence that a fair opportunity has been given to all who were members in good standing at the time the same became extinct, to unite in such application, (except as provided by Section 6 of this Article,) such applicants, or such portion thereof as the Grand Lodge may approve of, may be restored to fellowship in said Lodge, together with the charter and effects belonging to such Lodge, at the time of its extinction, unless such effects shall be placed in the general fund of the Grand Lodge, as provided by Section 7 of this Article.

ARTICLE XIV.—BY-LAWS AND RULES OF ORDER.

SEC. 1. The Grand Lodge may enact, alter, or amend, such By-Laws as may be necessary to carry into effect the provisions of this Constitution, and of regulating the proceedings of its Officers and Committees, and the District Grand Committees, and of providing for the safety and security of the funds and property; *provided*, at least one day's notice in writing, to be given at the Annual Session, of such By-Law or amendment, and that the same do not in any wise contravene this Constitution.

§ 2. The Grand Lodge may, in like manner, make such Rules of Order as may be necessary for the regulation of its sessions, and for securing good order and the dispatch of business. Such Rules of Order may be suspended at any meeting by a two-thirds' vote, *provided*, that such suspension shall not extend beyond the meeting which voted therefor.

ARTICLE XV.—AMENDING THIS CONSTITUTION.

SEC. 1. No part of this Constitution shall be amended, altered, annulled, or suspended, nor shall any additions be made thereto, except at an Annual Session, and in the manner hereinafter provided.

§ 2. A proposition to amend this Constitution shall be recommended by a majority of the Representatives present at an Annual Session, a copy of such amendment shall be transmitted to every Subordinate Lodge, and shall not be acted upon until the meeting of the next Annual Session thereafter.

§ 3. At such Annual Session the proposition shall be considered, and if approved upon the call of the ayes and nays, by two-thirds of the votes given, it shall be adopted, and go immediately into effect, unless otherwise provided in the proposition.

ARTICLE XVI.—MISCELLANEOUS PROVISIONS.

SEC. 1. The Representatives elected to the Grand Lodge for the August and November Sessions, 1847, shall continue to act as such until the third Monday in August, 1848.

§ 2. The Officers of the Grand Lodge, elected or appointed, before this Constitution shall be adopted, shall continue in office until the third Monday of August, 1848, and until the installation of their successors, duly chosen or appointed, except the D. D. G. Masters, who shall continue in office until the appointment of the successors, as provided for in Article IV, Section 9, of this Constitution.

§ 3. The organization of the District Grand Committees shall take place immediately after the adoption of this Constitution. The D. D. G. Masters shall give not less that ten day's notice of the time and place of the first meeting of each Committee to the Subordinate Lodges of the District, who shall notify the Past Grands thereof.

§ 4. From and after the adjournment of the Annual Session, 1848, all By-Laws, Standing Resolutions, and Rules of Order of the Grand Lodge, in force at the commencement of such session, and not re-enacted, shall be deemed to be annulled and rescinded.

§ 5. The per centage heretofore paid by Subordinate Lodges on their receipts, shall continue to be paid until the end of the term of such Subordinates, which shall commence on the first meeting in January, 1848.

§ 6. From and after the close of the November Session, 1847, this Constitution shall be in full force and effect, and the Constitution in force at and prior to the commencement of said Session, and every part thereof, shall be, and hereby is, annulled and declared to be of no further force or effect.

THE ORDER IN AUSTRALIA.—We have to return our thanks to Bro. H. C. CHAMPLIN, of New London, Conn., for a collection of interesting documents, pamphlets, and newspapers, published at Sidney, New South Wales, relating to the Order, as it exists in that distant portion of the globe. It appears that there are two Grand Lodges in operation in Australia, one under the jurisdiction of the Manchester Unity, and one established upon principles similar to the Constitution of our Order in the U. S. The latter is designated as "The Australian Independent Odd-Fellows." It is under the patronage of His Excellency Sir Charles Augustus Arthur, Governor of Australia, and is represented to be in a highly flourishing condition. It is gratifying to witness this spread of our Order over the extremest portions of the globe. We shall take occasion, in a future number of the GOLDEN RULE, to give some extracts from the interesting documents furnished us by Bro. CHAMPLIN. We found a note-worthy incident recorded in the account of a celebration of one of the Lodges at Sidney. The health of a late Governor was drank, accompanied by regrets that the English Government had recalled him. After the toast, Gen. Morris's "Woodman Spare that Tree," was given, as appropriate to the sentiment. The incident is similar to the one which occurred in the British Parliament, where an honorable member quoted the same song, in an argument addressed to Sir Robert Peel, to arrest the passage of a bill then before the House. Truly there are laurels of no common description for our worthy brother, the gallant General.

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

GRAND LODGE.—The R. W. Grand Lodge of New York commenced its regular quarterly or November session at National Hall, Canal-st. on Wednesday morning, the 3d inst. at 10 o'clock, and closed it on Friday, the 5th. at 1 o'clock P. M. JOSEPH R. TAYLOR, Esq. M. W. Grand Master, presided, and a large representation was in attendance.

The most important business transacted during the session, was the adoption, on Thursday, of the following resolution, introduced on Wednesday by G.Rep. Dwinelle.

Resolved. That the from of Constitution, reported by the Convention held in November, 1846, which was referred to this Grand Lodge by the Grand Lodge of the United States, at its last session, except such parts thereof as were then stricken out by said G. L. of the U. S. be, and hereby is, amended and adopted, and declared to be the Constitution of this Grand Lodge, and as amended and dopted it shall read as follows.

This resolution carried the entire Constitution with it. The vote, by representation of Lodges was as follows. Ayes 202, Noes 77. The Constitution will be found in this paper.

On Friday morning, a charter was granted for SOPHIS LODGE No 338, to be located at Martville, Cayuga county. A petition for a Lodge at Pekin, Niagara county, was denied.

Permission was granted to Farmer's Lodge No. 200, at Holland Patent, to have a public lecture on the principles of the Order; Prattsburg Lodge 257, at Pratts burg, to have a public lecture and procession in citizen's dress any time before the first of February next; St. Lawrence Lodge No. 220, at Canton, to rent their Lodge room to a Chapter of R. A. Masons; Valatie Lodge No. 332, to meet in the room of the Sons of Temperance until the first of May next.

A resolution was adopted requiring all Lodges to prepay the postage on all communications sent to other Lodges.

On motion of P.G. Dimon, the G. M. was authorized to appoint three competent persons to instruct and give advice to the Lodges of this State in the work of the Order, in accordance with a resolution of the G. L. U. S.

A resolution was adopted authorizing the appointment of a committee of five to prepare and report to the Grand Lodge at its next Annual Session, By-Laws and Rules of Order for the Grand Lodge, and also a new form of Constitution for Subordinates; which report is to be printed and forwarded to the Subordinate Lodges by the first of May next. The G. M. appointed P.Gs. Barnard, Gardner, Dimon, Dwinelle and Phillips, such committee.

All appeals now pending before the Grand Lodge were referred to the District Grand Committees to which they severally belong when organised.

Resolutions were also adopted, authorizing the Trustees of the Grand Lodge Room to rent said room for such purposes connected with the Order as they may deem expedient, provided that it shall not interfere with the use of the room for the meetings of the G. L.—and to remove the Grand Secretary's office to the Ante-room of the G. L. after the 1st of May, the Standing Committee being authorized to fit it up for that purpose.

The November session was then closed.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9, 1847.

E. WINCHESTER—*Dear Sir:* In noticing the Institution of Globe Lodge No. 337, in your valuable paper last week, the names of a portion of the officers elected and installed were erroneously printed. The Secretary of the Lodge is Bro. John T. Willings, and the Treasurer, Bro. James Doran. Justice to these energetic officers requires their correction. Some inaccuracies also crept into the remarks of the Instituting Officer, arising doubtless, as in the former instance, in the haste of getting your large edition to press.

Yours in F. L. and T. W. H. H. F.

☞ Unless proper names are written plainly, errors will occur. The same rule which governs ordinary reading matter connot be applied to names.

CONNECTICUT.

WINSTED ENCAMPMENT No. 12, was instituted at Winsted, Ct. on Thursday evening, October 12, by M.W.G. Patriarch, W. L. SHEPARD, by whom the following named Patriarchs, unanimously elected, were installed: J. W. Mills, C.P.: J. J. Twiss, H.P.; S. R. Miller, S.W.; W. S. Phillips, S; O. Pease, T.; W. S. Wetmore, J.W. The Encampment meets on Wednesday evening, in the new Hall of Orion Lodge, and has all the elements of a high degree of useful ness.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 9, 1847.

E. WINCHESTER, ESQ.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—At a meeting of the G. L. of Pa. held last evening, charters were granted for the following Lodges:

PENN'S VALLEY LODGE No. 276, located at Roalsburg, Centre county.
MOUNT JOY LODGE No. 277, Mount Joy, Lancaster county.
CONEQUENESSING LODGE No. 278, Butler, Butler county.
COLUMBIA LODGE No. 279, Danville, Columbia county.
——— LODGE 280, Philadelphia, Philadelphia county.
LILLY OF THE VALLEY No. 281, Pottsville, Schuylkill county.
——— LODGE No. 282, Philadelphia, Philadelphia county.
MOUNT CARMEL LODGE No. 283, Philad. " "
——— LODGE No. 284, " " "

Adding nine new Lodges to our brotherhood. There seems to be a continued and steady increase in the Order in our State.

On the 7th of Oct. D.D.G.M. FELTER opened and constituted Perry Lodge No 259, and installed the following officers, viz: T. Oliphant, N.G.; T. G. Morris, V.G.; B. F. Miller, S.; O. E. Fortney, A.S.; Jos. Uish, T.

The brothers in the northern part of our city have moved into their new Hall at the corner of Third and Brown-st. The Hall will be, in the course of a few weeks, dedicated to the principles of our Order, and it affords me pleasure to say that this Hall is a credit to the brethren who have erected it, and an ornament to the part of the city in which it is located. Yours in haste.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1847.

☞ Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, NEW YORK, by E. WINCHESTER, Editor and Proprietor, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms $2 a year in advance, or 6¼ per week, delivered by a carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

PHILADELPHIA.—The GOLDEN RULE is published in Philadelphia, by CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North Sixth street, by whom subscriptions will be received and papers delivered in any part of the city Packages sent to the adjoining towns out of the mails.

BOSTON.—Office of the GOLDEN RULE, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the RULE sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

With the 1st of January next we begin a New Volume of the GOLDEN RULE. We have some splendid attractions and novelties to offer to subscribers for 1848, which will be announced in detail, in our new Prospectus, in about two weeks. In that announcement we hope to show that we are prepared to offer inducements, equal, if not superior to any other periodical in the Union; and which we cannot doubt will give entire satisfaction, and reward us with a corresponding increase to our list of subscribers.

But to accomplish our designs, we are compelled to require ADVANCE PAYMENTS, for the coming year, as well as the liquidation of all arrearages now due for the present. We wish every brother who receives the GOLDEN RULE, to take the matter home to himself—to make it A POINT OF HONOR, AS BROTHER WITH BROTHER—to remit his subscription promptly *in advance*, and thus save us from heavy expenses, and much loss, in the effort to collect small sums at remote points. There are *too many* now on our books that do not consider the inconvenience they put us to, to say nothing of the injustice, by neglect to comply with our reasonable conditions. May we not hope that *every brother* will promptly respond, and at once forward what is due us? It will return to them, many fold, in the increased interest and value which we shall be enabled to give to our columns.

WILDER'S PATENT SALAMANDER SAFE.—This long-contesed case is at last settled. The jury came in on Saturday morning with a verdict, with damages for the plaintiff, in the case of Wilder *vs.* Gaylor & Co. The suit was brought by the Patentee, (Wilder,) against Gaylor for a violation of his patent. The defendant contested the ground inch by inch, endeavoring by every kind of ingenuity and cunning, to prove the patent void. The defense was principally on three points: 1st. That the material used was not patentable. 2d. If it was, the plaintiff, or Fitzgerald of whom the patent was purchased, was not the original inventor or discoverer. 3d. That the patent has been virtually abandoned by the plaintiff to the public. But he was driven from these points one after another, and the ground removed from under him, until he had nothing to stand on.

The evidence was so abundant and direct, and charge of the Judge so clear and luminous, that the case was beyond dispute; and the jury quickly came to a decision, and gave in their verdict for the Patentee. We learn that Bro. Wilder is about to take stringent measures for bringing other infringers to justice. Several have already come to terms, either paying for the right or abandoning the business; finding that costs of law and damages make it a losing game.

The following is credited by the "Connecticut Odd-Fellow" to an English Periodical. It is, however, one of our offspring, and was original in the "Star of Bethlehem," some years ago. Thinking the counsel may be worth repeating, we give it place here:

PRESS ON.—The mystery of Napoleon's career was this, under all difficulties and discouragements to "press on." It solves the problem of all heroes; it is the rule by which to judge rightly of all wonderful successes and triumphal marches to fortune and genius. It should be the motto of all, high and low, fortunate and unfortunate, so called—"press on," never despair, never be discouraged however stormy the heavens, however dark the way, however great the difficulties, or repeated the failure, "press on." If fortune has played false with thee to-day, do thou play true for thyself to-morrow. Let the foolishness of yesterday make thee wise to-day. If thy affections have been poured out like water in the desert, do not sit down and perish of thirst; "press on," a beautiful oasis is before thee, and thou mayst reach it if thou wilt. If another has been false to thee, do not thou increase the evil by being false to thyself. Do not say the world has lost all its poetry and beauty; it is not so; and even if it be so, make thine own poetry and beauty, by a brave, a true, and above all, a religious life." T.R.T.

ASCENSION AT BAGDAD.—We learn from the *Democracie Pacifique* that M. Bosset, a French Æronaut, noted for his numerous ascensions, made an air-voyage, at Bagdad, last July, of the most curious description. He went up from the midst of an immense concourse of spectators, the inhabitants of Bagdad being struck with stupor and astonishment at a spectacle to them so extraordinary. The sky was somewhat foggy, and he soon disappeared. Blown on by a strong wind, his balloon fell, toward sunset, into the Tigris, at a distance of about fifteen miles from the city. It was with difficulty that he saved himself from drowning. He was received very hospitably by an English family, who had a country-house at that place, and passed several days with them. Meantime, a report was spread among the inhabitants of Bagdad, known throughout the East for their ignorance and credulity, that M. Bosset was gone to the moon, and, when he went back to the city, he was the object of so much curiosity, that the French Consul was obliged to demand, from the pacha, a detachment of soldiers to protect his house.

☞ Ho! Brother of the "CONNECTICUT ODD-FELLOW!" you are found with "stolen goods" in your possession! Are you guilty or not guilty? The proof is plain. Look at the GOLDEN RULE of Jan. 17, 1846, and compare the first article on page 41, with the article in your paper of Nov. 6, 1847, under the head of "How should Lodges treat Offending Members?" Do you throw yourself upon the mercy of the Court, confessing yourself guilty through the "sin of ignorance?" Beware of the source whence *you* took the article! "Judgment suspended!"

"SYMBOL!" "SYMBOL!" are you too in the same "fix?" Look ye at the GOLDEN RULE of April 11, 1846, and there find, page 341, under the head of "SICK BROTHERS," the identical article which you publish with the wrong credit, in your sheet of Nov. 6! Ah, my Brother! There is no mistake about the evidence, is there? Then exercise caution henceforth—lest you be set down as "sounding brass and a tinkling '*Symbol*.'"

PORTRAIT OF HENRY CLAY.—A beautiful and striking likeness of this distinguished statesman has been published by Mr. E ANTHONY, 247 Broadway. It is a miniature in mezzotint, from a daguerrian picture, and is done up in a style at once unique and beautiful. It is sold for $1.

LENGTH OF STEAMBOAT NAVIGATION ON THE PRINCIPAL RIVERS.—

Mississippi, from the Gulf of Mexico to St. Anthony's Falls	2,200
Missouri, from its mouth to the foot of the Rapids	2,000
Red River, to head of navigation	1,100
Ohio, to Pittsburg	1,000
Arkansas, to mouth of the Neosho and Verdigris	630
Tennessee, to Chattanooga	485
Wabash, to Lafayette	300
Illinois, to Ottawa	250
Cumberland, to Nashville	200
Osage	200

A steamboat, leaving Pittsburg and going to New Orleans, and being there chartered to go up the Missouri as high as the Rapids, and thence returning to Pittsburg, will perform a regular voyage of about 8,450 miles, a distance nearly equal to crossing the Atlantic three times.

TREATMENT OF COLDS.—When a cold, attended with a cough, is fastening upon a person, what is proper to be done? It is not right to make the room where you all sit warmer than usual—to increase the bed-clothes—to wrap yourself in flannel—or to drink large quantities of piping-hot barley-water, boiled up with raisins, figs, liquorice-root, and the like. This is the right way to make the disorder worse. Perhaps there would hardly be such a thing as a bad cold, if people were to keep cool—to refrain from wine and strong drinks—and to confine themselves for a short time to simple diet, with toast and water. It is not only warmth, suddenly applied, that will throw any part of the body, after it has been starved or benumbed, into violent action, and bring on inflammation—strong liquors will do the same. Spirits, or strong mixtures, are highly injurious, and should be carefully avoided.

UNHEALTHY CALLINGS—*Sword Making*.—Mr. Morton has stated at the Academy of Sciences, that among the numerous professions which shorten the duration of human life, that of the knife-grinder is one of the most murderous. In the sword manufactories of France, almost all the workmen die before the ages of forty or forty-five. Soldiers, it seems, are not all that fall by the sword.

TAKING BY STORM.—A few days ago, three hives of bees, belonging to a person named Almwich, swarmed at the same time, and simultaneously took possession of a house and shop, near the port, and notwithstanding every effort to dislodge and hive them was resorted to, they were not got off until nearly the whole of them were destroyed. The business of the shop was completely suspended for some days.

A REMEDY FOR GRIEF.—The Marshal de Monchy maintained that the flesh of pigeons possesses a consoling virtue. Whenever this nobleman lost a friend or relation, he said to his cook, "Let me have roast pigeons for dinner to-day. I have always remarked," he added, "that after having eaten two pigeons I rose from the table much less sorrowful."

Notices of New Publications.

THE JOURNEYMAN JOINER; or the Companion of the Tour of France. By George Sand. Translated by Francis George Shaw. New York: Wm H. Graham, Tribune Buildings. 1 vol. paper. pp. 396.

In a general preface to her works, written in 1842, Madame Dudevant says, in this novel, she has "asked what was social right, and what human right; what justice was practicable in our day, and what arguments we must use to persuade the proletaries that the present inequality of the rights and the means of development was the last word of our social structure, and of the wisdom of our laws." This will afford a general idea of the teachings of this work, which, it is needless to say, is a romance of deep and absorbing interest. Bro. Graham is deserving of much credit for the very elegant style in which he has introduced it to the public. The translation is faultless. Price 75 cents.

HALL AND HAMLET, or Scenes and Characters of Country Life. By Wm. Howitt. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. Paper.

A series of pleasantly written stories by one of the most agreeable writers of the day. Those of the second part are specially adapted to the odd half hours which now and then fall to the lot of every one. We wish Lea & Blanchard would copy some of our New York Publishers in the style of their books, type, paper, binding, &c. It will pay.

☞ "COE'S NEW DRAWING CARDS FOR SCHOOLS: containing numerous Elementary Studies, Cottages with Parks, Trees, Fragments of Landscapes, Picturesque Buildings, Birds, Animals, Rustic Figures, and Finished Landscape; designed to assist the pupil in Writing, and to furnish him with the most interesting and useful Studies in Drawing. The whole so simplified as to enable any Teacher, without previous study, to instruct his pupils to advantage. By Benj. H. Coe, Teacher of Drawing." This comprehensive title leaves little to say, excepting that the author's design has been admirably carried out. We know of no work better calculated to advance the growing taste for the delightful art of Drawing.

☞ "WELL'S LAWYER, and United States Form-Book; containing the Constitution of the United States, with Notes and Decisions; the New Constitution of New York, with Legal Forms for Deeds, Wills, Mortgages, &c.; a complete System of Book-Keeping, a List of Property exempt from Execution, Fees, Interest Tables, &c. By John C. Wells. Sixteenth Edition." Just published at 97 Nassau-st. The title sufficiently sets forth its object. It is a cheap compilation which ought to be in every dwelling.

☞ "HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE," for November, is as usual filled with most valuable matter. The first article, by the Editor, on the "Commerce and Resources of the State of New York," is a mass of important statistics, deserving alike the study of the Merchant and the Statesman. The "Commercial Growth and Greatness of the West," is equally valuable.

☞ "AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL."—The November number of this popular and ever-welcome Monthly contains a Portrait of the late Silas Wright, with a phrenological and physiological description of his character; Articles on Sublimity, Republicanism the True Form of Government, Signs of Character, Portrait and Phrenological Description of A. J. Davis, the Poughkeepsie Clairvoyant; and much interesting Miscellany. Fowlers and Wells, 131 Nassau-st.

☞ "THE FAMILY CHAPLAIN AND CHURCH CHRONICLER," is the title of a new Monthly just commenced in this city, under the able Editorial Supervision of Rev. Bro. David Brown. It is a large octavo, neatly printed. Its design is sufficiently set forth by the title. We trust it may receive a liberal support. Published by W. H. B. Smith & Co. Spruce-st. at $1 per annum.

☞ "THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOR AND ASSOCIATION." Translated from the French of Math. Briancourt, by Francis George Shaw. The subject so ably discussed in this work, should be one of the liveliest interest to every person who has any regard for the happiness and well-being of his fellows. The work possesses much interest, and is worthy of extensive perusal. Published by W. H. Graham, Tribune Buildings. pp. 163: 25 cts.

☞ "THE CHAMPION OF FREEDOM; or the Mysterious Chief. A Romance of the 19th century: founded on the events of the War between the United States and Great Britain, which terminated in March, 1815. By Saml. Woodworth." New York: W. H. Graham. This is doubtless an interesting work: certainly the subject is so.

☞ No. 31 of Harper's Splendid "Pictorial History of England," is on our table. It embraces the opening of the period from the Restoration of Charles II. to the Revolution. A noble work, worthy of the best days of English Literature.

☞ "RORY O'MORE, a National Romance," by Samuel Lover—a new Edition, with Illustrations by the author, has been published by Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia. It is Irish all over—full of wit and drollery—and very popular. Price 25 cents.

☞ "THE CLEVER LITTLE COOK," a work containing many valuable recipes and much useful information for the housewife, has been published by W. H. Graham, of this city. It is a duodecimo of near 200 pages.

☞ "THE PICTORIAL SUN," a New Years Gift for 1848, is the finest pictorial sheet we have seen this season. Besides numerous very beautiful and costly illustrations, it has portraits of Generals Scott, Taylor and Worth. It is published by M. Y. Beach & Sons, for 12½ cts. per copy, or ten copies for $1.

☞ "THE DEVIL'S POOL," by George Sand, is the title of one of the latest issues of Graham, Tribune Buildings. It is a fine story, and will be extensively read. Price 25 cts.

Musical Register.

MENDELSSOHN'S ORATORIO OF ELIJAH was performed at the Tabernacle on Tuesday evening, by the American Musical Institue, a large audience being assembled to hear it. The members of the Institute, (some two hundred in number) were there in full force, supported by a tolerable orchestra, under the direction of Mr. G. LODER, whom we esteem one of the best leaders in the country. There was at least as ample a dollar's worth of *noise* in the choruses as any reasonable man could desire; of noise, moreover, which was not entirely harmonized "into the sweetness of accordant sounds;" especially in the Chorale "For He, the Lord our God," &c., where the discords were absolutely painful.

The rendering, in an adequate manner, of this grand and massive composition, would require of course, a re-union of experienced artists, such as only the older Continent can occasionally furnish; and to say that the American Institute did not accomplish this task, is, therefore, no very severe criticism.

There was a want of that due proportion, of that rounding of effects whereby each part is made to stand in just relation to every other part, thus enhancing the effect of the whole, which constitutes the charm of a composition of this species, viewed *as a whole;* and though the volume of sound was certainly large enough, there was a disappointing rawness in its quality.

Of the many sweet and touching solo and duet passages with which this work abounds, the effect was impaired by a certain vagueness, and want of accent and aplomb, incident to beginners, and in the choruses the want of proportion of which we have spoken, was, at times, strikingly apparent, on the part both of the choir and the orchestra.

Of the principal assistant singers, we have only to say that Mrs. LODER sang with her usual purity, clearness and precision, but her part was not calculated to display her best points; the voice of Miss de LUCE, mediocre in its lower range, appeared to us to be of remarkable sweetness and power in its higher notes; and of Mr. LEACH we will say nothing until we have heard him under more favorable circumstances.

We offer these criticisms, however, in the most friendly spirit, and with the most cordial good wishes for the success of an attempt so entirely praiseworthy as that of the Institute appears to us to be. Few things are more to be desired by all who wish well to their neighbors and to themselves, than the progress among us of true musical science and art, and every earnest endeavor, every true aspiration even, that points to this end, commands our sympathy and respect; and therefore, having pointed out some of the obvious defects in the performance, it is with pleasure that we turn to the more agreeable duty of commendation.

Let us say, then, that the pupils of the Institute, it seems to us, have been carefully disciplined, and that their progress is fully as good as could be hoped from the short time which has elapsed since the founding of this school. Some of the voices promise very well, and many of the choruses were very respectably given; especially may we mention of these, as worthy of praise, the chorus (in eight parts) "For He shall give;" "Baal, we cry to thee;" "Thanks be to God," (perhaps the best rendered of all); and the rich and beautiful *animato* movement beginning "Though thousands languish."

We repeat it, we hail, right gladly, every symptom of a growing love for music, divinest of the arts, clearest interpreter of the *modus operandi* of universal Being; and most potent creator of sympathetic ties. Let us have throughout our land, Music Schools, singing Institutes, and orchestral re-unions, where, at least, the aspirations of the students may be quickened by the study of the great masters of Melody and Harmony, even if they fail to give to these immortal conceptions, all the amplitude of rendering that could be desired.

Let our young people all play, all sing, if possible, (*and it is possible* to the immense majority) and let parents, relatives and friends, be present at their performances to sympathize, to stimulate, and to enjoy; as did, on Tuesday night, an honest-looking, whole souled youth in our vicinity who spared neither hands nor stick, as, from time to time, he ejaculated, half-aloud, in the fullness of friendly admiration, a hearty "Well done for Johnny!" while a group of pleasant, smiling ladies seemed perpetually on the alert to catch the voice of some friend or sister, and a grey-headed gentleman, near us, in brown suit, and spectacles, holding a blue cotton umbrella in his affectionate grasp, watched, listened, and applauded through the whole evening with a fullness of quiet, paternal beatitude, which could not be mistaken, diffused over his features and seeming to pervade his entire frame!

Let us then have "Music for the Million;" ay, and more, let us wish that we may have Music and all good and beautiful things, for *all the millions* of this wide and beautiful country, and for all the myriad millions of the world.

Dramatic Register.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The Ballet Troupe are still the reigning attraction at this popular house. During the week, the audiences have not diminished in numbers.

Mde. Monplaisir took a benefit on Wednesday evening, when a crowded and brilliant audience testified their sense of the talents of this accomplished artiste. A new Ballet called "La Folie d'un Paintre," was produced on the occasion, and went off with great eclat. This Ballet was composed originally for Elsler, and M. Monplaisir then played the part of the Paintre. His performance on Wednesday established him more firmly in our estimation, as being the best male dancer we have seen in this country. His charming wife is now conceded to be an artiste of the highest cast. Her truly original and brilliant style has entirely dispelled any objections, as to the absence of the pure classic in her dancing, and she nightly entrances and fascinates her audiences with new, striking and elegant displays of her finished and extraordinary powers.

We understand that the engagement of the Ballet troupe will terminate with the ensuing week, and that Col. Mann has provided Operatic entertainments for his next novelty, having engaged the Seguin troupe, when a succession of new and popular Operas will be produced.

Energy and activity seem to characterize all the movements of this establishment, and the public appear duly to appreciate the efforts made for their amusement.

LONG SUSPENSION.—We are requested by Milwaukee Lodge No. 2, to say, that *John C. Francks* was suspended therein on the 18th ult. for 999 years, for conduct unbecoming an Odd-Fellow.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 2, in Reading, Pa. by Rev. Bro. A. B. Grosh, Bro. J. GABRIEL JONES, of Schuyler Lodge No. 147, Utica, N. Y. and Miss EMMA M. eldest daughter of Bro. A. B. Grosh, of the former place.

Nov. 3, in Brooklyn, by Rev. Bro. T. B. Thayer, Mr. EDWIN P. SMITH, of this city, and Miss MARY A. HEPBURN, of Brooklyn.

Oct. 26, in Seneca Falls, by Rev. R. Murray, Dr. E. F. HUTCHINSON, of New York, and NANCY, daughter of the late Jehiel Clark, of Cayuga.

MICHIGAN.—ROBERT B. MORSE, Esq. is our General Agent for the State of Michigan. A relative of the Publisher, though we believe not yet an Odd-Fellow, we hope the brethren will give him a cordial reception.

WISCONSIN.—Mr. ROBERT B. MORSE, our General Agent for Michigan and Wisconsin, will visit the Territory in a short time.

Just Published

THE ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING FOR 1848.

THIS beautiful Volume is now ready, and is acknowledged by all who have seen it, to be much superior to any of its predecessors. It is edited by J. L. RIDGELY, G.S. of the U. S. G. L. and P.G. PASCHAL DONALDSON, and is illustrated with 12 beautiful Engravings. The paper, print, and elegant classic binding is of the first quality. The publisher assures the Fraternity that he has spared neither pains or expense to produce a suitable Book, worthy of presentation to their sweethearts, wives and daughters. Price $2.

☞ Brothers wishing to circulate the above beautiful Volume in their Lodge or neighborhood, will please address a line to the Publisher,
s25:tf EDWARD WALKER, 114 Fulton-st. N. Y.

CHURCH, LODGE AND PARLOR ORGAN MANUFACTORY.

GEORGE JARDINE, Manufacturer of Church, Lodge and Parlor Organs. Since the distruction by fire of his former place of business, he has re-opened his Manufactory at 548 Pearl-st. near to, and opposite the City Hospital in Broadway, where he is prepared to execute Orders. The patronage of the Order, and especially the Board of Managers of the New Hall, is respectfully solicited. Finger Organs with Barrel Attachments, made expressly for Lodge Rooms. jy31

CARPETING FOR LODGE ROOMS.

ALDRICH BARSTOW & Co. 440 Pearl-st. N. Y. are now manufacturing a style of Carpeting peculiarly adapted for the use of Lodge-rooms, to which they would invite the especial attention of those of the Order purchasing Carpets. Also, a great variety of Carpeting, Floor Oil Cloths, &c for general use. au21:13t*

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COLLECTIONS, &c. IN ILLINOIS.

CHARLES GILMAN, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Quincy, Illinois, will give particular attention to the collection of all claims entrusted to him, as well as to the payment of Taxes for non-residents, investigation of Titles, &c. Satisfactory references given, when desired. au7

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VOL. VII....No. 21. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1847. WHOLE No. 177.

Original Tales.

THE CANDLEMAS TAPER.

A SIMPLE STORY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGES OLIVIER, FOR THE GOLDEN RULE.

CHAPTER I.

TOWARD the close of January, 1842, five or six old matrons and as many young maidens, whom they were directing, were busily engaged in spinning the white flax of the last year's harvest, in a cellar in the little town of Tigny, in Anjou; squatting around a torch of rosin, roughly set up on end between four stones.

There was not a single man in this assembly. The door was carefully closed—through devout obedience; for Lent was approaching, and the vicar, a very intolerant young man, inveighed every Sunday in his sermon against the immorality of the nightly gatherings, whither young men of the town were in the habit of going to weave baskets of osier.

On the evening in question they seemed determined to make up for the sin of loving the neighbor too well, by the opposite sin: they picked him to pieces.

One only among the spinners worked on without saying anything; a young and pretty girl, with great blue eyes, and beautiful black hair; of delicate and flexible figure, with soft white hands, so small that nothing could be prettier, except perhaps her little fairy feet. She was poor and virtuous, and her name was Louise Dutour; in the village she was generally called *Orpheline*, which means *orphan*. She remaind melancholy and taciturn, as was her wont; but no one remarked her silence. At last, however, she was compelled to take part in the general conversation. From the lovers of Louis C sbron's daughter—a coquette, as it appeared—the conversation had wandered to the approaching festival. Each rivaled each in the enthusiasm with which she vaunted beforehand of the beautiful taper which she would have at the mass. One of them had just blended with this expectation the name of her betrothed, when dame Guichard, an inquisitive old woman, with an evil tongue, turned to Louise, and said to her:

"And how is it with thee, Orpheline? will thy lover give thee also a taper?"

The young girl raised her eyes in astonishment.

"My lover!" said she with a troubled voice, "you know very well, dame Guichard, that I have none."

"Tut, tut, tut!" replied the old woman; "one knows what one knows; the young Jacques Brunet is making love to thee."

"Those who have said so are mistaken," replied Louise.

The hag mumbled a retort between her broken teeth, and this incident would have been followed by no particular consequences, had not a tall fair-haired girl, with an air of pretension, set herself to rally poor Louise, for being perhaps the only one who would be obliged to content herself at mass with a *rundlet*.*

The orphan wept; they inquired what was the cause of her tears; and the artless child, whose lips knew not how to hide the truth, confessed her great regret that she was not able to buy, for want of money, a beautiful, ornamented taper which she had seen exposed, a week before, in the shop of master Luton, the wax-chandler at Doue, in the square of St. Pierre.

Just as she was finishing her recital, and while describing the object of her desire, she was speaking of a beautiful golden cross that shone at the foot of the taper on one side, and of the name the of virgin written in silver letters on the other, a sound of steps was heard upon the snow at the door of the cellar. All the spinners stopped talking, started, and listened. A heavy sigh was heard.

A general movement of consternation drew each of the gossips closer to her neighbor, and a murmur of raw-head-and-bloody-bones passed in low whispers round the circle. Louise alone continued bravely to spin, and smilingly asked if she should go to the door and see who was there.

The whole assembly answered with a terrified cry; for the snow creaked louder than ever, and the visitor was heard departing at full gallop.

It was in vain that Louise assured them that she had heard the tread of heavy hob-nailed wooden-shoes; no one would believe her, and her companoins quitted the cellar as fast as they could, and hastened to their several homes. Nevertheless, when

* The name given in Anjou to the little twisted taper commonly called the *Cellar-Rat*.

once relieved of their fright, Mariette, the fair-haired girl, and all the other maidens, each in her little pallet, bethought them of the wonderful taper spoken of by Louise, and all, without having consulted one another, came to the same conclusion upon a certain point; they would send to the city, in the morning, some a brother, others a lover, to seek the taper with the golden cross.

Accordingly on the morrow, brothers and lovers could purchase peace only by setting out for Doue. As evening came on, the girls suffered all the torments of impatience.

Alas! alas! evening came. The messengers came with it, but every hand was empty! A more diligent purchaser had borne away the taper, early in the morning, from the show-window, wherein master Luton had pompously displayed it as the master-piece of his art.

The evening gathering was, therefore, on this night, of the very saddest sort; the most beautiful eyes were red with tears that had been shed over this disappointment; the rosiest cheeks had grown pale, and the old women were much astonished to find no echo to their shrill slanders.

And the orphan, do you ask?

The orphan was still the same, calm, grave, and dreamy.

Pure as the dawn, no cloud veiled the azure of her glance. Through some inexplicable contrast, and which was certainly not the result of a vindictive and jealous exultation, she felt her heart less oppressed than usual; and though unable to divine the cause, she experiened at this moment a vague presentiment of happiness.

In fact, a ravishing surprise was awaiting her in her humble chamber; when she returned thither, the first thing she saw was the much-desired taper, which some unknown and beneficent hand had laid upon her little rickety table.

Though good and virtuous, Louise was none the less a daughter of Eve; and with eyes and fingers she eagerly interrogated all the moldings of the wax, seeking some clue to the name of the mysterious giver of so charming a gift. It was all in vain, however; the wax remained utterly mute. The modest delicacy of the donor had not even slipped a single line into the hollow of the taper, nor under the broad ribbon that floated from its base.

The gratitude of Louise was mingled with a little vexation at this mystery; but the illusion of a dream restored to her spirit its wonted serenity; she fancied that she saw in her sleep a beautiful angel, like those which were painted above the pictures in the church, hover on golden wings above her head, and lay on her table as he fled away, the magnificent taper which he held in his right hand. When she wakened, she found the taper, and the reality made her almost believe in the apparition of the night.

But, as she feared to draw upon herself the merciless railleries of the village, she said nothing about the happiness that had come to her, awaiting the festival of Candlemas with impatience, and yet at the same time with some little alarm; for, though, on the one hand, she was delighted at the thought of the admiration that would be excited by her beautiful taper, on the other, she dreaded the gossipings that would follow it.

CHAPTER II.

The festival arrived, and when the orphan came to mass, many whisperings and jealous glances were exchanged in the church.

Dame Guichard and Mariette were not the last to notice it: and notwithstanding the sanctity of the place, calumny went the rounds.

"And you do not know," said Mariette to her neighbor, the dame, "who gave the taper to Louise?"

"No."

"Well, she has just told the sister de Boivin, who told Perrine Porcher, who told me."

"Afterward?" asked the old woman. raising her head.

"She declares that an angel gave it to her in a dream."

"Bless us! such things have happened," returned dame Guichard, making a great sign of the cross, "but not for a wench like that Louise."

"And then," added Mariette, pursing up her lips, "just as if every body didn't know where it came from!"

"And where was it, then?"

"I will tell you directly: but here comes the vicar with the holy water."

These words metamorphosed the hag into a bigot. Slipping her cape over her head, she set herself busily to repeating in a loud voice, upon the ebony heads of a clumsy rosary, a long list of prayers, of which she understood nothing.

The vicar passed by, and saw nothing of this by-play; he even bestowed a friendly salutation on the old woman, who was one of those evil-natured devotees who disinherit their family, in favor of their parish church, in order, during their lives, to be esteemed by their priest.

Their religion is but a mask of hypocrisy. This fault was one of the foremost in dame Guichard; so, when she was no longer in fear of the severe inspection of the Abbe, she drew her rinkled face slowly out from under her black hood, like a tortoise creeping out of its shell, and, pulling Mariette by the sleeve, provoked, by a side glance, the promised reply.

Mariette, after numerous circumlocutions which had for their object to demand an inviolable secrecy, imparted to dame Guichard her suspicions. According to her, the angel who had given the taper, was no other than a handsome lad named Jacques Brunet, the same whom Louise had denied as her lover.

The old dame received this confidence with a malicious leer; and as her fair-haired neighbor informed her also that Jacques Brunet, standing near the balustrade, turned incessantly to look upon Louise, she took from the ruins of a black glazed pasteboard-case, her large spectacles with great round glasses that had almost lost their polish, and set them astride upon her crooked nose.

"Thou art quite right, saints save us! my child," said she, speaking through her nose; "if it could be from any good motive!"

"How? do you think so?"

"I say nothing," replied the hag; "but one can use one's reason, thanks be to God! A rich fellow like Jacques Brunet, who has lands, and vineyards, and hard dollars, is not going to marry a huzzy who has nothing. Besides, his father is too proud, now that he is steward to M. de Contades. There is no danger of his taking the orphan for his daughter-in-law."

"Well-a-day! is not this a pretty story, mother Guichard? If the Abbe only knew of it!"

"Ah! it would give him a great deal of pain, poor dear gentleman! But let us be quiet, Mariette, he is going up to the pulpit, let us listen to the sermon!"

Mariette said no more; and yet she paid but little attention to the sermon. She babbled in a low voice to those who were near her, repeating the malicious inventions of dame Guichard, revised and considerably augmented.

Nothing goes like calumny; it is a drop of oil that keeps spreading and increasing incessantly.

By the time mass was ended, there was not a woman in the church who did not look upon the orphan as a girl destitute of honor, and one who was to be shunned with contempt.

Every eye was fixed upon her: Louise perceived it, shuddered at the thought of some unknown danger, and became purple with alarm. Old Guichard, Mariette, and the other charitable souls did not fail to attribute her blushes to shame.

The candid purity of Louise was her ruin. All were united against her; for, on leaving the church, an incident as commonplace as it was innocent, struck the last blow at her reputation, and carried conviction to the most incredulous. Jacques Brunet, the handsome young fellow, had found himself at the church door at the same moment with the Orphan, and had politely offered her the holy water with a friendly smile.

Louise, who saw around only faces filled with cruel mockery, felt herself strangely moved by this contrast, and, without thinking of what she was doing, she bent her head to Jacques to thank him.

And they were both happy at that moment. But this happiness was of no long duration for the orphan. Innumerable murmurs with which her name was blended, met her ears, and

filled her with terror; she fled as fast as her feet could bear her, without daring to look behind her. Fear sustained her in her flight; but, as soon as she had gained her little room, her strength abandoned her, and her tears flowed in abundance for a sorrow of which she knew not the cause.

Poor child! she was not destined to remain long ignorant of this cause.

A sound in the street roused her at length from her bitter sadness. Her name was again pronounced by the screeching voice of dame Guichard.

She listened, her eyes fixed, her lips pale and parted. Then, suddenly, she uttered a cry, and fell half-dead upon the floor of her lonely chamber.

CHAPTER III.

When Louise came out of her fainting-fit, she was lying on her little bed, as white as snow freshly fallen.

With an uneasy look she sought the cause of this change; and smiled when she saw, bending over her pillow, *the good lady*, as she was called by all the unhappy ones of the village. Madame Bailly, a noble and holy woman, forced by a reverse of fortune to abandon the splendid circles in which her birth and education had placed her, for an exile among the fields of Tigny.

Instructed by her own cruel experience in the science of sorrow, Madame Bailly could sympathize with every form of misery.

It was this deep charity that had brought her to Louise.

Public rumor had informed her of the calumnies to which the orphan was a victim; and just as she was about to offer to Heaven her tears and prayers on behalf of this poor wandering soul, Jacques Brunet himself came to her, to tell her the whole truth, confiding to her his chaste and discreet passion, and entreating her to intercede for him with the maiden he loved.

Jacques Brunet seemed to be suffering; Madame Bailly set out immediately to seek consolation for him.

And when she entered the orphan's little chamber, a new grief called forth the inexhaustible treasures of her kindness.

She raised the unhappy child, and her celestial smile brought with it, as she awakened from her trance, a ray of hope to her heart. Then she poured into this young and breaking heart, the balm of her gentle words.

The orphan grew happy again while she listened to her; she arose, almost cured. A new world was opened to her by the revelations of the good lady.

Jacques Brunet loved her! It was he who had learned her desire for the taper with the golden cross, while listening at the door of the cellar, the evening of the spinning; it was he who had sighed, and whose footsteps caused the spinners so much alarm; it was he who, after having got the start of all the brothers and lovers in the morning, at the shop of Master Luton, had quietly entered her dwelling in the evening, during her absence, and had there deposited the object of her ardent desire.

Jacques Brunet loved her! at this thought, Louise could not hide from Madame Bailly her involuntary distress: pressed by her questions, she replied to them with her natural ingenuousness, and, for the first time, she saw clearly into her own heart.

She loved Jacques Brunet! Big tears rolled unheeded down her pale cheeks.

Madame Bailly then told her what she had not before unfolded, and demanded the orphan's hand for her protege, in exchange for his love and his riches.

The good lady expected to see her transported with joy; but it was not so. At the first surprise, the eyes of Louise had grown brighter; her bosom heaved, then she relapsed into her usual calmness.

Slowly, and with melancholy sadness, she shook her beautiful head, and murmured: "You will tell Jacques Brunet, madame, that I should be very happy to be his wife, and that I thank him with all my heart for thinking of the orphan; but I cannot accept his love."

Madame Bailly was in consternation at this response; it was in vain that she sought to represent to Louise the happiness that this union would bring to her.

"My child," said she to her, "this will be the only way to repair the stain cast upon your good name by calumny.

"That would be to confess myself guilty," replied Louise.

"And Jacques, you will make him miserable!"

"He would become much more so, madame, if he disobeyed his father in order to marry me. He is rich, and I am poor; I should still be accused; and I will never accept Jacques Brunet's offer, unless sanctioned by his father."

Madame Bailly again tried to insist upon a different course; it was in vain. The young girl's decision was irrevocable, and Jacques Brunet experienced the liveliest grief when he learned from Madame Bailly the orphan's reply to his proposals.

He returned sadly to the farm; his father was absent. He seated himself, without speaking, in the chimney corner, to await his return.

About nine o'clock in the evening, father Brunet came home; but he had lingered rather too long in *passing the vines*, as they say in Anjou, and Jacques, not daring to speak to him, went off to spend the night in the ox-stable, his heart bursting with despair.

The next day the farmer seemed to be in very good humor. Jacques determined to profit by this favorable moment, and, while aiding him to get his team ready, spoke to him of his project of marrying the orphan.

Father Brunet flew into a passion with his son, abused him as disobedient, a libertine, a seducer; in short, after an hour of remonstrances on one side, and insults on the other, the old man ended by declaring that he would sell off his property for the sake of disinheriting him, if he dared to espouse Louise.

Jacques, who knew his father, said not another word; he lost all hope of moving him. Nevertheless, about mid-day, he blessed Heaven for bringing the good lady to the farm.

Madame Bailly was desirous fully to discharge her mission as guardian angel; but her gentle eloquence could not shake the obstinacy of father Brunet; and Jacques could not repress a cry of grief when she said to him as she took her leave:

"You must resign yourself, my child, and renounce Louise."

The young peasant, who had attended her as far as the boundary of the farm, instead of returning to his father's house, after quitting Madame Bailly, took, with a gloomy air, the road which led through a neighboring wood.

That evening they expected him in vain at the farm.

The morrow passed, and still he did not return.

On the third day, Madame Bailly, in tears, appeared again at father Brunet's; she had just received a letter from Jacques, in which the unhappy young man bade her, and Louise also, an eternal farewell.

The evening before, he had enlisted at Saumur, in a regiment that was on the eve of setting out for Africa.

CHAPTER IV.

Last year, in the month of July, at the farm of La Touche, Louise kept watch during the night beside the bed whereon Father Brunet lay writhing in the delirium of fever, his face covered with living pustules.

During eight days had Louise tended him thus, all alone. Excepting the doctor and Madame Bailly, who came every evening to visit the sick man, everybody had abandoned the old farmer. He was attacked by a horrible malady, one that was justly dreaded throughout the county: he had the small pox.

And it was against this abandonment that the generous orphan protested by her presence. Although he had treated her so cruelly, old Brunet was dear to her. Did not he, whom she loved, call him his father? Mariette, dame Guichard, and the other very virtuous personages of the little town, took good care not to come near La Touche; while she, an unhappy child whom they pointed at as dishonored, was devoting herself, in her youth and beauty, to succor her mortal enemy.

God rewarded her, for the devouring contagion respected such charming grace and virgin innocence.

She was there, then, close to the bed, anticipating the old man's wants, with the solicitude of a child who watches over a beloved parent; and the old man did not recognize her even in those lucid moments that the fever left to him: the cruel malady had made him blind. Afterward, when convalescing, he could divine that some unknown providence, whose voice was sweet

and gentle, had been for some time the consoler of his sufferings; but his eyes, still closed to the light of day, saw not the good angel whom a sublime inspiration had brought to his side.

He questioned Louise repeatedly, and asked her what was her name?

The orphan evaded these questions; she feared to awaken an ill-extinguished hatred. What she desired above all things, without knowing as yet how she could accomplish it, was to obtain forgiveness for Jacques, from whom she often heard through the intervention of the good lady.

Jacques had returned from Algiers in April of 1846, to enter he garrison at Poictiers with the rank of serjeant, and the cross of honor; for, desirous to find his death, he had repeatedly ought with unequalled intrepidity. Nevertheless, the military harness weighed grievously upon him; far away, he wept for his father and his much-loved Louise.

The orphan had divined, from his letters, this wound in his heart; and she sought to find a remedy for it.

Heaven, to whom she had so often prayed with holy ardor, took pity upon her love.

Toward the end of a night of watching, Louise, overcome by fatigue, fell asleep beside the bed where the sick man also lay slumbering. Day dawned without waking her; it was not so with Father Brunet. As soon as the first rays of the sun found their way into the chamber, he raised himself upon his elbows, drew aside the curtains, slowly opened his swollen eyelids, and fixed upon Louise a look, at first, of astonished severity, but which softened gradually into an expression of admiration and gratitude.

He saw her! he recognized her!

His breast heaved; a sob escaped him.

Louise started from her sleep, and sprung to him to ask what troubled him.

But instead of advancing toward the sick man, she involuntarily recoiled; a trembling and wasted hand protruded itself from between the curtains, as though to seize her.

The old man understood this fear; he drew back his arms, silently and with painful effort, and took off his gray-woollen night-cap, from under which the long white locks fell over his shoulders.

Louise, who watched this proceeding, supposed he was suffering from some new crisis of delirium; Father Brunet still gazed on her in a suppliant and respectful attitude; he seemed to wish to speak to her. The orphan, much moved, advanced a step nearer, to hear him.

"Louise, my child," faltered the old man, "forgive me! wilt thou be my daughter?"

The lovely smile that played upon Louise's lips, was her sole reply; she fell religiously upon her knees before the crucifix that adorned the mantel.

A week after this, Father Brunet thought no more of his past sufferings; his son Jacques, the serjeant, had returned to his home; and Jacques alone, of all the village, wore a grand ribbon, in his coat. The mayor himself had nothing like it. His heart swelled with paternal pride, when all who passed by, saluted a son so brave.

As to Louise, she was proud, also, and she was, moreover, very happy. By the end of harvest-time, she had nothing more to desire. Jacques, liberated from the service through his father's dollars, hastened to conclude a marriage so long delayed.

The orphan, whose beautiful conduct had delivered her from calumny and won the admiration of the whole country-side could now raise her head in triumphant gladness. She even, by an innocent raillery, braved the evil women whose tongues had crushed her; she chose for her hymenial torch, the taper with the golden cross.

Dame Guichard was so mortified at seeing that her slanders had served only to make herself an object of contempt, that she died of a fever on the eve of All-Saints' Day. Two women and one man were all who followed her to the grave; Louise, Madame Bailly, and Jacques Brunet.

The fair-haired Mariette has no longer any lovers; all her gallants have pitilessly deserted her; and, notwithstanding her great desire to get married, there is every probability that she will die an old maid.

Jacques Brunet is now master of the farm of La Touche; his father lives with him, and is never weary of contemplating his son's cross of honor, and the sweet face of Louise, whom he calls his protectress. The old man will soon have another demand made upon his love, for a new treasure is expected in the old farm-house; the laborers at the farm have just completed a handsome osier cradle, which they have presented to Louise as a New Year's gift, and the Candlemas Taper will be lighted, ere long, for a baptism.

Original Poetry.

FLOWERS.

BY BRO. R. H. TAYLOR, OF NO. 295.

WHETHER the lovely God-sent flow'rs,
Or rise in fields or bloom in bow'rs,
I cannot pass them but I feel
A pleasure o'er my senses steal;
And on their beauty, as I gaze,
I'm wrapped within a dreamy maze.

Beauteous flowers! how they seem
To wake anew Life's early dream;
Those days of joyous revelry,
When care was not—the heart was free!
When lovely flow'rs from lowly bed,
Were cull'd so oft, and garlanded!

Oh! who would lightly from him fling
Those precious flow'rets of the Spring;
The early flow'rs that looked so bright,
After the dreary Winter's flight,—
Gently their petals, bright in hue,
Unfolding to the pearly dew?

There is a silent language too,
In every bud that meets the view;
Some thought in each sweet flow'r conveyed,
By loving youth to blushing maid;
And fitting emblems they, to show
Or lover's vows, or mourner's woe.

How tenderly in them is wove
Affection, FRIENDSHIP, TRUTH and LOVE!
Oh! how expressively they tell
Of passion's warm, extatic swell;
Better than words can e'er impart,
For they're the tokens of the Heart!

Each tender bud, each gentle flow'r,
Reminds me of some by-gone hour,
Nor can I bear to throw them by,
When they're so lovely to the eye!
Enchanting flow'rs! how soon they die;
E'en so do Youth and Beauty fly!

But though fond youth, and beauty's bloom,
Like flowers, early find a tomb,
Let PEACE and VIRTUE grow instead,
Let CHARITY her perfume shed,
And FAITH and HOPE be always ours:
These are the Soul's unfading flow'rs!

STANZAS TO ———.

BY BRO. H. L. STILLMAN.

OH why doth life in its flittings, throw
Such mingled shades of joy and woe
Upon our pathway here below,
To lure and cheat the heart;
Why doth it ever freely lend
New hopes and joys with each new friend,
And ties that time alone should end,
Then treacherously depart?

We deem each uttered thought sincere,
And hope springs high without a fear
Till soon each thought, and hope so dear,
Dissolves in tears away!
And then we feel the chilling blight
Which shrouds the soul in deepest night,
As every ray of blissful light
Is vanished in a day!

Oh! would that joys were more secure,
That Friendship's glittering links were pure,
And that no treacherous wiles might lure
The spirit from its rest;
But that each wish and vow could prove
The secret springs on which they move,
To be the offsprings of that love
Which warms and thrills the breast.

Such be *thy* joys, without a care
Of sorrow's touch, or sad despair,
Or aught that proves less bright and fair
Than what it seems to thee;
And may they never teach thy heart
The fleeting shadows that depart,
Nor e'en one pang of piercing smart
As they have taught to me.

Pulaski, Oswego county, N. Y.

Original Notes of Travel.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

NUMBER SIX.

Cheltenham—Kenilworth—Warwick—Shakspear's Birth-place.

Was it not getting stiff and dull, that last letter of mine, my dear W., with its, I know not what all, of rambling dissertations on nations and national prejudices? I hope ye'll nae print 'em if they read as I suspect they do. Be of cheer, for we are getting out of boredom, and I am now treading on classic ground; every foot of it hallowed by associations historical and romantic. But first go with me to another of England's watering places, a few hours' rail from Bristol. Cheltenham has its springs of hot mineral water, which when cold resemble, in taste those of our Saratoga. There are several, varying in quality. C. is a wide-spread, well built of yellow stone, treed and avenued, handsome village; was much frequented after Bath began to decline, when the palmy days of Beau Nash's reign ceased there. But now C. is fading before the newly fashionable Brighton. Walk with me, it is Sunday morning, to the pump-room, and before a counter and a pump, like Rushton's Soda, take two tumblers of saline mixture. Now to St. Mary's Church with its low eaves, its great oriel window, its tall steeple that seems to rest on the ground, so low are the walls of the church, and its old yard filled with venerable grave-stones. A young lady occupies the pew behind that into which the sexton has shown us, and she politely hands one of us a book open to the psalm just given out. Would an American girl do so, or would mock modesty prevent her politeness having its welcome course? Listen now to the sermon of Mr. Genneste, the translator of Crummacher's works.

And now we are on the railway again, not the rail*road*, and in the carriages, not the *cars*. By the way, my country has just been detected by that Mr. Bull, by my having used the word *cars*, and he tells me that expression assures him I am an American. What trifles sometimes reveal important facts! As witness—when I reached the continent, of which more hereafter, it was declared I was an American, and not an Englishman. "Why know you that, monsieur?" "Your shirt collare is turned down, monsieur," replies he; "Engleeshman's collare always saw his ears very much high."

But back, and see the old city of Worcester, with its old Cathedral rising before us. Now time presses, and hallowed ground has to be trodden this day; romance is to receive its long expected nourishment, and the fount of Helicon has to be renewed ere night falls again upon us.

At noon the train stops, after five hours from Worcester, at the little village of Kenilworth. "A phæton, landord." One mile driven, cross the pebbly brook, skirt the hedge, turn its corner, and Kenilworth's old castle is before you in magnificent ruins! Listen for the shouts of revelry that rung when Elizabeth sojourned there, or for the sigh of the gentle Amy whom the dark ambitious Dudley, crushed in her early bloom. Enter facing south: here is a tower and an archway with Leicester's coat of arms sculptured over it, and at the side his initials R.D. Pear-trees laden with their fruit are now trained up its turretted walls. Walk on over the green grass, face to the west, and Cæsar's tower is before you, built by Geoffrey de Clinton, Lord Chamberlain to the lettered Henry 1st. Crumbling by degrees, its walls of sixteen feet thickness are great in ruins. From this stately tower the reckless De Montfort, 2d Earl of Leicester, sent forth his bailiffs and officers, like a King. But his spoilings could not last. It was begirt by the King's troops, but would not surrender. The King would not destroy it, but levied a fine. So Kenilworth was spared in all her integrity and beauty, and again set her foes at defiance.

In 1279 was here established, the Round Table, a Knightly game, consisting of 100 Knights and as many ladies, who for exercise of arms came together to assemble in the stately chambers of Kenilworth. From the feast of St. Mathew, until Michaelmas, the tilt-yard was thronged with brave competitors, and the hall with ladies dancing, and clad, when they assembled round the table, in silk mantles to show their degree. These were the bright days of Kenilworth; but a cloud soon gathered over its lofty battlements, and owing to the treason of the Earl of Lancaster it reverted to the crown. Afterwards the Lancaster family were restored, and by Maud of Lancaster his wife, it came into possession of no less a personage than John of Gaunt. Then convenience and splendor superseded the rude arrangements of older times, and there arose those beautiful buildings, delicate in architectural beauty, still called the Lancaster buildings. Long thereafter it became by the gift of Elizabeth the possession of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. The first signal event of his life was his marriage to Amy Robsart, no ideal personage, but the actual daughter of a sturdy Knight, Sir John Robsart. King Edward 6th honored the nuptials by his youthful presence.

Poor Amy! Passing between Cæsar's and John o' Gaunt's Towers, clambering up the ruins to Meronis' Bower, we turn, and descending a narrow stair, enter the cell where she was confined. She had a suite of rooms, for there is another half a dozen feet square behind it. Light creeps in through an aperture, ivy curtained, and we now rejoice that *this* portion is a ruin. Up the stairs and along the passage in the track she stole along to watch the gay revels in the great banqueting hall, when the Queen discovered her. The floor of this hall is gone, as are all those of wood. Passing round to what was Queen Elizabeth's sitting room, from the ruinous Gothic window pluck a branch of the ivy that makes its drapery. Here are the Leicester buildings. Much of them remains; and sockets and occasional beams show the hight and extent of the rooms. As the old chronicler wrote, of "the rare beauty of building that his honor hath advanced; all of the head quarry stone; every room so spacious, so well belighted, and so hy-roofed within; so seemly too sight by du proportion without; a daytyme on every side so glittering by glasse; a night, by continual brightness of candel, fyre, and torchlight, transparent thro the lyghtsome wyndy, as it wear Egiptian Pharos relucent untoo all the Alexandrian coast."

The great beauty of Kenilworth was its gardens much adorned, and redolent of sweet trees and flowers.

Beyond was the lake that half-encircled the castle, and now a meadow. This lake contained 111 acres, and was well stored with fish and fowl. The circuit of the castle parks, and chase, contained 20 miles of pleasant country. The limits of the building are now scarcely traceable. Cromwell gave it away to his officers, who pillaged, dismantled and then left it, and Time has done the rest. Tradition and the chroniclers alone tell us of the nineteen days and nights of feasting, hunting, games, trumpetings, fireworks and pageants, with which the ambitious Leicester entertained his royal guest. The magnificent aviary filled with rare birds, twenty feet in hight, and its cornices covered with imitations of precious stones, the porphyry pillars and fountains of marble in the garden, the rich fruits and fragrant flowers, and more that, as the chronicler says, made it "worthy to be called a Paradise." Year after year some portion falls, and the sketcher is to be seen transferring the form of its magnificent ruins to the canvas, that will soon be all that will show what Kenilworth's noble towers were like.

En avant, Warwick's Castle is six miles distant. An hour's drive brings us to a different scene. No ruins, but the most magnificent of old baronial castles in perfect preservation. We

drive up to its walls, and a liveried porter swings wide one of its ponderous gates. On one side is the porter's lodge, and on the other a room in which an old woman exhibits the iron helmet, shield and sword, of the Crusader Guy, Earl of Warwick. Of great size and weight, one of us degenerate moderns would find it difficult to carry them, and impossible to fight with them. Also the ancient punch bowl, capable of containing two barrels or more. This was filled at the christening of the present Earl. We pass on along a carriage-way to the left, around the trees and hedges, and the castle is soon before us. We are now crossing the great court-yard where the King-maker, the Last of the Barons, feasted his 30,000 retainers. Through an arched gateway in the thick walls, we enter the inner court, and the castle is around us. The housekeeper admits us into the great hall, with its oaken floor, polished with wax, like our mahogany tables, and oaken wainscoting, hung with armor and the trophies of the chase, and some paintings. Among other pieces, is the helmet worn by Cromwell. The view from the window upon the Avon, and across the park beyond the river, is unsurpassed by any in England for its varied beauties. Suites of rooms succeed each other richly furnished. In one is a table inlaid with precious stones, valued at $50,000. Out of the thickness of the wall has been cut, by the present Earl, a fair sized room, which is used for devotional purposes. Still, enough of substance is left in the wall not to weaken it. Retrace your steps, and, before leaving, give the housekeeper who conducted you a shilling. Though she is dressed in silk and seems a fine lady, it will not insult her to offer her money. The owners of these palaces allow their servants, in their absence, to show the rooms and collect the fees. Whether the amount of wages paid by my lord is less in consequence, or not, I cannot inform you. Wherever there is a collection of paintings, some stained glass, relics, or statuary, or architectural beauty, whether it be in castle, church or college, in this country, there is a keeper to open the locked door for you, and exhibit it for a shilling. In Oxford, at one of the halls, the keeper told me he had recently bought the situation, and had paid a high premium for it to his predecessor; yet he hoped to make it profitable as visitors were plenty.

We enter our phæton, and drive past Guy's Cliff, where the great Guy of Warwick lived as a hermit, after his return from the Holy Land, for several years, unknown by his wife for other than a hermit, until, when about to die, he sent for her to the castle, and disclosed himself. She closed his eyes and did not long survive him.

We passed through the town of Warwick, and at one extremity of High-street, saw standing an ancient hospital, erected in the hight of his career, by the proud Leicester. We enter beneath an humble archway, and a monastic building round a small quadrangle, recalls us to other times, plants us in another age. The building is covered with the Dudley arms. A series of conventual-looking apartments, connected together by a rude cloister, contains twelve brethren, the bedesmen of Lord Leicester, whose silver badge, the bear's paw, they still wear, as did the liveried servants of old, on the sleeve of their blue cloth coats. In all things they observe the rules and the dress of the 16th century. They show, in the large kitchen of the hospital, a sampler, worked with the arms of the Dudleys, said by tradition to be the work of Amy Robsart.

At six miles distance from Warwick Castle we enter the village of Stratford-on-Avon, ever famous as the birth-place of Shakspeare. On the left we passed the park in which he stole the deer: on the right is the hill where he loved to seat himself and dream his realities. A monument is upon it. Into the village and up the long winding street bordered by low houses, on to the "Red Lion." Order a chop to be ready against your return, and walk down the street until you see on your right hand a poor, old, small house or hut, with a wide-shuttered window and the meat-hooks in the walls where was hung the stock in trade when it was used as a butcher's shop. The lower room has a stone floor, now in a ruinous condition. A small shed is back of it. The upper story contains only one room, which is over the front room below. In this the bard was born. The woman who shows it is joint owner with her sister and brother. Give her some silver and chip off a small piece of the floor. Poor old hut, how it is hacked and chopped! Yankee whittling could scarce outdo this. She opens a chest, in which are two snuff-boxes made of the wood of the mulberry tree he planted. Many guineas would not buy them. Now in the room where he was born we will buy an engraved representation of the building as it is, and before leaving, look around once more upon the walls that have, under these same circumstances, called up associations like those we are possessed with in the minds of thousands of the great and small, from royal to peasant visitors. Not many days after I saw it, the house was sold to the people of England for preservation as a sacred relic.

A short walk to the edge of the town shows us the church in which Shakspeare is buried, and near it the house in which he was schooled; but our time will not admit of entering them. But the hour draws nigh when the iron horse passes through Kenilworth, thirteen miles distant, and we must meet it and sleep this night in Liverpool, after having, between 7 A.M. and 11 P.M., performed 210 miles of railway traveling, and 26 of phæton driving, besides spending an hour each at Kenilworth, and Warwick Castle, and at Stratford. Romance and Reality! O, Age of Iron! Yours, in F. L. and T., ORION.

Choice Miscellany.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

IN the Democratic Review of November, 1832, there was an account of the trial of Harry Blake for murder, who was convicted upon *circumstantial evidence* and hung. About three months after his death, the Judge who presided at the trial, received a note from a prisoner under sentence of death, requesting to see him without delay, as his sentence was to be carried into effect the day following. On his way thither he overtook an old man walking slowly, who accosted him, and recognized him to be Caleb Grayson, who had been a witness at Blake's trial, and had a similar note to his own, but equally at a loss to know the meaning of the summons. They both entered the cell together. The prisoner did not move, but raised his head, when Grayson recognized having seen him at a tavern the night before Blake's execution, and at the gallows.

'Well, Judge,' said he, 'I sent for you to see if you can't get me out of this scrape. Must I hang to-morrow?'

The Judge shook his head: 'It's idle to hope, nothing can prevent your execution.'

'An application might be made to the highest authorities,' said the prisoner. 'Pardons have come sometimes on the scaffold.'

'None will come to your case,' replied the judge, 'it is needless for me to dwell on your offense now, for it was one that had no palliation, and you may rest assured, that whatever may have occurred in other cases, no pardon will come in yours. In fact, I understand that an application has been made for one, by your counsel, and has been refused.'

The features of the prisoner underwent no change; nor did the expression of his face alter in the least. But after a moment's pause, he said; 'Is this true, judge—upon your honor?'

'It is,' replied the judge.

'Then I know the worst,' replied the criminal, coldly, 'and will now tell what I have to communicate, which I would not have done while there was a hope of escape. You,' said he, turning to the judge, 'presided at the trial of young Harry Blake, who was accused of murder, and sentenced him to death.'

'I did.'

'And *you*," said he, turning, to Grayson, 'were one of the witnesses against him. You swore that you saw him stab Wicklife. On your testimony principally he was hung.'

'I was,' replied the old, 'I saw him with my own eyes.'

The prisoner uttered a low sneering laugh, as he said, turning to the judge:

'You, sir, sentenced an innocent man.'

'And you,' said he, turning the other, 'swore to a falsehood. Harry Blake did not kill Wickliffe. He was as innocent of the sin of murder as you were—more innocent than you are now.'

The old man staggered as if he had been struck, and leaned against the table to support himself, while the condemned felon stood opposite him, looking at him with an indifferent air.

'Yes, old man,' said he sternly, 'you have blood and perjury on your soul, for I, I,' said he, stepping forward, so that the light of the lamp fell strongly upon his savage features, 'I murdered William Wickliffe! I did it! Thank God I did it, for I had a long score to settle with him. But Blake had no hand it. I met Wickliffe on that afternoon, alone—with none to interfere between us. I told him of the injuries he had done me, and I told him that the time was come for redress. He endeavored to escape, but I followed him up; I grappled with him, and stabbed him. As I did so, I heard the clatter of horses hoofs, and I leaped into a clump of bushes which grew at the road side. At that moment Blake came up, and found Wicklife lying dead in the road. You know the rest. The tale he told was true as the gospel. He was only attempting to draw the knife

from the man's breast, when you came up and charged him with the murder!'

'Good God! Can this be possible!' ejaculated the old man. 'It cannot. Villain, you are a liar!'

'Pshaw!' muttered the man. 'What could I gain by a lie? To-morrow I die.'

'I don't believe it: I don't believe it!' exclaimed Grayson, pacing the cell, and wringing his hands. 'God in mercy grant that it may be false! that this dreadful sin may not be upon me.'

The prisoner sat down, and looked at the judge and the witness with a calmness which had something almost fiendish in it, when contrasted with the extreme agitation of the one, and the mental agony of the other.

At last the old man stopped in front of him; and with a calmness so suddenly assumed in the midst of his paroxysm of remorse, that it even overawed the criminal, said: 'You are one whose life has been a tissue of falsehood and crime. You must prove what you have said or I'll not believe it.'

'Be it so,' replied the prisoner. 'I saw the whole transaction, and heard all your testimony at the trial: for I was there too. I'll now tell you what occurred at the spot of the murder, which you did not mention, but which I saw. When you rode up, the man with you jumped off his horse and seized Blake by the collar; your hat fell off on the pommel of your saddle, but you caught it before it reached the ground. You then sprang off your horse, and while Walton held Blake, you examined the body. You attempted to pull the knife from his breast, but it was covered with blood, and slipped from your fingers. You rubbed you hands on the ground, and going to a bush on the road-side, broke off some leaves and wiped your hands upon them, and afterwards the handle of the knife. You then drew it out, and washed it in a small puddle of water at the foot of the sumach bush. As you did so, you looked at Blake, who was standing with his arms folded, and who said; 'Don't be uneasy about me, Caleb; I did'nt kill Wickliffe, and don't intend to escape.' At one time you were within six feet of where I was. It's lucky you did not find me, for I was ready at that moment to send you to keep company with Wicklife; but I saw all, even when you stumbled and dropped your gloves, as you mounted your horse.'

'God have mercy on me!' ejaculated Grayson. 'This is all true. But one word more. I heard Wickliffe, as we rode up, shriek out, 'Mercy, mercy, Harry!'

'He was begging for his life—my first name is Harry!'

The old man clasped his hands across his face, and fell senseless on the floor.

It is needless to go into the details of the prisoner's confession, which was so full and clear, that it left no doubt on the mind of the judge that he was guilty of Wickliffe's murder, and that Harry Blake was another of those who had gone to swell the list of victims to Circumstrntial Evidence.

Sweet Waters.—On our return to Pera we stopped at the Sweet Waters, a delightful place of public resort on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. Here we saw a great many arabas, or carriages of the country, profusely gilt, filled with women and children, and drawn by oxen or horses with richly ornamented harness. We caught glimpses of some very pretty faces among the women, who, for the benefit, no doubt, of breathing the air more freely, had loosened the asmacks of white muslin which usually envelop their necks and faces. There was, however, a guard stationed about the spot, to prevent anything like intrusion. The children were extremely pretty, with dark eyes and hair, and were handsomely dressed in their own native costume, which is peculiarly picturesque, and becoming to childhood. The ladies had coffee and sweetmeats with them in their arabas, with which they were served by their attendant black female slaves. Besides these, there were many family groups enjoying themselves under the trees, seated upon their bright colored carpets, round the borders of which their yellow slippers were ranged in order. There were also present several Turks of rank, mounted on beautifully caparisoned Arabians, with boys on ponies; asses for hire, with scarlet housings; conjurers, venders of fruit, lemonade, sherbet, water, and sweetmeats. To complete the picture, the shore was lined with caiques of the company, assembled from various parts of the shores of the Bosphorus, with their gaily-dressed rowers lying on their oars.

(Three weeks' Residence in Constantinople.

Eels ascending Waterfalls.—It is a well-know fact, that the young of the eel ascend the river they frequent in countless multitudes in March and April, and remain there during the summer. 'I have known them,' says Mr. Couch of Penzance, 'ascend a small stream for a short distance, where they have been obstructed by a waterfall of about twenty feet high; and yet, on examining the wet moss on the rocks over which the water fell, the eels may be found tortuously winding their way to the stream above. If a stream, from the dryness of the summer, be reduced in size, the eels will quit it, and travel through the wet grass in search of another. I have kept eels,' he continues, 'in confinement, in large basins, but they have generally effected their escape by night, which is their favorite time for moving. Their mode of escaping is remarkable. They commence by throwing their tail over the edge of the vessel; and that organ being a prehensile one, they then lift themselves over, and so escape by their usual tortuous motion.

"Knowledge is power," wrote the great Lord Bacon. "Knowledge is power," complacently exclaimed a dandy the other day, when, strong men having failed, he released a lap-dog from the teeth of a huge mastiff by quietly administering to the latter a pinch of snuff!

Facts and Scraps.

Parasols in the Drawing-room.—The introduction of gas-lights into private houses has been taken advantage of by the ladies, who, under protest against the glare and dazzling uncomfortableness of such bright lights, deliberately *spread parasols* in an evening soiree, and (incidental advantage) converse under and behind the same very agreeably. A pink parasol, judiciously held between a lady's face and a gas-burner, throws a tender, roseate hue over the complexion, and can be dexterously maneuvered; of course, to curtail an annoying perspective, or furnish glances in effective monopoly to the privileged. The arts do not seem to have fallen behind the sciences in the march of improvement.

Practical Joke.—Much alarm was excited on Monday, at Darley, by the appearance of an extraordinary monster, striped and spotted, like a leopard, or panther, and several men armed with swords, pitchforks, and old muskets, assembled to attack it. It was discovered, however, that the monster was a painted pig, turned loose by some wag, to hoax his neighbors.

Chinese Wall.—The most extensive *manual* structure is undoubtedly the great Chinese wall. It is 24 feet high, and 10 feet wide, and reaches to the extent of from 2000 to 2400 miles, over mountains, precipices, and rivers, up to the sea on one side, and the inaccessible mountains of Thibet on the other. The Chinese truly call it one of *their* wonders of the world—as the stones used for its construction, if placed one beside the other, would suffice to encompass the whole circumference of the globe. The entire history of this construction is wrapt in similar obscurity with that of the Pyramids of Egypt.

The Real and the Ideal.—Baron Rothschild, though immensely rich, is occasionally very witty. He was called upon recently to give a good definition of the Real and the Ideal, when he answered, "I cannot give you a more forcible example than the following: The Real is the current coin of Spain, and a Spanish Bond, which is supposed to represent it, is the Ideal." The Baron may be sure of the vote of every Spanish Bondholder at the ensuing election.

Oil from Stone.—A communication was made, some short time ago, to the French Institute, about what was called *huile aux pierres*. The oil is perfectly clear and transparent, does not soil, and yields a flame of great intensity and clearness. A company, formed for the manufacturing of this mineral oil, possesses in the vicinity of Autun inexhaustible strata of rock, from which not only oil, but other valuable substances, as a sort of grease (*graisses*) tar, ammonical water, parraffine—substances of which some are valuable as manures—are extracted.

Flattering Reason.—A beautiful young lady having called out an ugly gentleman to dance with her, he was astonished at the condescension, and, believing that she was in love with him, in a very pressing manner desired to know why she had selected him from the rest of the company? "Because, sir," replied the lady, "my husband commanded me to select such a partner as should not give him cause for jealousy."

The Oldest Inhabitant.—There is now residing here (Wick) an old man, who was for fifty-six years a fisherman, nineteen a soldier, and forty-two a shoemaker; and yet he never traveled farther than Clyth to the south, Thurso to the west, and Huna to the north.

It was stated, at an anniversary meeting of the Ladies' Bible Association in England, that a calculation had been made at Birmingham respecting the proportionate value of the services of gentlemen and ladies as collectors for charitable and religious purposes; and it was found that one lady was worth thirteen gentlemen and a half.

A lady, laying her hand on a joint of veal, said, "I think, Mr. F., this veal is not so white as usual." "Put on your glove, Madam," said the dealer, "and you will think differently." It may be needless to remark, the veal was ordered home without another word of objection.

A highwayman is as much a robber when he plunders in a gang as when single, and a nation that makes an unjust war is only a great gang.—[Franklin.

Rulhierre said to Talleyrand, "I know not why I am called a wicked man, for I never in the whole course of my life performed but one act of wickedness." "But when," replied Talleyrand, "will this *act* be at an end?"

A country boy being asked the other day what was meant by universal suffrage, instantly replied, "Why it means that every man should suffer alike."

Why does a lady's school, out for a walk, resemble the notes of a flute? Because it goes *two-to-two too*.

I am going to draw this *beau* into a knot, as the lady said when standing at the hymeneal altar.

Fifty children can be educated for the same sum that keeps one soldier.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1847.

THE PRESENT ASPECTS OF OUR ORDER.

Having given to our readers a synopsis of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the U. S. at its late session, we are naturally led to consider the present position and future prospects of our Order, deducing our reflections from the facts developed in the reports furnished to the Grand Lodge, as well as from the action of that Body in relation to the general welfare of our Order.

The first point that must strike every old member of the Order, is the astonishing strides Odd-Fellowship has made within the last four or five years. In that period we have more than doubled our number of members, and, in consequence, our revenue, and our annual disbursements for relief have increased in a proportionate ratio. The statistics for the last year are actually matters of deep interest, well calculated to arrest the attention of every reflecting philanthropist. Even our opponents, we should think, would pause in their censures, while they view the practical effects of our association. 130,000 men, devoted to the spread of philanthropical principles, actively and systematically engaged, in their corporated capacity, in carrying those principles into practical action, possessing an annual revenue of about $1,000,000, over $300,000 of which has been expended during the past year in actual relief afforded to the sick and distressed, and in succoring the widow and the orphan, and an array of facts, so overwhelming in their evidence of the weight, influence and power we have attained as an institution, that we confess ourselves to be astounded in viewing the present aspects of our Order, and in reflecting what may ultimately be our position in the course of a very few years. In connection with this vast increase in regard to numbers, resources, and relief, afforded to members, there is another fact equally worthy attention. The Order is extending its boundaries in the true spirit of Odd-Fellowship. It is no longer confined to cities or populous towns, within a circumscribed area; but it has spread over the length and breadth of the land. Every State and Territory in the United States is now represented in the Grand Council of our Order—and in every city and town, nay, almost in every village in this great Republic, Lodges are to be found dedicated to the dissemination of our principles and actively employed in the performance of the holy deeds of charity those principles inculcate. Nor does our influence terminate with the jurisdiction of our country. In the Canadas, nay, even to the extremities of our continent, and to the "Isles of the Seas," our American branch of the Order is extending. Remote links to our widely extended chain are constantly being added, and all these distinct and widely separated branches are moving on in harmonious unison with the great Parent Stock of the I. O. of O. F. of these United States.

But it is not alone the Independent Branch of Odd-Fellowship, to which we are united, that is moving forward as one of the important features of the age. In England the same extraordinary growth and spread of the Order is manifest. The following extract from the remarks of Mr. Nugent, a District Secretary of the Manchester Unity, at an anniversary celebration, recently given by Aquatic Lodge, London, will show the extent and present character of that branch of the Order:

In giving the toast of the evening, the chairman said that the Aquatic Lodge was a branch of their flourishing institution, which now consisted of 4,500 Lodges, and near 400,000 members. They assembled together for the purpose of assisting each other in the hour of need, and to protect their wives and families. During the last twelve months their receipts had been £820,000, and the expenditure £280,000. Among the members were many of the highest persons in the realm, among whom he could mention Earl Howe, Viscount Curzon, Sir Robert Peel, and a number of eminent divines, and near 200 members of Parliament. They did not court such persons, as their society was solely conducted by the working men; but having such gentlemen among them, clearly showed to the world that they were looked upon with some respect by those superior to themselves. The South London District, in which the Aquatic Lodge was situated, he was happy to say, had prospered—when he first joined them (ten years ago) they only had 1,400 members, but now they could boast of near 6,000, and seventy-one Lodges. Upwards of fifty of the latter had left them during that period, and formed districts in their own localities, for the more effectual mode of carrying on the business of Odd-Fellowship. The South London District had expended upwards of £200,000 in assisting the sick, interring deceased members, and protecting the widow and orphan; they had also given more than £4,000 in relieving distressed brethren. In the late appeal on behalf of the distressed Irish and Scotch, they nobly came forward and subscribed upwards of £2000 for that laudable purpose. The Widow and Orphan Fund, though last, was not least in their estimation. He was happy to say that it was supported as warmly by the single members as the married. They had received £5,500 on behalf of the fund, and had expended £2,000, which must have relieved the necessities of many, who would have been compelled to have sought relief in the parish workhouse. There were, at the present time, sixty widows and one hundred and thirty children, recipients from that fund, who blessed the day when their husbands and parents became members of that society.

It will be observed from this statement that the Order in Great Britain is not merely increasing most rapidly in members and resources, but, like the Independent Branch, established in this country, it is drawing within its ranks the dignified, the influential, and the intellectual portions of the community.

We consider this feature of the present state of Odd-Fellowship to be one of especial importance. For not only is it a tacit acknowledgement of its claims to consideration, but it is also a guarantee for its stability and perpetuity. Barriers are thus afforded against innovation, and the character of its members silences the attacks of its enemies. It would be unprofitable in this day to create undue prejudices against the principles and practices of Odd-Fellowship. The character of its members is a sufficient preservative against the malevolence of its enemies. It must continue to spread and increase, and continue to be, what it is so admirably calculated to become, from its systematic and well-organized character, an antagonistic corrector of the selfish propensities of our Nature, and A CONSERVATIVE INSTRUMENT IN THE REFORM PROGRESS OF THE AGE!

ODD-FELLOWSHP AND "THE FRIENDS."

WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 8, 1847.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: Among the sects of Christendom, the Friends (Quakers) have always possessed a very large portion of my affection and respect. Ever since their rise, in the reign of Charles II, they have always maintained a lofty standard of morality, and their life and conversation, though quaint and peculiar, have ever abounded with Christian graces.

The innovating spirit of the age has, however, been meddling with their internal organization; and it is, now, some years, since the golden cord of love, which bound them so long together as one people, was broken.

Like the divisions of high and low church, old school and new school, the Friends have arrayed themselves, apart, as Orthodox and Hicksites. I have neither the intention nor the wish to take a side in this controversy; nor should I have ever alluded to the subject, but for certain proceedings of the Hicksite Friends, at their late yearly meeting in Baltimore.

Departing from their ancient rule of studying to be quiet and minding their own business, as well as forgetting the precept, both of the Gospel and the common law, that no one should be condemned unheard; they have blindly joined the multitude of those who seek to do evil to the benevolent institutions of the day.

But let them speak for themselves. The yearly meeting has enacted

"That the 5th article of our Discipline, relative to 'Conduct and Conversation,' be changed to read thus: 'It being obvious that the convivial entertainments, and the vain ostentatious processions, of those called Free Masons, and of other associations, are altogether inconsistent with our religious profession; if, therefore any of our members shall join therein, they are to be treated with as in other cases of disorderly conduct, and if, after tender admonition and brotherly labor, they cannot be dissuaded therefrom, they are to be disowned.'

"The committee also recommend that the following minute of advice and caution should be handed down in the extracts and recommended to the attention of our members viz:

"*Minute of Advice and Caution*—The yearly meeting, under a tender solicitude for the preservation of its members in purity and simplicity, and particularly those in the early walks of life, is concerned to extend a solemn caution against any entangled alliance

with the various associations that have sprung up in our land. Many of these extract money from their members under the specious pretense of benevolence, draw them frequently from their families and business, and into places and practices calculated to lead the mind from the enjoyments of a holy life. Friends are, therefore, affectionately and earnestly cautioned against becoming, or continuing members of any such association; or of any, requiring of its members a pledge of secrecy. It is not the characteristic of goodness to seek concealment. The Divine Master himself has plainly declared, that 'no man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bushel;' and overseers and other concerned Friends are encouraged to extend timely counsel and admonition in all cases where any of our members are likely thus to be led astray."

The premises on which this action was based are totally and absolutely unfounded in fact. I can speak both for the Free Masons and for "other associations;" the latter expression meaning, as I was informed by a *Friend*, the Odd-Fellows.

Since 1830 I have been in continual fellowship with both institutions, and have had the very best opportunities of observing their operations in several different States in this Union. During all this period, I have never seen nor heard of any "convivial entertainment." Such a charge might, perhaps, have been laid at the door of Masonry some thirty or forty years ago, and *it is said* that a similar opprobrium rests on a portion of Odd-Fellowship in Great Britain; but there is not the slightest reason for such an accusation against either Fraternity, at this day, in our country.

It is a part of our fundamental law and an unalterable edict of the Grand Lodges, that no refreshment other than water shall be admitted within the walls of a Lodge room. I have never known nor heard of an instance wherein this law was ever transgressed.

It is more, then, in sorrow than in anger that I repel this monstrous slander. I am grieved that this Pandora's box of pestilent fabrications and mischievous calumnies, should have been opened in the midst of the congregation at the Baltimore yearly meeting. It was unworthy of a place there.

I do not speak too strongly, when I say that I love the Friends. I was brought up among them from infancy, and know, well, how to appreciate their pure morality, their domestic virtue, their indefatigable and generous benevolence. They are gentle to a fault; and deliberate intentional injustice is, with them, an impracticable deed. They are but men, however, and, in all ages, "the wisest and best of men have erred." They have disseminated, under their great zeal, a false charge against the private morals of our Fraternity. I am sure that the Committee, whose duty it will become to "deal with" such of their society as belong to our Brotherhood, will find that the Yearly Meeting has done us wrong.

Let them examine the records of Odd-Fellowship. Let them enumerate, if possible, the starry host of our beneficences. Let the Committee visit the bed of the rich, the chambers of the distressed, and the desolated hearths of the widow and the fatherless, cheered, relieved, and comforted by the ministrations of Odd-Fellowship, and then let them, if they can, fulminate the bull of excommunication against any of their members, who have participated in these blessed offices.

And how untenable, too, is the other objection of the Yearly Meeting, viz, *Secrecy*.

Would they anathematize the "light within," because its operations are secret, or value "godliness" the less, because St. Paul assures us that the "mystery" thereof is "great?" Would the Yearly Meeting deprive us of a right recognized by our civil Constitution, and practiced, frequently by Congress, always by the Senate in executive deliberation, and invariably by the President and heads of Department in cabinet council?

Is there a single religious denomination that does not avail itself of the same privilege? Is not the Yearly Meeting itself obnoxious to its own censure? I distinctly remember that, on many occasions, a Friend in authority would rise in his place, and request *all those in the meeting not belonging their religious society of Friends to withdraw*. At the business meetings of the "Elders and Overseers," the members of the society itself, generally, are also excluded.

It is a remarkable fact, and highly to the honor of the society of Friends, that no member is ever allowed to be sent to the public poor house, and that, however poor a member may be, he is never known as a pauper or a beggar. This is so *fixed* in fact, that no one need hesitate in pronouncing a traveling mendicant in quaker garb an impostor. And it is a beautiful feature in this portion of their economy, that the "benefits" paid to these "poor friends," are distributed in *secret*. The body of the congregation have no suspicion of their necessitous circumstances or dependent condition. The concealment of this, is a point of "discipline" as well as a point of honor, with the "Elders and Overseers."

Now, in the presence of all this, it appears to me very inconsistent for the Yearly Meeting to say that "IT IS NOT CHARACTERISTIC OF GOODNESS TO SEEK CONCEALMENT." Such an axiom is opposed to the very spirit of the Gospel itself. We are directed not only to "pray in secret," but in our alms-giving we are exhorted to such absolute secrecy that our own left hand is not to know what our right hand doeth.

In fact, I will say little more on this subject, for I fear that I have already become tedious in demonstrating the absurdity as well as inconsistency of crusading against secrecy.

It is an attribute of every thing human or divine. It is a household deity with every family; and as well might Congress undertake to enact that the public mail shall carry no sealed letter, as for any society, religious or secular, to assume the task of prohibiting all confidential relations.

I intended, when I commenced this letter, to say a word or two on another subject; and, at the risk of tiring you, I cannot conclude without performing what I consider a duty toward an injured Odd-Fellow. I mean Bro. Wells, G. Rep. from Massachusetts. He has been assailed by the O.F. press, generally, on account of his late Report in the G.L.U.S.

Although opposed myself to every syllable of that Report, and although I voted against it when it was so decidedly rejected, I never had the slightest ill feeling toward Bro. Wells. The subject of the press was not obtruded by him on the G.L.U.S. It was one of the topics treated by the late Grand Sire in his Annual Message. It is always the custom to refer the Grand Sire's Message to a Select Committee, whose duty it is to distribute the various portions thereof to appropriate Committees. In accordance with this custom, it fell to Bro. Well's lot to consider and report on this particular portion of the late Grand Sire's Message.

Bro. Wells, of course, as any gentleman would do, reported in accordance with the late Grand Sire's views. I do not see how he could have done otherwise. To report negatively would have appeared uncourteous, to say the least, toward the Chief Executive of the Order, who had just passed the chair and was personally present. Bro. Wells knew, certainly, that an affirmative Report could not be adopted by the G.L.U.S. I never had a word of conversation with him on this subject, but I do not suppose that he could be ignorant of the general opinion of the body of which he was a member. He brought in the Report. The G.L.U.S. rejected it. The result could not offend the feelings of the late Grand Sire; whose doctrine is to submit with cheerfulness to the will of the majority. But suppose that Bro. Wells had reported adversely. It would have appeared very harsh. I do not believe that a single member of the G.L.U.S., at the last session, blames Bro. Wells for his official course in this matter. It is a daily occurence, in all deliberative bodies, for a member to second a motion put by a colleague, and then vote against that very motion. It is done from an amiable motive. The member offering the Resolution has long cogitated the subject of it, and thinks that he can present it to the House under a new and convincing aspect. At any rate, he desires an opportunity of being heard on it. He cannot secure such an opportunity unless some one seconds his motion; and there is always good feeling enough to secure any one, who is not a fool or a fanatic, a hearing. Actuated by this feeling, Bro. Wells reported affirmatively; and I think he should be commended for it. If the Report offends any one, Bro. W. ought not to be the scape-goat. Remember—he did not introduce the subject-matter.

Although I voted against the Report, it did not even momentarily suspend the feelings of respect I entertained for Bro. Wells from our first acquaintance. There is not a better Odd-Fellow in the Order. He has a polished mind, and a warm heart; and his manners illustrate that pleasing union of dignity and grace, characteristic, only, of the Christian gentleman. Yours in F. L. and T. S. Y. AL.

WINCHESTER LODGE No. 16, ROCKY MOUNT, EDGECOMB, N. C.—We have received the very gratifying and honorable distinction of having our patronymic attached to a Lodge lately instituted in "the Old North State," and we feel proud of the testimonial thus conferred on our unceasing endeavors to further the best interests of the Order. We most heartily acknowledge the honor done us by our brothers of "Winchester Lodge," and cordially tender them our best wishes for their prosperity. We insert the following letter, from P.G. BUSBEE, announcing to us the institution of "Winchester Lodge:"

ROCKY MOUNT, EDGECOMB, N. C., Nov. 9th, 1847.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—"WINCHESTER LODGE No. 16," was instituted here on yesterday evening, Bros. MANLY and BUSBEE, P.Gs. of Mantee Lodge, Raleigh, officiating. The officers elected and installed were: B. W. Vick, N.G.; B. B. Lawrence, V.G.; S. E. Jakway, S.; D. Ferguson, T. E. G. Armstrong was appointed Conductor, and W. L. Qualls, I.G. I take the liberty of informing you that this is one of the loveliest spots in the Old North State, and the material for a good Lodge most amply abundant. The compliment to the Editor of the Golden Rule, though *nominal*, will by no means be an unsubstantial one —mark it. Yours in F. L. and T. P. BUSBEE.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN ARKANSAS.

HELENA, Oct. 14, 1847.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.:—We have a little bright spot of Odd-Fellowship in this village, from which, I presume, you have as yet received no information, except a brief notice which I have observed in one of the communications of Bro. I. D. WILLIAMSON. And believing that you and all other brothers throughout the Union are pleased to hear of the prosperity of our beloved Order, I presume to trespass for a few moments upon your time by giving you a brief sketch of our progress out here in the "Far West."

On the third of June, 1846, Telula Lodge No. 2, was established at this place by Bro. DAVIS, assisted by several other brothers from Memphis, and has continued, from the time of its establishment, to prosper in a most satisfactory manner; although it has not increased in numbers with as great rapidity as have many of the newly established Lodges of the Order, yet it now numbers fifty-three members, all good men and true, to whose hands the sacred duties of the Order may well be intrusted. On the third of June last, the members of the Lodge celebrated their first anniversary, in accordance with the usages of the Order. An address was delivered by Bro. CHARLES ADAMS, to a very large assemblage of people, at the Methodist Church. After the services of the church, the procession was again formed in proper order, and was conducted by Bro. J. P. NORMAN, the marshal of the day, and his two assistants, through the principal streets of the village to one of our hotels; and there partook of a repast prepared for the occasion. At night, the ball was very numerously attended, and all present seemed only animated by the feelings of pure delight: indeed, they wore but one face, expressing universal joy and happiness. That day is yet spoken of as *the* day of happiness and delight, and the proceedings of that day, I am satisfied, worked great good for the Order here.

On the first of August, Bro. P.C.P WILLIAM K. PORTER, assisted by P.H.P C. K. CLARK, of Memphis, in pursuance of a charter and authority granted by our M.W.G. Sire, instituted Eagle Encampment No. 1, at this place; and duly installed the officers thereof, to wit: Charles Adams, C.P., Nathan M. Foster, H.P., Joseph P. Norman, S.W., A. F. Odle, J.W., Robert Malony, S., John Fearing, T., and Mortimer Platt, Sent. This Encampment, I am glad to say, bids fair to prove a credit to the Order, and will, I doubt not, freely sustain the high character which it is the happy lot of Odd-Fellowship now to enjoy.

In a few days, a petition will be sent to the Grand Sire for the institution of Independence Lodge No. 3, at Batesville, a flourishing town in the interior of this State, and having a large circle of excellent society in the County of Independence, of which it is the county town; this Lodge, when established, will doubtless prove an ornament to the Order.

Upon the institution of this Lodge, it is contemplated to take immediate steps for the institution of a Grand Lodge for the State. So you will see that we are at work here in good earnest, and I hope that, ere long, we shall be able to serve you up cheering news from Arkansas.

But I fear I shall wear upon your patience, so promising, *if it be your pleasure*, to advise you of the matters of the Order here from time to time, I am,

Very sincerely, yours in F. L. and T., C. A.

☞ The letter of our correspondent is exceedingly welcome, and we hope he will continue to keep us advised of the "State of the Order" in that distant field. It rejoices us to know that Odd-Fellowship has taken so firm a root in the congenial soil of the "Far West."

THE ORDER IN MICHIGAN.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: I had the pleasure, as well as the privilege, of visiting some of the Lodges, recently, in Michigan. I was surprised and gratified at the number of our brethren there, and the prosperity which has attended their efforts in building up the noble cause of Odd-Fellowship. My first stopping place was at the beautiful city of Detroit, where the Order has erected a Hall, which for convenience, comfort, and beauty, is, as yet, unsurpassed. The first floor is rented for stores; the second for offices; the third is divided into offices, and an ordinary Lecture room—where the *Shakers* were holding forth, at the time of my visit. The fourth is dedicated to Odd-Fellowship; and all, anteroom and sub-anteroom, are elegantly arranged and furnished. The Hall itself is very large, splendidly, and yet not gaudily arranged, "a place for everything and everything in its place." The implements and tokens of the Order, were neatly and tastefully displayed about the N.G's. chair; the whole giving evidence of great prosperity in this lovely and quiet retreat. I had the gratification of delivering two Lectures, on the Principles of Odd-Fellowship, which were received in a very flattering manner by all present.

Proceeding in my tour, I turned aside at Ann Arbor. Here they are flourishing too, for the brethren have built a new Lodge room, and are ornamenting it in a very chaste manner. Through the kind permission of the D.D.G.M., I lectured in the Court House, and to very large audiences, and I flatter myself that very many, (especially among the ladies,) went away with new thoughts, and different feelings, from those they had previously entertained, in regard to the Order.

At Marshall we had a grand outpouring of generous hearts. The Court House here was nightly filled by attentive listeners, and they expressed the value of my humble efforts, by making my heart glad, not only with their expressions of kind, and perhaps too flattering praise, but something more substantial. Indeed at each place I received strong marks of this same good-will. It was my intention to have gone to Kalamazoo, but I was called home on matters of business. I heard, however, that they were a noble band of Brothers, second to none in that or any other State. There are various other Lodges in different parts of the State, all coming up with a rapid, and it is to be hoped, with a healthful growth. May they go on and prosper, cheering the hearts of all, and opening for the afflicted and destitute a charming prospect of peace and rest. I was treated with great personal courtesy by all with whom I came in contact. My thanks are specially due to D.D.G.M. HAHN, P.G. CRARY and the N.G., at Marshal to D.D.G.M. PLATT, and Bro. KELLOGG of Ann Arbor, and to P.G. TAFT, Bro. GARRISON, and others, in Detroit.

I could easily, and very willingly, have said more, but you editors do not like long letters. I will conclude therefore, with the expression of a hope, that the little I have written may be pleasing to your readers. I shall find in my travels many things to write about, and I propose now and then to send you some of my "scribblings by the way," provided, you shall approve. Yours in F. L. and T. V.

Of course we approve, and shall be glad to hear from our intelligent correspondent frequently.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN WISCONSIN.

THE Order is progressing in this Territory, faster than we could reasonably expect considering the strong opposition which, under so many forms, has been manifested against it. That *ignorance* and *prejudice*, which "have raised mountains in its course," are rapidly being dispelled and overcome by the promulgation of its conservative and blessed principles among the community in general. My dear friend and brother, it affords me no small degree of pleasure, to announce to you, that the "Golden Rule," placed in the hands of those whose prejudices were not so strong as to cause them to refuse to examine its columns, has been the greatest and most successful means used, to bring about this happy result. For the fairness and ability with which it develops and defends the principles of the Order, and the *instructive* and *interesting* general matter which fills its columns from week to week, it is admired, and deservedly so, not only by every good Odd-Fellow, but by each and every one who peruses it in this community. It has the *Love* of the *Order*—and at least the *highest approbation* of the reasonable part of the world around us. The ladies, in particular, seek it as the most interesting and valuable weekly periodical of the country. In this there is nothing strange or wonderful. The ladies among us are not only Odd-Fellows by the innate, benevolent, and amiable characteristics which they possess, but they are really, very generally, strongly devoted to the Order—God bless them! Heaven and the Ladies are for us my, brother; who shall successfully war against us?

Much prejudice, it is true, still exists in the various churches, among us, against the Order. Their cry is still, "down with Secret Societies." But this prejudice has greatly diminished since the standard of Odd-Fellowship was first unfurled in our midst. Wherever its sacred banner is now unfolded, a large number of the honest, intelligent, and virtuous portion of the community, are rushing as fast as practicable to cluster under its blessed folds. With the principles of the Order carried out, by us, and the "Golden Rule" to aid us in disseminating them among the people, we look, ere long for a glorious triumph over all its opposers.

Dear Brother—May Heaven, defend, protect, and scatter around and upon you the choicest of its blessings, while you candidly, fairly, and fearlessly use all the means in your power to develop the principles, defend the cause, and extend the borders of the most benevolent, blessed, and glorious institution—lovely in its nature and conservative in its whole organization, deduced from and second to no institution but the pure and undefiled Religion of the One True and Living God, which has ever found an existence upon the globe. May her members, in their lives, sustain the principles which they profess! May universal peace and love reign within their borders! and

may the sun of her earthly glory, go down only amid the thick darkness of nature's dissolution—to rise in more perfect splendor in the realms of everlasting joy and Love, where all Brothers shall be Brothers indeed, and forever. P.G. L.H.

P.S. The Officers of Eneweshinegras Lodge for the present term, are Bros. W. T. Goodhue N.G., Rev. S. C. Millet V.G., E. D. Murray P.S., S. M. Hamlin S., O. P. Bickwell T. L.H.

BELOIT, Oct. 1847.

PATERSON, N. J., CELEBRATION.—We visited this place last week, for the first time, to attend the Dedication of the new Hall opened for the use of Passaic Lodge. The day was favorable, and there was a large turn out of the brethren, both of Passaic and Benevolent Lodges. The procession, accompanied by a band, passed through the principal streets to the church where the public exercises took place, which were as follows: 1. Original Ode. 2. Prayer by the Chaplain of the Lodge. 3. Original Hymn. 4. Oration by Bro. T. B. THAYER. 5. Closing Ode. These services finished, the procession proceeded to the Hall, where the dedicatory exercises took place, under the direction of the Grand Master of New Jersey, EDWARD P. HILLYER. The form adopted was that proposed for the Dedication in Philadelphia, with such changes as circumstances required. The whole affair passed off pleasantly, and was as profitable as pleasant.

The Lodges in Paterson are in a prosperous condition. Passaic numbers some 70 members, and Benevolent about 140. They have a large portion of the best citizens of the place. Beside these, there is a Lodge of the Manchester Unity, which has a large membership, and also claims the name of Benevolent. We trust that the day is not afar off, when progress and circumstances will justify our operative connection between these two great branches of the Order; and the golden cord of Friendship, Love and Truth, will be stretched across the sea from shore to shore.

The Hall of Passaic Lodge is fitted up with a great deal of taste and neatness, creditable alike to the Lodge and its committee. The chandelier is one of the most beautiful of the kind we have met with as yet. We see no reason why the brothers should not spend many an agreeable and profitable hour in this room. We trust it will be so.

The brothers of Benevolent Lodge, I.O.O.F., are also engaged in erecting a spacious and splendid Hall on one of the principal streets of the place. It will be ready for occupation in the Spring.

CELEBRATION OF PILGRIM LODGE No. 243.—The brothers of Pilgrim Lodge No. 243, of this city, held a public celebration, at their elegant and commodious Lodge Room, Washington Hall, on Friday evening, 12th ult. A large and respectable auditory assembled on the occasion, a greater portion of which was composed of ladies, who appeared highly gratified at their admission into our sacred precincts. As the celebration was given to enable the families and friends of the brothers of Pilgrim Lodge an opportunity of viewing the Lodge Room, every facility was afforded to gratify the curiosity of the visitors. The officers and members were in full regalia, and the arrangements were all conducted with praiseworthy order and regularity. The exercises were exceedingly interesting, notwithstanding a partial disappointment occurred in the musical arrangements. An address was delivered by Prof. J. W. S. Hows, of Getty's Lodge, which was listened to with deep attention, and was warmly applauded. The exercises concluded by the brothers singing the "Closing Ode," and the meeting separated, apparently highly gratified with the interesting ceremonies of the evening.

TRIP TO "LONG ISLAND'S SEA-GIRT SHORE."—During the late delightful Indian Summer weather—the crowning glory of our autumn—in company with a friend, we made a flying trip on the Long Island Railway, to the village of Patchogue—a beautiful spot on the South shore of Long Island. We were received with a true Odd-Fellow's welcome by our friends, P.G. N. CONKLING and W. S. PRESTON, to whose courtesies we are indebted for the pleasure of visiting the most noticeable spots in the vicinity of the village. "BROOKHAVEN LODGE, No. 248," is located here, the members of which we found warm-hearted and hospitable. In the evening, we attended the regular meeting of the Lodge, and were surprised, as well as pleased, to find so large a number of brethren present.—Among them were many of the most influential and estimable citizens of the town. The interest manifestly in its weekly meetings by the members of this Lodge, is worthy of all praise. The work was performed with a fidelity and accuracy which reflects the highest credit upon those brothers under whose good judgment and fostering care the Lodge has grown to its present deserved popularity. Altogether this was one of the pleasantest excursions we have ever made. Our citizens are scarcely aware of the many lovely localities with which Long Island abounds, and which the Long Island Railroad—the best in the country—brings so near us.

News from the Lodges.

NEW JERSEY.

E. WINCHESTER, Esq.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—The proceedings of the Annual Session of the R. W. Grand Lodge of this State have just been published. Upon comparing the work of the Order in this State with that of previous years, a degree of activity is shown, which argues well for the zeal of the brotherhood, and incontestably proves that the silent and unostentatious workings of this great institution are rapidly enlisting the sympathies of the community, and seizing with a firm grasp the affections of the reflecting and benevolent of our race. The mouth of reviling and opposition is closed. The religious, aye! the very church itself begins to ponder over the matter, and compare its own works of benevolence with those of this institution, and takes no small shame to herself that a moral institution has sprung up in the land surpassing her in those works of love and charity which her geat Head enjoined by example and by precept.

But to proceed to the object designed in this communication, viz: a few statistics of the Order in this State, which may be serviceable to your many readers, as a matter of reference.

The Grand Lodge of New Jersey is composed of 525 members, and has under its jurisdiction 63 working Lodges, being an increase of 24 Lodges since the last Annual Report. There have been 1505 initiations during the year, making the number of contributing members on the first of July last, 1768. The revenue of the Lodges amounted to $35,697 72. During the same year, there have been 668 brothers and 11 widowed families relieved; 27 brothers buried. $9,591 49 have been paid for the relief of brothers; $264 73 for relief of widowed families; $210 06 for education of orphans; $1,037 27 for burying the dead; making the whole amount of relief $11,099 55, an increase of relief furnished over the year previous of near $5,500. There have been 16 expulsions, 8 for intemperance, 4 for immorality and improper conduct, 2 for embezzling funds of the Lodge and attempt at fraud, 1 initiated under age, and 1 for violation of the laws of the State.

EDWARD T. HILLYER, Grand Master, resides in Newark.

ELI MORRIS, Grand Secretary, resides in Trenton.

THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT is composed of 112 members, and has under its jurisdiction 18 working Encampments, two having been instituted within the last few weeks. There have been 227 initiations during the last year, making 588 contributing members. The revenue of the Encampments amounted to $3,471 16. 35 Patriarchs relieved, and $512 42 paid therefor, which last sum added to the amount paid by the Subordinate Lodges, makes $11,611 97, the total amount of relief paid in the State for the last year.

AMOS W. ARCHER, Grand Patriarch, resides at Burlington.

STAATS S. MORRIS, Grand Scribe, resides at Newark.

I have been particular in exhibiting the amount of relief bestowed by this institution in the small State of New Jersey, not that the members of the Order may draw comparisons between this and the numerous religious and moral institutions occupying the same field of labor, but merely to put one question, to those who have looked with a jealous eye upon our "secret" institution. Are we not entitled to respect, are we not worthy a name, ought we not to be encouraged, noticed and well spoken of? Judge us by our fruits, for by such is the tree known; and if we produce good fruit, cut us not down as cumberers of the ground. Yours Fraternally.

November, 1847.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 15, 1847.

E. WINCHESTER, Esq.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—On Tuesday last, the G. L. officers constituted Palestine Lodge No. 271, in the new and beautiful Hall at the corner of Third and Brown streets, Northern Liberties, and installed the following officers: Geo. W. Greaff, N.G.; Alex. M. Fox, V.G.; Jno. Johnson, S.; W. G. Daniels, A.S.; John Eakins, T. This Lodge commences its work with 17 members, and from the evidences before the G. L. officers at its institution, it is fair to presume, it will do its proportionate share of good. Several propositions for initiations, and to be admitted by card, were received and referred to the usual committees. About 9 o'clock the petitioners, with the installing officers, partook of a splendid supper, prepared in Lecount's best style; after which they separated, leaving their warmest wishes for the future success of Palestine Lodge No. 271.

On the same evening, the M.W.G P. of the G. Enc. instituted Mount Nebo Encampment No. 63, at Schuylkill Haven, and installed the following Patriarchs in the respective offices: Henry Sailor, C.P.; Andrew Keefer, H.P.; C. Dengler, S.W.; Henry Baker, J.W.; Jno. N. Wagenseller, S.; Daniel E. Wilt, T.; Wm. H. Guldin, I.S. This Encampment will hold its regular meetings on the 2d and 4th Thursdays in each month, and we fondly hope that its institution may be of service to the brotherhood, and that its means of disseminating to the worthy and distressed, all that will relieve their wants, and prove them to be worthy of the high calling they have assumed.

On Friday, the 12th, the M.W.G.M. instituted Liberty Lodge No. 272, and installed the following officers: Chas. Kochersperger, N.G.; R. Finch, V.G.; W. McMingle, S.; H. Walker, A.S.; John C. Wolf, T. This Lodge is opened in the Hall in Spring Garden, and if its future prospects shall prove to be as prosperous as the other Lodges meeting in that Hall, we cannot but rejoice in its existence.

I find the officers of our G. L. almost daily called upon to discharge some duty appertaining to their office. This week, Ajalon Lodge No. 267, and Arnuna Lodge No. 266, are to be opened. The G. L. meets in special meeting next Monday, and the G. Enc. meets in special meeting on Monday the 29th inst.

The Brethren at Hestonville, have built themselves a new Hall and intend moving into it next Monday night. Hestonville is about 3 miles from Philadelphia, on the west side of the Schuylkill, and Protection Lodge No. 240 was organized at that place some time last May; it numbers about 90 members.

Hoping that the increase in our brotherhood may be all that its fondest votaries could wish, and that peace may dwell within the walls of each Lodge in our wide spread country. Yours respectfully.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1847.

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BOSTON.—Office of the GOLDEN RULE, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the RULE sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

☞ BRO. THOS. S. CRAFTS is requested to forward us his present address, as we wish to write him on particular business. His last advices were from Rushville, Ill. dated 5th of June. Any brother acquainted with his residence will oblige us by giving information at this office.

☞ Local Agents will confer a special favor upon us by reporting upon any business in their hands, at the earliest moment. Those having unsold copies of the "CERTIFICATE," will please return them by the first opportunity, by Express, or otherwise.

APPROACH OF THE CHOLERA.

IT is now only too evident, that the Cholera is again on its mission of desolation among the nations. From recent European advices we learn that this dreadful malady which, two years ago, broke out in the remote provinces of India, decimating the British army, making its appearance soon after in Affghanistan, traversing Persia from east to west, and then, forking off in two directions, on the one hand descending toward Kurdistan, and Bagdad, on the other, advancing into Tartary, has now made its appearance in the Caucasian mountains, attacking the Russian troops in their expedition against Circassia. It has already penetrated into Enrope, having appeared in several ports on the sea of Azoff, and in several cities, among others at Toula, distant 50 miles from Moscow. Great alarm is felt at St. Petersburg, for it is stated that some cases have already occurred in Moscow, and that Colonel Stalupin, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, has fallen a victim to the pestilence. In Poland, a contagious disease among the cattle, which preceded the former appearance of the cholera, has again broken out.

When, on its first visitation, this formidable enemy started on its march of death, it was two years in traversing the regions of Asia, before making its appearance in Europe, where its progress was much more rapid.

This disease seems to have resumed the same line of march, and to be making its way at about the same rate as before; two years ago it broke out afresh in India, and is now entering a second time, the eastern gates of Europe. Should its route continue as before, it will shortly traverse Europe, and terrible as were the ravages of the cholera among the half-clothed and badly-fed multitudes who form so large a proportion of the people of the earth, what a harvest of death will it reap, now that the condition of these multitudes is so much worse than it was then? and when *Famine* is already in the field, clearing the way for *Pestilence*.

In our own country, where fewer aggravating circumstances exist, it must still be expected, and will probably sweep away its thousands of victims as it did before.

Thus we find that, in spite of quarantines, Science, and Hygiene, this subtle evil, generated simply and entirely from the putrid exhalations of the marshes on the banks of the Ganges, (which efficient drainage would have rendered perfectly healthy) is again upon us!

Politicians are engrossed in party quarrels, or at the most, in selfish attempts at the aggrandizement of their own countries at the expense of the rest of the world; men of science are pushing their investigations into the heavens above, and the depths beneath us; the ministers of religion in all civilized lands, are urging their flocks to constant effort, at an immense expenditure of time, labor, and money, for the spiritual conversion of the heathen; but none are found to sound the note of warning, to summon the wisdom, the humanity, the energy of the world, to the task of PRESERVATION so imperiously demanded by the necessities of the case.

But what a startling comment upon the state of the world, morally and physically, is offered by the re-appearance of this formidable malady! What a proof of the comparative uselessness of our boasted science, or rather of the insufficiency of our material arrangements which, partial, shortsighted, and conflicting, know not how to make *available*, because they have devised no means of applying *universally*, the results of science, the resources of Hygiene, and the dictates of common sense.

England, mistress of the Cholera's birth-place, yet neglecting the sanitary provisions, which are essential to the safety not of her own dominions only, but of the entire globe, has wasted in costly and bloody wars, vastly more of treasure, of labor, and of skill, than would have enabled her to drain those pestilential marshes upon the Ganges, the exhalations from which are the cause of this disease. And the other nations, occupied like her, in schemes of selfish aggrandizement, have made no remonstrances upon this neglect, devised no plan for effecting this necessary work; but have looked supinely on, not having even the wit to remember that although it is in the dominions of England that the monster malady is born and cradled, yet that if it be not destroyed in the germ, *the entire world* must be laid under contribution to its insatiable maw. In fact, the indifference of all classes and parties to general interests of the most pressing character, is but too much like that of the man who refused to lend a hand at the pumps, looking on with stupid indifference while the ship was filling, because *he was only a passenger!*

There is in the world much work to be done, which is of individual concernment, and which is to be accomplished by individual effort; much which, in like manner, concerns a particular nation, and is to be done by that nation. This the world already sees and knows; but is it not evident that besides all this, there is much which concerns the entire globe, and which can only be accomplished by the conjoint wisdom and effort of the whole human family? And is it not time that all nations should recognize this fact and begin to act upon it?

It is from the neglect of this fundamental principle, we have Famine, Wars, and Pestilence; in fact all the deplorable concomitents of the actual life, of this nineteenth century.

THE LAST FISHING EXCURSION.—One day recently, when the rough edge of the blustering fall weather had been taken off by the genial influence of one of those balmy breezes of Indian Summer, we were surprised by an invitation from Bros. STETSON, of the Astor House, and JOHN TUCKER, of the Tremont House, Boston, (the latter being then on a visit to our city,) to join them in an expedition against the bass in Communipaw Bay. Early in the morning we found ourselves, rod in hand, on board of "The Roe," Bro. Stetson's pleasure boat, and in the company of as select and companionable disciples of "old Izaak," as ever threw a line. In due time we reached "the hedges," put off in one of the small boats, cast anchor, and commenced the day's sport. We found abundant employment, for several hours, in pulling in fish and watching our "floats," for indications of bites, when it occurred to us, whether naturally or sympathetically we cannot determine, that Nature abhorred a vacuum, and *we* also felt an irresistible desire to "bite." With our party, to think was to act, and in a trice were whisked off to the "Roe," which lay rolling lazily at anchor a short distance off; and there we found an excellent cold collation which had been put up and carefully shipped and stowed away "till called for," under the superintendence of Bro. GEORGE WALTERS, Mr. Stetson's first lieutenant at the Astor House, who was of the party. The exercise of the morning and the bracing air of old ocean, which we had been inhaling, put an edge upon our appetites that was really alarming; however, we got safely through, and a fine breeze springing up, we weighed anchor and made an excursion about the bay; and then commenced the lively sallies of wit and chit-chat from our hosts of the "Astor" and "Tremont," which fully endorsed them both as princes of good-fellowship, and not only abundantly able, but very especially qualified, to preside over the destinies of the two most popular hotels in the Union, and which not only deserve, but will continue to receive, the wide support of the traveling community, while such able commanders stand at the helm. The trip was delightful, and we shall treasure it as one of the brightest jewels in our tiara of pleasure. After a pleasant sail, we arrived in the city at an early hour in the evening, invigorated in spirits, delighted with the company and the trip, and with nearly eighty bass in the fish basket. In addition to the gentlemen named above, we had P.G. L. WYMAN, Jr., of Boston, and P.G. Warden J. B. DEVOE. J. W.

POSTAGE.—There is a rumor afloat among the papers to the effect that the Postmaster General, in his annual report at the forthcoming session of Congress will recommend the reduction of the present rates of postage to a uniform sum for any distance. We ardently hope the rumor may prove to be founded in truth. It is said that the deficit in the Post Office receipts, under the new system, has been reduced to less than $40,000.

Demonstrations in Honor of Pius IX.—We copy, with great pleasure, the following announcement, from the columns of the Courrier des Etats Unis:

"We are happy to learn that several meetings have already taken place in New York, for the purpose of organizing a general manifestation of the sympathies of America with the cause defended by the illustrious Pius IX. A committee of twenty-five has been appointed to convene a vast meeting in the Tabernacle. At this meeting, the day for which will be announced in our next, an address is to be voted to the people of Italy and to their great pontiff, in testimony of the admiration and ardent good wishes of free and civilized America." * * *

A meeting in honor of Pius IX. took place a few weeks since in London, and as soon as the news of it reached Rome, placards were posted in all the streets. "England is for us!" said these placards; and the Romans, strengthened in their liberal faith, were everywhere joyfully repeating, "England is for us!" Who does not see the effect which would be produced by a glowing address arriving from the metropolis of the United States, covered with the signatures of thousands of our citizens, of every country, every religion, every party, but all friends of freedom? The Italians would feel themselves ennobled by the admiration of the powerful American Republic, and Austria would fall back before the moral reprobation of the whole world.

Expedition into the Interior of Africa.—Mr. Robert Laurieson, moved thereto both by patriotism and the spirit of English enterprise, has built a steamboat, called the Ethiop, intended expressly for the purpose of navigating the Niger, with a view to establish commercial relations with the natives of the interior. Mr. Becroft, a bold and skilful navigator, was chosen to conduct the expedition. News of their progress has just been received in England, from which it appears that their undertaking has been thus far successful. Notwithstanding the many obstacles in his way, Mr. Becroft has succeeded in showing that the interior of Africa is accessible for commercial purposes by water, having followed all the windings of this river, almost to Timbuctoo.

These regions are healthy, with the exception of the tracts lying round the mouth of the river, fertile, and very beautiful, inhabited by various races, and every way valuable for commercial purposes. About the middle of the river the people seem more to resemble Arabs; they are more polished, more intelligent, and live in towns, like Europeans; the largest of these is said to contain more than 20000 souls; but they are less inclined, than the races on the lower Niger, to enter into commercial relations with foreigners. In order to establish these relations, Mr. Becroft is of opinion that steam-vessels, drawing but little water, are needed; and that these should be manned with natives, or, at any rate, with crews from the Antilles, or other places in their vicinity, accustomed to the climate, and speaking the native languages. Force would never succeed in such a case; the natives must be conciliated, or the internal navigation of this vast continent, must be for ever closed against European enterprise. Many and great obstacles will have to be overcome, especially the strong prejudices of the natives against strangers from the West: but the immense resources of the country will richly repay the effort. Ivory, tallow, pepper, indigo, cotton, palm-oil, beans, wood for building and for dyeing, and furs, are abundant, besides a multitude of other valuable products, which, by good management, could be easily obtained and at a low price. We wish these courageous explorers a successful journey, *and a safe return.*

Mail Communication with the British Provinces.—In consequence of the British Government charging full postage across the Atlantic on all letters transported in American steamers, as though carried in British steamers, the Postmaster General, as a measure of self-protection, has given notice that the arrangements by which the British mail has been carried from Boston to Canada by weight, without being opened, as well as the forwarding of all mail matter to the British Provinces, whether prepaid or not, have been terminated. The consequence is, that no letter or newspaper, addressed to the British Colonies, will be forwarded from any Post Office in the United States, unless postage is pre-paid to the line. So the people on both sides of the line are made to suffer through the stupid obstinacy of their rulers.

M. De Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, has followed the example of the Archbishop of Paris, and of the Bishop of Orleans. He has published a mandate, in which he orders that prayers shall be said for Pius IX. and the success of his measures of reform. The mandate also invites the faithful to contribute their mite to aid the Pope in his noble work, and a subscription has been set on foot for this purpose.

☞ Bro. Cochran! your remarks are perfectly satisfactory. We never designed to intimate that, in *that* case, that the "receiver was as bad as the thief." Far, *very* far from it! We only wished to expose to you the morals of the paper from which you quoted. The articles appeared in the Rule months and months ago, for which we paid, dearly enough at that—yet no doubt a claim of legitimate right will be set up in relation to them. But look at it: You, Bro. Cochran, were formerly one of the Editors of the Olive Branch, and were doubtless paid for your services. Have you a legal, moral or legitimate right to take the articles you wrote for that paper, and print them in the Odd-Fellow as original? That's the question. We have *no* controversy with the paper alluded to—none whatever; nor with any other paper.

Curious Case of Conversion to Christianity.—At Mertaganem, in the province of Oran, a certain journeyman carpenter, during the long fast of Rhamadan, became so hungry, (having worked hard all day,) that, as soon as the signal cannon had been fired, he devoured a hundred and thirty Barbary figs, and died next morning of congestion. One of his comrades, not caring to meet the same fate, concluded to labor but little during the fast, in order that he might not be tempted to eat too much; whereupon his employer threatened to dismiss him for being lazy. The workman, having learned that the Christians were permitted, if engaged in laborious work, to eat during their fast, declared his intention to adopt this convenient religion. The master, much shocked at this impiety, caused the refractory musselman to be brought before the cadi, who prescribed fifty blows of the cudgel as a wholesome antidote to his declining faith. But the new convert was resolute, and threatened so loudly to appeal to the French for protection, that the cadi was fain to let him off with permission to eat whenever he thought proper. It is added that all his comrades have followed his example, and have eaten as usual, through this tedious fast.

☞ The last Gavel, in speaking of the Golden Rule, says it "is devoted almost exclusively to Odd-Fellowship." The editor of the *Gavel* can scarcely have examined our Journal very closely, or he would have observed that, while we give more reading matter and intelligence pertaining to our Order, than any other periodical devoted to it, yet not *one-fourth* of the paper, on an average, is usually occupied thus—leaving the other three-fourths to be filled with the choicest, original and selected matter which the whole field of universal literature affords. We have many subscribers who are not members of the Order.

A Formidable Child.—Mr. B., a merchant, and an active citizen, had been all night on duty. The next morning, he inquired of his heir presumptive, aged eleven, "Was no one here last evening?"

"No one, papa."

"Mr. A. did not come?"

"No, papa. Mamma told him, the day before your watch, to be prudent and stay away."

France and Mexico.—It is stated that the relations between France and Mexico are now entirely re-established, and that, consequently, M. Mauguis has just been appointed charge d'affaires from Mexico at Paris.

Query.—What act, indicative of a low curiosity, may be confidently expected to take place during a shower? Eaves-dropping.

New Map of the United States.—Harper and Brothers have recently published a new Map of the United States, showing the Canals, Railroads and Principal Stage Routes. It is by Samuel Breese, A. M. and is printed in the new art of Cerography. It is quite equal to copper plate, and vastly cheaper.

The Fall River Route, and the Bay State Steamer.—It was our good fortune to return from N.Y., in the new and elegant Steamer Bay State and also to make the acquaintance of Capt. Comstock. The Bay State is one of the best boats that has ever been placed upon the Sound, if not the safest and best, which every one states to be a fact, who has ever taken passage in this elegant boat. For quickness of passage, uniting safety and personal convenience, the Bay State is without a rival. That other boats have made the trip in a shorter period of time than the Bay State we admit, yet it will be recollected, that this boat has never been put to her full speed, and yet all who take passage in her are satisfied that from 13 to 14 hours passage, from N.Y. to Boston, railroad included, together with all the comforts "by the way," is all any reasonable man can want, and what is perfectly satisfactory to the whole traveling community. The machinery, engine, &c. of this boat are in perfect order, and more like clock work, and the passengers on board the boat can venture to their state-rooms with perfect confidence, and without any fear of being "blown sky high" by the boilers bursting, or any other untoward accident.

Of our friend Capt. Comstock, we have only to say to all our friends, and the Brotherhood, who are journeying to N.Y. and Boston be sure to take passage on board the Bay State and make the acquaintance of Capt. Comstock, in which case you will feel yourself perfectly at home, in the best, safest, and most convenient boat upon the Sound, and in company of the best of "Captains," Capt. Comstock.

L. W. jr.

Notices of New Publications.

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FOURTH, King of France and Navarre. By G. P. R. James. New York: Harpers & Brother, Publishers. 2 vols. Muslin Gilt $2,50: 4 Parts. 50 cts. each.

This is a most interesting and valuable addition to the historical and standard literature of the age. Henry IV. called the Great, was a wise and just prince, and left his impress upon the age in which he lived. To him the French monarchy owes much of its greatness and glory. James has done ample justice to his subject, and has earned a reputation as a historian which will live when his romances, popular though they may be, shall be laid aside and forgotten. Nothing can exceed the typographical beauty in which these volumes are gotten up by this most enterprising publishing house.

CAPTAIN HENRY'S CAMPAIGN SKETCHES OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO. Part 2d.

This completes the volume of 330 pages, and it is one of the best books of the season. We have read it all. It is written in a spirited and off hand style, and gives a stirring sketch of the events on the line of the Rio Grande, under General Taylor. The descriptions of the country, its scenery and productions; of the incidents of a camp life; of the march, &c. are full of incident. The Engravings are in good keeping with the text; and the maps of the battle grounds add greatly to the value of the book. We hope Capt. Henry will give us a second volume of sketches of operations under Gen. Scott—and we hope the Harpers will get it up as handsomely as they have this.

THE INDIAN IN HIS WIGWAM; or Characteristics of the Red Men of America. By Henry R. Schoolcraft. New York: W. H. Graham.

This work is both entertaining and instructive. His long residence among the Red Men, and his thorough knowledge of their character and traditions, render Mr. Schoolcraft peculiarly fitted for the production of such a work as this.

☞ "MARRIAGE: Its History and Ceremonies; with a Phrenological and Physiological Exposition of the Functions and Qualifications for Happy Matches. By L. N. Fowler. New York: Fowler and Wells, 131 Nassau st." This is an exceedingly interesting work. The fact that it has gone through fifteen editions will afford the most abundant evidence that its merits have been appreciated by the public.

"THE UNIVERCŒLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER."—A new weekly paper has recently made its appearance in this city, under the above title. It is devoted to "General Inquiry, Philosophico-Theology, and the Inculcation of the Principles of Nature in their applications to Individual and Social Life"—these several subjects being understood to be comprised in the teachings of the new "Revelations" of A. J. DAVIS, the Poughkeepsie Clairvoyant. It is edited by S. B. BRITTAN, and twelve Associates, among whom is Mr. Davis. The first number is characterized by decided ability, and the articles are pervaded with a spirit of enlarged philanthropy, and good-will to men. As far as its peculiar doctrines are concerned, we have no remark to make: each one must read and judge for himself, and not through the eyes and ears of another. Terms $2 a year in advance—16 beautiful quarto pages per week. We learn that its publication for the first year is amply guaranteed, so that no risk is likely to be run by payment in advance—which, by the way, is the only true mode of subscribing for a paper.

☞ "MATRIMONY: Or Phrenology and Physiology applied to the selection of Congenial Companions for Life." The fifty-second edition of this valuable treatise by O. S. Fowler, has lately been issued, by Fowlers and Wells, Phrenologists and Publishers, of this city.

☞ "ADVENTURES IN MEXICO."—Graham, Tribune Buildings, has for sale an octavo pamphlet of 112 pages with the above title. It is written by Capt. C. Donnavan, who was captured at Camargo, marched to the interior, beyond the city of Mexico, and sold as a slave. The book contains an interesting account of his seven months captivity, with remarks upon the country, the war, &c. Published by Robinson and Jones, of Cincinnati.

☞ "THE SPLENDORS OF VERSAILLES AND THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV." embracing Memoirs of some of the most distinguished persons connected with the locality treated of, has been published by W. H. Graham, Nassau-st. It is a French translation. It is quite an interesting work, and might have been issued in a much better style.

☞ Parts 56 and 57 of Virtue's Illustrated Family Bible, have been published. The plates are "Joseph presenting his father to Pharoah," and a view of "Gibeah from Michmash"—both very beautiful. The text reaches into Proverbs.

Town Amusements.

PARK THEATRE.—Mr. Charles Pitt, an actor of established reputation, lately from England, has been playing to tolerably good houses during the week. Mr. Pitt is an original and striking actor. He appears somewhat unequal perhaps in his execution, which we understand is the effect of indisposition. His Hamlet was truly a fine piece of truthful acting, fresh and vigorous, and peculiarly Shakspearean in its conception. The same may be said of his Sir Giles Overreach. The last act part culiarly, was one of the most expressive pieces of intense acting we have witnessed for many a day.

Mr. Pitt terminates his engagement this evening. We hope to see him again under more favorable circumstances.

A new moral Drama, illustrating the effects of Intemperance, was produced on Monday evening with entire success. The piece is founded on Cruickshank's graphic illustrations entitled "The Bottle," and it closely follows the artist's graphic designs. The hero, Richard Townley, admirably played by G. Andrews is discovered at first as the happy father surrounded by his family, a picture of content and happiness. He takes to the intoxicating glass, and all is changed, —distress, poverty, crime, and at last the murder of his faithful wife, completes the catalogue of evils arising from "The Bottle," and the piece terminates with discovering the wretched victim, a hopeless maniac.

An underplot of a comic character relieves the painful nature of the main design, in which Coddles, a Pet Boy, inimitably supported by W. B. Chapman; and Kitty a shoebinder, equally well playad by Mrs. Knight; form the materials. Spike, an iron fisted agent, faithfully rendered by A. Andrews, is another graphic sketch. The piece is exceedingly well played; we would particularly notice the touching representation of Ruth, the drunkard's wife, by Mrs. G. Jones; it was a thrilling performance. Every advocate of the Temperance movement should witness this truly striking moral drama.

On Monday the laugh provoking Collins, the successful delineator of Irish characters, will appear in conjunction with Placide; a succession of pieces will be produced, formerly so popular at this theatre when played by poor Power and Placide. This will prove an attraction of a very high order.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The Ballet troupe, with a succession of light, sparkling Farces, have drawn excellent houses, during the week.

On Wednesday, a new Ballet, entitled "The Two Roses, or the Neopolitan Festival," was produced with great magnificence. It was perfectly successful. We shall notice it more fully in our next.

The management at this Theatre, is indefatigable in its efforts, to meet the public expectation. We hear of great preparations, on a magnificent scale, for the approaching Holidays.

THE HAUSER FAMILY.—This accomplished band of Tyrolean Singers, commenced a series of Concerts at the Broadway Tabernacle on Wednesday evening. They are relatives of the celebrated Rainer Family, but far surpass in scientific and artistical execution, that once popular troupe. Therese, the soprano, is peculiarly characteristic and expressive in her style, combining a felicity of execution, with a naive dramatic expression, exceedingly striking and pleasing.

The first tenor is also a superior artiste. His performance on the Cithern, was loudly applauded. The second tenor, and the basso, are also scientific musicians. The charm of their finished performances consists in the perfect, harmonious blending of their voices in the concerted pieces, and their truly characteristic expression.

The Hauser Family have appeared with great success, before most of the crowned heads of Europe, and are likely to meet with same approbation, from the true sovreigns of America.

DR. COLLYER'S MODEL ARTISTES AT PALMOS.—The removal of this truly classic and beautiful Exhibition to the superior accommodations afforded at Palmo's Opera House, has proved eminently successful. The groupings are now seen to perfect advantage, and the scenic effects are rendered invaluable accessories to the general effect.

Dr. Collyer has re-produced his imitation of the "Greek Slave," which is now a truthful and perfectly unexceptionable resemblance to the great original.

The houses are crowded nightly, and the fascinating entertainment seems to increase in attraction, the more it is seen. The Exhibition will be continued during the coming week.

THE SABLE HARMONISTS AT THE ALHAMRA, 557 BROADWAY.—These distinguished Sable Melodists are attracting crowded audiences nightly, by their highly finished and beautiful entertainments. They have obtained a wide-spread reputation at the South and West; and moreover, they come endorsed by the distinguished approval of no less a name than HENRY CLAY.

As the million have declared for music—and "Niggger Melodies" are rivaling the scientific compositions of Bellini, Donizetti, and the other great Italian Maestros, there is little doubt but that these accomplished vocalists will continue their successful career. We advise all our friends to give them a call.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

With the 1st of January next we begin a New Volume of the GOLDEN RULE. We have some splendid attractions and novelties to offer to subscribers for 1848, which will be announced in detail, in our new Prospectus, in about two weeks. In that announcement we hope to show that we are prepared to offer inducements, equal, if not superior to any other periodical in the Union; and which we cannot doubt will give entire satisfaction, and reward us with a corresponding increase to our list of subscribers.

But to accomplish our designs, we are compelled to require ADVANCE PAYMENTS, for the coming year, as well as the liquidation of all arrearages now due for the present. We wish every brother who receives the GOLDEN RULE, to take the matter home to himself—to make it A POINT OF HONOR, AS BROTHER WITH BROTHER—to remit his subscription promptly *in advance*, and thus save us from heavy expenses, and much loss, in the effort to collect small sums at remote points. There are *too many* now on our books that do not consider the inconvenience they put us to, to say nothing of the injustice, by neglect to comply with our reasonable conditions. May we not hope that *every brother* will promptly respond, and at once forward what is due us? It will return to them, many fold, in the increased interest and value which we shall be enabled to give to our columns.

MICHIGAN.—ROBERT B. MORSE, Esq. is our General Agent for the State of Michigan. A relative of the Publisher, though we believe not yet an Odd-Fellow, we hope the brethren will give him a cordial reception.

WISCONSIN.—Mr. ROBERT B. MORSE, our General Agent for Michigan and Wisconsin, will visit the Territory in a short time.

ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING FOR 1848.

AGENCY FOR MASSACHUSETTS, MAINE, NEW HAMPSHIRE AND RHODE ISLAND.—The undersigned, having been appointed exclusive Agent for the above States for the sale of the Offering, is ready to supply copies to the Brotherhood, and to Sub Agents, at his Office, 40 Cornhill, Boston, up stairs—Office of the Golden Rule. Members of the Order, and others, desiring this elegant Annual, beautifully bound in emblematic colors, are requested to call on

L. WYMAN, Jr. General Agent.

Local I. O. O. F. Directory.

CITY OF NEW-YORK.

THE GRAND LODGE meets at National Hall, Canal street, annually, on the third Monday of August. John G. Treadwell, G. S.: office 68 Barclay street.

THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT meets at National Hall, semi-annually, on the Mondays preceding the first Wednesdays of February and August. John J. Davies, G. Scribe. Office 75 Cortland street.

Sub. Lodges.

National Hall, Canal st.
14 Teutonia.....Mo
151 City.....do
11 Getty's.....Tu
12 Washington.....do
10 New York.....Wed
17 Perseverance.....do
33 Metropolitan....Thr
68 Oriental.....do
87 Fidelity.....Thr
13 Germania.....Fri
1 N. York Degree..Fri

No. 38 Canal-street.
23 Mariner's.....Mo
43 La Concorde.....Tu
137 Cohotatea.....We
49 Hancock.....Th
295 Hospitaller.....Fri

Clinton Hall.
30 National.....Mo
67 Commercial.....Tu
150 Merchants'.....Wed
235 Templar.....Thu
126 Excelsior.....Fri
278 Orion.....Sat

No. 411 Broadway.
107 Hinman.....Mo
177 Eureka.....Tu
31 Olive Branch...Wed
315 Crystal.....Thu
233 Sincerite.....Fri

No. 71 Division street.
64 Empire.....Mo
57 Mutual.....do
47 Mercantile.....Tu
52 United Brothers...do
60 Howard.....Wed
117 Continental.....do
22 Knickerbocker..Thr
34 Marion.....do
73 Mount Vernon....Fri
6 Clinton Degree...Sat

No. 132 Bowery.
178 Oregon.....Mo
165 Hermitage.....Tu
158 Independence...Wed
1 Columbia.....Thr
228 Beacon.....Fri

No. 187 Bowery.
140 Diamond.....Mo
82 German Oak.....Tu
78 Croton.....Wed
36 Covenant.....Thr

Military Hall, Bowery.
4 Strangers' Ref..Mon
331 Island City.....Tue
15 Fountain City...Wed
183 Alleghania.....Thr

Washington Hall, Bow.
243 Pilgrim.....Mon
314 Tradesmen's....Tue
337 Globe.....Wed
321 Ocean.....Thr

No. 327 Bowery.
46 Jefferson.....Tu
237 Acorn.....Wed

Forsyth cor. Broome.
129 Schiller.....Tu
253 Warren.....Thu
5 United Bro. deg.1 3 We

Av. C. cor. Third-st.
113 Mechanics'.....Mo
234 Eckford.....Wed
2 Manhattan Deg...Th

Clinton-st. cor. Grand.
20 Manhattan.....Mo
36 Enterprise.....Tu
28 Ark.....Wed
44 Harmony.....Thr

Hudson-st cor. Grove.
40 Greenwich.....Mo
9 Tompkins.....Tu
42 Meridian.....Wed
58 Grove.....Thr
4 Hudson Degree...Sat

29th-st. cor. 8th Av.
182 Blooming Grove.Thr
326 Fitzray.....

No. 71 West 17th-st.
84 Chelsea.....Wed
210 Siloam.....Tue

Encampments.

National Hall, Canal-st.
12 Mt Horeb, Ger 2 4 Th
3 Mount Sinai..1 3 Fri
2 Mt. Hebron...24 Fri

No. 411 Broadway.
9 Palestine.....2 4 Sat
41 Samaria.....1 3 Sat

No. 71 Division-street.
35 Egyptian.....1 3 Fri
18 Damascus....2 4 Sat
19 Lebanon.....1 3 Sat

Hudson-st. cor. Grove.
28 Jerusalem.....Fri

Avenue C, cor. 3d-st.
10 Mount Olivet.2 4 Fri

Military Hall, Bowery.
45 Manitou.....2 4 Fri

Clinton-st. cor. Grand.
6 Mosaic.....1 3 Fri

Forsyth, cor. Broome.
37 Mamre.....2 4 Fri

No. 71 West 17th-st.
31 Mount Zion..1 3 Fri

BROOKLYN.

Sub. Lodges.

Fulton cor. Cranberry.
50 Atlantic.....Mo
26 Brooklyn.....Tu
66 Fulton.....Wed
39 Nassau.....Thr

Degree Lodge.
13 Franklin 1 3 Fr 2 4 Sa

Montague cor. Court-st.
190 Stirling.....Mo
153 Montague.....Tu
133 Steuben.....Wed

Henry-st. cor. Atlantic.
94 Eagle.....Mo
166 Magnolia.....Tu

Myrtle Av. cr. Stanton.
288 Grenada.....Mon
306 Cornucopia.....Wed

— Myrtle Avenue.
63 Long Island.....Tu
194 Myrtle.....Thr

Encampments.

Fulton-st. cor. Cranberry.
7 Salem.....2 4 Fri

Montague, cor. Court-st.
25 Mizpeh.....1 3 Fri

Henry-st. cor. Atlantic.
32 Bethlehem....2 4 Fri

WILLIAMSBURG.

Lodges.
61 Crusaders.....Thu
45 Kings County..Wed

Degree Lodge.
14 Washington...1 3Tu

STATEN ISLAND.

Castleton House Castle'n
88 Richmond Co....Wed

O. F. Hall, Stapleton.
152 Neptune.....Thr
51 Tompkins En. 1 3 Fri

NOTICE.—TO PRINCIPALS OF SEMINARIES, OR PRIVATE FAMILIES.—A young lady who is highly competent to take charge of a class in either or all of the following branches of Ornamental Education—French, Music—(Piano, Harp, and Vocal,) Drawing, Painting and Embroidering,—is desirous of changing her present location.

Principals or heads of families wishing to secure the services of a teacher in the above branches, can by addressing a line to C. G. GRAHAM, office of "Golden Rule," New York City, receive full particulars. n20:2t

EDWARD H. NODYNE, TRUNK MANUFACTURER,

247 Broadway, cor. of Murray, and 219 Greenwich-st. cor. of Barclay, New York. English Sole Leather, and Water Proof Traveling TRUNKS, Carpet Bags, Iron Bound Trunks, Valises, Ladies' Traveling Bags, &c. Country Merchants and Wholesale Dealers furnished with PACKING TRUNKS on the most favorable terms.

PALMO'S OPERA HOUSE.

THE GREEK SLAVE, by the MODEL ARTISTS.—DR. COLYER'S personifications of Painting and Sculpture, by the Model Artists, for another week, commencing on MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 22, 1847—when will be presented a faithful representation of Power's celebrated statue of the Greek Slave, to which will be added many new and splendid tableaux.

The Greek Slave, with marble and colored personifications, on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday—and entirely colored groups on Tuesday and Friday evenings. For particulars, see descriptive programmes each evening.

Prices of admission: Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cts; lady and gentleman, 75 cts.; upper boxes, 25 c's. Seats may be secured at the box office from 10 A. M. till 4 P. M.

Doors open at 6½—Personifications commence at 7½ o'clock. n20

CORPORATION NOTICE of Sale of Property for Unpaid Assessments.—Public Notice is hereby given that a sale of property for Unpaid Assessments will take place at Public Auction, at the City Hall of the City of New York, on Wednesday, the first day of MARCH next, at twelve o'clock at noon, and be continued from day to day until the whole of said property shall be sold, and that the detailed statement of the property so to be sold for the Unpaid Assessments is published in the New York Daily Tribune, a newspaper printed and published in the City of New York. By order of the Mayor, Alderman and Commonalty of the City of New York. MARTIN E. THOMPSON, Street Commissioner. Street Commissioner's Office, November 19, 1847. n20:14w

JOHN W. S. HOWS,

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION IN COLUMBIA COLLEGE, is prepared to receive a limited number of private Pupils during the winter, at his residence 5 Cottage Place, 3 doors from Bleecker-st. oc2:tf

ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA.

THE undersigned respectfully announces that he is prepared to receive orders for Lodge and Encampment REGALIA of every description and most approved style, at the lowest prices. Brothers ordering Regalia, may depend upon entire satisfaction being given. A share of the patronage of the Fraternity is respectfully solicited. Address, post-paid,

nov13:tf C. G. GRAHAM, 30 Ann-st. New York.

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY—DR. LAENNEC'S COUGH PILLS. ANOTHER VICTIM RESCUED FROM AN UNTIMELY GRAVE. The wife of one of our most esteemed Physicians had been laboring for many months under a severe affection of the Lungs, attended with a harrassing cough, bloody expectoration and all the symptoms attendant on confirmed Consumption. Her husband being baffled in all his efforts to arrest the disease, called in two of his professional brethren in consultation. They could not give her much encouragement. However, their prescriptions for a few days seemed to afford a little relief. But she had a relapse. Her Cough became deeper and deeper. Her emaciation increased, her night-sweats became more profuse, the hectic flush upon her cheek was confirmed, the expectoration suddenly increased, and the vital powers were rapidly giving way. She felt that the cruel hand of death was fast hurrying her beyond the hopes and fears of this world. Seeing an editorial notice in the Golden Rule highly commendatory of Laennec's Cough Pills, she requested her husband to procure a box for her, thinking that they might possibly in some degree alleviate her sufferings. He, however, having the fear of the *New York* Academy of Medicine before his eyes, at first refused, but at length the better feelings of his heart prevailed. He procured a box, had them pulverized at a neighboring Apothecary's and administered to her in the form of powders, in order to test their merits, independent of any influence of the mind. Before one box had been used, she was evidently better. He purchased in all, four boxes, continued administering them in the same manner, until three and a half boxes had been used, and she was completely restored to health, and may be seen by any one calling at her residence, (which will be given on application at the Golden Rule Office,) a living monument of the wonderful power of Dr. LAENNECS COUGH PILLS.

Price 50 cents a box. For sale wholesale and retail, by J. Winchester, Office of the Golden Rule, 30 Ann-st. nov13:tf

TO LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

CONSTITUTIONS, By-Laws, Blanks, etc., for Lodges and Encampments, printed at short notice, at this Office. Also every description of blanks furnished to order.

FINE NEW TEAS.—IMPORTANT TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS can purchase TEAS at the Warehouses of the PEKIN TEA COMPANY, 75 and 77 Fulton-st. N. Y. by the single half chest, at the same prices that wholesale grocers in this city pay who buy 50 and 100 chests at a time.

This is giving to country dealers an advantage never before within their reach. The wholesale grocers here are very violent in their expressions, touching the Pekin Tea Company for pursuing such a course; but our motto is, and ever shall be, "The greatest possible good to the greatest possible number." The Teas which the Pekin Tea Company are now selling at 38 cents per lb. by the half chest, is daily sold by the wholesale grocers at 45 cents.

One great advantage country merchants have, buying Tea of this Company, is that that they can always be sure of getting a good article, and that when the Teas bought of them do not give entire satisfaction, they may be returned, and the price paid far them will be promptly returned in money.

TEA.—The Pekin Tea Company, No. 75 and 77 Fulton-st. unquestionably sell the best Teas imported into this market. That they sell them cheaper than any other establishment, is a fact proven in a thousand instances since they have opened their store. We would advise our friends to call at this place, and if they don't wish to buy, at least to obtain a little pamphlet, kept on their counter, entitled "Hints to Tea Drinkers," and therefrom learn a little useful information on the subject. The pamphlet is given *gratis*.—(Jour. of Com.

THE PEKIN TEA COMPANY.—We very cheerfully call the attention of all lovers of pure and fragrant *Teas*, both in town and country, to the great Tea Warehouse of this Company. Our long acquaintance with the Proprietors enable us to bespeak for them the entire confidence of the public. We *know* that their Teas, both in quality and price, are all that is stated of them. Many a lover of the fragrant herb has been compelled to eschew the drinking of Tea in consequence of its injurious effects, until at length he has become hopeless of finding, among any of the imported varieties of Tea in our market, a kind which had not such an effect. In this, however, such persons will be agreeably disappointed. The Pekin Tea Company have commenced the importation of choice varieties of Garden Teas, of most delicious flavor, cultivated and picked with great care, which have heretofore never been introduced into this country, except as presents to importers. Among these they have an *Oolong*, mild as a zephyr, and fragrant as a rose, which we specially recommend to all nervous persons. Its *effect* upon many of those who have tried it, has been to make them confirmed tea-drinkers. Ladies who have used it, say they never before drunk such tea. But all tastes can here be suited, with the great advantage over others of getting a pure article at wholesale price, however small the quantity. The Company's Warehouse is at 75 and 77 Fulton-st.—(Golden Rule.

We have tried the Teas imported by the Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton-st. N. Y. and if we live will try them often. They are selling the most delicious teas we ever drank, and retail them at wholesale prices.—(Eve. Post.

You may be sure of obtaining at all times pure and highly flavored teas, by the single pound, at wholesale prices, of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton st. They have probably the largest stock, and greatest variety of fine green and black teas, of any establishment in the United States. They are doing a large business, and a great benefit to consumers of tea.—(Atlas.

Heretofore it has been very difficult, indeed impossible, to always obtain good green and black teas. But now you have only to visit the ware-rooms of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton street, to obtain as delicious and fragrant teas as you could wish for.—(Daily Sun.

A WORD TO TEA DRINKERS.—The Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton street, have imported into this market some five hundred thousand dollars worth of the finest grades of Green and Black Teas, grown in the Celestial Empire, done up in all the various fancy packages that Chinese ingenuity can invent. It is a privilege to buy teas at this great Establishment, and a luxury and a comfort to drink them. They sell good teas only, and retail them at wholesale prices. Country merchants who wish to always sell good teas can *always* obtain them at this place, on reasonable terms.—New York Courier & Enquirer.

The Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton street, are performing a great and good work, and will, in a few years, beyond all doubt, drive all the poor teas which have deluged this country, and defrauded consumers of the article, out of the market. They import none but pure fragrant teas, and retail them by the single pound at wholesale prices. Families are always sure of obtaining good teas at this great tea warehouse, in quantities to suit their convenience, and at the same price that the merchant pays who buys to sell again.—Daily True Sun. aa14 tf.

ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER. NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON. TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

VOL. VII....No. 22. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1847. WHOLE No. 178.

Original Poetry.

THE SUMMER IS GONE.

BY BRO. WILLIAM W. WALDRON, A. B.

THE summer is gone, and its flowers
Have all past away with their bloom;
The winter is coming whose hours
Portend to us nothing but gloom.

The friends that our hearts did delight in,
For ever are scattered or dead;
The eyes that love's circle did brighten,
No longer a luster can shed.

'Tis thus, when earth's seasons are over,
From life, we shall all pass away,
Nor e'en will a vestige discover
That here we have lingered as they.

OH, ASK NOT WHITHER MY HEART HATH FLOWN.

BY. MRS. J. WEBB.

OH, ask not whither my heart hath flown,
Nor who, to that heart is dear:
Though sweet the scenes that meet my view,
My heart, oh, my heart is not here.

Though friends surround, and fortune smile;
And love, e'en, the prospect cheer;
Though pleasure's roses strew my path;
Yet, my heart, oh, my heart is not here.

But, far o'er the blue wave's crested foam,
Where the heather blooms so fair,
And the berries hang on the holly-bush—
My heart, oh, my heart is there.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

HE little knows
A woman's heart, who, when the wild wind blows,
Deems it will change. No; storms may rise,
And grief may dim, and sorrow cloud her skies,
And hopeless hours and sunless days come on,
And years where all that spoke of bliss is gone,
And dark despair the gloomy future fill—
But, loving once, she loves through good and ill.

Gems of the Annuals.

A LAWYER WHO COST HIS CLIENT NOTHING.

A TALE.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

IN the year 1541, and on the second day of September, toward sunset, the little children playing in the meadows at the outskirts of a certain small town in the Marquisate of Brandebourg, were startled by the apparition of a tall man clad in half-armor, who had descended from the hill to the west so noiselessly, that he was in the midst of the young group before they perceived him. They supended their sports to stare at a stranger, and were struck by the ghastly paleness of the features, which were seen through the open bars of the morion. The man's step was unsteady and reeling, and he uttered some inarticulate sounds of pain and distress, as he sought to unbuckle his heavy head gear. In truth, the poor man was overcome by a sharp attack of aguish fever. He was a soldier on his return from Hungary; the heat of the day and the weight of his arms had overtried a frame in which the wounds of a sharp campaign were scarcely scarred over, and, while gasping out his prayer to the urchins to direct him to the nearest inn, he fell to the ground exhausted, and almost insensible. The children ran to call the guards who were loitering round the gates of the town, and the soldier was conveyed to the principal hostelry of the place.

Mine host received the guest with more politeness than was common to him; but, in truth, that was just the period when the little ready money in circulation was chiefly to be found in the pouch of a man-at-arms returning from the wars with his pay and his plunder; and the landlord had no doubt that the soldier had wherewithal to pay for his lodging if he recovered, or his burial if he died. The hostess herself, a comely-looking woman enough, undertook to watch and nurse the poor man. And the neighbors were much edified with the charitable disposition of their fellow-townspeople.

The soldier had evinced small signs of life when they stripped him of his mail, but when they came to take off his heavy boots, he opened his eyes, and made vehement but ineffectual attempts to speak. At length, as he saw the host carrying the boots from the chamber in which he was placed, probably with the friendly intention to clean and grease them, the soldier contrived to utter sounds of so much uneasiness and anger, that the host stood arrested at the doorway; the soldier then, with a convulsive effort staggered to the host, clutched from him the right boot, and, motioning to him that he might do what he pleased with the left,

reeled to the bed provided for him, and making a pillow of the boot thus selected, fell into the sleep or stupor of exhaustion.

This boot excited the most profound interest in the breasts both of host and hostess. They retired a little while from the chamber to talk of the boot;—they pondered over the boot—they discussed the boot—they agreed in their surmises, that in that boot there was more than met the eye.

They returned to the bedside of the soldier, he seemed still asleep: the hostess tickled his ear, the soldier moved his head, and the host gave a gentle tug at the boot; the soldier started, his brows met, and, though without opening his eyes or waking, he seemed to feel aware that the boot was in danger—he threw his right arm tightly round it, and dropped his head again upon the boot, with all that weight and solidity which are the characteristics of a head obstinately in earnest.

"Thousand devils!" quoth the host. "But, after all, the man can't live; he seems at death's door, and then we shall know what there is in the boot!"

A clamor of voices below summoned the landlord to a bevy of guests arrived. The hostess remained to watch the stranger.

A few hours afterwards the soldier woke up. He had recovered his senses, but he was extremely feeble and exhausted. The kind hostess bent over him with a cordial, in which she had put a full pint of the newest and headiest wine which the Marquisate of Brandebourg afforded to its inhabitants. The soldier was much moved by her attention, and somewhat revived by the draught. What with his gratitude, and what with the wine, the poor man became pathetic; he forgot the caution proverbially habitual in a military veteran, and illness unpreceded by gun-wounds being a thing extremely new to his experience, he really had a strong presentiment that he should never again rise to any trump but the last. With these thoughts he faltered out—

"Ah, dear and charitable *frau*, it is a comfort to have a woman near one's bedside at the hour of death; a woman, you see, feels for a little one about to be an orphan. You have children, dear *frau*?"

"I had one—a boy," said the hostess, lifting up her eyes, as much as to say, "he is in heaven!" and indeed his last act had been in a heavenward direction, seeing that he had been hanged on a tree as a spy, by a murderous old Bohemian general.

"Well," said the soldier, whining, "I have a poor little girl at home in Heilbronn, where I was going to spend the rest of my days. I had been saving and scraping for my old age, but God is pleased to cut me off—the money will go to her, and find her a husband. Wherefore, I pray you, as you value your soul, to take care of this boot, and as soon as the breath is out of my body, rip open the inner leather, and you will find it well lined with gold coin. Pay yourself, charitable *frau*—pay for my burial, and seven masses for my soul, and convey the rest to my little girl, Bettine Karnerach, at the forge, opposite the convent at Heilbronn."

"God be with you, friend," answered the hostess, wiping her eyes, "and I hope you will live this many a year. But if it be otherwise, make your mind easy, not a stiver will I touch of your hoard; and the boot shall go, without need of a cobbler, to your little girl, Bettine Karnerach, at the forge, opposite the convent at Heilbronn."

The soldier wrung the hostess's hand with his dry hot palm, and the good woman continued—

"But in case of the worst, seeing how the priests and the leeches get round a man when he is supposed to be dying—seeing, too, that in a public inn all sorts of characters, good and bad, must abound, and that I cannot always be at your bedside—considering all this, soldier-friend, think you not it might be the wisest to give me the boot at once to take charge of? I should never get over it, if the tinker, who lodges next room to you, and who has not the best of reputation for honesty, should slip the boot from under your head while you are asleep. And indeed such a pillow tells its own tale of the stuffing!"

"Right," quoth the soldier, dejectedly. "Poor companion, who has trudged with me so long, farewell! perhaps for ever. Take it, dear *frau*—I have not the heart to *give* it thee."

The hostess seized the boot with one hand—with the other she tucked the coverlid round the sick man; and the wine beginning to work, he fell into a heavy dose, as she stole from the room to her husband.

As soon as this wicked couple had thus got hold of the boot, unripped the leather, and locked up the coins, deuce a bit more cared they for the soldier! They had not the courage to murder him, for fear of detection; but by letting him alone, without doctor or nurse, drink or food, they took it for granted that he would of himself soon depart from this life. The room in which he was placed was in a remote corner of the house, neither tinker nor other living soul slept at hand, to hear his moans or come to his call—so they left him to die as soon as he pleased. All the next day, the poor soldier, abandoned and deserted, wrestled hard with his malady. He could not make his piteous voice heard much beyond the threshold; the hostess now and then crept to the door to listen if he still breathed, and though his signs and broken exclamations might have melted a heart of stone, that accursed boot stopped up her ears to all humanity and nature.

Confident, at least, that he would not get over the night, the miserable pair retold their treasure, and composed themselves merrily to sleep.

At the dead of the night the thirst of the sufferer became so irresistible that it gave him the strength of desperation, to rise and crawl forth in search of water. Perhaps, indeed, the total abstinence from food for twenty-four hours somewhat served to assist, rather than diminish, the exhausted powers of nature. He contrived, though with great difficulty, to crawl down the stairs, open the kitchen-door, and find his way to the trough in the yard, at which the horses were watered. Of this unpalatable beverage he drank heartily, and found himself refreshed—when, in tottering back, he fell unawares into a huge cistern. Now, whether the shock of the immersion, or the previous draughts of cold water, wrought a critical change in his complaint, or that the disease of itself had taken a favorable turn, the historian saith not, but on regaining his bed, he broke out into a salutary perspiration, slept soundly, and woke the next morning, still somewhat weak, it is true, but prodigiously hungry, and with sufficient strength to resume his clothes and armor, (which were by his bedside,) gird on his sword, and, dressed in all save his boots, descend into the kitchen. The hostess was already astir, and a ghost from the grave would not have startled her so much as the sight of her living guest. Nay, one may venture to assert, that if she could have exchanged the guest for a ghost, she would have deemed herself a lucky woman.

Though greatly indignant at the inhumanity with which he had been deserted, the soldier had no suspicion that the active crime of robbery would be added to the passive infamy of abandonment; and being naturally of a proud temper, he disdained to enter into long and idle reproaches. Therefore, scarcely looking at the hostess, but seating himself at the table, he said briefly—

"Give me a manchet and a flash: bring me my boots, and tell what there is to pay. God's mercy, one comfort after starving is to think the reckoning will be all the lighter!"

The hostess said not a word, but she ran to her husband, who was still in his room, ruminating certain plans which the contents of the soldier's boot would enable him to adopt. Mine host swore sundry great oaths when he heard that his guest was waiting for breakfast in the kitchen. What was to be done? The boots, at all events, must be returned. Between the two they cobbled up the rent they had made in the inner leather of the right boot, sponged off the dust from both, and sent them down to the soldier by the maid, with orders to accompany them by the comestibles requested. By this time the kitchen had become pretty full of laborers and idlers, in the habit of taking their morning draught at the inn; and all turned with curiosity as the manchet, the flask, and an immense pair of boots were placed on the table before the grim, pale soldier. Kasper Karnerach (for such was his name,) was too much gnawed by his hunger to examine the boots until he had finished the flash and the manchet; but then, lifting the right boot, its astonishing lightness struck him with terror and suspicion. He passed his hand into the interior, and the unsatisfactory touch left no doubt that his strange valise had been rifled. Kasper Karnerach was not a patient man. But even the most patient seldom submit to be robbed without a murmur.—"Ah, sow that would devour thine own farrow—ah, miserable woman, thief and traitress, what hast thou done with the charge I consigned to thee? My gold crowns—my gold crowns! Where art thou, traitress?"

While bursting forth into such like, and much worse, vollies of vituperation, the soldier strode to and fro like one distracted; and finding that no hostess came to his call, he disappeared from the sight of the startled customers in search of the untrustworthy bankeress he had so lucklessly selected.

In a few minutes more, loud cries, yells, and oaths, were heard on the stairs above, and presently Kaspar appeared, foaming with rage, belaboring the host, whom he pushed before him, with the violated boot, while with the left hand he dragged the hostess by the arm, careless of the kicks and pinches with which she returned his attentions.

The customers rose, and gathered, somewhat menacingly, round the soldier, the host all the time roaring for help. But Kaspar, whose blood was up, dashing the host on the ground, set his foot on his chest, and then, releasing the hostess, drew his sword, and one circle in the air cleared the space before him. He then, not without violent interruptions from the hostess, told his tale, and re-demanded his treasure. But the

audience he appealed to was not favorable. The host was a man of note in the town, his brother was chief magistrate, he himself a burgomaster; most of those present were in his debt.

The soldier was a stranger, and unsupported; his tale seemed improbable—a boot was an odd place wherein to deposit money. Besides, he had been very ill—he was probably still out of his mind; in short, whether or not, his tale was disbelieved, the audience saw sufficient excuse to disbelieve it. Meanwhile, at a whisper from the hostess, one of the guests had disappeared at the commencement of his harangue. Before he had finished his tale there was a general clamor of incredulity and indignation, in the midst of which, by a violent effort, the host wrenched himself from his unpleasing position, gained his legs, ran to the fire-place, seized on the spit; and encouraged by the sympathy he met with, and the numbers on his side, he ran a tilt at his accuser, calling him all the liars and vagabonds he could lay his tongue to. The soldier parried the spit, and with a back-handed stroke cut off the host's ear.

Amid the hubbub that ensued, in marched the host's brother, the magistrate, with a score of halberdiers in his suite. They found poor Kaspar flourishing his sword, the host bleeding and bellowing, the guests screaming and yelling and shaking their fists. Kaspar was soon disarmed and handcuffed, yet not before he had wounded one of the halberdiers, and flattened the chief magistrate's hat over his eyes by a stroke with the flat of his sword. It was evening ere peace and quiet were restored to the inn and the town. The soldier was cast into prison, and his trial appointed for the next day.

Prisons at that day were not the comfortable asylums for persecuted merit which they are in this. Formerly innocent persons were the prisoners, and nothing could be worse than the accommodation;—at present a prisoner is generally guilty, and he is treated with every possible consideration.

It was literally a dungeon into which Kaspar Karnerach was thrown, under ground, in the old keep of the town. The stone walls steamed with damp, a litter of foul straw formed the bed, and a broken pitcher of ditch-water, with a parallelogram of black bread, formed the fare. Ill lodging and worse table for a man not recovered from an ague-fever! As day passed, and night advanced, poor Kaspar became extremely dejected; the excitement of anger, too violent for his physical strength, yielded to the reaction of utter despondency. He saw that he had no chance of justice—that his gold crowns were gone from him for ever. Where was the *dot* for his little Bettine?—where the sustenance for his old age? Nay, was it even clear that either the blue eyes of Bettine, or old age itself—always desired, though always feared—were visions to be realized? A stranger in this accursed town, his despoiler a burgomaster, his despoiler's brother his judge, might it not go hard with his neck? He had maimed his host, he had wounded an officer of justice, he had flattened down the hat over the sacred head of the chief magistrate himself—offenses less than which might justify the hanging of him. Deeper and deeper, darker and darker, grew the melancholy shade of his reflections.

Poor Kaspar Karnerach! That vision of thy little Bettine, which had so often cheered thee in thy hardships, consoled thee in thy privations, roused thee in the dread of the battle, warmed thee amid the snows of the bivouac—that vision now became to thee thy bitterest torture! Thou didst see her before thee, no longer blithe-eyed and laughing, running to meet thee at the threshhold, twining her small hands round thy neck, and renewing the light heart of thy youth with sweet kisses; not thus, but pale and sorrowing, an orphan—dependent on the stranger for bread, doomed henceforth to harsh words and hard drudgery. And thou didst hear rude voices cry to her, "Up, lazy one, and work; for thy father, on whom we counted, is dead, and thy hands must earn thy bread." Lower and lower on his broad breast dropped the soldier's head—heavily, heavily. Tears gushed from his eyes. "And not a friend," he murmured, "not a friend to save me—no justice upon earth; and as to heaven, what right has a man of violence and strife to count on its aid—no help, no help!"

"Look up, Kaspar Karnerach," said a voice in his ear. "look up. Thou callest not in vain—*I* can deliver thee."

Startled, and scarce believing his ears, Kaspar looked up; and though, just before, the cell had been in profound darkness, he now perceived that a pale but steady light circled through the desolate space, a light like that of morning, while before him stood a small figure, veiled from head to foot; but through the veil glowed, like balls of fire, two eyes fixed on his own.

The soldier sought to falter an *ave*, but his memory failed him, and the stranger continued—

"Kaspar Karnerach, without me, by this time to-morrow thou wilt be a corpse, and thy Bettine an orphan. While I speak, thy host is with his brother the judge. He has every reason, both of interest and vengeance, to urge thy death; he has stolen thy crowns, and thou hast cut off his ear. The judge is against thee, for thou hast assaulted him; the public are against thee, for thou art a stranger. There will be rare hooting round thy gallows-tree!"

"And who art thou?" asked Kaspar, trying to pluck up his courage; "and what share of my crowns dost thou ask for saving my life, and regaining the rest?"

"Not one," said the stranger.

"Wilt thou do it, then, from pure love of me?"

"From pure love of thee, certainly."

"Then all I can say," quoth the soldier, "is, that I thank thee heartily; and if ever thou hast need of me, in return, thou hast only to say, 'Up, Kaspar, I want thee.'"

"That quite satisfies me, if the contract is a little more formal. On my part, I undertake to obtain thy acquittal, to get thee back thy treasure, to send thee safe home to Bettine. On thine, thou hast but to declare that thou leavest to my disposal, now and for ever, what remains of thee after thy death."

"No," said the soldier, "that goes to Bettine, "I cannot make thee my heir."

"Fool," replied the stranger, "I do not seek to despoil thy daughter. I ask only that which thou canst not leave to her nor to earth; in a word, that invisible and abstract essence of which in life thou hast made precious little use; and which the scholars will tell thee to look for in a part of thy cranium which thou hast never heard of; in a word, what remains of thee after life—thy soul!"

"Ha!" said the soldier, recoiling with a shudder. "Then thou art the tempter against whom the priests warn us. Avaunt Satan! get thee behind me—I spurn and spit upon thee."

"Tut," said the stranger, calmly, "if I were not fond of doing things in a legal and business-like manner, I should leave thee to hang; sure that I shall have thee all the same, with bond or without. Hast thou not committed sins enough to mortgage a score of souls more precious than thine? Reflect, since the age of seventeen to forty-eight hast thou not been engaged in bloodshed and rapine? Recollect all the throats thou hast cut, the towns thou hast fired, the houses thou hast sacked."

"In the fair way of my trade as a soldier," said Kaspar; "my captain must pay for me if I am wrong—go to him."

"And is it thy captain who is to blame for that little affair in Moldavia, when thou didst rifle three monks and their abbot, and didst get drunk upon the risdales of the church? Is thy captain to blame for that stab in the dark thou gavest, twenty years ago, to thy rival, for an innocent kiss to the mother of Bettine? or for the share thou hadst but last winter in stopping the fat beeves that belonged to the holy convent of Igguldstadt? Murder and sacrilege, pretty trifles, I trow! Add to these, all the prayers thou hast forgotten; the promises thou hast never fulfilled; the rosaries thou hast not counted; the sackcloth thou hast not worn; the stripes thou hast not inflicted upon a hide tough enough, by my hoofs, to have borne them unflinching. Recall thy drinkings and thy gamblings, thy quarrels and thy leasings, thine oaths and thy cheats. Let them pass before thee one by one, while I speak—Ho, soldier; ho, sinner; dost thou think that if thou diest to-morrow, thy soul can escape me?"

While the tempter thus said, a gloom of intense horror and despair settled upon the mind of poor Kaspar Karnerach. Verily and indeed, one by one, all his sins rose before him like visible things; the dread phantasmagoria of the past succeeded each other like shapes in the magic lantern.

The demon continued, "Well, Kaspar, is the bargain so hard?—am I as bad as they paint me? Do I not offer thee terms too advantageous for a rascal like thee to reject? Instead of dying to-morrow, thou shalt live out thy natural term, peaceful and merry. I will not claim thee these forty years. Thou shalt be fourscore and eight before I tap at thy door. Perhaps thou doubtest still that thy sentence will pass. Look, and listen."

And straight the walls of the dungeon receded, and Kaspar saw the judge and the inn-keeper closeted together, and heard the judge say distinctly, "Set thy mind at ease, brother mine, it shall be more than ear for an ear. The cursed soldier shall hang on the linden before thy door, and the crows shall pick out his eyes."

To the orbs thus unfeelingly menaced Kaspar clapped his hands in dismay, and the vision was gone. His despair was too great for his courage, much as that had been proved.

"Well," said he, at last, "before I can decide, I ask one condition at least. You can conjure the absent before me, it seems. Let me see Bettine once more—just as she is now—let me fancy I kiss her in sleep."

The demon interrupted the father with a laugh full of irony and scorn. He represented the absurdity of such a sentiment in a rogue so abandoned. He argued and sneered; he pooh-poohed, and tut-tutted. But the soldier was naturally obstinate, and he grew the more dogged to insist, the more the fiend was reluctant to concede. At last, evidently seeing that unless he complied he should lose all the advantage he had gained, the

tempter, with considerable repugnance, yielded the point. "But mark," said he, "it can be but the hundredth part of a moment! See this nail that I draw from thy morion. Only for the space of time that elapses while the nail drops from my hand to the floor, canst thou see thy Bettine. Look thy best."

The soldier looked; Bettine was before him; the little room at the forge; the small bed at the corner; the crucifix hung at the bed-head. Bettine's sweet face was pale and disturbed; some dream scared or distressed her; and her lips plainly syllabled the words—"Father, God save thee!" Then the soldier's soul seemed to make itself palpable and felt within him; it seemed to flutter and writhe in agony—to appeal to heaven against the base fears of the body, by which its divine essence was so mercilessly endangered. Its voice became audible; as a frightened child on the breast of its mother, it wailed for succor and deliverance. All those phantoms of past sins, so lately terrific, lost their power of despair. Beside the doom of an eternity, how small seemed the misdeeds of hours! Suddenly—as the form of a giant angel, its feet on the earth, its brow encircled by the glory of the loftiest stars—rose Hope. "Son," said the angel, "whom I have reared from the cradle, wilt thou desert me at the gates of the tomb? Not till the tomb is closed, canst thou know me as I am! All my beauty—all my power—are never shown but in the land beyond the grave. Do thy sins dismay thee? I was created to rescue men from sin. Nor guilt nor demon has lasting authority on the soul while it clings to the garments of Hope."

The voice died—the dream faded. Before the soldier stood the tempter, and the nail had not yet reached to the floor.

"Fiend!" said the man delivered, "if in the hundredth part of a moment the soul escaped from the body can feel as mine has felt, what must be eternity? Avaunt, and let me die! I will take God's judgment on my sins; and to God's mercy I will trust my child." So speaking, the soldier made the sign of the cross, and the tempter vanished.

It was with a composed and cheerful mind that Kaspar Karnerach saw the day gleam through his bars. Long before noon, the whole burgh was astir; aud, accompanied by a file of halberdiers, Karnerach was led into court to take his trial.

The judge was in the awful seat; the host, with his head bandaged, the halberdier whom Kaspar had wounded, and a goodly crowd of witnesses were assembled, intent upon supplying the mob with that most popular of all sights—a man hanged.

Just as Kaspar was being led to the bar, he felt his arm pinched, and an unfamiliar voice whispered in his ear—"Say that you leave your defense in the hands of your counsel."

Kaspar looked round, and saw before him a little man with a sharp hungry face, and eyes that seemed keen enough to pierce through a wall.

"Alas!" said the soldier, "I have not now wherewithal in my pouch for a fee for counsel."

"Never let that vex you," said the little man, smiling. "I will run the the chance to take my cost out of the plaintiff. If I miss here, I hit there; that's my maxim."

Before Kaspar could answer, the man had vanished among the crowd. The soldier rubbed his eyes, and fancied himself dreaming. He was now placed at the bar; all eyes glared malevolently on him; silence was proclaimed; and the case was opened. The host showed the place where an ear had once been; told a moving tale of the kindness himself and wife had shown to the soldier; enlarged on the villainy of Kaspar's trumped-up tale of the money in the boot and his shameless trick at extortion; foiled of swindling his benefactor, he had then attempted to murder him. The hostess confirmed the tale; the witnesses proved the violence of the blood-thirsty soldier; the halberdiers deposed as to his armed resistance of justice: and the magistrate, shaking his head, and groaning ominously, asked Kaspar Karnerach what he had to say why sentence of death should not be passed against him.

Poor Kaspar gasped, and looked round; and, involuntarily, and as if the speech were not his own, mumbled out that he would leave his defense in the hands of his counsel.

"And here I am!" cried a shrill voice; and a personage not hitherto perceived, but robed in the official gown of a counselor of the High Court of the Marquisate of Brandebourg, bustled up to the table.

At the sight of this unexpected assistance, the host's face fell, and the judge looked confused; for the counselors of the High Court were very formidable gentry in that little town; and a man who could command the services of one of that learned and important fraternity was not to be put to death quite so easily as our host had reckoned upon. Meanwhile the lawyear began with exceeding volubility. He sketched a short outline of Kaspar's birth, services, and career; and, to Karnerach's great astonishment, this was done with the most accurate fidelity, except that only all the good was told, and all the bad omitted. Those peccadilloes, the review of which had so dismayed the soldier in his dungeon, were carefully suppressed, and in their stead appeared actions of valor and devotion—charity and goodness. The poor soldier could have wept to hear himself so touchingly described. The lawyer's eloquence began wonderfully to move and interest the audience, against their will. And when the lawyer diverged to narrate how he, Kaspar Karnerach, had once saved the life of the Marquis of Brandebourg himself, the loyalty of the court could scarcely be restrained from acclamations of applause. The lawyer proceeded to explain exactly how the soldier had acquired his crown pieces; how he had carefully saved them; how he had refrained from wassail and gaming, and turned miser, for the sake of his child; how he had counted on the portion to his little Bettine—a portion won by bold deeds and honorable wounds; how he had retired from service with a eulogy from his captain at the head of his troops; how all his old comrades thronged round him to bid "farewell and God speed him;" how he had sewn up his gains in his boot; how he had been taken ill on the road; how he had reached the inn; and how he had entrusted his treasure to the care of his hostess. "And as for you, poor woman," exclaimed the advocate, abruptly, turning to the landlady—"as for you—why should I blame you?—women are but the tools of their husbands, and you are punished enough. Ah! little thought you that one of those gold crowns was this very morning given to Gretchen, your maid, for a kiss behind the door, while you were lacing your boddice."

"Thou villain!" exclaimed the hostess, shaking her fist at her husband, who stood open-mouthed and aghast.

"Ay!" continued the lawyer, "nor did you dream that that precious spouse of your own promised Gretchen to run away from you, and live with her as his wife; supporting the hussy on those very gold crowns for which you periled your life and lost your honesty! Come, now, would you do it again, my good *frau?*"

"No, and in troth!" cried the hostess, rushing to her husband. "And is this my return, you good-for-nothing perjured deceiver!"

"Such a fine woman as you, too!" sighed the lawyer; "and such a minx for your rival! Well, at least you see that stolen goods do not prosper!"

"But I will have my revenge!" cried the hostess, reading her husband's guilt in his face. "And if I did take the poor soldier's money, you know it was because you commanded me, vile slave that I was!"

"Hush! hush!" groaned the host.

"You hear her?" said the lawyer, triumphantly. "But one is as good as the other—courage, mine host! If you meant to run away with your Gretchen, your wife had promised little Herman, the barber, to rob you, next Thursday, and set off with him to open a shop at Cologne!"

"Ah, wretch," cried the host, enraged in his turn, "I supected as much; and that's the reason"—he stopped short.

"That's the reason you sewed the rix-dollars and gold crowns up in your doublet! see"—and before the host was aware, the lawyer had stepped up to him, and with a touch of a knife he drew forth, unripped the doublet, and the coins came clattering down on the ground!

No words can describe the excitement that ensued at this exposure. But the judge, alone retaining his presence of mind, and anxious yet to bring off his brother, cried "Silence!" and as soon as the hubbub subsided—"Worthy counselor," said he, "it is not on mere appearances that we can judge a worthy man like the plaintiff, whom you have contrived so strangely to turn into defendant. If it be true, as you state, that this bad woman wanted to elope from her husband, and from motives of jealousy or revenge to ruin him, how do we know but what all this has been a trick between you both—how else could you have arrived at the knowledge of things done between the closed doors of men's homes? Doubtless the woman took the money herself, and sewed it up in the doubtlet unknown to her husband. Is it not so, my brother?"

"Ah, ah.—ho, ho," said the lawyer, "let your brother speak for himself;" and as he said this, the lawyer threw back his gown—his form seemed to dilate—taller and taller, larger and larger he grew, as he stood close by the landlord.

"Well then," cried the host, plucking up courage, and hoping still by the judge's connivance to be brought out from the perilous dilemma into which he had fallen, "well then, devil fly away with me, if I know how the crowns got into the doublet!"

"That is all that I wanted and waited for!" cried the lawyer, "miss here—hit there;" and he pounced on the host like a hawk on a sprrrow. Up flew the roof of the court—sky and cloud peered within—and high into air, out of sight, flew the fiend and his victim.

Such is the true history of Kaspar Karnerach, his host, and his boot, as it is told in the 4th book *De Præstigiis Dæmonum*, c. 20, and corroborated by the illustrious and unimpeachable

testimony of Raul Eitzen, 6th sect. *de ses morales*, conveying the notable aud comfortable truth, "that the devil himself can be a friend at a pinch, provided your soul is your own and your case is a good one."

As for little Bettine, her descendants still live at Heilbronn, and you may see in their possession the identical boot so celebrated in the ancient records of the Marquisate of Brandebourgh. The crowns, to be sure, are all gone. Their loss is easily accounted for, since the good success of Kaspar's trial had given the family a taste for litigation; and somehow or other they never found a lawyer who let them off as cheap as the devil!

[London Keepsake, for 1848.

THE AWAKENER IN THE DESERT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILEGARTH.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

In the still desert, near the streaming Nile,
Behold—a lonely, kingly lion stands!
Yellow his hue as is the thick simoom,
Yellow as are the dull surrounding sands.

Over his breast his beautiful mane doth hang,
Massive, and like the mantle of a king;
And the hair, bristling like a jagged crown,
Compact and close, doth round his forehead cling.

Raising his head amid the waste, he roars:
Hollow and wild the echo sounds and drear,
Rolling along the desert gloomily,
Till Mœris' shuddering waters feel a fear.

The panther's coat grows rough with fear and rage;
The swift gazelle flies trembling from the roar:
The camel turns aside: the crocodile opens
His eye, and listens on the reedy shore.

Back from the strand of Nile the sound returns—
Back from that stony tomb where kings are hid;
And, as it passes by, one mummied thing
Awakens, in the heart o' the pyramid.

Sitting upright within his narrow home,
It sighs—"I thank thee for that angry threat!
For many thousand years I have slumbered here;
But the king-lion's voice awakes me yet.

"Oh! I have dreamed ages away!—Where, now—
Where are the years with fertile conquest strewn,
When Victory waved her banner o'er my head,
And thy strong lion fathers drew me on?

"Then sate I aloft, upon my golden car,
Whose shafts, all gold, were carved with shapes divine,
Whose wheels shone bright with pearls and diamond stones;
And the city of a hundred gates was mine.

"This foot, now withered and unnerved by death,
Upon the Ethiop's tangled hair once trod;
And on the Indian's sunny brow; and on
The desert Arab's neck—as might a God!

"And this lean hand, which now the byssus cramps.
Once—when its strength was free—subdued the earth!
Ay—all these hieroglyphics dimly say,
I thought, of yore—and said, and brought to birth.

"Even this mountain-grave, which hides me now,
I myself raised upon the sandy soil:
I sate upon my throne, hemmed in by spears,
While my slaves lashed the laborers on to toil.

"Nay, the broad streaming Nile itself was mine,
My subject, once—and rocked me on its breast.
Now—the great Nile still flows: 't will ever flow:
But *I* have disappeared—and gone to rest;

"And all around is dark."—There the voice stopped;
And the lone lion, startled, ceased to roar:
The dead man's eye grew dim: his eyelids closed;
And he sank back—slept—and awoke no more!

[London Keepsake, for 1848.

A DREAM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG TIECK.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ.

"Well, well, gentlemen," said the old man, "you may laugh on, you may stare, but it is only too true that the real personal Devil is continually on the watch for an opportunity to take me away with him, sometimes by fair means and sometimes by foul, and sometimes so that I find myself all at once in his clutches, without in the least knowing how I got there. The first time the thing happened to me was, perhaps, the most remarkable of all. It may now be thirty years ago; I was still a bachelor, for I married only late in life. I was at Berlin at the time, and my whole soul was occupied with the gaieties of the carnival, with operas, plays, and balls. I dreamt I was coming out of the opera-house, where there was a violent crowding, jostling, and hallooing, as usual. The night was pitch-dark, with the red torches flashing in the midst of it. The carriages came rattling up, and people were getting into them in all directions. I called for my coachman; but while I stood there engrossed with the echo of the music in my ears, with the cries of the servants and soldiers, and with the smoke of the torches, some one, whom I do not rightly recognise, lifts me into a coach; the door is banged to; a footman, who seems strange to me, springs up behind, and we pass at full speed over the small bridge; then over the broader one, towards the great front of the Palace. On a sudden, as we do not turn the corner, the black mass of the Palace breaks in two, and we rattle furiously through the middle of it down the Konigstrasse, where I had no intention whatever of going. Now we are in the open air, but I have no notion where. All is dark, but for the torches of my servants, who whisper and laugh behind. I am seized with terror, as the black horses gallop still more madly. It is no longer running, it is flying—it is shooting; it is like a bird—like an arrow—like a bullet. Now I grow conscious that I am in the power of infernal spirits. We are already among tremendous rocks; from all sides black spiked crags jut inwards, savage and threatening. We rush through an immense stone arch, and the instant the horses have sprung beyond it, the granite wall falls in behind with a tremendous crash. The same happens with a huge iron gate, and every door I am carried through closes forcibly. Every moment the scene is more lonely and more still. The servants behind the carriage have disappeared; the horses grow fewer, and at last I am drawn by only one. Now comes another vault of rock, dark and endless—this, too, breaks down behind me, and falls into a thousand pieces. The carriage shoots down a precipice; I fall, and all about me has vanished. I find myself lying in a small narrow space, all sand and gravel; behind me are perpendicular cliffs—before me a mournful waste—and now I know that I am damned. No monsters are here—no images of fire—no Hell and Satan, such as legendary fancy paints, but something far more terrible. There is the distinct sense that no thought, no memory, no consciousness, can penetrate through all those barring masses to the Father of Love; that no impression can pass from Him to me; that He has forgotten me; and that a loss of my very faculties, a conscious impotence, makes it impossible for me ever again, through all eternity, with the slightest fibre of perception, with the faintest, simplest, most infantine mental act, to find my way to my Redeemer!

"So horrible was this sensation that I yearned heartily for the presence of devils and the tortures of the reprobate, if only that in the presence of other beings, in horrors, and agonies, and howlings, I might find some relief and distraction from this most hideous solitude.

"I woke at last; but this feeling still pursued me the whole day long. I believed that I could master my illusion; I accused myself of madness. I tried to laugh at the thought that God could forget me or any being whatever. But the enormous truth of what I had experienced in my dream, overpowered all the consolations that reason could afford me. And was, then, my barren, thoughtless life of this and every day anything else but that which sleep had revealed to me? This babbling in insipid company, this frequenting of vapid societies, this chattering and chatter-hearing, this toil of pleasure, this continual escape from every higher and better state of feeling, this libertinism in the presence of bad men, where I have so often belied myself, and tried to appear manly and strong-minded, by treading under foot the principles of my education and the fairest remembrances of my childnood—what other effect has all this disorder of existence but to close one door after another behind me with bars of iron—to build up towers of impenetrable rock between me and the Eternal? Thus was I already quite as lonely as in my dream, however much I still knew of Him, however graciously He still inclined himself towards me. Yet in this was I inexpressibly happy, that still again I could come to Him, that I was still alive, that I had still about me the faculties I owed to His goodness; and thus was this strange vision the occasion of my fashioning out for myself a wiser and nobler course of life." [London Keepsake for 1848.

Hope of a Future.—I find in life that suffering succeeds to suffering, and disappointment to disappointment, as wave to wave. To endure, is the only philosophy—to believe that we shall live again in a brighter planet, is the only hope that our reason should accept from our desire.—[Bulwer.

Ingratitude.—An ungrateful man is detested by all; every one feels hurt by his conduct, because it operates to throw a damp upon generosity, and he is regarded as the common injurer of all those who stand in need of assistance.—[Cicero.

The Ladies' Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE GOLDEN RULE.

TO E. ———.

Light of my life! where'er thou art,
My spirit fondly turns to thee;
And every pulse that thrills my heart,
Is thine before mine own it be;
Thine, in the day-beam's blessed light,
And thine, at eve's delicious hour,
Thine, underneath the shadowy night—
And every season hath some power
To make me thine!

So will the current of my days
Be still to make me more thine own;
Thine still the charms I love to praise,
Thy voice be still my music's tone:
Thine 'mid the burning hopes of youth,
And thine as manhood's powers unfold;
Thine, all my soul—spring's living truth,
And time but shows me purest gold—
Still ever thine!

The Female Temper.—No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feeling of a bad heart. Smiles, kind words and looks, characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty; and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.

Marriage Modes in China.—A Chinese woman spends her time at home, and, if poor, works at the loom. Ladies prepare embroidery, and are fond of gaudy dress. Girls get little or no education, and boys are sent to school at an early age. Match-makers are in much repute, as ladies are not allowed to make a selection for themselves. The marriage vow is said to be strictly observed on the female side, but the same cannot be said of the men. A small foot and a pale complexion are the tests of beauty. Celibacy is only known to a poor man who cannot buy a wife; all parents expect a dowry for their daughter, to repay them the expense of bringing her up.

The suspicion of the Chinese character is manifest even in their marriages. The wedding-day being fixed on, the bridegroom sends a sedan (a particular kind is made for this purpose). The mother of the bride puts her in the sedan, securely locks the door, and sends the key to the mother-in-law. On the arrival at the bridegroom's house, his mother unlocks the door, and delivers her to her intended husband, when both repair to the chapel of the idols, where are kept the names of their ancestors. In the outer temple they bow themselves four times upon their knees, and then enter the inner temple where their parents are sitting; to whom they make the same reverence. All parties then retire to the bridegroom's house, where a private room is set apart for the bride, into which no male relative can ever enter, not even the father of either parties. Should the father have occasion to chastise his son, which is not uncommon, the son contrives to get into this private apartment, and is safe.

Marriage appears to have been a formal ceremony in use from the earliest time. There are two kinds of marriage: the first is called a true marriage, and lasts for the life of both parties, unless causes of divorce can be shown, which are numerous and trivial. The second marriage is permitted by the laws in case they have no sons; these concubines, or second wives, are regularly purchased from their parents, or some other person who has brought them up from childhood with that object. The price obtained for an accomplished female is very considerable. As soon as she brings forth a son she is probably parted with, and disposed of to another; the first wife takes the son, and the real mother never sees it again. where is no prohibition against widows marrying; but the higher classes never do.

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew-drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.
[Jean Paul Richter.

The Family Physician.

WRITTEN FOR THE GOLDEN RULE.

Care of the humam figure during Infancy.—During the delicate and tender period of infancy, the human figure requires intelligent care and nursing, in order that its beauty and symmetry be not so marred as to render it, in spite of all subsequent skill and care, deformed for life. How must the heart of a mother be pained at the sight of a child whose life is rendered miserable, either by her own unpardonable carelessness, or the wanton cruelty of an unthinking, heedless nurse! In the infantile state, when the bones are soft and the joints easily displaced, great care is necessary to guard the limbs, and especially the spinal column, from heedless or unnatural exertion; as the body may then be easily stinted and dwarfed in its growth, or actually humped; or the limbs misshapen and rendered awkward, by too much walking or standing, before the bones become sufficiently hardened and consolidated to endure the pressure. Only such exercise should be allowed as will bring all the muscles and joints into heathful and natural action. Let infants always be handled with that care which their delicacy requires; and let them occasionally be placed on the floor or other suitable place, where they can be at liberty to roll about and bring into healthful play the various muscles of the body, and they will not generally be slow in manifesting their delight in being able to do so. M.

On the protective influence of vaccination.—"The general conclusions, drawn by Dr. Retzins, of Stockholm, from his observations of small-pox, and the effects of vaccination in Sweden, are these:—'The protection, afforded by vaccination from the close of the second year of life against the contagion of the variolous poison, usually lasts unimpaired to the end of the thirteenth year or so; after this period it begins to lose its effects, and gradually becomes more and more uncertain on to the twentieth or twenty-first year of life. For the next four or five years the disposition to the small-pox seems almost to have recovered its original integrity; and this state of liability continues unimpaired up the age of forty years or so. At about this epoch of life it begins to approach nearer and nearer to the limit of its existence—which it reaches, in the majority of cases, about the fiftieth year—the period when the general revolutions of the human body commences to take place.'

"The practical inference to be drawn from these remarks, is the propriety of repeating vaccination in about thirteen or fourteen years after its first performance. This advice is in accordance with the observations of the most experienced practitioners; it would be well if it were more generally acted upon."
[Medico-Chirurgical Review.

Treatment of Bruises.—The best application for a bruise, be it large or small, is moist warmth: therefore a warm bread and water poultice, or hot moist flannels, should be put on, as they supple the skin, so that it yields to the pressure of the blood beneath, and thereby the pain is lessened. If the bruises be severe, and in the neighborhood of a joint, it is well to apply some leeches on grown-up persons, but not on young children. The poulticing or fomenting should be continued so long as the pain and swelling remained; and it may be sometimes necessary to put on the leechess a second or even a third time. If the bruise be a joint, the poulticing will often require to be continued longer, on account of the stiffness which usually remains for some time; and when left off it is well to wrap up the joint into a soap plaster. If the bruised part be on the knee or the ankle, walking should not be attempted till it can be performed without pain.—[Household Surgery.

Meals.—Though regularity of meals is of the utmost importance for the health of the individual, yet we must take into consideration, age, sex, manner of life, seasons, and habits, as leading to some modifications. Children cannot be confined so regularly to meals, as their digestion is more active, in order that material be supplied for the growth of the body. They should, therefore, be allowed food when hungry. Old men require food often, as their stomachs are able to digest only a little at a time. Women, likewise, being more feeble in their digestive organs than men, can only take the lighter kinds of food, and only a little at a time, and they consequently require food more frequently than the other sex. Persons leading a sedentary life can do without food much longer than those engaged in an active one. In winter the appetite is keener than in summer, and the meals may be more frequent, for the digestion is better. Habit, it must always be recollected, is everything in diet, and must never be rashly interfered with.

Scenes in Palestine.

THE HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

VI.—THE JORDAN AND DEAD SEA.

This day, (April 6th) we were to visit the Jordan and the Dead Sea. In the early morning, about five o'clock, I ascended a steep mound near our encampment, and saw a view as different from that of the preceding day as a change of lights could make it. The sun had not risen; but there was a hint of its approach in a gush of pale light behind the Moab mountains. The strip of woodland in the middle of the plain looked black in contrast with the brightening yellow precipices of Quarantania on the west. Southward, the Dead Sea stretched into the land, gray and clear. Below me, our tents and horses, and the moving figures of the Arabs, enlivened the shadowy banks of the stream.

We were off soon after six, and were to reach the banks of the Jordan in about two and a half hours. Our way lay through the same sort of forest land as we had encamped in. It was very wild; and almost the only tokens of habitation that we met with, were about Rihhah—by some supposed to be the exact site of the ancient Jericho. This is now as miserable a village as any in Palestine; and its inhabitants are as low in character as in wealth. No stranger thinks of going near it who is not well armed and guarded. Yet there is no need to resort to any means but honest and very moderate industry, to obtain a comfortable subsistence here—if only honesty were encouraged, and industry protected by a good social state. The fine fig-trees that are scattered around, and the abundant promise of the few crops that are sown, show that the soil and climate are not to blame. At this place there is a square tower, conspicuous from afar above the trees, which some suppose to be the sole remnant of the great city: but it can hardly be ancient enough to have belonged to the old Jericho.

On a hillock in the midst of the brushwood, we saw a few birds of such a size that one of the party in a moment of forgetfulness, cried out "Ostriches!" There are no ostriches in this country; but these cranes looked very like them, while on their feet. One by one they rose, stretching out their long legs behind them—certainly the largest birds I ever saw fly—or probably shall ever see.

Though we had been told, and had read, that the river could not be seen till the traveler reached its very banks, we could not help looking for it. Three broad terraces have to be traversed; and then it is sunk in a deep bed, where it rushes hidden among the woodland. Its depth of water varies much at different seasons; though less now than formerly. The Scriptures speak so much of the overflow of Jordan, and of the lion coming up at the swelling of Jordan, that it is supposed that formerly the river was subject to inundations which may have formed the three terraces above-mentioned, and caused the extraordinary fertility of the plain in old times: and that the wild beasts which then harbored in the brakes, came up to terrify the dwellers in the fields. However this may have been, it is not so now. The channel is no doubt deepened; and the river now in the fullest season, only brims over its banks into the brakes, so as to stand among the canes, and never reaches the terraces.

Though we were all on the look-out, and though we reached the river at the spot which is cleared for the approach of the Easter pilgrims, we could not see the water till we could almost touch it. The first notice to me of where it was, was from some of the party dismounting on the Pilgrim's beach. When I came up—O! how beautiful it was!—how much more beautiful than all pictures and all descriptions had led me to expect! The only drawback was that the stream was turbid;—not only whitish, from a sulphurous admixture, but muddy. But it swept nobly along, with a strong and rapid current, and many eddies, gushing through the thick woodland, and flowing in among the tall reeds, now smiting the white rocks of the opposite shore, and now winding away out of sight behind the poplars and acacias and tall reeds which crowd its banks. It is not a broad river; but it is full of majesty from its force and loveliness. The vigorous, up-springing character of the wood along its margin struck me much; and we saw it now in its vivid spring green.

The pilgrims rush into the sacred river in such numbers, and with so little precaution as to the strength of the current, that no year passes without some loss of life: and usually several perish. This year only one was drowned. Whatever superstition there might have been among our company, it was not of this wild sort; and we bathed in safety. The ladies went north; the gentlemen south. I made a way through the thicket with difficulty, till I found a little cove which the current did not enter, and over which hung a sycamore, whose lower branches were washed by the ripple which the current sent in as it passed! On these branches the bather might stand or sit without touching the mud, which lay soft and deep below. The limestone precipice and wooded promontory opposite made the river particularly beautiful here; and sorry I was to leave it at last.

It is useless to attempt to make out where the baptism of Jesus took place, or where his disciples and John administered the rite. And on the spot one has no pressing wish to know. The whole of this river is so sacred and so sweet that it is enough to have saluted it in any part of its course.

One thing more we did: we remembered friends far away, and carried away some water for them, having provided tin cases for the purpose. The Queen's children are baptized in Jordan water; and I brought away a caseful for the baptism of the child of a friend who lives further away from the Jordan than our Queen does. This business done, we were summoned to horse, and rode away southward to the Dead Sea.

The belt of woodland soon turned away eastward, and we found ourselves exposed to extreme heat, on a desolate plain crusted with salt and cracked with drought. There had been a closeness and murkiness in the air, all the morning, which was very oppressive; and now it was, at our usual slow pace, almost intolerable. I put my horse to a fast canter, and crossed the plain as quickly as possible, finding this pace a relief to my horse as well as myself. The drift on the beach of the sea looked dreary enough; ridges of broken canes and willow twigs washed up, and lying among the salt and the little unwholesome swamps of the shore: but the waters looked bright and clear, and so tempting that our horses put their noses down repeatedly, always turning away again in disgust. I tasted the water—about two drops—and I almost thought I should never get the taste out of my mouth again. And this is the water that poor Costigan's coffee was made of!]

Costigan was a young Irishman, whose mind was possessed with the idea of exploring the Dead Sea, and giving the world the benefit of his discoveries. It would have been a useful service; and he had zeal and devotedness enough for it. But he wanted either knowledge or prudence; and he lost his life in the adventure, without having left us any additional information whatever. He had had a small boat carried overland by camels; and in this he set forth, (in an open boat in the month of July!) with only one attendant, a Maltese servant. They reached the southern end of the lake—not without hardship and difficulty; but the fatal struggle was in getting back again. The wind did not favor them, and once blew such a squall that they had to lighten the boat, when the servant stupidly threw overboard the only cask of fresh water that they had. They were now compelled to row for their lives, to reach the Jordan before they perished with thirst; but the sun scorched them from a cloudless sky, and the air was like a furnace. When Costigan could row no longer, his servant made some coffee from the water of the lake, and then they lay down in the boat to die. But the man once more roused himself, and by many efforts brought the boat to the head of the lake. They lay helpless for a whole day on the burning shore, unable to do more than throw the salt water over each other from time to time. The next morning, the servant crawled away, in hopes of reaching Rihhah, which he did with extreme difficulty. He sent Costigan's horse down to the shore, with a supply of water. He was alive, and was carried to Jerusalem in the coolness of the night. He was taken care of in the Latin convent there; but he died in two days. Not a note relating to his enterprise was ever found; and during his illness he never spoke on the subject. Any knowledge that he might have gained has perished with him; and no reliable information could be obtained from his servant. Costigan's grave is in the American burying ground; and there I saw the stone which tells his melancholy story. He died in 1835.

There appears to be no satisfactory evidence as to whether any fish are to be found in the Dead Sea. Our guides said that some small black fish have been seen there; but others deny this. A dead fish has been found on the shore near the spot where the Jordan enters the lake: but this might have been cast up by the overflow of the river. It is said that small birds do not fly over this lake, on account of the deleterious nature of its atmosphere. About small birds I cannot speak; but I saw two or three vultures winging their way down it obliquely. The curious lights which hung over the surface struck me as showing an unusual state of the atmosphere—the purple murky light resting on one part, and the line of silvery refraction in another. Though the sky was clear after the morning clouds had passed away, the sunshine appeared dim; and the heat was very oppressive. The gentlemen of the party who stayed behind to bathe declared, on rejoining us at lunch time, that they had found the common report of the buoyancy of the water of this sea not at all exaggerated, and that it was indeed any easy matter to float in it, and very difficult to sink. They also found their hair and skin powdered with salt when dry.

But they could not admit the greasiness or stickiness which is said to adhere to the skin after bathing in the Death Sea. They were very positive about this; and they certainly did observe the fact very carefully. Yet I have seen, since my return, a clergyman who bathed there, and who declared to me that his skin was so sticky for some days after, that he could not get rid of it, even from his hands. And the trustworthy Dr. Robinson, a late traveler there, says—"After coming out, I perceived nothing of the salt crust upon the body, of which so many speak. There was a slight pricking sensation, especially where the skin had been chafed; and a sort of greasy feeling, as of oil, upon the skin, which lasted for several hours." The contrast of these testimonies, and the diversity which exists among the analyses of the waters which have been made by chemists, seem to show that the quality of the water of the Dead Sea varies. And it appears reasonable that it should; for it must make a great difference whether fresh waters have been pouring into the basin of the lake, after the winter rains, or a great evaporation has been going on under the summer's sun. In following the margin of the sea, we had to cross a creek, where my skirt was splashed. These splashes turned presently to thin crusts of salt; and the moisture and stickiness was as great a week afterwards as at the moment.

We wound among salt marshes and brakes, in and out on the desolate shore of this sea:—this sea, which is not the less dead and dreary for being as clear and blue as a fresh mountain tarn. As we ascended the ranges of hills which lay between us and the convent where we were to rest, the Jordan valley opened northwards, and the Dead Sea southwards, till the extent traversed by the eye, was really vast. How beautiful must it have been once, when the Jordan valley, whose verdure was now shrunk into a black line amidst the sands, was like an interminable garden; and when the cities of the plain stood bright and busy where the Dead Sea now lay blank and grey! As I took my last look back, from a great elevation, I thought that so mournful a landscape, for one having real beauty, I had never seen.—[Peoples' Journal.

Choice Miscellany.

THANKSGIVING HYMN FOR 1847.

Rejoice! rejoice!
In the abundance of this harvest-tide;
Let man's glad voice
Be heard in anthems echoing far and wide.

Yes—let us raise
To the Almighty and all bounteous God
Anthems of praise
For the rich produce of the teeming sod;

For herb and root
Fertile, ev'n to profusion; for the trees
Laden with fruit,
Whose luscious beauty every sense may please;

For hill and plain,
Crown'd with luxurant verdure; for the fields
Where golden grain
Its full ripe "harvest to the sickle yields;"

Oh! let us then
For boundless mercies boundless thanks afford;
"Maids and young men,
Infants, and hoary heads, praise ye the Lord!"

Or, if too weak
Our mortal lips such heavenly theme to bear,
Let our hearts speak
In mute devotion—God will read it there!

CONFUCIUS.

Confucius had great aptitude for illustrating his doctrine from the works of nature; one of his dissertations will give the reader an idea of his style. On one occasion, when walking with some disciples, he perceived a fowler catching birds with a net. Confucius asked him how it was he had caught no old birds. "The old birds," said he, "are too wary to be caught, and the young ones that follow them attentively, likewise escapo; but the young ones that separate from the flock are what I generally catch. Occasionally I catch an old bird; but only when he follows the young ones." "Now," said Confucius, "attend to my instruction: thus it is with mankind. Presumption, hardihood, want of for thought, and inattention, are the principle reasons why young people are led astray. They rashly undertake acts without consulting the aged and experienced, and thus, following their own notions, are misled, and fall into the first snare that is laid for them."

Confucius, after many years' traveling, settled in his native state, Lu, where he established a kind of college, which taught and disseminated his doctrine, by the aid of 3,000 students, who collected his sayings, and called them Lun-yu, now one of the Four Books.

Every district in the empire has a temple dedicated to Confucius: and every school-room has a tablet with his name on it, before which incense is burnt by the scholars twice a day.

The writings of Confucius are held in great veneration, and consist of nine books, five of which are called the canonical works. The Four Books must be committed to memory by all who attain to distinction in literary rank. The first of the Four Books is the Ta-heo, which endeavors to show that in the knowledge and government of one's self, the economy and government of a family must originate; and from thence to a province; and that the same rules and maxims should be practiced in governing the empire. The whole work has a political tendency: one extract will readily show this:—"Let those who produce revenue be many, and those who consume it few; let the producers have every facility, and let the consumers practice economy; and thus there will be at all times a sufficiency of revenue." The leading features of his morality are subordination to superiors; kind and upright dealing with our fellow-men; children to obey parents, who, in their turn, are to obey the king, who is himself to obey heaven—whose son the king is.

It is recorded of Confucius, that the Prince of Lu dying, his son called on Confucius to take the entire management of the state. The wisdom of the philosopher was very soon apparent in the good government of the state, and the happiness of the people was greatly augmented.

There was one of the nobles of this state, who had hitherto committed great crimes with impunity. Confucius had him tried and executed; this courageous act made him still more popular.

His austere and truly moral principles, and the propriety and decorum that were observed at court, procured him many enemies, and his prince once more relapsing into a licentious state of life, Confucius left the helm of affairs, and took again to traveling, and writing his books, which, when completed, (at the age of sixty-eight,) he dedicated with great solemnity to heaven. He died in 499 B.C. in the seventy-third year of his age. His posthumous honors are numerous, and his descendants continue to dwell in Shantung province to this day; and the heads of the family are the only hereditary nobility in the empire. The chief is called the holy duke. The Emperor Kanghe had a correct list made out of the descendants of the sage, and they numbered 11,000 males; the present is the seventy-fourth generation.

Indian Summer.—It was in the glory of the Indian Summer when the forest, for some short days, array themselves in all the pomp and all the beauty that they have drank in during the long summer months. Beautiful season! gorgeous as an Indian Queen, thou comest over the mountains. Thou seekest every wood-path where the vanished race once trod. There is a mist upon the rivers; there is a slow mist upon the streams. High in the heavens hangs the sun; on every stile there spreads the same clear blue, and soft ethereal sky. The even comes, and day's great orb sinks down behind the western hills, dragging with it, for an instant, the curtaining concave, and disclosing realms that pencil cannot paint nor poet picture.

[The Twin Brothers.

Liberty of Conscience.—An English lady, resident in Florence, paying a visit to her native land, and violently abusing the crucifixes and *reposoirs*, everywhere seen abroad in Catholic countries, Campbell, the advocate of perfect religious freedom, said, when she had concluded,

"I trust, madam, you believe in Moses and the prophets?"

"To be sure I do, Mr. Campbell."

"Then do you not remember where Moses says, 'You shall not blaspheme the gods of the nations where ye go to dwell?'"

"Very true, Mr. Campbell, but these were not the gods Moses meant."

"True, madam," said the poet, "crucifixes were unknown in Egypt, and in the desert, where the Israelites wandered; they were calves and beetles there."

"And then, Mr. Campbell, theirs is not he true faith, like ours."

"No; our true faith is not their true faith."

"I don't understand, Mr. Campbell; there can be only one true faith."

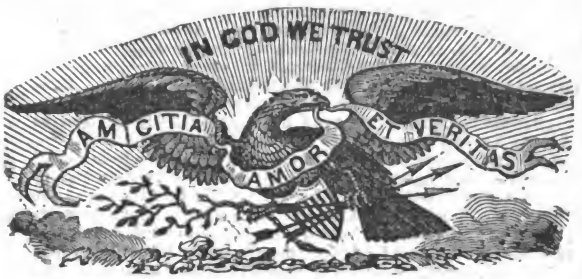
"Only one," answered the poet: "ours to us, and theirs to them. We must not, therefore, abuse each other's gods."

[New Monthly Magazine.

"What a charming bouquet!" said a fascinating lady in the presence of the facetious B——, who was holding a nosegay; "I almost adore flowers—my senses become intoxicated with their odor." "Ha madame!" said B——, "you don't mean to say you ever get drunk on a scent (*cent*)!"

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."



NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1847.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION—THE G. M.—THE NEW HALL.

As conductors of a public journal, devoted to the general interests of the Order; and numbering as we do, upward of twelve thousand subscribers; we trust that we so far understand our position, as well as the duty we owe to our patrons, not to make the Golden Rule the vehicle for the spread of our individual opinions; or, to degrade it into the organ of party strife, or petty cliqueism.

Questions affecting the general well-being of the Order—as well as those of mere local interest—will invariably be treated of in this paper, on the broad principle of common rights and common justice. This will be done fearlessly, and in good faith, regarding only our duties to constituted authorities, and the due upholding of the fundamental principles of Odd-Fellowship. Actuated by this spirit, we feel ourselves compelled to notice the erroneous impressions which are circulating, regarding two provisions contained in the New Constitution lately adopted by the G. L. of this State.

It is charged that Article VI of that instrument was especially made to insult and degrade the present worthy Grand Master of this State. The framers of the new Constitution, most explicitly and unequivocally, deny this assumption. Personal regard and respect for the present worthy incumbent, would have prevented any such action. But in framing a new Constitution to meet the exigencies of the Order in this State, they were naturally led to the considerations of difficulties, which have arisen in the Grand Lodge of this State, during the administration of this presiding officer. They would not impugn his motives, they would not impeach the honesty of his intentions. But as the action of that officer on the subject of appeals was a construction of the law, based on his own personal responsibility, by which he assumed a construction of the law at variance with the letter and spirit of the Constitution, it became necessary for the framers of the New Constitution to provide for such emergencies, should they again occur, during the administration of any future presiding officers.

We hold this act of the framers of the New Constitution, to be perfectly in accordance with the acts of Legislative bodies generally. Such bodies are supposed to gain their knowledge by experience; they alter and amend legislative acts as the exigencies the times require; they provide for contingencies as they may be found to exist. Aticle VI of the New Constitution specifically meets a contingency that might occur, whereby a presiding officer of a G. L. might undertake to construe the rights of appeal, according to his individual opinion.

The G. L. of the U. S. has declared the unconstitutionality of such an assumption on the part of a Grand Master. The provision made in the 6th Article of the New Constitution, very justly provides for the impeachment and trial of a Grand Master, who would thus violate the constituted Law—and it further specifies the punishment annexed to such offense. These are clear cases of Legislative and Executive power, legally and judicially called into action by the exigencies of the times, wholly irrespective of personality toward the present Grand Master of this State, although they may happen to have been created by acts occuring during his Administration

In the case of Article 2d, Sec. 1st., relating to District Grand Committees—which has been objected to, as aiming a blow at the prosperity of the new Hall, now in the course of erection—we consider an entire perversion of its true intentions has been given forth, by the opponents of the new Constitution.

It never could have been the intention of the framers and supporters of that Article, many of whom are large stockholders, to interfere with the interests of the "Odd-Fellows Hall Association." This would have been to reverse the strong motive of self interest, which influences all men in a greater or less degree. The prosperity of that beautiful building, alike honorable to us as a body, and convenient from its location and capabilities to the wants of this Metropolitan City, should be an object of solicitude to every member of our Order, resident in New York. The law as it now stands, will not prevent the District Committees from meeting in the new Hall; and Lodges, desiring to meet there, have ample time allowed them to make application to the Grand Lodge for their removal, before the completion of the building.

A WORD OF COUNSEL.

In a letter recently received from a brother in the interior, we find the following paragraph:

"The *want of care in admissions*, and the *want of general popular instruction* among the members of our Order, in regard to its objects, benefits, and ultimate tendencies, gives much ground of fear, that it will fall far short of the great work it ought to perform; not so much from its perversions, as from ignorance of its real power to ameliorate and better the condition of man."

There is truth in this, and the fear expressed is worthy of serious thought. We have frequently spoken to the points embraced in this extract; and it must be confessed there is call for warning and counsel in regard to them.

No one who has noted the extraordinary rapidity with which Odd-Fellowship has progressed within the last few years, can be without apprehensions in regard to the admissions into the Order. There has been too much haste to increase in number; too much rivalry between neighboring Lodges in this respect; and, as a necessary consequence, too little discrimination and inquiry respecting the character of candidates, and their worthiness to enter into the sacred bonds of fellowship and obligation. We have seen with pain and doubt, the many boasts with which our journals teem, of the large numbers initiated at certain times; and of Lodges, which have risen up from ten or fifteen, at the time of institution, to fifty, sixty or seventy members in the course of a few weeks. We doubt if in such cases there have been that patient inquiry and sense of responsibility, that high appreciation of the great purpose of the Order, and the necessity of harmonious elements, which Lodges and their Investigating Committees ought always to recognize and feel.

It is certainly true that numbers do not constitute strength or prosperity. It is even the reverse of this sometimes. An army is not strong according to its numbers, but according to its discipline and character of the troops; and often, or rather always, numbers without discipline or courage, are an embarrassment, causing defeat. So in Odd-Fellowship—mere numbers, without reference to character, is an evil, an injury to the institution, and the cause in which it is engaged. And that bad men have come in among us through this hot haste and anxiety for members, through neglect or unfaithfulness on the part of investigating committees, is not a questionable matter. The Order knows it—the world knows it. That they are a trouble to us, and a stain and clog upon the *real* prosperity of Odd-Fellowship, is equally certain.

The only way, therefore, to avoid this evil, which is rapidly growing upon us, is for Lodges to begin at once to be more cautious and stringent in regard to the admission of candidates. This desire to increase, to present a large muster roll, must be checked; and worth and harmonious elements of character, must be regarded as the first and greatest thing. The good of the Institution as a whole, its position in the eyes of the world, the

promotion of its noble objects of relief and social improvement—these should be the guiding principles in the admission of members. Those who will enter hand and heart into this great and holy work, should be welcomed with rejoicing, however humble and obscure. Those, whose life and temper show them unfitted for this divine labor of love, should be refused admittance into our sacred halls, though they knock ever so loudly, and occupy the highest places in the land. This should be the rule, and it is only by obedience to this that the sanctuary can be kept undefiled, our altars preserved from unclean hands, and Odd-Fellowship made a glory and a blessing to our race. Whoso readeth, let him understand.

MERCANTILE LODGE NO. 47—BANNER PRESENTATION.

An interesting ceremony, with appropriate exercises, took place at a regular meeting of Mercantile Lodge No. 47, of this city, on Tuesday evening, October 26, on the occasion of presenting to the Lodge a very splendid banner, the gift of a certain number of the members of Mercantile Lodge. P.G. McAlpin, as Chairman of the Banner Committee, introduced to the Lodge P.G. Weeks, who had been selected by the committee, at a short notice, to make the presentation address. P.G. Weeks then made the following eloquent and exceedingly able speech:

Officers and Brothers:—It is with great pleasure that I present to you this beautiful banner. It will be remembered that some time since, a committee was appointed to procure subscriptions, for the purpose of purchasing a banner, for the use of Mercantile Lodge. That committee have successfully and satisfactorily discharged the duty assigned them; and I feel greatly honored in being chosen to present to the Lodge the result of their labors.

And here allow me to say, that it is to be regretted, that the original Chairman of the Banner Committee resigned his office; for we acknowledge, with pleasure, that we are much indebted to him, for the zeal and liberality he manifested on this occasion.

If time would permit, the subject of banners would afford a very appropriate and interesting address; as it is, allow me merely to glance at it.

The use of banners is as old as political organization. Each nation, tribe and clan, have their peculiar standard. That most general among the Greeks was of scarlet cloth richly embroidered with gold. The banner first used by the Romans was merely a handful of fern or straw, tied to the end of a pole; around which their warriors used to rally, near it their generals and bravest men were found to direct, and sustain the battle. But as Rome advanced in power and grandeur, this simple ensign was superseded by one more emblematical, and the figure of an eagle, horse or wolf, was carried at the head of their armies. In subsequent times these were laid aside, excepting the eagle, which was made of metal, and surmounted the staff that bore the banner, upon which was painted the likeness of the Emperor.

Of the origin of other ancient banners, little is known. Persia had the sacred fire portrayed upon her banners. Egypt principally used the images of her sacred beasts as national emblems. Among the moderns, England has the Lion, as indicative of her strength and courage; France the Cock, signifying her spirit and bravery; and this, likewise, is the coat of arms of the House of Orleans.

The United States have for their banner the Stars and Stripes—the stars to indicate the hight of glory to which our nation is destined to arrive—the stripes signify our *union and interest* as parallel, for as long as we journey harmoniously in the same way, so long shall we be a happy and prosperous people.

The standards of the various nations of the earth, have always been esteemed, and often regarded with religious veneration. In the days of chivalry, the most ennobling and patriotic employment of ladies, was the working and embroidering of banners. How many gallant knights have been aroused to deeds of valor by the sight of their banner, the handiwork of their lady-love? How often have the war-worn and dispirited soldiery been excited to renewed efforts for victory, by the unfurling of their banner to the breeze; the standard on which their priest had invoked the blessings of heaven: and as long as their banner "waves on high," they know no fear.

Odd-Fellowship may rightly claim, and has appropriated some of the most beautiful designs as expressive of her principles. "Friendship, Love and Truth;" where, in the fields of Romance or Poetry, can you find a path decked with more beautiful flowers? Faith, Hope, Charity, Peace and Good Will to Men—furnish subjects for the Painter and Poet, far more beautiful than can be found in the history or fables of ancient mythology.

Our banner, the banner of Mercantile Lodge, has the emblems of Nationality, Mythology and Odd-Fellowship happily blended. In the center is the broad shield of our country, which has afforded protection to thousands of the oppressed of every clime. On the right stands Mercury, the God of Trade and Commerce; he, too, was a good Odd-Fellow—for he went on a mission of mercy, to the dark shades of Tartarus, to relieve the pains of the damned. On the left stands the Goddess of Peace, whose very look portrays her heavenly calling—O! long may she bless, with her presence, our councils—long may she be one of us.

Take this banner, members of Mercantile Lodge, and may the lessons it is designed to inculcate, be deeply impressed upon your hearts. May we all, by the faithful discharge of our several duties and obligations, and by the practice of the principles of peace, declare to the world, that we are Odd-Fellows, in deed and in truth.

P.G. Morrison assumed the N.G.'s Chair, and made the following felicitous reply:

P.G. Weeks and Brothers: In behalf of Mercantile Ledge, I return her sincere thanks to yourself and colleagues for your valuable and beautiful gift. I would also acknowledge our appreciation of the eloquent remarks of the Chairman in presentation, and personally tender my obligations for the flattering manner you have spoken of my former connection with your committee.

This handsome banner, presented by individual subscription to this Lodge, is a source of pride to all—having been paid for by donation of our members, it has not taxed our funds. No widow shall sigh, no orphan shall mourn, that their stipend has been decreased to procure this emblem—no sick brother shall repine that his dues have been diminished for the ostentation of his brothers. For our members, with their accustomed liberality, have enabled the committee to report a surplus amount, and, by the vote of the subscribers, that surplus has been added to the Widow and Orphan Fund.

And yet, brothers of Mercantile Lodge, this banner, now such a source of pride and gratification, brings with it its alloy; for not alone is it to be displayed on occasions of celebration and rejoicing, but its chief aim is to mark occasions of more mournful import. When this Lodge shall have lost a *deserving and worthy member*, then, brothers, is it, that it is to be unfurled, and note to sister Lodges and to the world, that Mercantile has cause to mourn: and when rested at the foot of the bier, which denotes that one of us has departed, "to that home whence no traveler returns," shall we, who united in companionship, who have had his council in our troubles, his solace in our afflictions, be the more keenly reminded, by the mourning drapery of our banner, of the loss of him who so steadily fought for the preservation of the motto of our Order, "Friendship, Love and Truth."

Brothers of Mercantile: the Chairman, in his remarks in presenting this banner, has delineated its peculiar features, and has exemplified Mercury as a good Odd-Fellow. While he is an emblem of the pursuits of the members of a Lodge constituted as we are, let us emulate a portion of his character: He was messenger of the gods, and went on their missions of mercy; let *us* show the *mission of Odd-Fellows* to be—not alone to relieve the distressed, comfort the mourner, aid the widow, or instruct the orphan, but to advise and admonish the member who, by evil example, has strayed from the path of rectitude, to encourage him by our counsel and example to turn from the seductive paths of immorality to the extended arms of his disappointed and grieved brethren. To reclaim the wrong doer is equally our duty, as to afford assistance to the needy.

And in reiterating the thanks of the Lodge to the committee and subscribers, I would wish that this banner be another link in preserving, in its purity, the sacred friendship that has ever endeared this Lodge to its members. Let us guard against all dangers WITHIN, let us emulate the past—let us remember our obligations and there can be no danger. Our members may grow old in guarding the principles of our Order, this beautiful painting become worn, but the spirit of friendship will retain its youth and purity, the council of the Lodge be undisturbed by acrimony, its circle of usefulness enlarged, and the object of our association the more readily accomplished.

On motion, it was unanimously resolved, that P.G. Weeks' able address, and P.G. Morrison's reply should be published.

THE ORDER IN NORTHERN INDIANA.

South Bend, Ind. Oct. 30, 1847.

Eds. Golden Rule: The Fraternity in Northern Indiana had a procession on the 20th inst. at Mishawaka, on the occasion of the dedication of the new Hall, at that place, of St. Joseph Lodge I.O.O. F. No. 27. A number of the brethren from Niles, in the adjoining county in the State of Michigan, were also present.

The dedication was performed in a neat address by J. E. Hollister, D.D.G.M. for this District, after which the procession formed under the care of P.G. Jacob Schaefer as Marshal, marched to the Methodise Church, and, after a fervent prayer by Rev. Bro. Engle of Niles, listened to a chaste and impressive oration on the objects of the Order, delivered by P.G. Hathaway of La Porte Lodge.

About 150 Brethren in full regalia marched in the procession, accompanied by Mishawaka Encampment No. 7, and all were well pleased with the exercises of the day.

The new Hall of our Mishawaka brethren is a handsome room in the third story of a new building, and prepared expressly for this purpose with an arched roof, and a dome in the center, on which are painted emblems of the Order. It is 28 by 48 feet, with commodious ante-rooms. The brethren now number over 50 in that Lodge.

South Bend Lodge No. 29 is also in a very flourishing condition, and is the largest Lodge in Northern Indiana, numbering between 60 and 70 members. They are just finishing a new Hall in the third story of a new brick building, erected by Bro. Bartlett. It will be 20 by 50 (besides the ante-room) with an arched roof, the glass in the windows all stained and the emblems of the Order painted on the windows in the front. They have also sent for the carpet manufac-

tured in your city, containing all the emblems of the Order worked in it, and have raised by private subscription among the members, the necessary sum for one of Carhart's improved Melodeons, to be used in their Hall. When you take these items into the account, and then consider that we are out of debt, and have over $600 in the Lodge treasury, besides quite a handsome sum in the hands of the Committee of General Charity for relief to widows, &c., out of the Order, you can see for yourself that our Lodge is indeed in a prosperous condition.

All the Lodges in Northern Indiana are going ahead, and new ones are talked about in Plymouth and Valparaiso.

This Lodge, with hardly an exception, is for the three months law, but we of course submit, with as good grace as possible, to "the powers that be" for another year. Fraternally Yours, S.C.

BERKSHIRE—DEDICATION—RAILROADS, &C.

NORTH ADAMS, MASS. Nov. 15, 1847.

BRO. WINCHESTER: Were you ever in Berkshire? If so, I need not tell you that besides our glorious mountains, rivers and valleys—the fame of which has so gone abroad—we have here in the vales of the Hoosac and Housatonic, and 'neath the shadow of Graylock and "the mountain of the monument," some of the most beautiful villages in the old Bay State. And you will be glad to learn that within the last three years, in five of them, there have been opened Lodges where a brother sick or in distress, may find relief, and in one a Tent, where the weary Patriarch may find both food and rest. In one of the most flourishing and delightful of these villages—Great Barrington—we had a very pleasant time last Wednesday. The occasion was the Dedication of a convenient Hall, neatly and appropriately furnished, for the use of Housatonic Lodge No. 123, recently instituted "to the purposes of Odd-Fellowship, Friendship, Love and Truth." The exercises were commenced by prayer, after which an Ode written for the occasion by C. W. Bryan of Hudson, was sweetly sung; then came the Dedicatory Address by Rev. Bro. Hewes of Pittsfield, followed by the service of Dedication, closing with singing another appropriate Ode. In the evening the brethren again assembled and listened to a public Address by Bro. R. P. Skinner of Hudson.

Both of the addresses were excellent, and will I understand be published. There was a large number of the fraternity present from Bridgeport, Hudson, Albany, North Adams, Pittsfield, Lanesboro' and West Stockbridge, and the prospect for a useful and prosperous Lodge in Great Barrington is very encouraging.

Here, in our thriving and enterprising village, the most sanguine expectations of the few of us who started Oneco Lodge No. 100, have long since been fully realized, and indeed the present condition of the Order in this county promises well for the future.

Just now our business people are in an unusual state of excitement, in view of the proposed extension of the Vermont and Mass. Railroad from Greenfield, through this place to Troy, passing under the Hoosac mountain by means of a tunnel some two or three miles in length. This route is pronounced by a competent engineer, entirely feasible, and one upon which a railroad can be constructed with less grades and at less expense than the Western.

It is unnecessary to say that the "Golden Rule" is very highly prized by your subscribers here, as every where else, and that with the best wishes of your numerous friends for your entire success, you have them also of Yours Fraternally, M. B. B.

THE DIRECTORY of all the Lodges and Encampments, under the jurisdictions of the Grand Lodges of the U. S. and British North America, will be issued in the next weeks' GOLDEN RULE. It will be corrected up to the latest moment, and made as perfect as our materials will allow.

OUR PROSPECTUS, for the ensuing year, will be issued and forwarded with the next paper to all our subscribers. We trust it will prove to our friends that their generous support of the GOLDEN RULE is not unappreciated. We have some attractions to offer, which, we think, will meet a warm response on the part of our brothers.

WISCONSIN.

PRAIRIE LODGE No. 23—our correspondent informs us—was instituted at Waukeesha, on Wednesday evening the 6th of October, by D.D.G.M. DUNCAN C. REED, assisted by the officers of the G. L. Seven candidates were initiated and the prospects of the Lodge are good. The following officers were installed: James Nottingham, N.G.; J. S. Wand, V.G.; E. M. Randall, S.; Chas. B. Da'kin, P.S.; J. L. Bean, T. Meets Tuesday evenings.

THANKSGIVING.—In order to give all engaged in our establishment an opportunity of enjoying the time-honored custom of family *re-union* on the day set apart for Thanksgiving, we have anticipated the usual hour of going to press, and mail this number two days earlier than usual.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1847.

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Original Letters from Europe--No. 7.

Chester, its ancient walls and strange houses—Manchester, its prosperity and dependence—Great Machine Factory—Carlyle—London Docks—Wealth and Poverty—Westminister Abbey—Its Associations—Henry VIIth Chapel—Coronation Chair—Order of Sight Seeing—Cloisters. &c.

MY DEAR W.: While at Liverpool I improved the opportunity of visiting the old city of Chester, 18 miles distant, and reached by rail. This was truly the most singular old city I have ever seen. It is unique—the only one of the old walled towns of England where the ancient walls are standing in all their original integrity. Ascend by a flight of steps to the top of the red stone walls. They embrace a circuit of about two miles. They are of a breadth "that two armed men might pass each other without impediment." At one corner we entered a tower built upon the wall A.D 908, by Ethelfleda, wife of Ethelred, Duke of Mercia, and a daughter of Alfred the great. Over the entrance is an inscription that King Charles stood in this tower, and on 24 Sept. 1645, and saw his enemy defeated on Rowton Moor. Cromwell's force was commanded by Fairfax, and the King's by Lord Byron, great grandfather of the poet. A decayed actor keeps a telescope here, through which he permits visiters to view the surrounding country and the battle field, for a consideration.

"The ancient hallowed Dee" washes the walls of Chester. Pennant deduces its Roman origin from the form of the city, which represents the figure of their camps, with four gates, four principal streets, and lesser ones crossing these at right angles, dividing into lesser squares. The Romans left Britain in the latter part of the 5th century. Cæsar landed at Deal 55 B.C. The famous Roman 20th Legion had its rendezvous in Chester as early as A.D. 61. In the 10th century, King Edgar, after his conquest at North Wales, caused his barge to be rowed up the Dee at Chester by eight kings, himself sitting at the helm.

Descending from the walls, after having made the entire circuit of the town upon them, we enter the streets and observe a singular construction of the buildings, to be seen no where else. The shops, &c., are upon terraces, and underneath a story which projects over them Still below these is another row of shops and rooms entered directly from the street, upon the roofs of which we walked when on the terrace from which we entered the upper shops. This terrace is equivalent to our side walks, and they are thus elevated a story above the street. Walking in front of the upper row of shops, we passed around squares under shelter of a roof, and a dozen feet above the street. Capital fashion of side walks these for satin slippered ladies shopping in rainy weather. Under our feet was a row of shops, or cellars, on the roofs of which we were walking, and whose floors are on a level with the street. Of some of these old buildings the entire fronts are carved and sculptured. On one I saw a series of scriptural subjects delineated in carving across the front of the house; beginning with Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, continuing through Cain's murder of Abel, and other subjects, and finally finishing with the representation of a woman plunging a dagger into her own breast which was bared to the stroke.

I have no further space to devote to the old Roman City of Chester, but when you visit England, fail not to see it, for it is unlike all other cities.

All powerful steam carried us in an hour from Liverpool to Manchester. With its suburbs it contains 500,000 inhabitants. The atmosphere is thick wit the smoke of its manufactories. It is laid out in regular order and seemed more like an American city than any I had seen.

It is growing in size and importance. But there is great dependence on the United States for the staple which is at the bottom of its prosperity. They cannot live nor breathe without it, any more than they can without breadstuffs. There are vast numbers of large warehouses, greater than I have seen elsewhere. But a short supply of our cotton stops the mills and checks the tide of gorging and disgorging into and out of these fine storehouses of their manufactures. The raising of cotton has been tried in India and elsewhere, but found not to answer. The article produced is inferior to ours, and when raised from our seed soon degenerates.

I visited the extensive machine factory of Whitmore and Co. Here iron is planed, sawed and worked as though it was the softest wood. Here was Carlyle making a tour of the establishment. This was the ground on which to meet Carlyle, amid the "workers," those heroes, labor-begrimed, whom he proclaims as the true worship-worthy, for their actual pushing of the world forward in the true path of greatness and progress. A plain man he was, in a white hat, and looking like one who might himself be a *worker*.

We will back to London, which gives the sunlight, when it *does* shine, the smoky hue that we observe during our Indian summer; and known in the distance by its canopy of smoke that never leaves it, and where four of every five women we pass in the streets, are holding up their dresses. The pave is cleanly swept—it must be habit, or—coquetry. I do not charge against them this last, but wonder still. Your fair readers must solve the mystery.

Let us down to the Docks, and in one see stored 100,000 chests of Tea. In another warehouse we see 30,000 hhds. of Tobacco. Underneath one Dock is a wine cellar, covering an extent of 23 acres. Vast establishments, holding in store four hundred millions of dollars in merchandize at this moment!

There is wealth in London. Yes, and poverty too. We are wending our way back through the city. In kneeless pants and crownless hat, on this corner stands a battered likeness of humanity. But there is humor left in him. "Much good fortune to your honor!—poor Jake's hard up, your honor—mighty dry at the crossings." He could not raise his broom, but his words and his droll manner won the sixpence. Oh, focus of splendor and poverty, pomp and degradation! Let us seek the Cloisters of the old Abbey.

Westminster Abbey—rich in architectural beauties—rich in sculptural monuments to the great and the wise. Hours and days might be passed in roaming through its gothic archway, and contemplating the monumental records, and the long train of events tracking the course of those, who, through the long vista of past ages, have found commemoration here. It is rich in associations. Chaucer had a tenement in a garden adjoining; some of the finest scenes in Shakspeare are laid within its walls, and the first book printed in England was printed within its precincts. In its aisles and chapels the descendants of Robert Bruce sleep by the side of the first Edward; the English Queen, Elizabeth, lies in the same sepulcher with the Scottish Queen, Mary; the beheader and the beheaded in the same tomb. The gem in associations, is, perhaps, the poet's corner; in architectural beauty, the chapel of Henry 7th. Passing from the dark porchway, a flood of light bursts upon us as we enter this exquisite specimen of the florid gothic, while the groups of angels, around the numerous statues on the walls, originally 3000, the tomb of the founder and the elaborately wrought ceilings, with its hanging keystones, fill with a sense of beauty. The ceiling, with its exquisite tracery high over head, more than 50 feet, I could liken to nothing better than the richest worked thread lace, in festoons and drapery, fold below fold, hanging in perfect grace. All carved in stone.

The old coronation chair, (in which Queen Victoria, as well as her predecessors, was crowned) is a straight and high-backed oaken chair, of gothic style, and has, underneath it, the stone on which the ancient kings of Scotland were crowned. I found it a dusty and hard seat, and it tempted not my republicanism to long for royal couches. The great drawback to the pleasure derived from visiting this, as well as other public places of interest here, is the manner in which you are required to make your progress through them. As soon as a sufficient *party* have collected at the entrance or anteroom, a verger takes up his *role*, and leading the way with haste that scarce enables you to catch the meaning of his explanations describes, by briefly naming, what you see. He passes on rapidly to the next object, and you hasten after him with the party, lest you lose some portion of his explanations by being too distant to hear all he says. Other parties are behind under charge of other conductors, and the routine must be gone through with promptly.

But of the 12 chapels and the hundreds of monuments, volumes might be written. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet of former ages. In the language of Irving, the gray walls are discolored by damps, and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches; the roses which adorned the keystones have lost their leafy beauty; everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidation of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay. Yours, in F. L. and T. ORION.

PROFESSOR MASON'S DISCOURSE

BEFORE THE ALUMNI OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK.

WE have perused this discourse with great pleasure, not only for the sound views that it contains of practical good sense, but the correct arguments that are made in urging New York forward to her proper place as the Queen of Letters, as well as of commerce. We quote the following paragraph as coinciding with our views exactly in regard to the acquiring of knowledge. The scriptural illustrations are exceedingly happy:

"The spirit of the genuine scholar is a spirit of secular prophecy, and foretells those triumphs of science of which less gifted minds would never overtake. 'But the wisdom of a wise man cometh by opportunity of leisure. He shall be filled with the spirit of understanding. He will seek out the wisdom of the ancients. He will travel through strange countries. He shall pour out wise sentences. And he shall show forth that which he hath learned.'

"Let us illustrate these words of the son of Sirach, by a recent example: Professor Morse was a man of science and letters as well as an artist. To fill up the vacant hours of a sea-voyage, he gave his mind to electro-magnetism, and invented the main features of that machine which he afterwards perfected in his own room in our University. The result is known. Time and space have ceased to delay the passage of thought. The professor has the fame, but society has the substantial benefit.

"Now, is it not the interest of every man in society, that opportunity of leisure should be given to ingenious and studious men? If these men do not gain and diffuse knowledge, then society will not be advanced. For, says the same son of Sirach, 'How can he get wisdom, who holdeth the plow and glorieth in the goad? He giveth his mind to make furrows and to give the kine fodder. So every carpenter and workmaster that laboreth night and day. The smith also sitting by the anvil, the noise of the hammer is ever in his ears, and his eyes look still upon the pattern of the thing that he maketh. So doth the potter, sitting at his work, and turning the wheel about with his feet, and is always carefully set at his work. All these trust in their hands, and every one is wise in his own work. Without these cannot a city be inhabited, but they will maintain the state of the world, and all their desire is in the work of their craft.'"

And the closing quotation carries out the admirable idea of utilitarianism that is seldom met with in the scholars of the 19th century. —Professor Mason is an able and talented man, and well fitted by his finished acquirements for his position. This address of his cannot be circulated too widely.

"I shall be told, *that New York is a mere seat of commerce, a city of adventurers, where men come to gain wealth which they will spend elsewhere, a seat of mammon, and not of science.*

"This language is not new to our ears: we are aware of its force: and our experience suggests the answer we are to give, which is this: This objection began to lose its force as soon as it was made, and ultimately it will be forgotten.

"At the opening of the Erie canal, our city received a vast influx of population, made up of the aspiring, the hopeful, the diligent seekers of fortune, from all parts of the world: and the rapid accumulations and changes of wealth which followed, gave ground for the objection referred to. The men who came here had fathers and cherished homes in other lands; they came as adventurers, intending to return—si fata sinant, but nature and their destinies had not so determined. For here they prospered beyond their sanguine hopes, and prosperity binds a man to his place. Here they formed characters, and character fixes its locality. Here they contracted new friendships, and, perchance, forgot their absent loves. Here they married wives, and brought up children. Here they built goodly houses, and dwelt in them. And here they built altars, and called on the name of the Lord.

"Meanwhile, they cherished the paternal home, improved the estate, built the church and the school-house, and fondly hoped. with all their labors past, 'there to return, and die at home at last.'

"But at length their children began to form plans and alliances here. Their children, and the mothers of their children had known no home but this. And the fathers themselves at last reluctantly confessed, that the illusion of youth was dissolved, and they conclude to finish their days in New York, and provide their last resting-place at Greenwood.

"And now, shall I tell it? Such are the men who have founded and supported the University.

"Others of the same class doubted the wisdom of our attempt. I now remember two such among my personal friends. One of them I married to a New Yorker. Both of them had sons born after the University was projected. I baptized those sons. And to-morrow they will take their degrees on this stage. These sons are New Yorkers. Here are their fortunes; here the homes of their childhood; here the associations of their youth; and here the altars and graves of their fathers. 'Deus nobis hæc otia fecit,' is the sentiment of their hearts.

"Our city has indeed the seeming of that which the objection affirms. Here is a vast movement of the mere accumulation and dis-

sipation of wealth, and here are the vices and follies of those who live only to collect and to disperse. But here also is something more: the growth of a community made up of such families as I have described—the prosperous, the educated, the prudent, the public spirited, the growingly powerful members of society, who are giving their daughters to men of worth who flow in from abroad. These are the owners of the soil. They consult the auspices, they project the enterprises, and they cherish the institutions of the city. They must increase, while the thoughtless and extravagant decrease.

"It is of the nature of educated and virtuous minds to predominate, and to gather invincible strength as it descends in families. One generation passes rapidly away, and another comes in its place with deeper local interests and stronger local ties: and the homogeneous part of society will wax stronger and stronger. And your sons, and your sons' sons shall be strong men in their day: as the sons of the alumni of old Harvard, and Yale, and Dartmouth, are now the giants of New England. The institutions which we form in our weakness, they will magnify in their strength: what we build with anxious and disheartening labor, they will expand and establish in the pride of their ancestry, and the consciousness of fame.

"These are not fancies, but the sober deductions of reason from the nature of the case, and they accord with the experience of other men in like circumstances. For we walk in the radiance of older institutions, established in older communities. The lights which break forth in the East, and expand over the horizon of our country, shed a cheering luster on our path. We trace the origin of those great endowments which are now poured out upon the colleges of New England. The Lawrences, the Parkers, the Appletons, are now fulfilling the vows of their ancestors, and redeeming the pledge of earlier times: while they are also connecting their perishable names with institutions which cannot perish. In conferring these endowments, they receive an honor which no other appropriation of their wealth could secure, while they enjoy the highest satisfaction of virtuous minds—the consciousness of doing a perpetual good to mankind."

Stratagems of War.—As a couple of Nimrods were recently pursuing a hare over hill and dale, not far from Lyons, in the flattering hope of catching it, and making a comfortable supper upon it, they spied a guard making straight toward them. Now, it happened that one of them had a permit, and the other had none; thus, as the guard was gaining upon them rapidly, affairs were becoming critical. The huntsman who had the permit, therefore, said to his companion, "Stay here, don't move a step."

"How now," cries the other, "not move a step! don't you know that I have no permit?"

"That is the very reason why I say so," returned the other; "remain quite still, I will run off. You will know what I am about."

And off he ran as fast as his feet could carry him. Whereupon the guard, supposing that he who ran off must be the one who had no permit, started after him in pursuit; the runner, having a pretty good wind, led the guard a handsome chase, and never paused until he had put a considerable distance between his friend and his pursuer.

"Your permit?" demanded the guard, holding him closely.

"Here it is," replied the runner.

"Why, then, did you run away!"

"Well, you see I just wanted to stretch my legs a little!"

While this colloquy was pending, it will easily be imagined that the huntsman who had no permit found time to give *his* legs also a little stretching.

Near the town of Vaugiers, a bailiff had to seize a very slippery creditor. One morning he espied the latter in his shop. But unluckily, in order to arrest a man in his house, the presence of a justice of the peace is necessary. And who would vouch that when he should have brought thither the justice of the peace, the debtor would not have disappeared? What was to be done under these circumstances? He seized a pot of magnificent carnations which stood in the window, and made off with them. The slippery debtor's prudence was vanquished by his love for his property, and thinking only of getting back his pot of carnations, he ran after the ravisher and soon overtook him; but, at the moment when he thought himself on the point of recovering his treasure, he was seized by a couple of police-men, and committed to prison.

Chinese Etiquette.—The Emperor has recently issued a decree which proves how much importance is attached to matters of etiquette in this singular country, even at a moment when the presence of the English in his dominions must necessarily cause him very serious uneasiness. It appears that the Emperor possesses a magnificent country-seat in the neighborhood of Pekin, in which he revels at pleasure in all the delights of Oriental life. A private road, for his imperial use alone, over which, on golden rails, his carriage is drawn rapidly by two white horses, has been constructed from the city to this enchanted palace; and whosoever should dare to set his feet on this venerated pathway, is threatened with the severest penalties. As a matter of especial favor, the Emperor, by the edict alluded to above, has now authorized the princes of his family and his ministers, when they approach his person, to take this sacred road; but they must walk backwards the whole distance barefoot, and with the head uncovered. These "queer customers" would, doubtless, be greatly scandalized, if they could see our *White House*, and how we enter it!

Ingenious Theft.—It appears that immense quantities of coal are exposed for sale on certain quays in Paris, and that housekeepers are in the habit of resorting to them to purchase coals, which are sold by the sack-full, these sacks being of different sizes. The buyer, having made choice of the coals which suits them, hires some one of the numerous porters there on duty to fill a sack of specified size, and bring the coals to her dwelling.

It has lately been discovered that a systematic robbery is carried on by these porters, who are in the habit of carrying the coal, thus entrusted to them, to places where they have accomplices, and where they empty the sack, and put the coal in a similar but smaller sack, which they then carry to the buyer, who, not suspecting the cheat, is thus defrauded of a portion of her purchase. This trick having come to the knowledge of the heads of the police department, several of these dishonest porters have been tried, and measures have been taken to compel them to relinquish the practice of this ingenious fraud.

It is indeed a pity that so much ingenuity should be turned to such unworthy purposes, by the Parisian coal-heavers, *and so many others*.

Poverty, Beauty, and the *Quantum Suf.* are three terms which might as well be left out of all dictionaries, as no two persons could be found to agree in their definition.

A Model Letter.—People complain, and with good reason, of the difficulty of writing a letter. Yet nothing could be easier than to state what one wants after the fashion of the following:

"I have received yours; send me some money. Durand."

Cooking Stoves.—It is always with genuine satisfaction that we are able to speak of the excellence of the "Wager Air Tight Cooking Stove," sold by Bro. E. W. M. Savage, 248 Water-street. We have used one of them for a year or two past, and can recommend this stove as the best in the market, both for economy of fuel and simplicity of arrangement. No brick oven bakes better than this stove, and we are glad to know that it is coming into extensive use. Ladies would do well to see it before purchasing any other.

Facts and Scraps.

The Interior of Shakspeare's House.—All around is dark and heavy. The square shop—if it may be called a shop—is rudely flagged with broad stones, round which, in the winter time, the water oozes up. The white-washed walls stand about dimly under the shadow-screen which slopes downward to the street. A massive chimney, with its bold ingle, comes out into the floor; and an open door at the back, reached by a single stone step, leads at once into the kitchen. This is warmer, smaller, and still more shut up in ancient characteristics. The vast fire-place on one side, and the oak-stairs on the other, winding up through the wall into the room where Shakspeare was born, are unmistakeable evidences of the rude and enduring architecture of a remote age.—[Atlas.

Military Force of the Papal States.—The effective strength of the Papal force on foot at this moment does not exceed 13,233 officers and men, 1361 horses, and 48 pieces of artillery. But to these may be added the "National Guards," which cannot be fewer than 150,000 at the lowest estimate; and three divisions of "Auxiliary Troops of the Reserve," whose head-quarters are at Rome, Ancona, and Bologna, which consists of thirty battalions of various strength, and muster 13,000 men. There is also a numerous and well-drilled corps of custom-house servants, who would be found useful in a war of partisans. But the great difficulty under which the government labors is the want of equipments and munitions of war of all descriptions.—[United Service Magazine.

Extraordinary Tree.—During a late heavy storm, a portion of the famed lime tree at Neastadt, in Wurtemberg, was blown down by the wind which prevailed. This tree, which was planted more than five hundred years ago, is thirty-six feet in circumference at the base, and the twelve main branches of this gigantic trunk were as thick as oak trees, being more than six feet in circumference. These twelve branches, thickly covered with foliage, formed a circumference of 450 feet, and rested upon 115 props, which, since the year 1554, were for the most part set up by noblemen, bishops, and other persons of distinction. The trunk of this once majestic tree is now standing a mournful wreck of its ancient beauty.

A M. Ledet, a Frenchman, ascended in a balloon on the 15th ult. in St. Peterburgh, and has not since been heard of. The balloon has been found on the Lake Ladoga.

TIME.

There is a silent river,
The rolling river Time,
In summer's rosy blushes
In hoary winter's rime,
It floweth, floweth, floweth,
In whatsoever clime.

And well trim'd barks are sailing,
Upon its silent tide,
With golden riches laden,
The little vessels glide;
And Faith, and Love, and Action,
And Hope, are side by side.

And oh, a host of others
Compose th: little fleet,
Now soon the waves are heaving,
Now wild the waters beat;
Gray mists steal o'er the waters,
The mournful mists of fate.

The polar star grows dimmer,
The scattered vessels driven,
All wide, in disappointment,
Unto the waves are given,
And Faith alone remaineth
To bear the soul to Heaven.

(Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

A Lost Note.—In 1740, a Bank Director lost a £30,000 bank note, which he was pursuaded had fallen from the chimney-piece of his room into the fire. The Bank Directors gave the loser a second bill, upon his agreement to restore the first bill, should it ever be found, or pay the money if presented by any stranger. "About thirty years afterward," says Mr. Francis, "the director having been long dead, and his heirs in possession of his fortune, an unknown person presented the lost bill at the bank, and demanded payment. It was in vain that they mentioned to this person the transaction by which that bill was annulled; he would not listen to it; he maintained that it had come to him from abroad, and insisted upon immediate payment. The note was payable to bearer, and the £30,000 were paid him. The heirs of the director would not listen to any demands of restitution; and the bank was obliged to sustain the loss. It was discovered afterward that an architect having purchased the director's house, had taken it down, in order to build another upon the same spot, had found the note in the crevice of the chimney, and made his discovery an engine for robbing the bank.

(History of the Bank of England.

Typographical.—"My *," said a printer to his sweetheart, "permit me 2 em ~~ you;" when the termagant immediately made a ——— at him, and planted her ☞ between his i's, which put his head in *pi*. "This conduct," said the galled typo, looking †† at her, "is without a ‖."

Punctuation.—The following example of mal-punctuation strongly illustrates the necessity of putting stops in their proper places: Cæsar entering on his head, his helmet on his feet, armed sandals on his brow, there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare saying nothing, he sat down.

"Fanny, don't you think that Mr. Bold is a handsome man?" "Oh, no! I can't endure him! He is homely enough." "Well, he's fortunate, at all events; for an old aunt has just died and left him £10,000." "Indeed! is it true? Now I come to reollect, there is a certain noble air about him, and he has a fine eye—that can't be denied."

Cure for Cancer.—A jeweler, who had a bad cancerous pimple on his cheek, having occasion to dissolve some gold in nitromuriatic acid, rubbed it several times, unconsciously, with his impregnated fingers, and was surprised to find it speedily change its appearance, and shortly disappear. M. Recamier, suspecting the cause, made several uniformly successful experiments of the same mixture; and thus accident discovered a new caustic for cancerous affections. The proportions he adopts are one ounce of the acid to six grains of chloruret of gold.

"After all," said Mrs. Partington, "I begin to think those persons are right who say that our government expenses might be retrenched. Just in the matter of powder and shot, for instance, what a shameful waste! Why, it was only last week that I heard a military man say that out of every hundred shot fired, only one took effect. Now, what can be the use of firing the other *ninety-nine?*"

On the Duke of York's "Moses" winning a match at Ascot, his royal highness was observed to look very thoughtful. A spectator asked his companion what the royal sportsman could be pondering on. "Why, you know," replied he, "that the duke is a bishop, and he is doubtless thinking of Moses and the *profits!*"

Bachelors.—Dr. Johnson gives the philosophy of marriage in a few words:—"A married man," says he, "has many cares; but a bachelor has no pleasures. Cutting himself off from life's purest and most exquisite enjoyments for fear of some trifling annoyance, he emulates the sagacity of the wiseacre, who amputates his leg to secure himself from corns."

A skilful musician who had acquired a large fortune by marriage, was asked to sing in company. "Allow me," said he, "to imitate the nightingale, which does not sing after it has made its nest."

A Just Rebuke.—A hypocritical fellow in Athens inscribed over his door, "Let nothing evil enter here." Diogenes wrote under, "By what door does the owner come in?"

It has been stated that 107 parts of wheat, 111 of rye, 117 of oats, 130 of barley, 148 of Indian corn, 177 of rice, 865 of potatoes, 1335 of turnips, are equal in nutritive power.

Louis Philippe completed his 74th year on the 5th ult.

Notices of New Publications.

A NARRATIVE OF AN EXPLORATORY Visit to each of the Consular Cities of China, and to the Islands of Hong-Kong and Chusan. By Rev. Geo. Smith, M. A. New York: Harper and Brothers, 82 Cliff-st. Part 1.

The narrative here presented to the public, embraces the results of a visit to the consular cities of China during the years 1844–45 and 46. Although undertaken in behalf of the Church Missionary Society, the work is by no means a narrative of missionary proceedings. Statistical facts are presented, general observations recorded, and information supplied for rightly estimating the Moral, Social and Political condition of this peculiar nation. It is the most interesting and important work on China yet presented to the public. The numerous engravings, views of places, scenes, and a correct Map of China, add greatly to the value of the work, which is published in the best style of the Harpers.

THOMPSON'S SEASONS. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This is the gem of the season. Got up in the most faultless style of typography, it is illustrated by seventy-seven exceedingly fine engravings, from exquisite designs by the most distinguished artists of England—the renowned Etching Club—Messrs. Bell, Cope, Creswick, Horsley, Knight, Redgrave, Stone, Stonehouse, Tayler, Townsend and Webster. These gentlemen have combined their skill in the production of this most exquisitely illustrated volume. The Poem itself is one of the gems of the language, and well worthy of all the refined embellishments of Art. Can any one imagine a more appropriate gift-book, or one possessing more sterling value?

Says the London Athenæum: "The splendid designs are in accordance with the spirit of the author: most of them exceedingly beautiful; the book is exceedingly well edited, and therefore entitled to a place on the library shelf as well as on the drawing-room table."

S. C. Hall says: "Place the 'Seasons' in any light, and the Poem appears faultless: the episodes are delicious: the descriptions so accurate as to bear the closest test, the versification richly harmonious, yet always in perfect keeping with the subject; and, above all, the sentiments are so pure, the lessons in virtue so attractive, the religion so natural, graceful and winning, so opposed to bigotry and superstition, that the reader cannot fail to become better and wiser by the perusal of that which produces sensations of the most supreme pleasure."

CHAMBERS' MISCELLANY. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

We have received the 6th number of this interesting and popular work, and are gratified to learn that its pleasant and instructive Miscellany is appreciated; that it not only daily gains favor with our Boston readers, but that it is taking the place of that pernicious "yellow covered literature," which has for so long a time exerted a baleful influence, particularly upon the younger class of readers. The story of the "Gold-maker's Village," will be read with interest by both young and old.

☞ "No. 32 of Pictorial History of England," from the Harpers is out, and fully maintains the high character of the work. It is one of the most finished and truly historical works of the age.

Special Notices.

☞ Bro. John B. Morgan, our Agent, is requested to return to this city immediately.

☞ Mr. W. C. Clarke, of Hamilton, C. W. will please report his collections on behalf of the Golden Rule without delay. We hope there is nothing wrong in his accounts, which has occasioned so long a delay on his part.

☞ Bro. Thos. S. Crafts is requested to forward us his present address, as we wish to write him on particular business. His last advices were from Rushville, Ill. dated 5th of June. Any brother acquainted with his residence will oblige us by giving information at this office.

☞ Local Agents will confer a special favor upon us by reporting upon any business in their hands, at the earliest moment. Those having unsold copies of the "Certificate," will please return them by the first opportunity, by Express, or otherwise.

MICHIGAN.—Robert B. Morse, Esq. is our General Agent for the State of Michigan. A relative of the Publisher, though we believe not yet an Odd-Fellow, we hope the brethren will give him a cordial reception.

WISCONSIN.—Mr. Robert B. Morse, our General Agent for Michigan and Wisconsin, will visit the Territory in a short time.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

With the 1st of January next we begin a New Volume of the Golden Rule. We have some splendid attractions and novelties to offer to subscribers for 1848, which will be announced in detail, in our new Prospectus, in about two weeks. In that announcement we hope to show that we are prepared to offer inducements, equal, if not superior to any other periodical in the Union; and which we cannot doubt will give entire satisfaction, and reward us with a corresponding increase to our list of subscribers.

But to accomplish our designs, we are compelled to require ADVANCE PAYMENTS, for the coming year, as well as the liquidation of all arrearages now due for the present. We wish every brother who receives the Golden Rule, to take the matter home to himself—to make it A POINT OF HONOR, AS BROTHER WITH BROTHER—to remit his subscription promptly *in advance*, and thus save us from heavy expenses, and much loss, in the effort to collect small sums at remote points. There are *too many* now on our books that do not consider the inconvenience they put us to, to say nothing of the injustice, by neglect to comply with our reasonable conditions. May we not hope that *every brother* will promptly respond, and at once forward what is due us? It will return to them, many fold, in the increased interest and value which we shall be enabled to give to our columns.

Local I. O. O. F. Directory.

CITY OF NEW-YORK.

THE GRAND LODGE meets at National Hall, Canal street, annually, on the third Monday of August. John G. Treadwell, G. S.: office 68 Barclay street.

THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT meets at National Hall, semi-annually, on the Mondays preceding the first Wednesdays of February and August. John J. Davies, G. Scribe. Office 75 Cortland street.

Sub. Lodges.
National Hall, Canal st.
14 Teutonia.....Mo
151 City.....do
11 Getty's.....Tu
12 Washington.....do
10 New York.....Wed
17 Perseverance.....do
33 Metropolitan....Thr
68 Oriental.....do
87 Fidelity.....Thr
13 Germania.....Fri
1 N. York Degree..Fri
No. 38 Canal-street.
23 Mariner's.....Mo
43 La Concorde.....Tu
137 Cohotatea.....We
49 Hancock.....Th
295 Hospitaller.....Fri
Clinton Hall.
30 National.....Mo
67 Commercial.....Tu
150 Merchants'.....Wed
235 Templar.....Thu
126 Excelsior.....Fri
278 Orion.....Sat
No. 411 Broadway.
107 Hinman.....Mo
177 Eureka.....Tu
31 Olive Branch...Wed
315 Crystal.....Thu
233 Sincerite.....Fri
No. 71 Division street.
64 Empire.....Mo
57 Mutual.....do
47 Mercantile.....Tu
52 United Brothers...do
60 Howard.....Wed
117 Continental.....do
22 Knickerbocker..Thr
34 Marion.....do
73 Mount Vernon....Fri
6 Clinton Degree...Sat
No. 132 Bowery.
178 Oregon.....Mo
165 Hermitage.....Tu
158 Independence...Wed
1 Columbia.....Thr
228 Beacon.....Fri
No. 187 Bowery.
140 Diamond.....Mo
82 German Oak.....Tu
78 Croton.....Wed
36 Covenant.....Thr

Military Hall, Bowery.
4 Strangers' Ref..Mon
331 Island City.....Tue
15 Fountain City...Wed
183 Alleghania.....Thr
Washington Hall, Bow.
243 Pilgrim.....Mon
314 Tradesmen's....Tue
337 Globe.....Wed
321 Ocean.....Thr
No. 327 Bowery.
46 Jefferson.....Tu
237 Acorn.....Wed
Forsyth cor. Broome.
129 Schiller.....Tu
253 Warren.....Thu
5 United Bro. deg. 1 3 We
Av. C. cor. Third-st.
113 Mechanics'.....Mo
234 Eckford.....Wed
2 Manhattan Deg...Th
Clinton-st. cor. Grand.
20 Manhattan.....Mo
36 Enterprise.....Tu
28 Ark.....Wed
44 Harmony.....Thr
Hudson-st. cor. Grove.
40 Greenwich.....Mo
9 Tompkins.....Tu
42 Meridian.....Wed
58 Grove.....Thr
4 Hudson Degree...Sat
29th-st. cor. 8th Av.
182 Blooming Grove.Thr
326 Fitzray.....
No. 71 West 17th-st.
84 Chelsea.....Wed
210 Siloam.....Tue

Encampments.
National Hall, Canal-st.
12 Mt Horeb, Ger 2 4 Th
3 Mount Sinai..1 3 Fri
2 Mt. Hebron...2 4 Fri
No. 411 Broadway.
9 Palestine.....2 4 Sat
41 Samaria.....1 3 Sat
No. 71 Division-street.
35 Egyptian.....1 3 Fri
18 Damascus....2 4 Sat
19 Lebanon.....1 3 Sat
Hudson-st. cor. Grove.
28 Jerusalem.....Fri

Avenue C, cor. 3d-st.
10 Mount Olivet.2 4 Fri
Military Hall, Bowery.
45 Manitou.....2 4 Fri
Clinton-st. cor. Grand.
6 Mosaic.....1 3 Fri
Forsyth, cor. Broome.
37 Mamre.....2 4 Fri
No. 71 West 17th-st.
31 Mount Zion..1 3 Fri

BROOKLYN.
Sub. Lodges.
Fulton cor. Cranberry.
50 Atlantic.....Mo
26 Brooklyn.....Tu
66 Fulton.....Wed
39 Nassau.....Thr
Degree Lodge.
13 Franklin 1 3 Fr 2 4 Sa
Montague cor. Court-st.
190 Stirling.....Mo
153 Montague.....Tu
133 Steuben.....Wed
Henry-st. cor. Atlantic.
94 Eagle.....Mo
166 Magnolia.....Tu
Myrtle Av. cr. Stanton.
288 Grenada.....Mon
306 Cornucopia.....Wed
— Myrtle Avenue.
63 Long Island.....Tu
194 Myrtle.....Thr

Encampments.
Fulton-st. cor. Cranberry.
7 Salem.....2 4 Fri
Montague, cor. Court-st.
25 Mizpeh.....1 3 Fri
Henry-st. cor. Atlantic.
32 Bethlehem....2 4 Fri

WILLIAMSBURG.
Lodges.
61 Crusaders.....Thu
45 Kings County..Wed
Degree Lodge.
14 Washington...1 3 Tu

STATEN ISLAND.
Castleton House Castle'n
88 Richmond Co....Wed
O. F. Hall, Stapleton.
152 Neptune.....Thr
51 Tompkins En. 1 3 Fri

PALMO'S OPERA HOUSE.—ONE WEEK LONGER,

THE GREEK SLAVE, every night this week by Dr. COLYER'S MODEL ARTISTS, to which will be added—Venus rising from the Sea, Sappho, The Lute Player, with many new and choice Tableaux. For particulars see descriptive Programme each evening. Change of Programme every evening.

Prices of admission: Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cts.; lady and gentleman, 75 cts.; upper boxes, 25 cts. Seats may be secured at the box office from 10 A. M. till 4 P. M.

Doors open at 6½—Personifications commence at 7½ o'clock. n20

ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA.

THE undersigned respectfully announces that he is prepared to receive orders for Lodge and Encampment REGALIA of every description and most approved style, at the lowest prices. Brothers ordering Regalia, may depend upon entire satisfaction being given. A share of the patronage of the Fraternity is respectfully solicited. Address, post-paid,

nov13:tf C. G. GRAHAM, 30 Ann-st. New York.

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY—DR. LAENNEC'S COUGH PILLS. ANOTHER VICTIM RESCUED FROM AN UNTIMELY GRAVE. The wife of one of our most esteemed Physicians had been laboring for many months under a severe affection of the Lungs, attended with a harrassing cough, bloody expectoration and all the symptoms attendant on confirmed Consumption. Her husband being baffled in all his efforts to arrest the disease, called in two of his professional brethren in consultation. They could not give her much encouragement. However, their prescriptions for a few days seemed to afford a little relief. But she had a relapse. Her Cough became deeper and deeper. Her emaciation increased, her night-sweats became more profuse, the hectic flush upon her cheek was confirmed, the expectoration suddenly increased, and the vital powers were rapidly giving way. She felt that the cruel hand of death was fast hurrying her beyond the hopes and fears of this world. Seeing an editorial notice in the Golden Rule highly commendatory of Laennec's Cough Pills, she requested her husband to procure a box for her, thinking that they might possibly in some degree alleviate her sufferings. He, however, having the fear of the *New York* Academy of Medicine before his eyes, at first refused, but at length the better feelings of his heart prevailed. He procured a box, had them pulverized at a neighboring Apothecary's and administered to her in the form of powders, in order to test their merits, independent of any influence of the mind. Before one box had been used, she was evidently better. He purchased in all, four boxes, continued administering them in the same manner, until three and a half boxes had been used, and she was completely restored to health, and may be seen by any one calling at her residence, (which will be given on application at the Golden Rule Office,) a living monument of the wonderful power of Dr. LAENNECS COUGH PILLS.

Price 50 cents a box. For sale wholesale and retail, by J. Winchester, Office of the Golden Rule, 30 Ann-st. nov13:tf

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TO LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

CONSTITUTIONS, By-Laws, Blanks, etc., for Lodges and Encampments, printed at short notice, at this Office. Also every description of blanks furnished to order.

$1,25 ONLY FOR THE PREMIUM GOLD PEN,

WITH Silver Pen and Pencil Case. J. W. GREATON & Co. Manufacturers and dealers in Gold Pens and Gold and Silver Pen and Pencil Cases, 71 Cedar-st. N. Y. or 45 Chestnut-st. Philadelphia, are new selling those superior premium Gold Pens for $1,25. Their assortment is more complete than can be found any where else, consisting of Brown's, Hayden's Spencer's, Bagley's, Congress, American Henry, Prince Albert, and many styles, which they are selling wholesale and retail, at prices much below the lowest prices of any other house in the trade. Gold Pens carefully repaired or repointed. o30:tf

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A. R. CAMPBELL'S TEMPERANCE REFRESHMENT ROOMS, NOS. 7 and 8 Wilson's Lane, BOSTON. Meals served up at all hours of the day—Sundays excepted. Ladies can visit these Rooms, in company with Gentlemen, with perfect propriety, as such is the custom of the place. ap10:tf

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NOTICE.—TO PRINCIPALS OF SEMINARIES, OR PRIVATE FAMILIES.—A young lady who is highly competent to take charge of a class in either or all of the following branches of Ornamental Education—French, Music—(Piano, Harp, and Vocal,) Drawing, Painting and Embroidering,—is desirous of changing her present location.

Principals or heads of families wishing to secure the services of a teacher in the above branches, can by addressing a line to C. G. GRAHAM, office of "Golden Rule," New York City, receive full particulars. n20:2t

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STEREOTYPING.—JOHN McNICOL, Stereotyper and Printer, No. 11 Spruce street, New York, 4th story.

FINE NEW TEAS.—IMPORTANT TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS can purchase TEAS at the Warehouses of the PEKIN TEA COMPANY, 75 and 77 Fulton-st. N. Y. by the single half chest, at the same prices that wholesale grocers in this city pay who buy 50 and 100 chests at a time.

This is giving to country dealers an advantage never before within their reach. The wholesale grocers here are very violent in their expressions, touching the Pekin Tea Company for pursuing such a course; but our motto is, and ever shall be, "The greatest possible good to the greatest possible number." The Teas which the Pekin Tea Company are now selling at 38 cents per lb. by the half chest, is daily sold by the wholesale grocers at 45 cents.

One great advantage country merchants have, buying Tea of this Company, is that that they can always be sure of getting a good article, and that when the Teas bought of them do not give entire satisfaction, they may be returned, and the price paid far them will be promptly returned in money.

TEA.—The Pekin Tea Company, No. 75 and 77 Fulton-st. unquestionably sell the best Teas imported into this market. That they sell them cheaper than any other establishment, is a fact proven in a thousand instances since they have opened their store. We would advise our friends to call at this place, and if they don't wish to buy, at least to obtain a little pamphlet, kept on their counter, entitled "Hints to Tea Drinkers," and therefrom learn a little useful information on the subject. The pamphlet is given *gratis*.—[Jour. of Com.

THE PEKIN TEA COMPANY.—We very cheerfully call the attention of all lovers of pure and fragrant *Teas*, both in town and country, to the great Tea Warehouse of this Company. Our long acquaintance with the Proprietors enable us to bespeak for them the entire confidence of the public. We *know* that their Teas, both in quality and price, are all that is stated of them. Many a lover of the fragrant herb has been compelled to eschew the drinking of Tea in consequence of its injurious effects, until at length he has become hopeless of finding, among any of the imported varieties of Tea in our market, a kind which had not such an effect. In this, however, such persons will be agreeably disappointed. The Pekin Tea Company have commenced the importation of choice varieties of Garden Teas, of most delicious flavor, cultivated and picked with great care, which have heretofore never been introduced into this country, except as presents to importers. Among these they have an *Oolong*, mild as a zephyr, and fragrant as a rose, which we specially recommend to all nervous persons. Its *effect* upon many of those who have tried it, has been to make them confirmed tea-drinkers. Ladies who have used it, say they never before drunk such tea. But all tastes can here be suited, with the great advantage over others of getting a pure article at wholesale price, however small the quantity. The Company's Warehouse is at 75 and 77 Fulton-st.—[Golden Rule.

We have tried the Teas imported by the Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton-st. N. Y. and if we live will try them often. They are selling the most delicious teas we ever drank, and retail them at wholesale prices.—[Eve. Post.

You may be sure of obtaining at all times pure and highly flavored teas, by the single pound, at wholesale prices, of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton st. They have probably the largest stock, and greatest variety of fine green and black teas, of any establishment in the United States. They are doing a large business, and a great benefit to consumers of tea.—[Atlas.

Heretofore it has been very difficult, indeed impossible, to always obtain good green and black teas. But now you have only to visit the ware-rooms of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton street, to obtain as delicious and fragrant teas as you could wish for.—[Daily Sun.

A WORD TO TEA DRINKERS.—The Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton street, have imported into this market some five hundred thousand dollars worth of the finest grades of Green and Black Teas, grown in the Celestial Empire, done up in all the various fancy packages that Chinese ingenuity can invent. It is a privilege to buy teas at this great Establishment, and a luxury and a comfort to drink them. They sell good teas only, and retail them at wholesale prices. Country merchants who wish to always sell good teas can *always* obtain them at this place, on reasonable terms.—New York Courier & Enquirer.

The Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton street, are performing a great and good work, and will, in a few years, beyond all doubt, drive all the poor teas which have deluged this country, and defrauded consumers of the article, out of the market They import none but pure fragrant teas, and retail them by the single pound at wholesale prices. Families are always sure of obtaining good teas at this great tea warehouse, in quantities to suit their convenience, and at the same price that the merchant pays who buys to sell again.—Daily True Sun. au14 tf.

ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER. NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON. TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

VOL. VII....No. 23. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1847. WHOLE No. 179.

Original Translations.

BATTALION.

BY EUGENE SUE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE GOLDEN RULE.

CAPTAIN DAVID was an old soldier of the Empire, riddled with wounds, and living as well as he could in his modest retreat. He occupied the ground-floor of a house on the Charenton turn-pike, and had for his housekeeper an old woman named Madame Tolibois.

Captain David had been in twenty battles; his cool bravery was renowned among his brethren in arms, and attested by the most brilliant services; but the veteran trembled like a child before the bitter and despotic Madame Tolibois, who, however, was much attached to him in her own way.

She would have passed twenty nights in watching the captain; she never wronged him of a penny, though superintendent of his finances; she was incapable of purloining the smallest particle from the captain's modest larder, still less would she have been capable of sipping even a mouthful from the half-bottle of wine which she set by his side every day at dinner, filling up the deficit, as so many in her place would have done, with water from the spring.

But alas! the housekeeper made the veteran pay dear for these rare and substantial good qualities, by showing herself to be of a detestable disposition, terribly despotic, and furiously jealous of any little likings, or amusements in which the old soldier might venture occasionally to indulge.

Of this savage jealousy on the part of Madame Tolibois we are about to relate a terrible example.

One day, while taking his accustomed walk in the Plaine de Charenton, the captain had been obstinately followed by a griffin of a dog, ungainly, bristly, dirty, with a supplicating air, and intelligent eyes, and who had been deprived of one of his fore-paws. This poor *invalide* of the canine race interested the veteran, who esteemed it quite a little piece of good luck that he should in future have a companion in his daily excursions; and in memory of his ancient profession, he, on the spot, baptized the griffin with the name of *Battalion*.

It would be difficult to paint the anguish of the worthy man when he returned to his dwelling, asking himself what sort of a welcome Madame Tolibois would bestow on the new inmate, so interesting on account of its friendless situation, and doubly so from its having been *amputated*, as thought the veteran to himself.

The *financial question* could not be seriously raised, the griffin being of a very small race; and although the most rigorous economy was imposed upon the veteran by the smallness of his pension, this new mouth could not reasonably be counted as an increase of expenditure; but in order that the admission of Battalion should be granted *unanimously*, he felt that it would be necessary to settle certain questions of convenience, of opportunity, and perhaps even of rivalry, for the umbrageous Madame Tolibois would perhaps be alarmed lest this new inmate might usurp too large a share of his master's affections.

At length the old soldier, on his return from his walk, arriving at his door, rang the bell in a very resolute style, after having fortified himself by another glance at Battalion, who, wagging his tail, and standing motionless on his three legs, fixed on his new master his gentle and timid eyes, in which a singular anxiety was apparent.

"Poor beast!" thought the simple hearted Captain David, "he is as uneasy as myself about the sort of welcome *we* are going to receive."

The door was opened.

At the first embarrassed words stammered out by the veteran upon the subject of his meeting with the little limping animal, and the desire which he timidly manifested to bestow an asylum on the *invalide*, Madame Tolibois coldly replied:

"You are the master; you can harbor whatever you choose; if it pleases you, you can bring in all the vagabonds, all the thieves you meet. I hope it will amuse you."

The apparent calmness of the housekeeper astonished and alarmed the captain so much the more, that several times during the evening he espied the sullen glance of Madame Tolibois, directed obliquely toward Battalion, although the latter did his utmost to show himself humble, and to be as little in the way as possible.

When night came on, the veteran wished that the griffin should sleep on the floor in one corner of his chamber.

"Ah! it seems that you have really a tenderness for him? this is becoming quite a passion," exclaimed Madame Tolibois with a burst of laughter so cruelly sardonic, that the old soldier, fearing to exasperate the terrible woman, hastened to say:

"That, after all, the dog must not get into the habit of being too much petted, and that he could sleep in the garden."

This concession appeared to calm, in some measure, the griffin's dangerous enemy.

"Go to bed, Battalion, off with thee!" cried the captain in his roughest voice.

The dog hastened to obey, and left the room, his tail hung down, not without having stolen a mournful glance at his new master.

Madame Tolibois opened a door which looked out on the little garden belonging to the ground floor occupied by her master, and, with a violent kick, sent the griffin into the middle of the grass-plat.

At this inhospitable proceeding, Battalion uttered not a complaint, not a cry; but, guided by his instinct, he hobbled off, and laid himself down on the ground under the veteran's chamber-window.

A week passed.

Every day increased the captain's attachment to Battalion, who was really gifted with the utmost intelligence, and displayed many fine qualities.

When they walked out, Battalion would run backward and forward, but without quitting his master more than a step or two. Notwithstanding his small size, the griffin manifested an insane temerity whenever any other dog, were he thrice as big as himself, ventured even to look at his master; Battalion would throw himself with a bound on the impertinent stranger, and almost always forced him to retreat.

This bravery convinced the veteran that Battalion had lost his fourth paw in battle, and the dog became dearer to him than ever.

In the house, the griffin grew more and more charming. Did the captain drop his pocket handkerchief, Battalion picked it up and brought it to him. Another time, of his own accord, and without invitation, the griffin set himself on his hind legs, and did the polite to his master, who, opening his tobacco pouch, and putting one of its edges between his teeth, took out the tobacco, filling his pipe at his leisure, while Battalion remained perfectly still, holding the pouch with all the strength of his jaws; and in fine, in very many other ways, Battalion knew how to make himself so useful and agreeable that the veteran would repeat twenty times a day in his enthusiasm:

"He wants nothing but words, this little devil of a Battalion! he is a real companion for me!"

But alas! these words, too flattering to the griffin, were fatally treasured by Madame Tolibois.

From day to day the housekeeper became more gloomy, more taciturn, more absorbed in her own meditations; unhappily, the captain, as devoid of suspicion as of clairvoyance, and occupied with the innocent joy which he found in the possession of Battalion, did not perceive the troubled, almost desperate air, of the terrible woman.

Once, returning home earlier than his wont, the captain had found his housekeeper at the threshold of the door, in mysterious conference with a man who had a long beard, and a sinister aspect, and who disappeared with all possible rapidity at sight of the veteran; the latter, confiding blindly, like all happy men, attached no importance to this incident.

One evening the captain returned to rest as usual. No mournful presentiment, no horrible vision troubled the sleep of the old soldier; on the contrary, the unhappy man dreamed that Battalion had beaten, at a game of dominoes, the famous Munito, who, having perfidiously insinuated that the griffin's play was not fair, the latter had demanded a fair field and had given the great domino-player the severest kind of a trouncing.

Day dawned; the captain, ravished at his dream, hastened to impart it to Battalion; and went into the garden, where he had industriously constructed a cosy little nook for the griffin. The nook was empty. The veteran called "Battalion!"

Battalion answered not.

The garden was ransacked, explored in every corner; no Battalion was to be found.

Captain David, very much troubled, re-entered the house and called Madame Tolibois.

She delayed, for some time, to answer the summons. And when she appeared, she was very pale.

"Where is Battalion? I have been looking for him, and calling him this quarter of an hour," said the old soldier, anxiously.

To these interrogations Madame Tolibois answered as did Cain of old. "You did not give your Battalion into my charge." And the housekeeper grew paler and paler, and she dared not look her master in the face, and her voice trembled.

Not being much of an observer, and being little given to suspicion, the captain did not remark the trouble of Madame Tolibois; and after having sought Battalion in the house, as vainly as in the garden, he went out into the street, thinking that perhaps the griffin might have run out for an instant, a misdemeanor, however, of which the poor animal had never hitherto been guilty. The captain had proceeded only a few paces, when at about the distance of a pistol shot, he thought he saw a shapeless mass lying under his garden-wall.

He ran thither. What a spectacle!

In the midst of a pool of blood, yet streaming, lay the corpse of a dog, entirely stript of its skin.

A horrible suspicion darted through the mind of the old soldier. He stooped down; examined the paws of the corpse; alas! the right fore-paw was wanting!

He could doubt no longer; it was *Battalion!* Raising his head in a stupor of grief, the captain saw at a distance, at the other extremity of the deserted street, a rag-picker making off very quickly; turning round, from time to time, and glancing behind him with an air of alarm.

It was the man with the long beard and sinister look, with whom Madame Tolibois had been seen in mysterious confabulation.

In spite of his age and his wounds, the veteran was still agile and vigorous; anger re-doubled his strength, he set off in pursuit of the rag-picker, caught him, and beheld the skin of Battalion, a bloody trophy! lying in the basked of the black-bearded man!

To seize the rag-picker by the collar, to wrest his crotchet from him, and break it on his scull, was for the captain only the work of a moment, notwithstanding the resistance of his adversary, astounded at this unceremonious attack.

"Ah! you have stolen, killed, and despoiled my poor brave dog!" cried the veteran, redoubling his blows.

"But stop and hear me, citizen!" said the rag-picker, doing his best to parry the blows, "I did not steal the dog, it was given to me, by an old woman, at No. 6; I will make her say so in your presence, if you will not believe me, citizen!"

"She gave him to you, the dog?" cried the captain, thunderstruck by this revelation, "she gave him to you that you should kill him?"

"To kill him? no, citizen; but to take him away and lose him," replied the rag-picker; "and so, as a dog's skin is always well worth a shilling, and as all she wanted was to be rid of the beast, why, I *undressed* him; that's all my crime!"

The veteran's anger changed its object; he left the rag-picker to grumble and rub his sides, and went rapidly back to his house, wiping away a furtive tear when he passed the bleeding remains of poor Battalion.

Returned home, the captain called for Madame Tolibois, and said to her in a terrible voice,

"You are a wicked creature; get out of my house!"

Never before had the captain shown himself to his housekeeper under any other than a smiling and amiable aspect. She, therefore, recoiled, terrified at seeing her master, for the first time, in a passion; his eyes sparkling with anger, his countenance inflamed, and his white moustache quivering with fury.

"Mon Dieu! monsieur, you frighten me," cried she; "what is the matter?"

"The matter is that you have given up this poor dog to a rag-picker, who has killed him for the sake of his skin! Evil woman that you are!"

"He has killed him! ah! what a shabby scoundrel! I swear to you, monsieur, by the salvation of our *Holy Father*, that I only gave him that cursed cur that he might take it away and lose it."

"And why did you do so? what harm had the dog done you?"

"What harm!" cried Madame Tolibois, bursting into tears, and at length giving free course to her resentment, so long repressed; "what harm had that cursed dog done me? I will tell you; yes, you thought only of him, you had neither eyes nor ears for any one but him; ever since he came here you looked at me less than at him, less than a dog! You called him your *comrade*, while I, I was only your servant; yes, before me, who had served you for ten years, you preferred a new-comer, an intriguing and flattering vagabond whom you had known only a week!"

"Go to! you are crazed!"

"No, monsieur, I am not crazed; but I came very near being driven mad with vexation. Since that dog came here, I have not slept, I have not eaten, I no longer lived; twenty times I have been on the point of giving the cursed animal a bullet, but I did not dare, for I have not so bad a heart as you think! And then, besides, it was a *creature*, after all, that dog! At last, I could no longer contain myself; it was necessary that either he or I should leave here. I would rather it was he; and so I had an understanding with the rag-picker, that he should carry the dog to the other end of Paris, and lose him. But as to telling him to kill him, never!"

However strange, however stupid, might appear the jealousy of Madame Tolibois, this jealousy of affection was so genuine, so sincere; it was based, moreover, on a devotion so real, although often unbearable in its form, that the old soldier ended by forgiving her.

The housekeeper herself went and brought in the remains of Battalion, which were solemnly interred in a corner of the garden, beneath the little nook which the veteran had constructed for his companion.

From that time, notwithstanding his regrets, Captain David had the generosity never to make the slightest allusion to the mournful fate of poor Battalion, and Madame Tolibois gradually relapsed into her usual despotic, suspicious, and jealous ways.

* * * * * * *

Give a tear to Battalion.

Original Poetry.

LOVE, OR THE IVY AND THE OAK.

MISS E. C. HURLEY.

They grew together side by side, the Ivy and the Oak,
The one had nought to fear but time, or the bold woodman's stroke;
The other, trembled when the wind pass'd rudely o'er its form,
Fearing that every breeze might prove a wild destructive storm.
The Oak, in sturdy grandeur, spread its broad limbs afar,
And stood in calm tranquillity, majestic as night's star.

Thus man in noble bearing doth woman soar above,
Her mind with admiration fills, and this the world calls love.
Her soft, her gentle nature, as pliable is seen,
When sheltered by a manly soul; and pure, as Ivy green,
Her nature, all confiding, she clingeth to her stay,
And loveth that whereon she leans, e'en to her latest day.
Seeking no change: one anchor, one bulwark, to the last,
Earth's trials only faster bind, rivet her chain more fast.
The Oak ne'er spurns the Ivy, nor vaunteth of its power,
But proudly shades its feebleness, when the bleak storm clouds lower.

And thus is love engendered; Man as the Oak must prove
Noble, serene in loftiness, who gains fond woman's love;
In seeming good she glories, and in her faith, is bless'd;
Let her once doubt, love dieth; the dove then flies its nest.
Oh love! the love of woman is like the Ivy found,
The most confiding, tender tie—once twin'd, forever bound.

Silent, patient, continuous labor does more than noisy talk or vain boasting. Silent labor accomplishes and makes visible something that is enduring; while idle talk, like the babbling of a shallow brook, evinces more noise than strength.

Gems of the Annuals.

THE DESTINY OF THE POET.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"It has been computed that poets die at an earlier period than any other class of persons."

And can it be true that the Minstrel must go
From this beautiful world in the prime of his days?
Must he leave the loved scenes of enchantment below,
Enshrined in his fancy, extolled in his lays?

Must the joys that he pictured in glowing romance
So soon to his sight become clouded and dim?
Must Beauty's bright smile, and Affection's kind glance
Exhaust their soft magic so quickly for him?

Alas! 'tis too true: to the laurel and lyre
And penalty certain and sad is assigned;
And the gifted one kindles his funeral pyre
By the brilliant and perilous light of his mind.

Thus dwelling with men as a stranger and guest,
Soon passing away from the hall and the hearth,
Oh! should he not study his strains to divest
Of the vanities, follies, and trifles of earth?

Though Fame may be dazzling—though Love may be dear
His lot in a region more glorious lies;
And he ever should lead his fond votaries here
To dwell on his future abode in the skies.

The burden of years he is called not to bear;
To a cold common world he is lent, and not given;
And his lays, through his fleeting existence, should wear
The bright and indelible impress of Heaven!

(London Keepsake for 1848.

THE LITTLE HOP-PICKER'S DREAM.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"And after all, mother," said Phebe Young, "after all, mother, there is nothing so very hard in hop-picking—it is not like digging or plouing. I have seen ladies make hay—"

"Spoil hay, my dear," interrupted her mother.

"Well, toss it about—and hop-picking is not harder work than hay-making; and the weather is so fine, and there is so little money to be earned by sewing and knitting, that it was very kind of the master to have me, considering how many girls are out of bread, and all willing to work:—long ago, when we were better off," continued Phebe, in answer to her mother's tears—"long ago I have often stopt in the road to look at the hoppers, and longed to be with them, they seemed so happy, and now, dear mother, I have my wish."

Mrs. Young pressed her daughter to her heart.

A poor woman, circumstanced as Phebe's mother had always been, must have encountered much of this world's sorrow, must have had much to bear from that hard task-master—Poverty. Her life was a repetition of the old story: early won—early wed—children born to die, weeping their little life away in a few short months, wailing at the world, it might be, for a year or two:—of these, Phebe was the youngest; the eldest-born, a son, was sailing about some foreign seas that his mother, perhaps, had never heard of. But it was not only the loss of her children and her time (the only inheritance of the poor,) in nursing hopeless children, that Mrs. Young had to contend with; her husband sickened—lingered—now better, now worse—a little uprising—and then, the-never-to-be-over-come sorrow, his death—and again poverty; and then her own strength failed, and the armor she wore, to defend her against all these trials, was a Christian's faith in the future. She never sat down with sorrow and cherished it; but when fever so enfeebled her limbs that she could not walk, or move even to the green bench outside the door, she would sit at work on her straw mattress; no matter whether she was paid for what she did or not, she worked;—and those who passed heard her sweet full voice singing—not joyously, that it never did after her husband's death, but habitually—old trolls and snatches of songs, but most generally psalm tunes, such as she had learned from her grandfather, who had been parish clerk for fifty years. Every evening, in the summer at sunset, and in the winter at nightfall, if you passed the Widow Young's cottage, you were certain to hear the "old hundredth," and the very merriest and noisiest of the hamlet children would subside into silence when they heard the melody creeping over the village green, and steal to the window on tip-toe, though they had listened to it the night before; there was something so touching and so devotional in the sound of the poor woman's voice, that men, tardy at removing their hats at the church-door, would uncover whenever they heard Mrs. Young sing the old hundredth.

"Industry," she used to say, "made her cheerful; and patience, some time or other, brought prosperity." But, poor thing, though she had a deal of patience, the prosperity did not come.

Her eldest son, Harry, had been at sea for many years, so many, that Phebe could not remember him; and his mother gave up all thoughts of ever seeing him again. When she wept over his forgetfulness, she apologised to herself by saying, that she did so because he was her first-born; and when Phebe's want's drew tears from her eyes, she in the same simple way observed, that she would not fret as she did about the girl, were it not that she was her youngest child! None of her humble neighbors smiled at these excuses, because they were natural—they were just like what they would have framed themselves.

For all her cheerful words, Phebe's thoughts took a different range than they take in general with girls of her class. She would sit knitting midway between a little *burn*, or streamlet, and her mother's bee-hives, and the soothing murmur of the water, as it crept on through the sedges and pebbles, the hum of the bees; and the sweet solemn sound of her mother's voice, chaunting forth the "old hundredth," never failed to set her musing or dreaming, which amounted to the same thing as far as the knitting was concerned. She was conscious that this was evil, and she thought she would become more happy, and more useful if an active employment broke up the habit altogether.

"You shall not have to reproach me with idleness in future, dear mother," she said, when resolved to 'go hopping;' "and I will be obliging to all; no complaints shall come from the hop-fields; and you are well enough now to do a great deal for yourself; you will not miss me at all, my mother, in these long days. I shall make a little money, and a very little does for us."

Phebe went to the hop-garden with a determined resolution to work—not dream; but more than once, during the first week, her companions saw her loitering beside the well that supplied the hop-ground with water, and when recalled from her revery, poor Phebe found it no easy matter to get to active work immediately.

Those who have never seen the vineyards of France rave about their beauty, but a Kentish hop-ground is much more beautiful; the green and graceful tassels of the hop form more picturesque garlands, as they swing in the breeze, than the cropt vines are permitted to achieve; and the gatherers were joyous, when, not very long since, they had the assurance that a day's labor would produce something more than a day's bread.

The perpetual looking to the future, which is one of the great characteristics of an Englishman, is also one of the great sources of English wealth; and if last summer the song in the hay and the hop-field was less frequent and less joyous along our Kentish shores, it was simply because the peasants were forced to think of the pressure of the time, to anticipate that the small loaf would become still smaller, and that some, who enjoyed the privilege of breathing the fresh air freely, would be doomed to the reproach of the workhouse before the next spring came. But Phebe indulged, so to say, in no such speculations; she endeavored to work, yet her thoughts were perpetually of her brother; this feverish anxiety to learn something of one she could not remember, marred poor Phebe's exertions, and rendered her so dream-like and uncertain, that many of her companions did not consider her over wise. Sometimes the fits of musing would come on in the little garden; but whenever from any of the hights she caught a view of the sea, she remained as one spell-bound, fixed in a moment, her hand raised so as to overshadow her eyes, her lips apart, her energies bent on discovering a sail, and then wondering if any beneath its shadow knew aught of her brother. Had she been a boy, she would have gone to seek him, plouing her way from ocean to ocean; and even as it was, so eager was the girl to find her brother, that nothing but her mother's helplessness prevented her changing her dress and going fairly "abroad." Whenever she could borrow a book of travels, she would read and read, only wondering that people wrote so much more about the dull land than the bold adventurous ocean; and nothing could surpass the eagerness with which she conned over the maps, which modern improvement hangs in our rural schools.

Phebe delighted her companions by her acquaintance with the seas; but she had no knowledge of the land. Soldiers would pass her unnoted, almost unobserved—but sailors could not do so. She would stand and stare after them, and sometimes, looking with her eloquent eyes into the face of some good-natured jack-tar, ask "if he knew her brother, Harry Young, who sailed away in a great ship, years ago?"

The hop-picking season was drawing to a close, and except when Phebe went to the well, all things proceeded in their usual way; but whenever she went there, the sight of the blue sea beyond set her musing, and all else was forgotten.

If she had heard of "castles in the air," she certainly did not understand what they meant, and yet she was an admirable architect of cloud-capt towers herself. She pictured her brother in a blue jacket and a round glazed hat, singing a song called "Poor Jack," and dancing perpetual hornpipes, such as she once saw danced at the theater in Gravesend. Her visions were not ambitious. He would be able to take care of their mother, and they should never he obliged to leave their cottage—that was all. Nothing could be more pure and simple than Phebe's love for her absent brother.

"Who knows," said one of her companions, "but your brother may come home, and make a lady of you."

"I don't know that I should be any the happier," was her reply. "I have heard that fine ladies cried as salt tears as poor girls—mother says it's all balanced. No, if he would come home in that pretty glazed hat—if I could only hear him say the sea-words the gentleman did in the play, and see him dance the hornpipe, I should be content."

She endeavored to learn Dibdin's songs—those songs that kept alive the brave sea spirit of old England in its time of peril—until she perceived that the exertion of learning them affected her mother; indeed, the nearer the widow's pilgrimage approached its earthly termination, the more continually did she confine herself to her favorite psalms. Sometimes Phebe's heart would overflow, and she would talk of her brother—of how trim and handsome he undoubtedly was; how much he would be admired; how every one would inquire who he could be; how well his little round glazed hat would look upon the nail beside the old clock; and, above all, how astonishingly he would dance the sailor's hornpipe. This poor Phebe had deemed a certainty; a sailor who could not dance a hornpipe was no sailor at all in her opinion—the sailor's hornpipe was one of the glories of the English navy.

The length of time elapsing between the formation of these dreams and their realization did not discourage her in the least; on the contrary, whether knitting or sewing, or hopping or hay-making, it was all the same. Even during the long nights of the past winter, when a hasty step paused at her door, she held her breath, thinking it must be her brother. When it continued its way, she only murmured, "Well, perhaps to-morrow night." Tidings of wreck and destruction of ships far, far from their homes, often caused Phebe's eyes to overflow; but in an hour she was afloat again—her hope as bright as if it had never been dimmed by a single tear.

When her day's work in the hop-field was finished, she would go half a mile round to catch a glimpse of the sea, and perhaps the close of evening would find her transfixed to the spot. She loitered and wasted her time certainly, but not in sports or evil company.

The hop harvest was finished, the breeze no longer flaunted amid the tall alleys and tangled foliage of the vine—the crisp leaves of the beech, and the cones of the fir, the acorns, and the curled leaves of the oak, were so thickly bedded over the wood paths that you could hear the footfalls of the lightest hare—the total effect of the landscape was changed—the sea no longer showed like a blue band, girding the green and swelling landscape, but had become heavy and lead colored, and the fields were hard and brown. Shrill winds whistled through the village, and rattled against the windows. Age and childhood cowered over the fire, while youth and manhood met the weather with a defiance nerved for the effort. The voice of the widow was not heard distinctly, as in summer, for the lattice was closed; and truth to tell, it was more feeble than it had been. There was no fire on her hearth, and Phebe sat beside her bed, not musing, but working, her needle quickened by necessity. There was a pause in her mothers's voice.

"Thread this needle for me, Phebe—my sight grows very dim; you do twice as much as I do in the day now."

"So I ought, mother."

"I wonder, dear, shall I see another summer. If I do not, and if your brother should return, you will give him my blessing. Tell him I kept out of the workhouse; and surely, Phebe, I might have given way and gone in, but for the feeling about you both, not to have it said, dear, that your mother died there. It was intended to make that house the refuge, not the terror of the poor!—Ah, dear!"

Phebe turned away to hide her tears.

"Are you cold, dear?" persisted Mrs. Young, during another pause in the psalm, "are you cold? Let me look what you've done. Why, child, you have wetted the cambric. Oh, dear! how can the needle get through wet cloth? Why do you cry?—when this is finished we shall have fire, for the lady pays the minute the work goes home;" and again she trolled the psalm.

There was want enough within that little room, and much endurance had damped the cheerful spirit of both mother and

child; but though damped, it was not extinguished, and the widow's was sustained by the hope not of this world. Her pure transparent complexion, the luster of her deep eyes, the purple hue of her lips, combined with her attenuated form, were all eloquent of the passing away of the present; this it was that caused poor Phebe's eyes to overflow; her mother had been "bad" so long that she never thought she could get worse—never, until that day, had she thought that the time was at hand when she should be left quite alone.

Again her mother paused.

"Phebe," she said, at last, "I have just thought, if Harry should come home when I am gone, how would you know him."

"He is my brother."

"True, child; but you are changed, and so is he."

"He is a sailor."

"Yes, but there are many sailors beside Harry."

"Blue jacket and trousers, and round black hat," she replied, smiling through her tears.

"There are hundreds such."

"I have heard you describe him. Blue eyes, fair hair, long and curly—beautiful hair, mother."

"My boy—he had!" said the widow, clasping her hands, and looking into the vacancy in which she placed his form. "He had the loveliest fair hair, the sweetest voice and smile that ever were heard or seen—and such a scholar?"

"And danced, mother?"

"Nay, I never saw him dance," she answered; "but he was a lovely rosy child—the only healthy one I ever had."

"I would know my brother among a thousand," said Phebe; "something *here* would tell me. Not know my brother—indeed, indeed, I should, anywhere."

"There have been times when mothers have not known their own children," was the reply; "time makes such changes. I am not what I was, nor you, my child, what you were. You are sunburnt, freckled; and sometimes, Phebe, God forgive me! I think you have a hungry look. I have fancied you give me more than I ought to have of food—tell me, child, is it so?"

There was a terrible earnestness in the poor woman's manner as she said this. Phebe turned off the question; wondered at her mother's fancying such a thing; and plied her needle so quickly, that, her task finished, she set out through the sleet and wind to take it to its destination. The lady was not at home—her hope of fire and light destroyed. It was not new to her to be so circumstanced, for the long nights of winter are great trials to the poor. But she felt it bitterly, her mother was so unwell; and if she got worse, she should not have light to see how she looked. This afflicted Phebe sadly. She walked on slowly, breasting the wind; and the sleet was so sharp, that she fancied it cut her face. She passed through the village; the windows were closed—she almost thought on purpose. She then hastened forward; but not so fast as to prevent a man, stumping along on a wooden leg, from overtaking her. He said it was a cold night, and she shivered out some reply. She thought he spoke in a gruff voice, but it might be only imagination. He asked her various questions; and when she said she was Mrs. Young's daughter, he seized her by the arm suddenly, and dragged her to where the last oil lamp of the village shimmered an in-and-out sort of light. He held her there for an instant; she saw his red face, and his stubbly hair sticking out from beneath a traveling cap, his gold chain, and the ring on his finger. She thought him a hideous man: and when he released her, she darted forward with the swiftness of a roe. Before she could fasten the door of their cottage, the man had forced himself into the room. Some kind neighbor had brought and lit a candle during her absence; it was burning on the table, and Phebe saw that her mother slept. She turned to the stranger, and pointed with her finger to the poor bed; his features were convulsed by strong emotion, tears overflowed his face. He approached the bed, the girl trembled violently. "Sir, dear good sir, do not harm her!" she exclaimed.

"Harm *her!*" he repeated, in a voice hoarse and suffocated, "harm MY MOTHER!"

A wooden leg, a red face, grizzled hair, and a loose traveling cap!—could *that* be her brother? was such the realization of her dream? But the reality was better than the ideal! and so she thought before the next day was done—though she could not help smiling to herself at the idea of the *real*, not the *imaginary* Harry, dancing a hornpipe.

The last days of the widow, though not many in number, were rich in happiness; and her parting hours were so tranquil that her breath passed away with a note of the "Old Hundredth"—mingling with a prayer of gratitude that Phebe had found not only a rich, but a kind protector, in her long-lost brother.—[London Keepsake for 1848.

LOVE—The Incense of Heaven.

TRUTH—The Flame that burns to Purify.

Ladies' Department.

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GOLDEN RULE,

BY BRO. W. W. WALDRON, A. B.

I'LL think of thee at early dawn,
When sparkling dew-drops deck the lawn,
When sings the bird, when sports the fawn:
I'll think of thee.

I'll think of thee in vernal bower,
Reclining at the noontide hour,
When fragrance breathes from every flower:
I'll think of thee.

I'll think of thee when evening shades
Are gathering o'er the hills and glades,
And silence all the world pervades:
I'll think of thee.

I'll think of thee when night's deep gloom
Envelops all things like that tomb
Which waits us as our final doom:
I'll think of thee.

THE DREAM OF A MAD LADY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.

TRANSLATED BY J. OXENFORD.

LIUTA—a maiden, a poetess, a sister, a bride—had been forced to see marching into the fire of war all that had been dear to her, her two brothers and her bridegroom.* To a man in the fiery tumult of all his senses and powers, and in the general anger-fit of his wounds, often not felt till afterward, it is easy to endure or to die in the wide-spreading death; but the mother, who remains at home, and the sister, and the beloved, who must all stand with fixed eyes and bodies before the arrows of misfortune, and who wait without expectation—these bleed unseen and unheard much more painfully in all wars. When the future death, with its triumphal cars or powder-wagons, passes before their windows; when the field music of the enemy goes exultingly by; when the weapons, which are to pierce the beloved bosom, shine upon the wet eyes; and when one hostile thunder meets another; then no distant heart is any longer happier than a dead one, then all the bullets which do not hit the beloved one come from the battle-field and pierce the loving one, and the whole time is only *one* pain, which no victory averts, but which all double; for every Gazette with its seal, as it were blood-black, only contains nameless death. Let the loving one even cast the Gazettes away, her night dream will nevertheless bring them, true or false, but generally bloody.

Liuta received such nightly papers earlier than the daily papers; every dream killed a joy in her heart. After three black presages came a fulfilment; her eldest brother had died, although he had not been killed. The pain still left her two hopes; but soon one of these also was extinguished—her second brother, her bridegroom's comrade in arms, had fallen on the battle-field, the rich corn-field of death, upon which more than a miserable sighing grief is seldom reaped.

Now the twice-smitten heart enclosed the wound-blood in itself, and boiled it to a fiery poison. "The third is also dead," said she—"he dies before me once every night; for all good things, like all bad things, are three." Madness drew her into its whirlpool among its furies. Oh, would there were an art to find but a rose-colored madness for a tortured life! Why, when reality has burned down all our possessions, must a dream kindle over us an ever-flaming *aurora-borealis*? Why must the Medusa-head of madness petrify the wounds?

The groans, lamentations, and convulsions of Liuta, in her sleep, plainly told what frightful, confused forms were reflected by the dream out of the clouds which lay so deep over her life. She always awoke at sunset, like a night-violet, whether she had slept much or little. The night she passed in telling others, or even herself, her frightful poetical dreams. Then, alas! the dream cast its shadows far into life, and she saw now her bridegroom, now her brothers, stand before her. She was most tormented and perplexed because she could not mourn the third dead one—the bridegroom. For hours she looked in the glass at her heat-dried eye, in the hope of one single refreshing drop: often she cried in her dream—"Only a single tear, oh, God! Only grant this to my eye, and then let it wither! Alas! I have really wept but twice."

But fate designed for her a sweeter tear—namely, her beloved

* "Bride" and "bridegroom" signify persons betrothed to each other.

Alexander returned blooming from the volcanic hearth of war. He wished to bring and consecrate to his bride the life he had gained; but how could he really appear to those insane eyes, to which a mere image of him had been so often presented? "She may," said the mother, "shriek, at the sight of him, 'I see my bridegroom and a brother, but where is the third?'" Her mother cited as a case in point that frightful history of a mad woman who had always seen her deceased friend sit at table as one returned from death; and who had fallen down dead when a living counterpart of the friend had been brought before her, with the cry—"There are two of them!" But the lover said—"Even in peace we must sometimes venture; only let her dreams be altered—and how? By music, which she used to love so much. Let her awake surrounded by the most beautiful objects; I will arrange all. I will then appear before her at the side of her dear mother. The unhappy one has hitherto been allowed to sleep and dream at her pleasure; therefore, without further circumstance—I know her."

The mother consented to the gentle preparation. Some hours before sunset Liuta sank to sleep. She was carried into a room which the evening sky could fill with all its roses. In three chambers, one behind another, flutes, harps, and voices were so arranged that, by mere distance, they produced reciprocal echoes. They were not to pause in their magic, because music most easily dissolves the infinity of our pains into its own pure blessed infinity, and tones have even curbed the raging beasts of grief and madness. The sleeping-room was laid out with flowers; butterflies were allowed to fly in all directions; and nightingales from without united their love-jubilee to the tones of men. Only the mirrors were taken away, as the background and abiding-places of delusive appearances.

Now, at sunset, as soon as Liuta's gestures and discourse had shown that her soul was more calm, Alexander, by the side of her mother, as a voucher for the truth of his words, intended to appear before her, and to tell her that he still lived and loved.

When the silent one heard the first tones, she appeared to ward off either those, or something she had dreamed, with both her hands; then war came into her pale, tearless face—one pain after another drew its furrow upon her tender beauty, and undermined the lilies of her countenance. Once she said: "Oh, how happy am I that I weep;" and she dried her eyes, yet no tears were there, but it was the mother and the beloved one alone that wept. But at last she cried, "Oh, say that to me again, Alexander; balm, balm, wounded soul!" Then the hard cloud-storm dissolved into soft, warm rain, and the tears overflowed her whole face, but she moved not a hand to dry them. Then she sang: "Would I stood above and sang with you!" and did not know that she was singing.

When at last the sun sank, she opened her eyes, and said, although she held her hand closed, "Alexander, I hold thy hand in mine." He quickly stepped before her, clasped one of her hands in his own, while her mother took the other one and said, "Look, beloved one, on thy friend and thy mother!" She looked fixedly on the evening red, then upon the human beings, heard the flutes, wept much, but smiling, and then, sinking upon the beloved one, asked, "Is, then, the dream fulfilled?" She then sank upon her mother and said, "I think it is fulfilled."

"By heavens!" exclaimed Alexander, who guessed that it was a beautiful one.

After the first transports at her recovery were past, she related her wonderful dream, but requested that while she was telling it the music might cease, as she was still ill, and the music was too piercing while she was awake.

She spake thus: "A dream knows not land and time; I was there. But how? Three rivers of hell were winding up perpendicularly beneath the sun. Far behind our sky stood a whole ether-black sky, full of firm clouds, which did not yet move, and they called it the præ-eternity. It seemed to me as if in the darkness misery and its phantom, in a whirling course, came ever nearer to me. Then to-day's sun arose, having on a fury's mask, and behind him came the moon's first quarter, as the crest of a snake; at even, winged ephemeral men were flying and sporting in the morning-beam, and sank as the stars arose. I saw the gate of eternity; a beautiful youth whom I was forced to love, even at a distance, approached; the key of the gate was brought to him, and he immediately fell down, resolved into dust, and entered eternity. Upon this the regular great death came, upon four little motley butterflies' wings, and said he was engaged in his elephant-hunt after worlds; but he threw down sun after sun, whole, like fruit, and only their earths were dispersed by the way.

"Then suddenly came my brothers, who did not greet me, but one of them said very earnestly, 'Hearest thou nothing?' I now heard ascending from out of the ground, which was a church-yard full of persons buried alive, a confused murmur and groaning from seeming corpses, while above, on the mountains around, stood countless dwarfs, who laughed aloud at everything, and danced livelily together 'Now, at last, look around thee,' said my second brother, very angrily. Behind me stood many shades, and drank to me out of funereal urns; yet they had not strength enough for a voice, but waited for the great shower of ashes, in which, with their tongues, they were about to write their thoughts legibly. Then through the yielding shades swiftly strode the tall form of a youth, who was quite enveloped, even to his hands and feet, in a veil, and held a book. 'What time is it, my friends?' he asked my brothers, in a soft voice.

"'All the sun-dials have gone backward, and point to Zero,' cried a jumping dwarf, in a very distant mountain. 'It is not true,' said the form, and the dwarf fell from the mountain.

"'Thou, poor heart,' it then said to me, like the tone of a lute, 'thou hast seen a heavy dream; but here I have the dream book. Dreams always denote their opposite; ask God for the worst, and then it will go well with thee, when thou wishest.' 'Thou, thou, I know thee, certainly,' I cried. 'Name no name,' said the form, sternly, 'otherwise everything will wake, especially the devil.' The shades appeared to vanish; my brothers, far from me upon rocky points, stood toward each other, but could never reach each other; and they stepped backward, and most of the dwarfs were crushed. We both waded in, with more and more difficulty; the monstrous, or the *nothing*, grasped round, grasped through my life, and I wept bitterly, though always warmly back into my swelling heart. 'I at last hear the evil *Grave Alp-horn*, but thou dost not; oh, beautifully, beautifully dreamed, according to the dream book,' said the form, and its veil dragged longer and longer about it. New-born children with wreaths of poisonous flowers lay on the path. 'Oh! ye who have promised much,' said the form. In a garden children played upon wind-instruments, and the old people had to dance after them into their graves; until at last only the head jumping within was to be seen; and, finally, only the moldering form, which, as well as it could, whirled on as it crumbled away. 'Very good,' said the youthful form to me, 'only thou dost not weep enough; follow the dream-book more closely; tears of joy would be something different and more dangerous.'

"We then found in a valley two tyrants crowned with dagger-points, lying stretched along the two walls of rock, and holding friendly discourse with each other, but every word became a living animal and soon darted down as a wolf, a tiger, a toad, or a vulture. They lay upon two transparent rocks, the gold and silver veins of which burst, so that out of one of them flowed blood, and out of another tears. At last the two tyrants shook hands, but each of them did this with the hand of another, which had been cut off; one had the white hand of a white man, the other the black one of a dyer in blue. Now the youth snatched me out of the mountain-cleft, and said—'There it is!' I saw a black stage-curtain which hung from the sky to the earth, and upon which a hell was artificially painted. Round it the storm-butterfly busily played, and wished to penetrate through.

"I now heard the evil Alp-grave-horn, and the curtain rose to the sky.

"On a plain which continued till it vanished in the distance, stood two warlike hosts opposite to each other in silence, but they only consisted of the maimed persons who were marching home out of the victorious hosts of the earth, only of men with one arm, one eye, and gaping wounds; and I saw the stars plainly shining through a thousand wounds placed in succession. They now began what was called a dumb-fight with air-guns, nothing was to be heard, only form after form fell, and every one of them covered his eyes with his hand. From a charmingly bright cloud a hand was extended as if for assistance, but it was thrice broken and bled. The star-spots were white spots in the heaven-tiger, and high above upon the sun the old basilisk stood still behind an Isis-veil. All looked up anxiously, since they died as soon as he uncovered himself and gazed upon the world. Then amid my uneasiness the primeval devil, who was deaf and dumb, came before me; with the hideous sound of the dumb, and with their wild gestures he vainly tormented himself that he might utter to me unspeakable misery, and he always pointed to the basilisk to make himself intelligible. At last, because I did not despair enough, he snatched at the veiled dragon with a claw which unceasingly grew longer, that he might tear the veil from its all-killing eyes.

"'Liuta, now thou art freed—awake!' said the youth. And I dreamed that I awoke. On my apparent waking, he stood before me, but without a veil, and I had long recognized him. We both stood in a crystal gondola, which moved upon a sea of soft tulips, as upon waves, while two great butterfly-wings fluttered as sails, and flute-tones impelled us along over the flower-bells.

"'Am I living, or art thou?' 'Thou and I both,' said the youth; 'balm, balm, wounded soul!' 'Oh! ever say so,' I e

claimed, but his tones caused me to sink into a sweet, deep dying, which became ever sweeter and deeper; my eyes were closed by his tones, but I saw him through my eyelids; I opened them full of tears of joy, but I saw him through those tears; I dried them, then his glance was a kiss to me. The sky above was starred with nothing but white pearls: only the constellation of the *Twins* looked more and more bright and lively, and at last gazed upon me with four old brother eyes, and a white Aurora passed before the moon. We flew, we glided between islands, and I sang as I flew—'If I had a thousand hearts—a thousand lives—I would give them all away to one heart, to one life.' Then the youth looked at me, and said—'Would I could now take thy hand! But this is forbidden to us on the sea, wait till we touch firm land.' We now darted between the paradise islands. On one of these dwelt roses, who celebrated their rose-feast and sacrificed the thorns. On another, sang nightingales, resting upon flute-branches, and the flutes played after them of themselves, while eagles loudly flapped lutes with their wings. On another the flowers ruled, and may-flowers led the boys, and, lilies the maidens. An island full of sighs of pleasure came, but it swam by us of its own accord; long white rose-waves floated after it, and red ones rolled toward it, and at last it stood built over as a rosy bower firmly set in the sea.

"When we had passed a promontory, covered with eternal snow, formed of lilies, a variegated glittering dew fell at once upon the whole sky.

"'Where is the sun to this?' I asked. 'In the breast,' said the youth, 'is the primæval sun; see how in the night the primæval sun-flowers turn toward thy heart.' And the forget-me-not upon his breast moved impetuously after the beating of my own heart.

"'Oh, how my flowers tremble!' said the youth. 'Why does thy heart tremble so much?' I answered. 'It trembles as a string, which makes itself invisible that it may long give a sweet sound, when the hand of harmony strikes it hard.' Then the youth looked at me strangely but beautifully, and a tear started from his eye; yet this tear did not fall, but rose into the sky, and became larger, and hung as a little silver cloud in the blue. What did I see above? There all the clouds in the horizon were raising themselves as human forms, and stood as white brides against the sky, who, like so many figures of Memnon, sang down toward us, as they became tinged with the red light, and these freed my anxious heart. 'Oh, would I could stand above there and sing with them, and sunnily and dewily melt away with the other clouds,' I cried. 'No, not so, Liuta,' said the youth, 'look rather at yonder living verdant shore, where I may touch thy hand.' Then from the living shore a lark suddenly flew up to us, and sung its old earth song, although in the blue of eternity. Now the sky and the islands vanished; for the lark, by its singing, brought back our earth-springs and anticipated them, and our hearts glowed in our native life, and the oldest joys returned.

"And upon the shore, where the bark had come, there was a rain of flower-scents; while from the back-ground a rainbow was rising more and more rapidly, under which, as beneath a triumphal arch, was standing the image of a sublime countenance. 'Dost thou not see the peacock-wheel of the bird of paradise ascending higher, and how it scatters out humming-birds like sparks?' said the youth. 'Plunge after me into the sea of rose-oil, and hasten to the shore before the rising, burning-circle of the earth-bird dazzles us.'

"And I plunged after him, and we swam, and my tears of joy glided after me, shimmering in the oil of roses. When we ascended the shore, the arch stood as a round sun, which covered half the sky; brilliancy after brilliancy enveloped the youth; but he grasped my hand, and I awoke. And then he was grasping my hand."

LINES.

BY MRS. W. P. O'NEILL, LATE ALICE JANE SPARROW.

Like blossoms that yield not their fragrance till crush'd—
Like music that seems not so lovely till hush'd—
The heart of the poet, when pierced to the core,
Gives forth sweetness more rich than it offered before!
Yet that sweetness is never no prized by the crowd
As when the sweet singer lies mute in the shroud!

A Pleasant Remedy.—The following curious prescription was presented by a witty physician of Paris to the husband of a lady, who was suffering under melancholy and depression from the want of a fashionable wardrobe. The husband handed it to his wife unread, and requested her to send for the medicine. "*Prescription for Madame de S——:* A decoction of fifteen yards of velvet: friction of the shoulders with new Cashmere shawls; a *tisanne* of several new bonnets; the whole mixed up with a vigorous stir of *visites*, and an infusion of pocket money to suit the taste of the patient."

Facts and Scraps.

New Printing Machine.—We find in an English magazine the following description of a new power printing machine, now in course of erection in a spacious apartment adjoining the London Times office, and for which paper it is intended. It is the invention of Mr. Applegath, well known as an ingenious mechanician:

It is a wondrous thing to look at in its entirety; but if examined part by part separately will be found to be, in truth, a very simple machine. Imagine a large upright cylinder, of some five or six feet diameter, revolving upon its own axle. On this the type is firmly fixed in iron frames. Each frame holds a page, or six columns of the *Times*, and the bed of this frame, which is an arc corresponding to the circumference of the large cylinder, is planed flat, or rather the parts on which the columns are placed, are planed flat, so that the arc described by the frame or "chase," is scarcely perceptible, or if perceptible, it offers no impediment to the perfect impression of the whole newspaper. This large cylinder may be said to perform a double duty. A portion of it has a vibratory motion, which serves to insure an equal distribution of the ink; without such a contrivance, the type would soon become clogged, and the appearance of the printing would be any thing but satisfactory. Around this huge cylinder there are eight others which revolve on their own axles at stated distances—attendant satellites, as it were, on the great cylinder which is revolving within; and as the form in its revolution passes each of these impression cylinders, (as they may be termed) a sheet of printed paper is produced. Then there are minor satellites which revolve close to the impression cylinders, and apply the ink to the type after it has been taken from the duct, and distributed. It must be understood that the cylinders and rollers are all upright. It is calculated that the large cylinder will make thirty revolutions in a minute; and as each revolution will produce eight papers, the machine in one hour will throw off not less than *fourteen thousand four hundred sheets!* But supposing that, at the rate of thirty revolutions a minute, the centrifugal force should have a tendency to throw off the forms of types, a thing by no means unlikely, the rate of speed can be easily reduced so as to produce only ten or eight thousand sheets an hour. Even at these diminished rates of production the advantage gained will be immense; for the present rapid machines will not print more than five thousand sheets an hour, and some not more than four thousand. The manner of feeding the machine is remarkable. To each impression cylinder there is an extensive tape webbing. A lad draws, by means of a "key," the sheet to a certain spot, indicated by a mark; at this moment it is lying horizontally, but by means of friction rollers it is drawn into the webbing and conveyed to such a distance that the sheet stands confined by the tapes in a perfectly upright position: now it comes to a dead stand, and when in the position stated, it is gripped, and then received by other tapes, which convey it round the roller, where, after the operation of printing is performed, it is received by a boy.

That this machine may be made to produce printing equal to what we witness now-a-days, (we speak of newspaper printing) there cannot be a shadow of doubt: but that "fine work," or any thing equal to it, will be the result of the invention, there is not much probability. Altogether, however, Mr. Applegath's machine is as extraordinary as it is novel and simple; and must tend to extend his fame as an inventor and engineer throughout the world.

Artificial Stone.—A patent has been obtained for a process by which artificial stone, of various qualities, may be produced. This invention is, from its cheapness, a great advantage for all the purposes of architectural decoration, and from its plastic nature before it becomes hard, of great service to sculptors in taking casts of statuettes, busts, &c., and even of figures of the size of life. The cost is in all cases where carving is required in stone, in which this composition is substituted, less by nine-tenths. The invention is founded on the chemical analysis of the natural varieties of stone, and the manufacture is capable of such modifications as are requisite to produce all the varieties. The artificial stone produced is less absorbent than natural stone, and is superior in compactness of texture, and will resist frost, damp, and the chemical acids. It is made of flints and silicious grit, sand, &c., rendered fluid by heat, and poured into molds as required till cool and hardened. Its strength and solidity enable it to resist more blows than real stone.

Achromatic Lamp Glasses.—A very simple contrivance, but one which is of universal importance, and affects all who value their eyesight, has been recently patented. It consists in substituting for the glass chimneys at present in use for gas lights, and oil and other lamps, glass chimneys made of blue or rather gray glass, which are either ground or polished, as the case may be. The effect of this simple introduction of a colored medium, through which the light of the flame passes, is to get rid of the red or yellow glare of the artificial light, and to produce a pure white light, similar, or closely approaching, day light. The relief given to the eyes by this means is at once experienced, and the aid afforded to artists, and painters more particularly, is obvious. The expense of this improvement is not more than that of the present mode. The improvement is so obvious and so easily contrived, that it is strange it was never thought of or acted upon before.—[London paper.

A patent for an eight day watch, made to go without an inside chain, has been taken out by Mr. Henry Summersgill of Preston.

Choice Miscellany.

THE DELUGE.

THE LAST SONG OF BERANGER.

Before the fall of the Restoration, it will be remembered that Beranger, with the far-seeing eye of the prophet, and the bold free voice of the people's poet, issued some oracular warnings, which might have averted the impending fate, but did not. For some time back it has been understood that he had hung up his bard's lyre to remain henceforth in silence; but it wanted, to consummate the signs of the times, one voice yet from the song-poet of the nation, and he has broken the silence to send forth this prophetic warning to the blinded rulers, which they of course will pass unheeded, but which the people, through the length and breadth of France, will be drinking in ere this be published.

(London People's Journal.

A prophet always, in my ministry holy,
On the future I dare to interrogate God:
The princes of earth to chastise for their folly,
Th' old world shall be swept by an o'erpowering flood.
Already upon them, the tide growls, and lashes
Its limits: "Look, masters, it comes, wild and free!"
I say to them "Look;" but they answer "Thou dreamest:"
Poor kings! they shall all be engulfed in the sea!

What for thee, O my God, these good kings, have they done?
So many there are, with whose laws we are blessed!
'Tis the people their rights have forgot; and we groan
'Neath the weight of our down-crushing burdens oppressed.
But the waves speed their march, irresistibly willed,
Against these chiefs, once so well pampered: ah me!
An ark for themselves they're too witless to build—
So poor kings, they shall all be engulfed in the sea!

Who speaks to the waves? A despot of Afric,
A black son of Ham, a wild barefooted king—
"Down!" cries he, "base waves, to my fetish antique
Yield ever, and double the sweet gold ye bring."
And this excellent king, his dear lucre a-taking
From Christian sea-rovers and traders in blood,
Sells his subjects, to slave it, our sugar a-making—
Poor kings, they shall all be engulfed in the flood!

"Come here!" cries a sultan of Asia, "I will it!
Wives, viziers, and eunuchs, up! start into motion!
Throw up your pale corses around me, to still it,
Or bank in the waves of this turbulent ocean."
And then, in his harem all perfumed, from out
Which already his terrified guards seek to flee,
He smokes coolly, yawns, and makes heads fly about—
Poor kings, they shall all be engulfed in the sea!

In our Europe from which this great deluge out-flows,
United in vain, to lend each other aid;
"O God, be our judge!" all have cried in their woes:
"Swim, swim on always," in reply God hath said;
"Those dread powers always the deluge nigh drowns,
Their proud thrones fall in dust 'neath the hands of the free,
And money is coined with the gold of their crowns"—
Poor kings, they shall all be engulfed in the sea!

"This ocean, oh prophet, what is it?" ye say:
'Tis us, Peoples, unbound from the fetters of hunger;
'Tis us more instructed, and clearing away
That vain crowd of monarchies, useful no longer;
Our on-moving billows so long led astray,
God makes pass o'er these sons of the stubborn knee:
Now the sun shineth forth, and the storm calms away—
Poor kings, they are all in the depths of the sea!

THE ROCK OF THE CANDLE—A LEGEND.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

A few miles west of Limerick stands the once formidable castle of Carrigogunnel. Its riven tower and broken archway remain in mournful evidence of the sieges sustained by that city. Time, however, the great soother of all things, has destroyed the painful effect which the view of recent violence produces on the mind. The ivy creeps around the riven tower, concealing its injuries and upholding it by a tough swathing of stalks. The archway is now united by the long-armed brier which grows across the rent, and the shattered buttresses are decorated with wild flowers, which gaily spring from their crevices and broken places.

Boldly situated on a rock, the ruined walls of Carrigogunnel now form only a romantic feature in the peaceful landscape. Beneath them, on one side, lies the flat marshy ground called Corcass land, which borders the noble river Shannon; on the other side is seen the neat parish church of Kilkeedy, with its glebe-house and surrounding improvements; and at a short distance appear the irregular mud cabins of the little village of Ballybrown, with the venerable trees of Tervoo.

On the rock of Carrigogunnel, before the castle was built, or Brian Boro born to build it, dwelt a hag named Grana, who made desolate the surrounding country. She was gigantic in size, and frightful in appearance. Her eyebrows grew into each other with a grim curve, and beneath their matted bristles, deeply sunk in her head, two small gray eyes darted forth baneful looks of evil. From her deeply-wrinkled forehead issued forth a hooked beak, dividing two shriveled cheeks. Her skinny lips curled with a cruel and malignant expression, and her prominent chin was studded with bunches of grisly hair.

Death was her sport. Like the angler with his rod, the hag Grena would toil, and watch, nor think it labor, so that the death of a victim rewarded her vigils. Every evening did she light an enchanted candle upon the rock, and whoever looked upon it died before the next morning's sun arose. Numberless were the victims over whom Grana rejoiced; one after the other had seen the light, and their death was the consequence. Hence came the country round to be desolate, and Carrigogunnel, the Rock of the Candle, by its dreaded name.

These were fearful times to live in. But the Finnii of Erin were the avengers of the oppressed. Their fame had gone forth to distant shores, and their deeds were sung by a hundred bards. To them the name of danger was an invitation to a rich banquet. The web of enchantment stopped their course as little as the swords of an enemy.

Many a mother of a son—many a wife of a husband—many a sister of a brother, had the valor of the Finnian heroes bereft. Dimembered limbs quivered, and heads bounded on the ground before their progress in battle. They rushed forward with the strength of the furious wind, tearing up the trees of the forest by their roots. Loud was their war-cry as the thunder, raging was their impetuosity above that of common men, and fierce was their anger as the stormy waves of the ocean!

It was the mighty Finn himself who lifted up his voice, and commanded the fatal candle of the hag Grana to be extinguished. "Thine, Regan, be the task," he said, and to him he gave a cap thrice charmed by the magician Luno of Lochlin.

With the star of the same evening the Candle of Death burned on the rock, and Regan stood beneath it. Had he beheld the slightest glimmer of its blaze, he, too, would have perished, and the hag Grana, with the morning's dawn, rejoiced over his corse. When Regan looked toward the light, the charmed cap fell over his eyes and prevented his seeing. The rock was steep, but he climed up its craggy side with such caution and dexterity, that, before the hag was aware, the warrior, with averted head, had seized the candle, and flung it with prodigious force into the river Shannon, the hissing waters of which quenched its light for ever!

Then flew the charmed cap from the eyes of Regan, and he beheld the enraged hag, with outstretched arms, prepared to seize and whirl him after her candle. Regan instantly bounded westward from the rock just two miles, with a wild and wonderous spring. Grana looked for a moment at the leap, and then tearing up a huge fragment of the rock, flung it after Regan with such tremendous force, that her crooked hands trembled and her broad chest heaved with heavy puffs, like a smith's laboring bellows, from the exertion. The ponderous stone fell harmless to the ground, for the leap of Regan far exceeded the strength of the furious hag. In triumph he returned to Finn—

"The hero valiant, renowned, and learned;
White-tooth'd, graceful, magnanimous, and active."

The hag Grana was never heard of more; but the stone remains, and, deeply imprinted in it, is still to be seen the mark of the hag's fingers. That stone is far taller than the tallest man, and the power of forty men would fail to move it from the spot where it fell.

Remarkable Precautions for Louis Philippe's Protection.—One of the saddest circumstances which exist in this country is the extraordinary precaution which it is considered necessary to take for the safety of the king. There are, for example, five largebarracks, each occupied by regiments of *elite*, in the immediate vicinity of the Tuilleries, and eighteen guard-houses, each of which is continually occupied day and night by a troop of ready armed men, surrounding the palace. The palace itself is occupied by 250 national guards of the infantry battalions, and by 25 men of the regiment of horse. There are, besides, 350 soldiers of the line, and a troop of 50 men of a cavalry regiment. At nine o'clock at night, a detachment, composed of four companies, takes its station in the center of the palace, and remains all night with loaded arms; 80 sentinels, with loaded arms, keep watch in and around the palace during the night; besides which, patrols and detachments visit every part of the palace and the gardens every half hour; 55 of the attendants in the gardens, and of the domestics of the royal household, mount guard in the royal apartments during every night, armed with double-barreled guns. In addition to all this multitude, there is a number of police agents, aides-de-camp, adjutants, &c., continually on duty. A secret passage leads from the palace to one of the nearest barracks, and some of the guard-houses are provided with ladders to enable the soldiers to enter the palace and garden at any moment.—[French Correspondent of the Edinburgh Register

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1847.

OUR NEW PROSPECTUS—OURSELVES.

The subscribers to the Golden Rule will receive, with the present number, our Prospectus for the coming year, to which we beg to call their particular attention. It will be seen that every department in our paper has received especial care; and we assure our friends that every item therein promised, will be faithfully and efficiently carried out. It is our intention to make the Golden Rule, in every respect, worthy the widely increased patronage it has received during the two years in which it has been under our proprietorship. This will be done without changing the general character of the paper. The improvements we contemplate, will be in accordance with the advanced state of literature and the arts in this country, and with the growing increase of our Order, and the consequent high standing and elevated tone it has assumed, as one of the leading features in this Progressive Age.

We believe that a widely circulated paper like our own, ostensively devoted to the support and spread of the ennobling Principles of our Order, is a powerful engine in the community for good or evil. We have duly weighed the responsibilities we incur as conductors of such a journal, and we yield to none in our desire faithfully and judiciously to execute our trust. We believe that the tendencies of the age are all in favor of the Fraternizing spirit it is the design of our Order to disseminate. We shall therefore devote a portion of our paper to the exposition of the principles we profess, as Odd-Fellows, with a direct reference to the holy Mission our Order has to fulfil. We repudiate the doctrine, that it is not in the province of the Press to discuss the Principles of our Order. We should as readily deny the right of the public expounders of our Religion to preach the truths of Revelation. There are thousands of our brethren of the Order who require information, direction and encouragement, in the cause they have identified themselves with. There is the world, now gradually awakening to the importance of associated efforts as the mighty lever whereby the social evils of society may be abolished, for our field of labor. With these powerful calls upon the duties we owe to the Order and to Society, as conductors of a journal devoted to the principles of Love and Charity, shall we remain silent on the great fundamental truths Odd-Fellowship is intended to propagate? We should be unfaithful to the high trust we have undertaken—we should be unworthy the name we have acquired by our affiliation with Odd-Fellowship.

In every section of the country, inquiry is aroused as to the character and nature of our Institution. It is to the public journals devoted to Odd-Fellowship that attention is directed for information on these points. That press would indeed be doing an "absolute wrong," if it withheld expositions of the great mission Odd-Fellowship has to perform.

With the principles of Odd-Fellowship, its legislation is intimately connected. *Measures* consequently come under the legitimate range of our editorial duties. But we hold the discussion of *measures*, under the guidance or identification with any distinct party, to be wholly at variance with the duties of a conductor of a paper connected with our Order. We merge all private predilictions in our Editorial character. The broad principles of our Order, carried out for the general good, steadfastly maintained and faithfully supported, are the only views we can take of legislative *measures*. "*Men*, as connected with *measures*," we shall treat upon with great hesitation and caution. We cannot so far forget the immutable motto of our Order, as to discuss the motives and characters of our brethren, and serve them in highly-spiced dishes for the amusement or the opprobrium of our readers. We have no desire to throw fire-brands in the Order, or to spring mines which may explode and overwhelm the noble Fabric we are all bound to support and protect.

Odd-Fellowship is a work of Love and Conciliation. It is no party arena, where struggle, for place and power, is to be battled for. It is no institution of mere forms and sounding words. It is not a code of precepts, lackling practice to give it weight. It is a mighty associated and well-organized instrument, to counteract the selfish principles in Man, and to further the spread of the Philanthropic Sentiment. It is, however, human in its character, and it is surrounded by the infirmities of human influences. Parties and cliques may at times pervert its true designs. Its members may occasionally look to party ends, rather than to the general principles which should govern us. We, as conductors of the Golden Rule, have no sympathy with such *Men*, or such *Measures*. It is the *general* good of Odd-Fellowship we are bound to advance—not the elevation of this or that party, or this or that specific measure. It is in this spirit that we shall continue the government of our paper, as far as regards its distinctive relation to our Order.

As a "Family Companion," it will combine instruction, amusement and pictorial embellishments, all of a high character, such as will render it an acceptable visitant in the families of our present subscribers, and at the same time we trust it will be found worthy of a still more widely-increased circulation.

MORE PRACTICE AND LESS WORDS.

Of this there is much need. There is a great deal of talk about Odd-Fellowship, its excellency, its power, its benign spirit, its noble precepts, &c. Many are making a liberal offering of words in this respect, and that is about all they do in the matter. Their conduct is in open defiance of the requisitions of the Order; and so far from reducing their words to practice, they trample their professions, and the teaching of the institution, under their feet every day, without even blushing.

Now, we confess getting somewhat weary and sick of so much pretension and sham; and we long to see a serious and earnest conviction on the part of all who take the name of the real worth of Odd-Fellowship as a regulator of the life. If its spirit and precepts are bad, let us abandon the institution at once, and have done with all profession and pretension. But if they are good, as they most certainly are, good in a superlative degree, then let us make them real in our actions; let them give direction to our disposition and temper, to our speech and conduct. Let us be in earnest to them, in all places, in the Lodge and out of it; at home and abroad; in our pleasures and our business. So shall we show ourselves sincere, and at the same time, illustrate the time value, and the exceeding beauty of Odd-Fellowship, as a moral and social regenerating power.

No man, who has looked into it, can doubt the excellency of Odd-Fellowship itself, however, he may doubt the truth and purity of some who are unfortunately its representatives. Of course, whether it shall accomplish the work for which it is so admirably fitted, whether it shall fulfill its noble and merciful mission, depends wholly on the fidelity of those into whose hands it falls. If they do not appreciate it, nor comprehend its high character, its immense moral power, then it will fail like all other enterprises of the sort. But, if its true position is understood, and its spirit and precepts carried into the daily life of all professing it; then there is no calculating the mighty change it will eventually work out in the social, moral, and physical condition of mankind. May Heaven grant that it shall come to this with us all; and to this end that we may continually have less words and more practice.

☞ The large space occupied by our General Directory of Lodges and Encampments, obliges us to omit a number of articles prepared for this paper—among them, one in relation to a *quasi* report of a G. Representative, &c., &c.

DIRECTORY.—We give our readersas full a Directory of the Subordinate Lodges and Encampments as it is possible for us to make In this we are indebted to Bro. RIDGELY, G. Cor. and Rec. Sec. of the G.L.U.S.—also to Grand Secretaries TREADWELL, of this State, CURTIS, of Pa., JONES, of Mass., PECK, of Ct., and other brothers, for which they have our thanks. We invite all to point out for correction any errors or omissions they may discover—thereby aiding us to make our next issue of the Directory as nearly perfect as may be. We send a copy to the various Lodges and Encampments, believing this list will be acceptable to them for reference.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We invite our friends, and the officers o Lodges throughout the U. S. to communicate to us the earliest information of the charter and institution of new lodges and encampments—accounts of dedications, celebations, &c., and generally as to the progress and condition of the Order, so that we may be enabled to render this department of the GOLDEN RULE interesting and instructive to the brotherhood, and valuable for future reference.

To SUBSCRIBERS.—We call the special attention of our readers to the Prospectus accompanying this number of the GOLDEN RULE, and trust we shall not be disappointed in the reliance we place upon their good wishes and friendly aid in promoting the glorious aims and purposes of Odd-Fellowship. We hope to part company with but few of our present subscribers, and that we shall have their active aid and influence in extending our circulation both in and out of the fraternity. ☞Should there be any who wish to *discontinue*, we desire they would give us immediate notice, postpaid.

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

CATO 4 CORNERS, Nov. 20, 1847.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—On Friday, the 19th inst. "Mount Hor Encampment No. 58," was instituted at Cato 4 Corners, Cayuga county, by D.D.G. Patriarch THOMAS S. How, Jr. assisted by P.C.Ps. Wm. Hopkins, Benj. F. Hall, R. F. Russell, and a number of Patriarchs from Phœnix Encampment No. 23, and C.P. W. H. Jewett, H.P. Augustus Fowler, and a number of Patriarchs of Skaneateles Encampment No. 53.

The occasion was one of interest and pleasure, and the manner in which the duties of the D.D.G.P. and those who assisted him were performed, elicited universal praise. The following are the elected officers for the present term: Dr. Daniel T. Jones, C.P.; W. Smith Ingham, H.P.; Rice R. Carpenter, S.W.; R. E. Lusk, S.; Harvey Abrams, T.; O. B. Herrick, J.W.; L. M. Hollister, Sent.

After a recess of one hour, the Encampment reassembled, when (notwithstanding the day and evening was exceedingly inclement,) 32 applicants were admitted, 31 advanced, 26 exalted, and 1 admitted by card; all men of the right stamp, who will adorn the Patriarchal branch of our beloved Order.

The regalia, and indeed all the fixtures of the Encampment, are of the finest character, got up in excellent taste and of superior quality, and no doubt, I think, can exist, with reference to the future prosperity and usefulness of this Encampment.

"Mount Hor', now numbers 42, with 17 applicants elected, who were prevented from being present at the installation. The right spirit prevailed during the entire session.

After the adjournment, and partaking of a supper got up in good style by Patriarch Ruke, the Patriarchs returned to their respective residences, I think gratified with their visits to Mount Hor, (though the roads were very rough.) Their nights of meeting are 1st and 3d Fridays in each month. May peace harmony and prosperity attend "Mount Hor." ONE WHO WAS THERE.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 26, 1847.

E. WINCHESTER, Esq.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—On the 16th inst. Ajalon Lodge No. 282, was opened in the Hall, North 6th stree, by G. Sec. CURTIS. There were about 25 applicants for the charter, and at its first meeting, several applications were acted upon.

On the 17th, Arnana Lodge No. 266, was constituted in the Hall at the corner of 3d and Brown street, and the following brothers were installed into the respective offices: Wm. S. Black, N.G.; J. A. Wiseman, V.G., Chas. Schaffer, S.; H. W. Sevanger, A.S; J. D. Jeffries, T.

On the 19th, Mount Carmel Lodge No. 283, was constituted by the G. M. in the 6th-st. Hall.

On the 20th, Mystic Lodge No. 270, was constituted at Holmesburg, Philad. county, by the G. M. and the following brothers installed into their respective offices: M. Rowland, N G.; Jesse Wells, V.G.; A. Arthur, S.; H. G. Hood, A.S.; J. Waterman, Jr. T. Some 14 applications were acted upon in the evening. Holmesburg is situated some 10 miles from this city, and I believe the prospect for a Lodge in that place is good.

On the 20th, Salem Lodge No. 280, was instituted by the G. W. in the 6th-st. Hall, who installed the following officers: Wm. Moore, N.G.; John B. Cist, V.G.; J. N. Moore, S; G. W. Middleton, A.S.; Chas. F. Thacher, T.

You will perceive that the officers of the G. L. are kept busy, and that the Order is extending its usefulness in every part of our State.

Last Monday evening a special session of our G. L. was held, and charters were granted for

MINERAL LODGE No. 285, St. Clair, Schuylkill county.
——— LODGE No. 286, Alexandria, Huntingdon county.
LLEWELLYN LODGE No, 287, Llewellyn Schuylkill county.

General I. O. of O. F. Directory,

Containing a

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL THE LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS

Under the Jurisdictions of the

Grand Lodges of the U. States and British N. America.

With the Names of the Grand Officers.

THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES

Meets in the city of Baltimore, Md. on the 3d Monday in September annually. Horn R. Kneass, of Pa., M. W. Grand Sire; Newel A. Thompson of Mass. R.W. Deputy Grand Sire; James L. Ridgely of Md. R. W. Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary; Andrew E. Warner of Md. R. W. Grand Treasurer.

DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND SIRES.

Rhode Island	P.G.M.	——— Webster,	Providence.
Florida	P.G.	Wylie Williams,	Columbus, Geo.
Alabama	P.G.M.	John Affron,	Mobile.
Arkansas	P.G.M.	Wm. C. Lofland,	Memphis.
Indiana	P.G.	George Brown,	
Ill. in part, & Wis. & Iowa	P.G.M.	John G. Potts,	Galena, Ill.
Illinois in part, & Wiscon.	P.G.M.	Wm. Duane Wilson,	Millwaukie, Wis.
Texas	P.G.M.	L. P. Sundberg,	Galveston.
Vermont	P.G.	Eli Ballou,	Montpelier, Vt.
Louisiana	P.G.	A. B. Coleman,	New Orleans.
Southern Illinois	P.G.M.	G. B. Allen,	St. Louis, Mo.

NEW-YORK.

The Grand Lodge meets at National Hall, New York city, on the 3d Monday in August, annually, at 10 o'clock A.M.

Joseph R. Taylor, of No. 158, G. M.
Jacob Storms, of No. 77, D. G. M.
Wm. H. H. Prall, of No. 15, G. War.
John G. Treadwell, of No. 22, G. Sec.
Matthew Bird, of No. 22, G. Treas.
Jas. A. Coffin, of No. 73, G.R. No. 1.
J. W. Dwinelle, of No. 226, G.R. No. 2.

Subordinates Lodges by Districts.
With the No. of members June 30, 1847.

ALBANY.

J. Gardiner, D.D.G.M., Albany.

3 Hope	Albany	Tu.	126
5 City Philanthro	do	Fr.	151
7 Clinton	do	W.	50
8 Union	do	Th.	174
16 Germ. Colonial	do	M.	103
19 Firemens	do	Th.	219
32 American	do	W.	121
38 Mount Hermon	do	W.	16
41 Phœnix	do	Tu.	168
62 Spartan	Cohoes	Fr.	68
93 Samaritan	Albany	M.	225
209 Laurel	Watervliet	M.	53
322 Hebron	Bern		

ALLEGANY.

249 Allegany	Belfast	Fr.	34
259 Canacadere	Almond	W.	42
292 Angelica	Angelica	Th.	24
318 Oil Spring	Cuba		
325 Sylvan	Rushford		

BROOME.

T. R. Morgan, D.D.G.M. Binghamton.

221 Calumet	Binghamton	M.	88

CATTARAUGUS.

328 Relief	Lodi, (Persia)	W.	

CAYUGA.

W. Hopkins, D.D.G.M., Auburn.

80 Cayuga	Auburn	W.	120
111 Owasco	Port Byron	M.	55
146 Brutus	Weedsport	W.	36
222 Cato	Cato 4 cor.	Tu.	118
244 Auburn	Auburn	Fr.	52
302 Amity	Sennett:		5
303 Logan	Union Springs		7
304 Osco	Auburn		14
338 Sodus	Martville		

CHAUTAUQUE.

Edwin Isham, D.D.G.M., Dunkirk.

180 Chautauque	Fredonia	Fr.	87
191 Summit	Mayville	W.	38
206 Alhambra	Westfield	Tu.	41
227 Forestville	Forestville	Th.	95
296 Ellicott	Jamestown		21

CHEMUNG.

E. S. Hinman, D.D.G.M., Havana.

127 Chemung	Elmira	M.	136
211 Havana	Havana	W.	72
254 Newtown	Elmira	W.	50
269 Sullivan	Horsehead	Tu.	35
272 Millport	Millport	M.	47
275 Canadesaga	Jefferson		32

CLINTON.

N. F. Webb, D.D.G.M., Rouse's Pt.

167 Frontier	Rouse's Pt.	M.	55
294 Ausable	Clintonville		33

CHENANGO.

W. W. Packer, D.D.G.M, Oxford.

114 Chenango	Oxford	W.	67
186 Jerico	Bainbrige	Sa.	34
236 Canasawacta	Norwich	W.	70
317 New Berlin	New Berlin		
334 Tioughneoga	Greene		
336 Smyrna	Smyrna		

COLUMBIA.

E. C. Terry, D.D.G.M., Hudson.

6 Good Intent	Stockport	Sa.	65
92 Allen	Hudson	M.	293
128 Morning Star	Chat. 4 cor.	W.	63
332 Valatie	Valatie	Tu.	

CORTLAND.

Robt. O. Reynolds, D.D.G.M., Homer.

253 Tioughnioga	Cortlandv.	Th.	48
280 Homer	Homer	Tu.	37

DUTCHESS.

A. J. Ketcham, D.D.G.M., Po'keepsie.

2 Friendship	Pleasant Valley		20
18 La Fayette	Channingv.	Th.	67
21 Poughkeepsie	Po'keepsie	M.	184
59 Dutchess	do	W.	127
91 Fishkill	Fishkill	Sa.	80
108 Hughsonville	Hughsonv.	Tu.	47
131 Evergreen	Fishkill L.	Tu.	126
162 Rhinebeck	Rhinebeck	M.	121

DELAWARE.

265 Delaware	Delhi	W.	33

ERIE.

J. W. Davock, D.D.G.M., Buffalo.

25 Niagara	Buffalo	M.	227
37 Buffalo	do	Tu.	186
48 Tehoseroron	do	Th.	155
171 Hesperian	do	Fr.	66
260 Walhalla	do	Sa.	73

ESSEX.

J. N. Macomber, D.D.G.M., Keeseville.

136 Adirondack	Keeseville	M.	63

FULTON.

279 Cayadutta	Johnstown	W.	37

GENESEE.

John G. Barber, D.D.G.M., Leroy.

101 Cincinnatus	Batavia	Sa.	99
119 Le Roy	Le Roy	M.	60
145 Tonawanda	Alexander	Th.	33

GREENE.

W. B. Nelson, D.D.G.M., Coxsackie.

187 Kempton	Coxsackie	Tu.	113
189 Hen. Hudson	Catskill	W.	110
246 Prattsville	Prattsville	M.	92
310 Mountain	Windham Cen.		

HERKIMER.

H. G. Root, D. D. G. M., Mohawk.

184 Kiohora	Little Falls	M.	65
185 Hendrick	Mohawk	Sa.	88
199 Canajohaw	Newport	W.	41
215 Oneontha	Frankfort	Th.	71

JEFFERSON.

Edwin Clarke, D.D.G.M., Watertown.

124 Black River	Watertown	Th.	110
161 Iroquois	do	Tu.	65
250 Tuscarora	Antwerp		29
291 Cassiodeia	Plessis	Sa.	12
311 Wampanoag	Sackett's Har.		
323 Wonona	Adams		

KINGS.

Richard Sharpe, D.D.G.M., Brooklyn.

26 Brooklyn	Brooklyn	Tu.	401
39 Nassau	do	Th.	190
45 Kings County	Williamsb'g.	W.	189
59 Atlantic	Brooklyn	M.	192
61 Crusaders	Williamsbg.	Tu.	55
63 Long Island	Brooklyn	Tu.	178
66 Fulton	do	W.	129
94 Eagle	do	M.	183
133 Steuben	do	W.	82
153 Montague	do	Tu.	86
166 Magnolia	do	Tu.	139
190 Stirling	do	M.	46
194 Myrtle	do	Th.	61
288 Grenada	do	M.	54
306 Cornucopia	do	W.	27
327 Montauk	do		
336 Wyandank	Williamsb'g.		

LIVINGSTON.

J. A. VanDerlip, D.D.G.M., Mt. Morris			
118 Genesee Valley	Mt. Morris	Th.	68
123 Canaseraga	Dansville	Fr.	94
252 Big Tree	Geneseo	W.	29
316 Nunda	Nunda		

LEWIS.

308 Adelphia	Lowville	M.	7

MADISON.

S. H. Henry, D.D.G.M., Cazanovia.

142 Madison	Canastota	Sa.	50
172 Oneactah	Hamilton	Sa.	76

218 Philotimian.....Earlville....M. 45
223 Owahgena.....Cazenovia...T. 86
299 De Ruyter....De Ruyter..W. 15
333 Stockbridge...Stockbridge..

MONROE.

Elijah K. Blythe, D.D.G.M., Rochester.
51 Genesee.....Rochester...Fr. 218
69 Teoronto.....do.....M. 158
226 Rochester City....do.....Tu. 58
258 Brockport.....Brockport...W. 67

MONTGOMERY.

E. Lindsay, D.D.G.M., Fort Plain.
134 Amsterdam....Amsterdam. W. 62
164 Montgomery...Fort Plain..Fr. 64
247 Tryon.....Canajoharie.Th. 51
271 Iconderoga.....Florida.....S. 26
282 Aganuschian...Fultonville.Tu. 29
339 Climax.....Fonda.....

NIAGARA.

P. L. Ely, D.D.G.M., Lockport.
121 Cataract.....Lockport....W. 52
256 Sacarissa.....Lewiston...Th. 73

NEW YORK.—1st DISTRICT.

30 National.....Clinton Hall..M. 234
67 Commercial.....do.....Tu. 167
126 Excelsior.....do.....Fr. 164
150 Merchants.....do.....W. 160
235 Templar.....do.....Th. 80
278 Orion.....do.....S. 76
22 Knickerbocker.71 Division-st.Th. 235
34 Marion.....do.....Th. 179
47 Mercantile.....do.....Tu. 142
52 United Brothers.....do.....Tu. 284
57 Mutual.....do.....M. 238
60 Howard.....do.....W. 212
64 Empire.....do.....M. 170
73 Mt. Vernon.....do.....Fr. 237
117 Continental.....do.....W. 131

NEW YORK.—2d DISTRICT.

10 New York....National Hall. W. 394
11 Gettys.....do.....Tu. 234
12 Washington.....do.....Tu. 149
13 Germania.....do.....Fr. 254
14 Teutonia.....do.....M. 319
17 Perseverance.....do.....W. 22
33 Metropolitan.....do.....Th. 133
68 Oriental.....do.....Th. 141
87 Fidelity.....do.....Th. 132
151 City.....do.....M. 107
23 Mariners.....38 Canal-st.....M. 258
43 Concorde.....do.....Tu. 108
49 Hancock.....do.....W. 285
137 Cohota.....do.....W. 50
295 Hospitaller.....do.....Fr. 64
31 Olive Branch.,411 Broadway. W. 154
107 Hinman.....do.....M. 195
177 Eureka.....do.....Tu. 124
233 Sincerite.....do.....Fr. 50
315 Crystal.....do.....Th.

NEW YORK.—3d DISTRICT.

1 Columbia.....132 Bowery...Th. 246
158 Independence.....do.....W. 102
165 Hermitage.....do.....Tu. 164
178 Oregon.....do.....M. 107
228 Beacon.....do.....Fr. 83
35 Covenant.....187 Bowery...Th. 326
78 Croton.....do.....W. 146
82 German Oak.....do.....W. 160
140 Diamond.....do.....M. 145
4 Strangers Ref..Mil. Hall, Bow. M. 93
15 Fountain City.....do.....W. 54
183 Alleghania.....do.....Th. 150
331 Island City.....do.....Tu.
243 Pilgrim..Hester, c. Bowery..M. 119
314 Tradesmen's.....do.....Tu.
321 Ocean.....do.....Th.
337 Globe.....do.....W.
129 Schiller. Forsyth, c. Broome. Tu. 133
253 Warren.....do.....Th. 122
20 Manhattan. Clinton, c. Grand..M. 387
28 Ark.....do.....W. 325
36 Enterprise.....do.....Tu. 256
44 Harmony.....do.....Th. 205

NEW YORK.—4th DISTRICT.

9 Tompkins. Hudson, c. Grove. Tu. 226
40 Greenwich.....do.....M. 154
42 Meridian.....do.....W. 268
58 Grove.....do.....Th. 127
46 Jefferson.....327 Bowery...Tu. 354
237 Acorn.....do.....W. 77
84 Chelsea.....71 West 17th-st. W. 166
210 Siloam.....do.....Tu. 64
113 Mechanics..Av. C. cor. 3d-st. M. 292
234 Eckford.....do.....W. 114
182 Blooming Grove..8 Av. 29-st. Th. 134
326 Fitzray.....do.....Th.

ORANGE.

Andrew Saul, D.D.G.M., Newburg.
65 Highland.....Newburgh.Tu. 103
74 Orange County.....do.....W. 140
112 Middletown...Middletown. Th. 234
138 Chester.....Chester.....M. 58
157 Wawayonda...Goshen.....Tu. 58
170 Freemen's.....Montgomery M. 45
203 Beacon Hill....Canterbury. M. 31
281 Hudson River. Newburg....Th. 20

ONTARIO.

J. S. Graham, D.D.G.M., Geneva.
116 Ontario.....Canandaig'a Th. 91
135 Phelps.....Vienna.....W. 87
143 Seneca.....Geneva.....Fr. 150
267 Nundawaga....Naples.....Tu. 23
312 Manchester....Manchester C
329 Clifford.....Bethel.....

ONEIDA.

Theo. Dimon, D.D.G.M., Utica.
70 Oneida.....Utica.....Th. 158
95 Skenandoah.....do.....Tu. 67
101 Stanwix.....Andover.....W. 40
115 Rome.....Rome.....Tu. 83
125 Van Epps.....Vernon.....M. 43
147 Schuyler.....Utica.....M. 127
154 Camden.....Camden.....M. 53
159 Teondatha.....New Lond..Th. 43
195 Wyandot.....Whitesboro..S. 56
200 Farmers.....Holland Pat. Sa. 62
201 Unea.....Oriskany F. Fr. 73
217 Oriskany.....Oriskany.....W. 59
231 Central City....Utica.....W. 99
240 Waterville.....Waterville..Sa. 29
242 Gansevoort.....Rome.....Fr. 52
255 De Kalb.....Durhamvil..Sa. 41
289 Boonville.....Boonville....Sa. 21
320 Sauquoit.....Sauquoit....Sa.

ONONDAGA.

Lyman Stevens, D.D.G.M., Syracuse.
79 Onondaga.....Syracuse....Fr. 178
109 Syracuse.....do.....Tu. 134
192 Mohegan.....Baldwinsv..W. 98
193 Skaneateles....Skaneateles. M. 97
208 Central.....Syracuse...Th. 54
225 Alphadelphia.....do.....W. 71
230 Jordan.....Jordan.....Tu. 65
286 Camillus.....Camillus....Sa. 25
307 Rainbow.....Fayetteville... 8

ORLEANS.

Jas. W. Otto, D.D.G.M., Medina.
139 Orleans.....Medina.....Tu. 71
212 Albion.....Albion.....Fr. 102
283 Ridgeway.....Knowlesville. M. 37

OSWEGO.

H. L. Davis, D.D.G.M., Oswego.
156 Oswegatchie...Oswego.....Th. 125
214 Oswego.....do.....M. 99
224 Koinonikos....Fulton.....Fr. 73
245 Golden Rule...Phœnix.....Tu. 47
261 Clayson.....Cleveland...Tu. 36
284 Osceola.....Pulaski.....W. 59

OTSEGO.

R. A. Lesley, D.D.G.M., Cooperstown.
103 Otsego.....Cooperstown. S. 100
264 Butternut Val..Louisville...Tu. 50
276 Unadilla.....Unadilla..... 5
277 Fountain.....W. Springf'd Sa. 44
340 Cherry Valley. Cherry Valley . 5

PUTNAM.

A. H. Ladue, D.D.G.M., Coldspring.
120 Cold Spring...Cold Spring. Tu. 146
287 Mahopac.....Lake Mahop. M. 20

QUEENS.

Henry D. Hall, D.D.G.M., Roslyn.
81 Jamaica.....Jamaica.....Tu. 130
85 Pacific.....Flushing.....M. 141
141 Hempstead.....Hempstead..W. 86
144 Protection.....Rosslyn.....Th. 68
241 Pembrooke.....Glen Cove..Fr. 89

RENSSELAER.

A. H. Crary, D.D.G.M., Troy.
24 Franklin.....Troy.....W. 106
27 Trojan.....do.....M. 183
29 Star.....Lansingb'h..M. 97
53 Rensselaer.....Troy.....Tu. 112
56 Halcyon.....do.....Th. 112
96 Rising Sun.....Lansingb'g..W. 87
216 Schaghticoke..Schaghticoke. S. 51
268 Atheneean.....Troy.....Fr. 40

RICHMOND.

Dr. M. H. Van Dyke, Tompkinsville.
88 Richmond Co....Castleton.....W. 143
152 Neptune.....Tompkinsv. Th. 149

ROCKLAND.

S. S. Post, D.D.G.M., Haverstraw.
76 Rockland Co....Haverstraw Th. 92
83 Piermont.....Piermont...Tu. 66

SARATOGA.

P. T. Heartt, 2d, D.D.G.M., Waterford.
98 Saratoga.....Saratoga Sp. Tu. 145
102 Knickerbocker Ballston Sp. Fr. 85
110 Waverly.....Waterford..Fr. 63
168 Monticello.....Schuylerv..Th. 34
174 Northern Star. Mechanicsv. W. 37

SCHENECTADY.

D. P. Forest, D.D.G.M., Schenectady.
72 Mohawk Valley. Schenectady. M. 183
99 Saint Paul's....Schenectady Tu. 113

SCHOHARIE.

Wm. H. Gallup, D.D.G.M., Scheharie.
179 Schoharie.....Schoharie..Tu. 71
197 Esperance.....Esperance.....S. 52
293 Middleburg....Middleburg..M. 17

SENECA.

John Furguson, D.D.G.M., Ovid.
160 Jenesequa.....Ovid.....Fr. 67
169 Delphian.....Waterloo...Tu. 91
180 Hyperion.....Seneca Falls. M. 78
297 Lodi.....Townsendv..W. 23
324 Philalella.....Farmersville..

STEUBEN.

C. A. Rogers, D.D.G.M., Bath.
176 Kanona.....Hamm'dp't. Th. 43
205 Painted Post...Painted P..Tu. 63
213 Kohokton.....Bath.....Fr. 91
257 Prattsburg.....Prattsburg..W. 31
262 Corning.....Corning.....Sa. 60
285 Canisteo.....Addison.....M. 22
309 Monterey.....Monterey..... 5

SULLIVAN.

298 Mongaupa.....Monticello..... 5

ST. LAWRENCE.

L. B. Storrs, D.D.G.M., Canton.
220 St. Lawrence...Canton.....Th. 54
273 Ogdensburg...Ogdensburg. W. 58
274 Mastaqua.....Pottsdam..Tu. 37
319 Auriga.....Columbia.....

SUFFOLK.

Henry T. Mead, D.D.G.M., Huntington.
90 Suffolk.....Sag Harbor..M. 70
155 Huntington....Huntington..S. 51
218 Brookhaven....Patchogue....S. 41
270 Northport.....Northport...M. 15
301 Sampawams...Babylon..... 10

TIOGA.

204 Owego.....Owego.....Tu. 76

TOMPKINS.

W. P. Pew, D.D.G.M., Ithaca.
71 Ithaca.....Ithaca.....Fr. 194
132 Tuckahannock. Trumansb'g. M. 67
313 McLean.....McLean.....

ULSTER.

John H. Stratton, D.D.G.M., Rondout.
86 Kosciusko.....Kingston....W. 145
219 Ulster.....Saugerties..Th. 93
238 Lackawanna...Rondout....Tu. 63

WASHINGTON.

P. L. Barker, D.D.G.M., Union Village.
54 Whitehall.....Whitehall..Th. 123
105 Wash'g Co.....Hartford....W. 32
122 Union Village..Union Vil....M. 79
188 Fort Ann.....Fort Ann...Tu. 32
202 Arcturus.....Sandy Hill..Fr. 60
229 Evening Star..Battenville..W. 31
251 Salem.....Salem.....Th. 52
266 N. Wh. Creek..N. Wh. Cr...Tu. 58
290 Tioshoke.....Buskirk's B. Th. 23

WAYNE.

Wm. H. Sisson, jr. D D.G.M., Lyons.
148 Wayne.....Palmyra.....M. 87
175 Lyons.....Lyons.....M. 55
196 Newark.....Newark.....Tu. 69
198 Galen.....Clyde.....W. 62
287 Charity.....Williamson. Fr. 58

WESTCHESTER.

H. W. Depew, D.D.G.M., Peekskill.
55 Courtlandt.....Peekskill....W. 108
75 Cryptic.....Peekskill....Fr. 112
77 Westchester....Tarrytown..M. 71
89 Putnam.....West Farms Th. 99
97 Ossinsin.....Sing Sing...Fr. 99
163 Melanchton....Port Chester. M. 30
151 Nepperhan....Yonkers.....W. 46
239 Throgmorton..Westchester..S. 38

WYOMING.

Ransom Hooper, D.D.G.M., Perry.
100 Wyoming.....Attica.....Fr. 29
106 Silver Lake....Perry.....Sa. 25

WARREN.

305 Horicon.....Glenn's Falls.. 7

YATES.

S. H. Wells, D.D.G.M., Penn Yan.
149 Keuka.....Penn Yan..Tu. 136
173 Ganundawah...Rushville...M. 89
232 Sagayewatha...Dundee.....M. 56

Total 338 Lodges, 30,296 members.

Degree Lodges

1 New-York.....New-York.....Fri
2 Manhattan.....do.....Thu
3 Erie.....Buffalo.....2 4 W
4 Hudson.....New-York.....Sat
5 United Brothers. do.....Fri
6 Clinton.....do.....Sat
7 Rensselaer.....Troy.....1 Thu
8 Ridgely.....do.....2 4 Fri
9 Dutchess.....Channingville...
10 Selby.....Poughkeepsie...
11 Albany City....Albany.....Sat
12 Monroe.....Rochester.....
13 Franklin.....Brooklyn. 1 4 F 2 4 S
14 Washington....Williamb'g. 1 2 Tue
15 Excelsior.....Albany.....1 3 Fr
16 Harmony.....Lansingburg...Tue
17 Kennedy.....Ithaca.....2 Mon
18 Utica.....Utica.....1 3 Fri
19 Treadwell.....Syracuse....1 3 Sat
20 Myrtle.....Newburgh..1 3 Fri
21 N. Y. Central...Rome.....
22 Ontario.....Canandaigua...1 Tu
23 Concord.....Lansingburg..2 Fri
24 Westchester....Peekskill.....
25 Richmond Co....Castleton.....
26 Covenant.....Penn Yan...1 Thu
27 Schenectady....Schenect'dy. last Th
28 Frontier.....Fredonia.....
29 Niagara.....Lockport.....
30 Palmyra.....Palmyra...char. sur.

The Grand Encampment

Meets at National Hall, New-York city, semi-annually, on the Mondays preceding the first Wednesdays of August (annual session) and February.

Thaddeus Davids, of No. 3, G. P.
Issachar G. Reed, of No. 32. G. H. P.
L. R. Osborne, of No. 9, G. S. W.
John J. Davis, of No. 2, G. Scribe.
Richard Sharpe, of No. 7, G. Treas.
John R. Taylor, of No. 1, G. J W.
Theo. Dimon, of No. 24, G. Rep. No. 1.
P.G.P. J. Green, of No. 9, G.R. No. 2

D. D. GRAND PATRIARCHS.

Albany.....J. R. Taylor, Albany.
Columbia.Jas. Batchelor, Hudson.
Chemung..D. C. Mallory, Elmira.
Cayuga....T. Y. Howe, Auburn.
Erie.....Tim. Parson, Buffalo.
Livingston.J. A. Vanderlip, Mt. Morris.
Monroe....H. Leonard, Rochester.
Madison...J. W. Nye, jr. Hamilton.
Orange....J. R. Wiltsie, Newburg.
Onondaga.W. W. Willard, Syracuse.
Ontario....G. R. Parburt, Canandaigu'
Oneida....D. Gilmore, Utica.
Rensselaer..P. W Barringer, Troy.
Schenect'dy.D. P. Forest, Schenect'dy
Saratoga..T. M. Marvin, Sar. Springs.
Steuben....C. J. Chatfield Painted Post
Tompkins..Wm. J. Pen, Ithaca.
Ulster.....C. L. Clay, Kingston.
Westchester.C. A. G. De Peu, Peekskill.
*Washington*D. W. Clarke, Whitehall.
Wayne.....H. S. Flower, Ulster.

Subordinates.

1 New-York State.Albany.....
2 Mt. Hebron.....New-York..2 4 Fri
3 Mt. Sinai.....do.....1 3 Fri
4 Troy.....Troy.....1 3 Fri
5 Enhakkore.....Albany.....2 4 Fri
6 Mosaic.....New-York..1 3 Fri
7 Salem.....Brooklyn...2 4 Fri
8 Mt. Vernon.....Buffalo.....1 3 Wed
9 Palestine.....New-York..2 4 Sat
10 Mt. Olivet.....do.....2 4 Fri
11 Mt. Hope.....Rochester..1 3 Thu
12 Mt. Horeb.....New-York.2 4 Thu
13 Mohawk.....Schenectady.2 4 Fr
14 Mt. Nebo.....Syracuse...1 3 Mon
15 Olive Branch...Lansingburg.2 4 Fri
16 Mt. Ararat.....Peekskill...2 4 Tue
17 Union.....Hudson.....2 4 Fri
18 Damascus.....New-York..2 4 Sat
19 Lebanon.....do.....1 3 Sat
20 Mt. Tabor.....Po'keepsie..2 4 Fri
21 Mt. Carmel.....Newburgh.2 4 Mon
22 Iroquois.....Ithaca.....1 3 Mon
23 Phœnix.....Auburn.....1 3 Mon
24 Tri-Mount.....Utica.....2 4 Fri
25 Mispeh.....Brooklyn...1 3 Fri
26 Wacontame.....Hamilton...1 3 Tue
27 Mohegan.....Sar. Spr'gs..1 3 Fri
28 Jerusalem.....New-York.....Fri
29 Horicon.....Whitehall...1 3 Fri
30 Geneva.....Geneva.....2 4 Tue
31 Mt. Zion.....New York..1 3 Fri
32 Bethlehem.....Brooklyn...2 4 Tri
33 Fort Hill.....Elmira.....1 3 Fri
34 Mt. Hermon.....Goshen.....2 4 Wed
35 Egyptian.....New-York..1 3 Fri
36 Zenobia.....Palmyra.....1 3 Tue
37 Mamre.....New-York..1 3 Fri
38 Oxford.....Oxford.....1 3 Fri
39 Montour.....Paint. Post.2 4 Wed
40 Eden.....Penn Yan...1 3 Fri
41 Samaria.....New-York..2 4 Fri
42 Laurel.....Schaghticoke.1 3 Th
43 Excelsior.....Kingston...1 3 Mon
44 Genesee.....Dansville.....
45 Manitou.....New York...2 4 Fri
46 Alhambra.....Rome.....
47 Aurora.....Saugerties.2 4 Mon
48 Konoshiona.....Oswego.....
49 Thayendanegea.Havana.....2 4 Mon
50 Dionondehoo....Union Village.
51 Tompkins.....Stapleton.....
52 Washington....Sing Sing..1 3 Tue
53 Skaneateles.....Skaneateles.2 4 Fri
54 Cazenovia.....Cazenovia..1 3 Thu
55 Unity.....Cold Spring.2 4 Thu
56 Montezuma.....Watertown..
57 Western Star...Fredonia.....
58 Mt. Hor.....Cato 4 Cor..

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Grand Lodge meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, North Sixth-st, Philadelphia, bi-monthly, on the third Mondays of February, April, June, August, October and December.

Joseph S. Langer, of No. 26, G. M.
Daniel Baker, of No. 18, D.G.M.
Henry S. Patterson, of No. 200, G.W.
William Curtis, of No. 28, G. Sec.
F. K. Morton, of No. 11, G. Treas.
John C. Yeager, of No. 114, G. Rep.
Andrew Yohe, of No. 39, G. Rep.

D. D. GRAND MASTERS.

Adams....W. P. Bell, Gettysburg.
Allegheny.W. C. Meredith, Pittsburg.
Berks.....W. A. Wells, Reading.
Bucks.....C. E. Wright, Doylestown.
Blair.....G. R. M'Farlane, Huntingd'n
Bradford..G. F. Mason. Monroeton.
Bedford....Jas. Reamer, Bedford.
*Cumb'land*J. W. Coxell, Newville.
Columbia..E. Armstrong, Danville.
Crawford..Jas. D. Gill, Meadville.
Clinton....J. W. Quiggle, Lockhaven.
Carbon....C. O. Skeer, Mauch Ch'k
Cambria...J. Bonstead, Johnstown.
Center.....P. B. Wilson, Bellefonte.
Dauphin..John J. Clyde, Harrisburg.
Delaware..Saml. Turner, Chester.
Erie.....O. D. Shafford, Erie. (burg.
Franklin..D. D. Denborow, Chambers-
Fayette....T. Duncan, Brownsville.
Huntin'don James Bell, Huntin'don

Juniata... T. Krider, Mifflinsb'rg
Lancaster. C. C. Ihling, Lancaster.
Lehigh.... R. E. Wright, Allentown.
Luzerne.... Andrew Yohe, Wilksbarre
Lycoming.. Jas. Gamble, Jers'y Shore
Lebanon... Jas. Boas, Lebanon.
Mifflin.... J. R. Crawford, Lewistown.
Montgom'y. H. Leibert, Norristown
Monroe.... S. Hayden, Stroudsb'rg
North'pt'n. C. H. Williams, Easton.
Northumb'. Amos Witter, Milton.
Perry..... W. R. Fetters, Newport.
Schuylkill. J. S. C. Martin, Pottsville.
Susquehan'. T. P. St. John, Montrose.
Union..... L. B. Christ, Lewisburg.
Washington Jas B. Ruple, Washingt'n
Wayne.... J. Woodward, Honesdale.
York..... Geo. S. Morris, York.
Clearfield & Jefferson.. John L. Cuttle.

Subordinates.

1 Pennsylvania... Philadelphia.. Wed
2 Washington.... do. ...Tue
3 Wayne..... do. ...Mon
4 Morning Star... do. ...Frid
5 Franklin..... do. ...Thu
6 Gen. Marion.... do. ...Thu
7 Herman..... N. Liberties...Tue
8 Rising Sun..... Frankford.....Sat
9 Mechanics..... Pittsburg.....Thu
10 Philomatheon... Germantown....Sat
11 Kensington..... N. Liberties...Wed
12 Jefferson..... do. ...Mon
13 Philadelphia.... Philadelphia.. Wed
14 Wildey..... Frankford.....Sat
15 Philanthropic... Philadelphia... Tue
16 Harmony..... N. Liberties....Fri
17 N. Liberty..... do. ...Mon
18 Lafayette..... Philadelphia...Thu
19 Amity..... do. ...Thu
20 Miners..... Pottsville.....Sat
21 Tutonia..... Philadelphia..Mon
22 Adelphia..... do. ...Tue
23 Friendship..... do. ...Tue
24 Western Star... Pittsburg.....Wed
25 America..... N. Liberties,..Wed
26 Penn..... do. ...Mon
27 Schuylkill..... Port Carbon....Fri
28 Hen. Adelphon.. N. Liberties...Thu
29 R. Morris..... Philadelphia..Wed
31 Manayunk..... Manyunk.....Sat
33 Decatur..... Philadelphia..Wed
34 United States... do. ...Mon
36 Columbian..... N. Liberties...Thu
38 Monroe..... Philadadelphia..Fri
39 Wyoming..... Wilkesbarre...Wed
40 Benevolent..... Village Green...Sat
42 Hancock..... Philadelphia....Fri
44 Haydn..... Pottsville.....Thu
45 William Tell... Pittsburg....1 3 Sat
46 Excelsior..... Philadelphia....Fri
47 Rising Star..... Bustleton.....Sat
51 Brownsville..... Brownsville.....Sat
53 Girard..... Pottsville.....Tue
54 Northern Star.. Addisville...1 3 Sat
55 Independence... Philadelphia ....Fri
56 Social..... Minersville.....Sat
57 Montgomery.... Norristown....Mon
58 Cambrian..... Carbondale.....Sat
59 Montgomery.... Reading.....Thu
60 Concordia..... Catawisa.....1 3 Sat
61 Adam..... Philadelphia...Mon
62 Beaver Meadow. Beaver Meadow.Sat
63 Hand-in-Hand... Frankford.....Tue
64 Gomer..... Pittsburg...2 4 Sat
65 Hazleton..... Hazleton.....Sat
66 Roxborough.... Roxborough.....Sat
67 Lancaster..... Lancaster.....Wed
68 Harrisburg..... Harrisburg....Wed
69 Peace & Plenty. Easton.....Wed
70 State Capitol... Harrisburg....Tue
71 Allen..... Allentown.....Sat
73 Delaware..... Easton.....Tue
74 Mount Zion..... York.....Mon
75 Columbus..... Chambersburg.Thu
76 Mauch Chunk.. Mauch Chunk.Thu
77 Brotherly Love.. Kurtztown.....Sat
78 Keystone..... Bethlehem....Thu
79 Howard..... Honesdale.....Wed
80 Susquehanna... Columbia.....Mon
81 National..... Washington...Thu
82 Charity..... Halifax.....Sat
83 Lehigh..... Allentown.....Sat
84 Mutual..... Milton.....Sat
85 Friendly..... Millertown.....Sat
86 Harmony..... Tamaque.....Mon
87 Hopkins..... Bristol.....Wed
88 Freedom..... Prompton.....Sat
89 Good Samaritan. Southwark.....Fri
90 Cumberland.... Shippensburg..Tue
91 Carlisle..... Carlisle.....Mon
92 Chester..... Chester.....Thu
93 Hope..... Southwark....Wed
94 Doylestown..... Doylestown.....Sat
95 Schiller..... Philada.....Wed
96 Lewisburg..... Lewisburg.....Tue
97 Lewistown..... Lewistown.....Sat
98 Clinton..... Lockhaven.....Tue
99 Spring Garden.. Spring Garden.Thu
100 Chosen Friends. N. Liberties...Tue
101 Jersey Shore... Jersey Shore..Mon
102 Newport..... Newport.....Wed
103 Symmetry..... Hamburg.....Thu
04 Empire..... Philada.....Thu
105 Salome..... Reading.....Tue
106 Gottenburg.... Philada.....Mon
107 Presque Isle.... Erie.....Mon
108 Cussewago..... Meadville.....Sat
109 Montour..... Danville.....Mon
110 Crystal Fount.. Philada.....Wed
111 Fatherland.... Easton.....Sat
112 Lycoming..... Williamsport..Thu
113 Oriental..... Southwark.....Thu
114 Covenant..... Philadelphia....Fri
115 Olive Branch... do. ....Fri
116 Brady..... Muncy.....Sat
117 Juniata..... Huntingdon....Sat
118 Iris..... Bethany.....Sat
119 Hollidaysburg.. Hollidaysburg.Wed
120 Carroll..... Schuy'l Haven.Wed
121 Lebanon..... Lebanon.....Frid
122 Bernville..... Bernville.....Sat
123 McVeytown.... Waynesburg....Sat
124 Gettys..... Gettysburg.....Tue
125 Shamokin..... Shamokintown.Sat
126 Gen. Warren... Southwark.....Tue
127 Paradise..... Philadelphia..Thu
128 Elizabethtown. Elizabethtown.Thu
129 Donegal..... Marietta.....Tue
130 Industry..... Manayunk.....Wed
131 Mifflintown.... Mifflintown.....Fri
132 Orphans Rest.. Darby.....Sat
133 Gen. Harrison.. Southwark.....Mon
134 Fort Penn..... Stroudsburg....Sat
135 Livingston..... West Philada..Tue
136 Anthracite..... Minersville.....Fri
137 Monroe..... Monroeton.....Sat
138 Fidelity..... N. Liberties.....Fri
139 Columbus..... S. Easton.....Mon
140 Van Camp..... Bloomsburg....Mon
141 Leesport..... Leesport.....Sat
142 Shiloh..... Southwark.....Thu
143 Mt. Vernon.... Shrewsbury....Tue
144 Fourth of July. Southwark.....Tue
145 Fredonia..... Philada.....Tue
146 Southwark..... Southwark.....Wed
147 Metamora..... Reading.....Wed
148 Pine Grove.... Pine Grove.....Sat
149 Fairmount..... Philada.....Fri
150 Metropolitan... do. .....Tue
151 Montrose..... Montrose.....Tue
152 Birmingham.... Birmingham.....Sat
153 Center..... Bellefonte.....Thu
154 Greenhill..... Spring Garden..Fri
155 Vigilant..... Philada.....Mon
156 Olive Leaf..... Carbondale.....Mon
157 Grace..... Orwigsburg....Thu
158 Germania..... Reading.....Mon
159 Golden Rule... Womelsdorf.....Sat
160 Dauphin..... Harrisburg.....Thu
161 Picqua..... Soudersburg.....Fri
162 Rock of Horeb. Girard.....Tue
163 Union..... New Berlin.....Wed
164 Friend to Peace. South Easton...Sat
165 Athens..... Athens.....Thu
166 North Star.... Kinzerville.....Fri
167 Bradford..... Towanda.....Mon
168 Conneautville.. Conneautville.Wed
169 Emblematic.... Reading.....Sat
170 Capouse..... Providence.....Sat
171 Walhalla..... N. Liberties...Thu
172 Mt. Dempsey.. Landisburg.....Tue
173 Conadoguinit... Newville.....Mon
174 De Kalb..... Southwark.....Sat
175 Chambersburg. Chambersburg.Tue
176 United Bro.... Saulsberg.....Sat
177 Orionto..... Attleboro'.....Thu
178 Wissahickon... Flourtown.....Sat
179 Cresent..... Mifflinsburg...Frid
180 Shickshinny... Shickshinny.. Mon
181 Clifford..... Dundruff.....Sat
182 Iron City..... Pittsburg.....Mon
183 Perseverance... Millersburg.. Thu
184 Kishacoquillas. Lewistown.....Wed
185 Far. & Mechan. Marcus Hook...Sat
186 Justice..... Southwark.....Sat
187 Prospect..... Philadelphia....Fri
188 Fraternal..... do. ....Sat
189 Franconia..... do. ....Sat
190 Star of Bethle.. do. ....Mon
191 Conemaugh.... Johnstown.....Thu
192 Lykens..... Berrysburg.....Fri
193 Aqutong..... Doylestown.....Tue
194 Kutztown..... Kutztown.....Thu
195 Shenango..... New Castle.....Sat
196 Northumberl'd. Northumberl'd Thu
197 Selius Grove... Sellus Grove..Thu
198 Clearfield-.... Clearfield.....Sat
199 Star of Hope... Youngsburg.....Sat
200 Pacific..... Philada.....Sat
201 Enterprise..... do. .....Sat
202 Bedford..... Bedford.....Fri
203 Sunbury..... Sunbury.....Tue
204 Center Square.. Center Square. Thu
205 Evergreen..... Petersburg.....Thu
206 Cincinnatus.... Philadelphia..Wed
207 Conewacte..... New Milford..Thu
208 Capitol..... Philadelphia...Tue
209 O. Monongah'la Elizabeth.....Tue
210 Merion..... Merion Square Wed
211 York Springs.. Petersburg.....Thu
212 Phenix..... Phenixville.....Tue
213 Logan..... Reedsville.....Tue
214 Manatawny.... Pottstown.....Tue
215 Mechanics..... Mechanicsburg.Sat
216 Gratitude..... Conshahocken..Fri
217 Brookville..... Brookbile.....Sat
218 Oley..... Pleasantville....Sat
219 Waynesbo.o'... Waynesboro'....Fri
220 Cherry..... Cherry.....Fri
221 Clemeat..... Waterford.....Fri
222 Eagle..... Huntingdon....Thu
223 Phila. National Spring Garden..Sat
224 Minerva..... N. Liberties.....Sat
225 Shawanee..... Plymouth.....Thu
226 Taylor..... Taylorsville...Thu
227 Breinigsville..Thu
228 Conococheague. Greencastle....Mon
229 Welcome..... N. Liberties...Tue
230 Tyoga..... Wellsboro'.....Fri
231 Macimgie..... Fogelsville.....
232 Radiant Star.. N. Liberties..Wed
232 Marshall..... Mercersburg....Fri
234 Integrity..... Harveysville...Sat
235 Mount Airey...
236 Fairfield..... Montoursville..Sat
237 Mercantile.... Philadelphia...Tue
238 Ticoney..... Bridesburg.....Tue
239 Curtis..... Norristown.....Thu
240 Richmond..... Richmond.....Wed
241 Twin City..... Allegheny City..Fri
242 Monterey..... Lancaster.....Fri
243 Protection..... Hestonville....Mon
244 Lehicton..... Easton.....Mon
245 Tremont..... Tremont.....Sat
246 Berwick..... Berwick.....Fri
247 Priam..... Troy.....Sat
248 Peters' Creek.. Finleysville...Mon
249 Blue Mountain. Sternsville.....Sat
250 Mahoning..... Pauxatawny.....Sat
251 Forest..... Whitehaven...Tue
252 Clarion..... Clarion.....Sat
253 Upland..... Chester.....Thu
254 Fort Necessity. Uniontown.....Sat
255 Vernango..... Franklin.....Mon
256 Commercial.... Philadelphia..Wed
257 St. Tamany.... Doylestown....Mon
258 Templar..... Southwark.....Thu
259 Perry..... Liverpool.....Sat
260 Eureka..... Upper Mahonoy.Sat
261 Good Intent... Forestville.....Sat
262 Atlantic..... Philadelphia...Thu
263 Lieperville.... Chester.....Sat
264 Mountain..... Orangeville.....
265 Siloam..... Newtown.....
266 Artuna..... Philadelphia...Wed
267 Abington..... Abington Center
268 Adelphic..... Tiega.....
269 Catasqua..... Catasqua.....
270 Mystic..... Holmesburg.....
271 Palestine..... N. Liberties.....
272 Liberty..... Spring Garden.
273 Wm. Penn..... Havordford.....
274 Covington..... Covington.....
275 Rose Tree..... Rose Tree.....
276 Penn's Valley. Roalsburg.....
277 Mount Joy..... Mount Joy.....
278 Conequenessing Butler.....
279 Calumet..... Danville.....
280 Salom..... Philadelphia....Sat
281 Lilly of the Valley. Pottsville..
282 Ajalon..... Philadelphia..
283 Mount Carmel. do. ...
284 do. ...
285 Mineral..... St. Clair.....
286 Alexandria.....
287 Lewellyn..... Lewellyn.....
Lodges 273, members 23,105.

Degree Lodges.

1 Philadelphia.... Philadelphia.1 Mon
2 Kensington..... N. Liberties..4 Sat
3 German..... do. ...3 Sat
4 Pittsburg..... Pittsburg....4 Tue
6 De Kalb..... Pottsville...1 Wed
7 Manayunk..... Manayunk....1 Tue
8 Reading..... Reading.....1 Fri
9 Union..... Easton.....
10 Southwark..... Southwark...3 Mon
11 Minersville..... Minersville..

The Grand Encampment

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, North Sixth-st., Philadelphia, quarterly, on the second Monday of January, April, July and October.

Aaron Waters, of No. 17, G. P.
John Cairnes, of No. 6. G. H. P.
Thomas Helm, of No. 33, G. S. W.
George Sligo, of No. 5, G. J. W.
Joseph P. Filter, of No. 6, G. Sent.
William Curtis, of No. 17, G. Scribe.
Joseph Browne, of No. 17, G. Treas.
John W. Stokes, of No. 17, G. Rep.
Geo. S. Morris, of No. 14, G. Rep.

D. D. G. PATRIARCHS.

Berks..... A. B. Grosh, Reading.
Bucks..... A. Gilkerson, Bristol.
Carbon.... Wm. Lilly, Jr. M.Chunk.
Clinton.... James Fearon, Lock Haven.
Cumberl'd Wm Trought, Carlisle.
Columbia. J. D. Hahn, Dansville.
Delaware. Wm. Russell, jr. Darby.
Dauphin.. Eby Byers, Harrisburg.
Erie..... O. B. Spafford, Erie.
Franklin.. Lewis F. Heck, Chamb'sb'g
Huntingdon J. B. Luden, Huntingdon
Lancaster. C. C. Clairbone. Lancaster.
Lycoming A. J. Lilly, Williamsp't
Luzerne.. H. B. Wright, Wilksbarre.
Montg'm'y F. Sullivan, Norristown.
Mifflin.... A. Landis, Lewistown.
N'thampt'n E. T. Bleck, Bethlehem.
Schuylkill. Thos. Foster. Pottsville.
Susquehana T. P. St. John, Montrose.
Union.... R. B. Green, Lewisburg.
Washingt'n J A Hutchinson. Washingt'n
Wayne.... A. W. Norton, Honesdale.
York..... E. G. Smyser, York.

Subordinates.

1 Philadelphia.... Philada.....1 3 Tue
2 Pittsburg..... Pittsburg..1 3 Tue
3 Morning Star... Frankford.1 3 Wed
4 Franklin..... Pottsville..1 3 Wed
5 Lafayette..... Philada.....1 3 Frid
6 Mount Olive.... N. Liber.....1 3 Fri
7 Walhala..... Kensington..1 3 Th
8 Hebron..... Reading.2 & last Fri
9 Andrew Jackson. Manayunk.1 3 Thu
10 Dauphin..... Harrisburg.1 3 Fri
11 Washington.... Lancaster..2 4 Thu
12 Unity..... Allentown..1 3 Thu
13 Olive Branch... Chambersb.2 4 Mon
14 Mount Vernon.. York.....1 3 Thu
15 Mount Sinai.... Easton.....2 4 Mon
16 Lackawanna.... Carbondale..1 3 Fri
17 Siloam..... Philadel.....2 4 Fri
18 Mount Horeb... Germant'n..2 4 Tue
19 Juniata..... Lewistown.2 4 Thu
20 Shakspeare..... Washingt'n.2 4 Tue
21 Carbon..... M. Chunck..1 3 Sat
22 Harris..... Philada.....2 4 Tue
23 Shawnee..... Columbia..2 4 Wed
24 Mount Zion.... Southwark.2 4 Mon
25 Union..... Lewisburg..1 3 Fri
26 United Bro..... N. Liberties.2 4 Fri
27 Clinton..... Lockhaven..2 4 Fri
28 Bethlehem..... Bethlehem.2 4 Tue
29 Wildey..... Carlisle....2 4 Wed
30 Lackawaxen.... Honesdale..1 3 Mon
31 Hope..... Bristol.....2 4 Tue
32 Delaware Co.... Chester.....2 4 Sat
33 Howard..... Philada.....2 4 Sat
34 Valley..... Shippensburg2 4 Fr
35 Doylestown..... Doylestown.1 3 Thu
36 Fredonia..... Philada.....2 4 Thu
37 Norristown..... Norristown.2 4 Tue
38 Brotherly Love.. Philada.....2 4 Wed
39 Ontalissa..... Wilkesbarre.1 3 Fri
40 Muemoloton.... Danville.....2 4 Sat
41 Bradford..... Towanda.....1 3 Fri
42 Hen. Adelphon.. Erie.....1 3 Wed
43 Reading..... Reading.....1 3 Fri
44 United..... Williamsport1 2 Tu
45 Ashland..... Philada.....1 3 Mon
46 Milton..... Milton.....1 3 Mon
47 National..... Sp. Garden 1 3 Wed
48 Jefferson..... N. Liberties.2 4 Sat
49 Mount Carmel.. Philada.....1 3 Sat
50 St. John..... Montrose....2 4 Fri
51 Palestine..... Philadelphia.1 3 We
52 Huntingdon.... Huntingdon.1 3 Sat
53 Parrdise..... West Philad.1 3 Th
54 General Taylor. Darby.....2 4 Wed
55 Jordan..... N. Liberties.2 4 Th
56 Olive..... Harrisburg.1 3 Wed
57 Keystone..... Sp. Garden.2 4 Wed
58 Jerusalem..... N. Liberties.2 4 Fri
59 Lycoming..... Lycoming...1 3 Sat
60 Susquehanna.... Bloomsburg.1 3 Sat
61 Sunbury..... Sunbury....1 3 Sat
62 Manitou..... N. Liberties.2 4 Th
63 Mount Nebo.... Schuylkill H.2 4 Th
64 Friendship..... Minersville..2 4 Th

MAINE.

The Grand Lodge meets at Portland, semi-annually, on the first Thursday in November and May.

William R. Smith, of No. —, G. M.
E. F. Butler, of No. —, D. G. M.
Fred. Theobald, of No. —, G. W.
Benj. Kingsbury, jr., of No. 4, G. S.
Rufus Read, of No. 5, G. Treas.

Subordinates.

1 Maine..... Portland.....Mon
2 Saco..... Saco.....Tue
3 Georgian..... Thomaston....Mon
4 Ancient Bro. ... Portland.....Thu
5 Ligonia..... do. .....Tue
6 Sabattis..... Augusta.....Tue
7 Penobscot..... Bangor.....Thu
8 Relief..... E. Thomaston..Fri
9 Nahtanis..... Gardiner.....Fri
10 Lincoln..... Bath.....Mon
11 Saccarappa..... Saccarappa....Wed
12 Kenduskeag.... Bangor.....Tue
13 Pejepscot..... Brunswick....Thu
14 Cushnoc..... Augusta.....Fri
15 Passagassawa'g.. Belfast.....Mon
16 Hobomok..... Bath.....Mon
17 Washington.... Hallowell.....Mon
18 Orono..... Orono.....Sat
19 Passammaq'y... Eastport.....Mon
20 Harrison..... Harrison.....Mon
21 Som. & Frank'n. Norridgewock.Mon
22 Medomak..... Waldoboro'....Tue
23 Schoodiac..... Calais.....Tue
24 Androscoggin... Lewiston Falls..Fri
25 Acadia..... Bangor.....Mon
26 Mousam..... Kennebunk....Thu
27 Tarratine..... Old Town.....Sat
28 Olive Branch... South Berwick.Sat
29 Katahdn..... Dover.....Sat
30 Cumberland.... Bridgeton Cen..Sat
31 Lafayette..... Camden.....Wed

32 Damariscotta ... Nobleboro'.... Mon
33 Howard ..... Machias ..... Thu
34 Carrabassett .... Skowhegan... Wed
35 Union..... Union..... Tue
36 Narramisic ..... Orland..... Mon
37 Kennebec..... Hallowell ..... Fri
38 Astoria..... Frankfort ..... Tue
39 Samaritan..... Waterville .... Thu
40 Eastern Star.... E. Thomaston. Tue
41 Mattanawcook'.. Lincoln.....
42 Adelphian..... Searsport .....
43 Norombegua.... Ellsworth..... Wed
44 Laconia..... Biddeford..... Thu
45, 46, 47, 48, unknown.
49 Carritunk..... Solon.....

Lodges 49, members 5348.

The Grand Encampment

Meets at Portland, semi-annually, in May and November.

B. Kingsbury, jr., of No. 1, G. P.
Elisha Clarke, of No. 6, G. H. P.
Eliphalet Clark, of No. –, G. S. W.
Luther J. Goodwin, of No. –, G. J. W.
N. F. Deering, of No. 2, G. Scribe.
E. P. Banks, of No. 1, G. Treas.

Subordinates.

1 Machigonne .... Portland..... Wed
2 Eastern Star.... do ... 2 4 Fri
3 Sagamore..... Augusta.... 1 3 Thu
4 Katadhn..... Bangor.... 1 3 Wed
5 Hobah..... Saco..... 1 3 Thu
6 Sagadahock..... Lincoln.... 2 4 Wed
7 Churchill..... Thomaston..
8 Border..... Eastport.. 2 4 Thu
9 Cobbe-Contee... Gardiner.....

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Grand Lodge meets, quarterly, at Concord, on the second Tuesday of August, (annual session) November, February and May.

George W. Towle, of No. 6, G. M.
T. E. Sawyer, of No. 16, D. G. M.
John C. Lyford, of No. 13, G. W.
G. H. H. Silsby, of No. 5, G. S.
James M. Locke, of No. 17, G. T.
P.G.M. S. H. Parker, of No. 3, G.Rep.
Timothy G. Senter, of No. 6, G.Rep.

Subordinates.

1 Granite ..... Nashua..... Tue
2 Hillsboro'..... Hillsboro'..... Mon
3 Weoohamet..... Dover..... Thu
4 Washington.... Great Falls... Tue
5 White Mount'n. Concord..... Fri
6 Piscataqua..... Portsmouth... Mon
7 Winnipisiogee .. Meredith Br... Tue
8 Swamscot ..... Newmarket.... Sat
9 Sagamore..... Exeter..... Thu
10 Suncook..... Pittsfield..... Mon
11 Monadnock..... Mason Village. Thu
12 Sullivan..... Claremont..... Thu
13 Mechanics ..... Manchester... Wed
14 Watatic..... New Ipswich... Fri
15 Peterboro'..... Peterboro'.... Wed
16 Mt. Pleasant.... Dover..... Tue
17 N. Hampshire... Portsmouth... Wed
18 Motollnia..... Rochester..... Mon
19 Ashuelot..... Winchester.... Wed

Lodges 19, members 1980.

Degree Lodges.

1 Piscataqua..... Portsmouth. 1 3 Fri
2 Union..... Dover..... 1 3 Mon

The Grand Encampment

Meets at Concord, semi-annually, on the first Tuesday of August, (annual session) and November.

Subordinates.

1 Nashoonon ..... Nashua..... 1 3 Fri
2 Wonolanset.... Manchester. 2 4 Fri
3 Penacook..... Concord.... 2 4 Tue
4 Quocheco..... Dover..... 2 4 Mon
5 Strawberry B'k. Portsmouth. 2 4 Fri
6 Union..... New Ipswich..

MASSACHUSETTS.

The Grand Lodge meets at Covenant Hall, Boston, quarterly, on the first Thursday in February, May, August and November.

Wm. E. Parmenter, of No. 4, G. M.
Wm. Ellison, of No. 33, D. G. M.
David Ayres, of No. 1, G. W.
W. H. Jones, of No. 77, G. S.
H. Prince, of No. 1, G. T.
E. M. P. Wells, of No. 2, G. Rep.
W. T. Davis, of No. 67, G. Rep.

Subordinates.

1 Massachusetts.. Boston..... Mon
2 Siloam ..... do ..... Thu
4 New England... E. Cambridge.. Fri
5 Washington..... Roxbury..... Wed
7 Merrimack ..... Lowell..... Mon
8 Suffolk..... Boston..... Tue
9 Crystal Fount.. Woburn ..... Mon
10 Oriental..... Boston..... Wed
11 Mechanics..... Lowell..... Fri
12 Bethel..... W. Cambridge. Tue
13 Nazarene..... Ware..... Mon
14 Bunker Hill.... Charlestown... Mon
15 Tremont..... Boston..... Wed
16 Covenant..... do ..... Mon
17 Middlesex..... Malden..... Wed
18 Warren..... Roxbury..... Tue
19 Monument..... E. Lexington.. Thu
20 Friendship..... Cambridgep't.. Mon
21 Fidelity..... Andover..... Thu
22 Howard..... Charlestown... Fri
23 Franklin..... Boston..... Fri
24 Winnissimett... Chelsea..... Tue
25 Boston..... Boston..... Fri
26 Essex..... Salem..... Mon
27 Hampden..... Springfield.... Mon
28 Oberlin..... Lowell..... Tue
29 Columbian..... Stoneham..... Tue
30 Bethesda..... S. Boston.... Mon
31 Lafayette..... Watertown.... Tue
32 Anc. Landmark. Boston..... Mon
33 Montezuma..... do. ..... Wed
34 Hope..... Methuen..... Wed
35 Prospect..... Waltham..... Mon
36 Maverick..... E. Boston.... Mon
37 Shawmut..... Boston..... Tue
38 Souhegan..... S. Reading.... Mon
39 Quascacunquen . Newburyport.. Thu
40 Bay State..... Lynn..... Tue
41 Acushnet..... New Bedford.. Wed
42 Pacific..... Boston..... Thu
43 Quinsigamond... Worcester .... Mon
44 King Philip..... Taunton..... Tue
45 Framingham.... Saxonville.... Wed
46 Tisquantum .... Milford..... Mon
47 Macedonian..... Bedford ..... Wed
48 Norfolk..... Dorchester.... Wed
49 Veritas..... Lowell..... Wed
50 Concord..... Concord..... Tue
51 Mystic..... Chelsea..... Mon
52 Agawam..... Ipswich..... Mon
53 Hobah..... S. Boston..... Tue
54 May Flower.... Plymouth..... Tue
55 Atlantic ..... Marblehead... Wed
56 Worcester..... Worcester..... Fri
57 Berkshire ..... Pittsfield..... Tue
58 Elliot ..... Newton Falls.. Thu
59 Takawambait... Natick..... Tue
60 Harvard..... Harvard..... Mon
61 Nonotuck..... Northampton.. Mon
62 St. Johns..... Cabotville..... Tue
63 Mount Hope.... Fall River.... Thu
64 Shawsheene.... Billerica..... Sat
65 Golden Rule.... Wilmington.... Thu
66 Nantucket..... Nantucket..... Tue
67 Potomtuck..... Greenfield..... Tue
68 Harmony..... Medford..... Mon
69 Massasoit..... N. Bridgewa'r. Thu
70 Quinebeguin.... Dedham..... Thu
71 Groton..... Groton..... Wed
72 N. Stoughton... N. Stoughton.. Mon
73 Wachusett..... Barre..... Tue
74 Woronoco ..... Westfield..... Mon
75 Pilgrim..... So. Abington.. Wed
76 Rising Star..... Randolph..... Mon
77 Unity..... Boston..... Tue
78 Olive Branch... Charlestown... Tue
80 Mt. Wallaston.. Quincy..... Wed
81 Weweantit..... Sippican..... Mon
82 Crescent..... E. Weymouth. Thu
83 Mutual Relief... Haverhill..... Mon
84 Neponset..... Milton..... Mon
85 Marlboro'..... Marlboro'..... Fri
86 Leominster ..... Leominster.... Tue
87 Excelsior..... Foxboro'..... Mon
88 Union..... Douglass..... Mon
89 Lancaster..... Lancaster..... Wed
90 Powow River... Amesbury..... Tue
91 Ocean ..... Gloucester..... Wed
92 Tihonet ..... Sandwich..... Fri
93 Blue Hill..... So. Canton..... Tue
94 Mount Auburn.. O. Cambridge.. Fri
95 Lowell..... Lowell..... Wed
96 Marine..... Provincetown. Wed
97 Commercial..... Boston..... Mon
98 Mt. Roulstone.. Fitchburg..... Fri
99 Rising Sun..... West Medway. Thu
100 Oneco ..... N. Adams.... Wed
101 Pulaski..... Upton..... Tue
102 Hassanamisset. Grafton..... Mon
103 Fredonian..... Shirley Vil.... Thu
104 Holton..... Danvers..... Tue
105 Evergreen ..... Holliston ..... Wed
106 Blackstone R.. Blackstone .... Tue
107 Aurora ..... No. Attleboro'.. Sat
108 Old Colony.... Hingham ..... Wed
109 Adelphic..... Coleraine..... Thu
110 Mattakessett... Duxbury..... Sat
111 Wrentham..... Wrentham .... Wed
112 Stony Brook... N. Chelmsford. Tue
113 Neptune..... Brewster..... Mon
114 Eagle ..... Hopkinton..... Fri
115 Chickopee ..... Chickopee F... Wed
116 Nonantum..... Brighton..... Thu
117 Marble..... W. Stockbridge. Sat
118 Fraternity..... Salem ..... Wed
119 Waukinquoah . Wareham ..... Tue
120 Uxbridge..... Uxbridge.....
121 Manomonack.. Winchendon...
122 United Bros... Lawrence..... Mon
123 Housatonic.... G. Barrington. Wed
124 Western ..... Lanesboro' .... Tue

Nos. 3, 6, and 79 defunct.

Lodges 121, members 12,613.

Degree Lodges.

1 Union..... Boston..... Sat
2 Maverick..... E. Boston... 2 4 Fri
3 Warren ..... Roxbury..... Thu
4 United Bro..... S. Boston. 2 M 4 Fr
5 Norfolk ..... Dorchester.. 1 3 Fri
6 Dedham..... Dedham.... 2 4 Thu

The Grand Encampment

Meets at Encampment Hall, Boston, semi-annually, on Wednesday preceding first Thursday in August and February.

Samuel Wells, of No. 15, G. P.
Rev. Albert Case, of No. 10, G. H. P.
Wendell T. Davis, of No. 15, G. S. W.
Wm. H. Jones, of No. 1, G. S.
Jos. Newmarch, of No. 6, G. T.
John McClellan, of No. 2, G. J. W.
Wm. Ellison, of No. 1, G. Rep.
Raymond Cole, of No. 2, G. Rep.

Subordinates.

1 Massasoit ..... Boston..... 1 3 Fri
2 Tri-mount..... do. .... 1 3 Mon
3 Menotomy..... W. Camb'e.. 2 4 Fri
4 Monomake..... Lowell..... 2 4 Thu
5 Bunker Hill.... Charlestown. 1 3 We
6 Mt. Washington. S. Boston.. 2 4 Thu
7 Merrimack..... Newburyp't. 2 4 Mo
8 Annawan..... N. Bedford.. 2 4 Fri
9 Middlesex..... Malden.... 2 4 Thu
10 Wachusett..... Worcester.. 1 3 Fri
11 Nahant..... East Boston 1 3 Thu
12 Shalom..... Roxbury.... 1 3 Fri
13 Naumkeag..... Salem..... 2 4 Thu
14 Naomi..... Taunton..... 1 3 Fri
15 Mt. Holyoke.... Northamp'n. 1 3 Th
16 Wanackmamack. Nantucket.. 2 4 Th
17 Lowell..... Lowell..... 1 3 Th
18 Wompatuck .... Hingham... 2 4 Mon
19 Howard ..... Attleboro'... 2 4 Th
20 Quinshepaug.... Milford..... 1 3 Th
21 Gray Lock..... Pittsfield.. 1 3 Mon
22 Charles River... Cambridgep't. 2 4 Tu
23 Samaritan..... Chelsea..... 1 3 Th
24 Mt. Hebron..... N. Stoughton. 2 4 Th
25 Agawam..... Springfield. 2 4 Thu
26 Metacomet..... Fall River.. 1 3 Mon

RHODE ISLAND.

The Grand Lodge meets at Providence, quarterly, on the first Monday in August, (annual session,) November, February and May.

E. B. White, of No. 3, G. M.
J. W. Davis, of of No. —, D.G.M.
Wm. B. Hubbard, of No. —, G. W.
N. A. Eddy, of No. —, G. S.
William Hicks, of No. 9, G. T.
Wm. Simonds, of No. —, G.Rep.
A. P. Ware, of No. —, G.Rep.

Subordinates.

1 Friendly Union.. Providence.... Thu
2 Eagle ..... do. .... Wed
3 Roger Williams. do. ..... Tue
4 Hope..... do. .... Mon
5 Ocean ..... Newport..... Fri
6 Amity..... Warren ..... Wed
7 Narragansett... Westerly..... Tue
8 Good Samaritan. Pawtucket.... Fri
9 Canonicus ..... Providence.... Fri
10 Woonsocket .... Woonsocket... Fri
11 Washington..... Crompton Mills. We
12 Rhode Island.... Newport..... Mon
13 United Brothers. Pawtucket.... Wed

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Narragansett... Providence.. 1 3 Fri
2 Mashassuck .... do ..1 3 Thu
3 Palestine ..... Newport.....

CONNECTICUT.

The Grand Lodge meets at New Haven, semi-annually, on the second Wednesday of July, (annual session) and January.

John Greenwood, jr., of No. 29, G.M.
Rev. J. M. Willey, of No. 26, D.G.M.
Allen S. Wightman, of No. 9, G.W.
Lucius G. Peck, of No. 5, G.S.
Samuel Bishop, of No. 1, G. Treas.
Prelate Demick, of No. 1, G. Rep.
Ezra Clark, jr. of No. 40, G. Rep.

Subordinates.

1 Quinnipiac..... New Haven... Mon
2 Charter Oak.... Hartford..... Tue
3 Middlesex..... E. Haddam L. 1 3 M
4 Pequanock..... Bridgeport.... Tue
5 Harmony..... New Haven.... Tue
6 Ousatonic..... Derby..... Mon
7 Samaritan..... Danbury..... Wed
8 Mercantile..... Hartford..... Fri
9 Thames..... New London.. Mon
10 Our Brothers.. Norwalk..... Mon
11 Uncas..... Norwich..... Mon
12 Central..... Middletown... Thu
13 Charity ..... Lower Mystic. Wed
14 Wopowage..... Milford..... Wed
15 Montawese..... New Haven... Mon
16 Washington .... Willimantic... Wed
17 Trumbull..... New London.. Wed
18 Nathan Hale.... Tolland..... Wed
19 Mystic..... Upper Mystic. Wed
20 Fenwick..... Essexboro'.... Thu
21 Nosahogan..... Waterbury.... Wed
22 Far. & Mechan.. Warehouse P.. Thu
23 Acanthus..... Granby..... Wed
24 Rippowan..... Stamford..... Mon
25 Oakland..... Oakland..... Mon
26 Stonington..... Stonington .... Tue
27 Oweneco..... Greenville..... Mon
28 Hancock..... Meriden..... Thu
29 Howard ..... Bethel..... Thu
30 Union..... Winsted..... Fri
31 Olive Branch.... Redding..... Sat
32 Nazarene..... Stafford..... Thu
33 Freestone..... Portland..... Wed
34 Quinebaug..... Danielsonville. Thu
35 Columbian..... Litchfield..... Thu
36 City..... New Haven... Wed
37 Wooster..... New Canaan.. Thu
38 Tunxis ..... Tariffville.... Mon
39 Pine Meadow... Windsor Locks Mon
40 Hyperion..... Hartford..... Fri
41 Arcanum..... Bridgeport.... Thu
42 Franklin..... Plymouth..... Mon
43 Orion ..... Winsted..... Wed
44 Bethel Rock ... Woodbury..... Fri
45 Thompsonville.. Thompsonville. Tue
46 Pilgrim..... Ridgefield..... Fri
47 Lafayette..... Bloomfield..... Tue
48 Pequabock ..... Bristol..... Tue
49 Siloam..... Rookville.....
50 Tuc con-nuc .. Salisbury..... Wed
51 Nawkaw..... Wolcottville.... Fri

Lodges 51, members 4650.

The Grand Encampment

Meets at New Haven, semi-annually, on the second Wednesday of July (annual session) and January.

Munson A. Shepard, of No. 5, G. P.
Rev. T. P. Abell, of No. 6, G.H.P.
Rev. J. M. Willey, of No. 2, G.S.W.
Lucius A. Thomas, of No. 1, G. S.
Samuel Bishop, of No. 1, G.Treas.
William L. Brewer, of No. 3, G. Rep.
Cholwell J. Gruman, of No. 9, G.J.W.

Subordinates.

1 Sassacus..... New Haven... 1 Fri
2 Oriental..... East Haddam
3 Palmyra..... Norwich.... 1 3 Fri
4 Unity..... N. London.. 2 4 Thu
5 Devotion..... Danbury.... 1 3 Fri
6 Souheag..... Middletown.. 1 Tue
7 Midian..... Hartford.... 1 Wed
8 Mount Hermon. Bridgeport.... Fri
9 Kabaoso..... Norwalk....
10 Charity ..... Mystic.....
11 Annectic..... Hartford .....
12 Winsted ..... Winsted.....
13 Connecticut.... Warehouse Pt..
14 Wascusse..... Stamford... 1 3 Fri

VERMONT.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Green Mountain. Burlington.... Mon
2 Vermont..... Montpelier.... Tue
3 Windsor..... Windsor..... Tue
4 White River.... Bethel..... Thu
5 Wantastequenet. Brattleboro'... Mon
6 Caledonia..... Danville..... Fri
7 Social..... Wilmington...
8 Stark..... E. Bennington.
9 Vergennes..... Vergennes ....
10 Otter Creek..... Rutland .....
11 Lake Dunmore.. Middlebury... Mon

Lodges 11, members 559.

Subordinate Encampment.

1 Winooski..... Montpelier.. 2 4 Fri

NEW JERSEY.

The Grand Lodge meets at Trenton, semi-annually, on the first Thursday in August (annual session) and February.

Ed. T. Hillyer, of No. 12, G. Master.
J. H. Phillips, of No. 31, D. G. M.
Thos. Macpherson, of No. 4, G. War.
Eli Morris, of No. 4, G. Sec.
Thos. Ashmore, of No. 3, G. Treas.
Danl. T. Clark, of No. 7, G.R. No. 1.
J. H. Wakefield, of No. 15, G.R. No. 2.

Subordinates.

1 New Jersey..... Camden..... Mon
2 Benevolent..... Patterson..... Tue
3 Trenton ..... Trenton..... Tue
4 Concordia..... do' ..... Wed
5 Greenwich..... Clarksboro....
6 New Brunswick. N. Brunswick. Mon
7 Howard ..... Newark..... Mon
8 Newark..... do. ..... Fri
9 Franklin..... Elizabethtown. Mon
10 Nassau..... Princeton..... Thu
11 Friendship..... Newark..... Tue
12 Lafayette..... Orange ..... Mon
13 Covenant..... Belvidere ..... Tue
14 Hudson ..... Jersey City.... Mon
15 Leni Lenape.... Lambertville... Tue
16 Bordentown..... Bordentown... Mon
17 Madison..... Allentown..... Fri
18 Clinton..... Clinton..... Mon
19 Mount Holly.... Mount Holly.. Wed
20 Monmouth..... Freehold..... Thu
21 Washington .... Salem ..... Wed
22 Burlington..... Burlington..... Fri
23 Vincentown..... Vincentown... Thu
24 Spartan ..... Hope..... Tue
25 Harmony..... Neward..... Tue
26 Marion..... Morristown... Wed
27 Essex County... Rahway..... Tue
28 Protection..... Newark..... Wed
29 Chosen Friends. Camden..... Thu
30 Perseverance.... Milford..... Mon
31 Pennington..... Pennington... Tue

32 Iroquois.....Jersey City....Thu
33 Passaic.....Patterson.....Mon
34 Mercer.....Trenton.....Mon
35 Cumberland....Bridgeton.....Thu
36 South Trenton..South Trenton Thu
37 Arwames.....Gloucester.....Wed
38 Ocean.....Tuckerton.....Sat
39 Navesink.....Red Bank.....Sat
40 Winslow.....Winslow.....Mon
41 Union.....Stanhope.....Fri
42 Mansfield.....Washington....Fri
43 Somerset.....Somerville.....Tue
44 Plainfield.....Plainfield.....Wed
45 Jersey Blue....New Egypt....Thu
46 Mystic.....Bordentown...Wed
47 Millville.....Millville.....Tue
48 Welcome FriendsCedarville....Mon
49 Pemberton.....Pemberton.....Tue
50 Atlantic.....May's Landing.Fri
51 Olive Branch...W. Bloomfield.Wed
52 Knickerbocker..MiddletownPt.Mon
53 Warren.....Stewartville...
54 Woodbury.....Woodbury.....Tue
55 Livingston.....Woodstown...Thu
56 Ariel.....Mauricetown..Thu
57 Magnolia.....Frenchtown....Sat
58 Glassboro.....Glassboro.....Wed
59 Windsor.....Hightstown.....Sat
60 Dennisville.....Dennisville....Wed
61 Mizpah.....Eatontown....
62 Lawrence.....Perth Amboy...Fri
63 Columbia.....Hoboken.....Wed
64 Independence....Blackwoodtown.Sat
65 Evening Star....Cape Island...
66 Mechanics.....Jersey City.....Tue

Lodges 66, members 4768.

Degree Lodge.

1 Mercer.....Trenton.....

The Grand Encampment

Meets at Newark, semi-annually, in August and February.

Amos W. Archer, of No. 7, G. P.
Walter E. Stephens, of No. 1, G. H. P.
Luther H. Martin, of No. 1, G. S. War.
Geo. B. Holcombe, of No. 11, G. J. W.
Edward Stewart, of No. 3, G. Treas.
S. S. Morris, of No. 3, G. Scribe.
Saml. Lilly, of No. 11, G. Rep.

Subordinates.

1 Industry.....Patterson..1 3 Thu
2 Trenton.....Trenton....1 3 Thu
3 Mount Ararat...Newark.....1 3 Fri
4 Olive Branch....Trenton....1 3 Fri
5 Mount Sinai....Jersey City2 4 Wed
6 Chosen Friends.Bordentown1 3 Tue
7 Mount Lebanon.Burlington..1 3 Thu
8 Raritan.....N.Brunswick 2 4 Th
9 Mount Holly....Mt. Holly..2 4 Tue
10 Salem.....Salem.....1 3 Fri
11 Delaware.....Lambertville2 4 Th
12 Camden.....Camden....2 4 Tue
13 Washington....Newark.....2 4 Fri
14 Mizpah.....Freehold...2 4 Tue
15 Good Intent....Bridgeton...1 3 Tue
16 Wihslow.....Winslow...2 4 Wed
17 Tospaminkey..Woodstown..
18 Pemberton..

DELAWARE.

The Grand Lodge meets, quarterly, in Wilmington, on the third Wednesday of April, July, October and January. Annual meeting second Wednesday in June.

Subordinates.

1 Delaware.....Wilmington...Mon
2 Jefferson..... do. ....Def
3 Bayard.....Georgetown...Mon
4 Mechanics.....Wilmington....Sat
5 Washington....New Castle...Mon
6 Morning Star...Smyrna.....Fri
7 Philodemic.....Dover.....Thu
8 Fairfax.....Wilmington....Fri
9 Good Samaritan.Middletown....Fri
10 Chrystal Fount.Milford.....Sat

Lodges 10, members 692.

Subordinate Encampment.

1 Delaware.....Wilmington.1 3 Tue
2 McDonnell.....Smyrna.....
3 Reynolds.....Wilmington.

MARYLAND.

The Grand Lodge meets quarterly, at Baltimore, on the 15th of January, April, July and October.

John A. Thompson, G. M.; J. H. T. Jerome, D. G. M.; G. D. Tewksbury, G. Sec.; Wm. Bayley, G. Treas.; N. T. Dushane, G. Warden.

Subordinates.

1 Washington....Baltimore.....Mon
2 Franklin..... do. .....Thu
3 Columbia..... do. .....Wed
4 William Tell.... do. .....Tue
5 Gratitude..... do. .....Mon
6 Harmony..... do. .....Wed
7 Friendship..... do. .....Thu
8 Marion..... do. .....Tue
9 Jefferson..... do. .....Thu
15 Mechanics..... do. .....
16 Union..... do. .....Thu
18 Miller.....Easton.....Sat
19 Dorchester.....
20 Morning Star...Havre de Grace.Sat
24 Mount Pisgah...Port Deposite..Tue
25 Mount Vernon..Abingdon.....Sat
29 Philip Read.....Chestertown...Mon
31 Potomac.....Hagerstown....Tue
32 Mount Moriah..Clearspring....Thu
33 Aaron.....Williamsport...Fri
34 Chosen Friends.Cumberland....Fri
35 Adam.....Frederick.....Tue
36 Lagrange.....Sharpburg.....Sat
37 Covenant.....Hancock.....Thu
38 Benevolent.....Middletown....Sat
39 Neilson.....Hillsboro'.....Sat
40 Center.....Ellicott's Mills.Sat
42 Bladensburg....Bladensburg....Sat
43 Mount Savage..Mount Savage..Sat
44 Fell's Point.....Baltimore.....Tue
45 Patuxent.....Laurel.....Sat
46 Good Samaritan.Emmetsburg..
17 Germania.....Baltimore.....Tue
48 Iris..... do. .....Fri
49 Frostburg.....Frostburg.....Tue
50 Triadelphia.....Triadelphia....
54 Fidelity.....Mewmarket...

Lodges 41, members 6197.

Degree Lodge.

1 Baltimore.....Baltimore.. ...Fri

The Grand Encampment

Meets quarterly, at Baltimore, in January, April, July and October.

Wm. Bayley, G. P.; Jos. G. Waters, G. H. P.; John G. Sharp, G. S. W.; Jas. Patterson, G.J.W.; Nathan T. Dushane, G. Scribe; A. E. Warner, G. Treas.

Subordinates.

1 Jerusalem.....Baltimore.....Fri
2 Salem..... do. .....Tue
3 Zion.....Cambridge....Tue
4 Jacob.....Easton.....Tue
5 Bethlehem.....Charlestown...Tue
6 Galena.....Hagerstown....Tue
7 Mount Carmel..Cumberland.last Tu
8 Evening Star...Havre de Grace.Tue
10 Hebron.....Baltimore.....Tue

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The Grand Lodge meets at Washington, quarterly, on the 2d Mondays of January, April, July and October—Annual meeting 2d Monday in November.

Wm. Powers of No. 1, G. M.
Fred. D. Stuart of No. 12, D. G. M.
Wm. Bond of No. 6, G. W.
R. J. Roach of No. 17, G. S.
Walter Lenox of No. 6, G. T.
P.G.M. Wm. W. Moore of No. 1, and P.G.M. John Sessford, jr. No. 6, G. Rs.

1 Central.....Washington....Fri
6 Washington.... do. ...Tue
7 Eastern..... do. ....Fri
9 Harmony..... do. ...Mon
10 Columbia..... do. ....Thu
11 Union..... do. ...Wed
12 Friendship..... do. ....Thu
13 Covenant.....Georgetown...Mon
15 Beacon.....Washington...Mon
16 Metropolis..... do .....Fri
17 Excelsior..... do ....Tue
18 Mechanics.....Georgetown....Thu
19 Oriental.....Washington...Thu

(Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 defunct; 8 and 14 transferred to Virginia.)

Lodges 13, members 1634.

The Grand Encampment

Meets at Washington semi-annually, 4th Tuesday in January and July—annual in July.

Wm. W. Moore, of No. 1, G.P.
Fred. D. Stewart, of No. 5, G.H.P.
Levin Jones, of No. 3, G.S.W.
Geo. C. Whiting, of No. 6, G.J.W.
C. Calvert, of No. 5, G. Scribe.
W. G. Deale, of No. 1, G. Treas.
S. Yorke Atlee, of No. 4, G. Rep.

Subordinates.

1 Columbia.....Washington 2&1 We
3 Mount Pisgah...Georgetown.1 3 Tue
4 Magenenu.....Washington.1 3 We
5 Ridgely..... do. .1 3 We
6 Mt. Nebo..... do. .2 4 Tue

(No. 2, transferred to Virginia.)

VIRGINIA.

The Grand Lodge meets at Richmond, on the 2d Monday, annually, in April.

Edmund C. Robinson, of No. 9, G.M.
Israel Robinson, of No. 24, D.G.M.
David H. Reed, of No. 7, G S.
James Brannan, of No. G.T.
George R. Head, of No. 26, G.War.
J. H. Kelley, of No. 11, G. Rep.
Edward S. Hough, of No. 38, G. Rep.

Subordinates.

1 Virginia.....Harper's FerryMon
2 Washington....Norfolk.....Mon
3 Virginius.....Wheeling.....Thu
4 Jefferson.....Richmond.....Mon
5 Old Dominion...Portsmouth....Fri
6 Madison.....Winchester...Mon
7 Union.....Richmond.....Fri
8 Monroe.....Petersburg....Mon
9 Lafayette.....Norfolk.....Fri
10 Friendship.....Richmond.....Tue
11 Wildey.....Charlestown....Sat
12 Powhattan.....Richmond....Wed
13 Franklin.....Wheeling.....Mon
14 Rappahannock..Fredericksburg..do
15 Patrick Henry..Hampton.....Sat
16 Appomattox....Petersburg.....Fri
17 Lynchburg.....Lynchburg.....Thu
18 St. Paul's.....Princess Anne..Sat
19 Harmony.....Norfolk.....Tue
20 Smithfield.....Smithfield.....Mon
21 Maffit.....Martinsburg..Mon
22 Pythagoras.....Lynchburg.....Fri
23 Caledonia.....Shepherdstown.Sat
24 Gratitude.....Hedgesville..Thu
25 Winchester.....Winchester....Thu
26 Loudon.....Leesburg.....Sat
27 Charity.....Warrenton.....do
28 Brooke.....Wellsburg.....do
29 Samaritan.....Middleway....Fri
30 Hamilton.....Williamsburg..Fri
31 High and.....Romney.....Mon
32 Shenandoah.....Woodstock....Wed
33 Wm. Tell.....Wheeling.....do
34 Morgan.....Bath.....Sat
35 Front Royal....Front Royal..Thu
36 Flint Hill.....Flint Hill.....Fri
37 Parkersburg....Parkersburg..Thu
38 Potomac.....Alexandria.....Fri
39 Mt. Vernon.... do. ....Tu
40 Valley.....Harrisonburg...Mo
41 Mutual.....Strasburg.....Tu
42 Luray.....Luray.....Mon
43 Orphans Friend.Harper's Ferry.We
44 Marshall.....Gloucester.....Fri
45 Staunton.....Staunton.....Thu
46 Sarepta.....Alexandria.....Fri
47 Adelphi.....Clarksburg....
48 Amelia.....Amelia.....
49 Love.....Lovingston....Mon
50 Myrtle.....Fredericksburg
51 Evergreen.....Waterford.....
52 Keekantan.....Hampton.....

Total, 52 Lodges, 2917 members.

The Grand Encampment

Meets at Alexandria annually, on the 1st Wednesday in August.

E. S. Hough, Alexandria, G. P.
J. M. Bennet, of No. 7, G. H. P.
Saml. Bozes, of No. 2, G. S. W.
Wm. Morgan, Jr. of No. —, G. S.
John J. Proctor, of No. —, G. T.
John G. Schmitt, of No. —, G. J. W.
Geo. M. Bain, of No. 3, G. Rep.

Subordinates.

1 Abrams.....Wheeling..2 4 Thu
2 Neilson.....Richmond...
3 Wildey.....Portsmouth.2 4 Thu
4 Jerusalem.....Norfolk.....
5 Widows' Friend.Winchester.2 4 Fri
6 Marley.....Alexandria..
7 Glazier.....Petersburg..
8 Virginia.....Lynchburg..
9 and 10, defunct.
10 Salem.....Hampden ...
12 Olive Branch...Charlestown
13 Jefferson.....Harper's Ferry
14 Charity.....Woodstock....

NORTH CAROLINA.

The Grand Lodge meets at Wilmington, quarterly, in May, August, November and February.

W. H. McKee, of No. 8, G.M.
J. C. Justice, of No. 7, D.G.M.
B. J. Houze, of No. 6, G. War.
John McRea, jr., of No. 2, G. Sec.
Junius D. Gardner, of No. 2, G. T.
W. E. Anderson, of No. 2, G. Rep.

Subordinates.

2 Cape Fear.....Wilmington...Tue
3 Washington....Murfreesboro'..Fri
4 Cross Creek....Fayetteville....Fri
5 Thaddeus.....Clinton.....Fri
6 Neuse.....Waynesboro'...Sat
7 Eureka.....Newbern.....Frid
8 Manteo.....Raleigh.....Fri
9 Mecklenb'g Decl.Charlotte.....Sat
10 Phalanx.....Washington..Wed
11 Concordia.....Beaufort.....
12 Trenton.....Trenton.....
13 Franklin.....Louisburg....
14 Achoree.....Elizabeth.....
15 Henderson....
16 Winchester.....Rocky Mount.

(No. 1 defunct.)

Lodges 16, members 761.

The Grand Encampment

Meets at Wilmington.

Israel Disosway, of No. 4, G. P.
W. D. Cook, of No. 5, G. H. P.
John C. Wood, of No. 1, G. J. W.
Alfred Bryant, of No. 1, G S.
Junius D. Gardner, of No. 1, G. T.
Duncan G. McRae, of No 3, G. J. W.
Duncan G. McRae, of No. 3, G. Rep.

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Campbell.....Wilmington.
2 Rain.....Murfreesboro'
3 Pine.....Fayetteville.
4 Calumet.....Newbern...
5 Raleigh.....Raleigh.....1 3 Fri
6 Pamplico.....Washington.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Grand Lodge meets in Charleston, semi-annually, on the first Wednesday in March and September.

P. C. Gaillard, G. M.; J. H. Taylor, D. G. M.; W. G. Desaussure, G. W.; John A. Gyles, G. Sec.; J. E. Walker, G. T.; W. G. Desaussure, and J. H. Taylor, G. Reps.

Subordinates.

1 South Carolina..Charleston....Wed
2 Marion..... do. ....Fri
3 Howard..... do. ....Thu
4 Jefferson..... do. ....Tue
5 Palmetto.....Columbia.....Fri
6 De Kalb.....Winnsboro'...Mon
7 Aiken.....Aiken.....Sat
8 Lafayette.....Chesterville...Mon
9 Kershaw.....Camden.....Fri
10 Port Republic..Beaufort.....Mon
11 Hayne.....Georgetown...Mon
12 Pee Dee.....Darlington....Tue
13 Calhoun..... ....
14 Concord..... ....
15 Mountain.....Greenville.....Fri

Lodges 15, members 1366.

The Grand Encampment

Meets in Charleston, semi-annually, on the last day of June and December.

Charles Kanassaux, of No. —, G. P.
James C. Norris, of No. —, G. H P.
W. H. Vernon, of No. —, G. S. W.
M. Bissell, of No. —, G. J. W.
W. D. Desaussure, of No. —, G. S.
Edward C. Keekeley, of No. —, G. T.

Subordinates.

1 Palmetto.....Charleston.1 3 Mon
2 Eutaw.....Columbia.....
3 Ashley.....Charleston.2 4 Mon

GEORGIA.

The Grand Lodge meets in Savannah, semi-annually, on the first Wednesday of August (annual) and February.

Robt. H. Griffin, of No. —, G.M.
Elisha H. Rogers, of No. —, D.G.M.
George Patten, of No. —, G.W.
John N. Lewis, of No. —, G. S.
J. P. Collins, of No. —, G. T.
John W. Anderson, of No. —, G. Rep.
M. Woodruff, of No. —, G. Rep.

Subordinates.

1 Oglethorpe.....Savannah.....Tue
2 Franklin.....Macon.....Thu
3 Live Oak.....Savannah.....Fri
4 Sylvan.....Milledgeville....Tue
5 United Brothers Macon.....Wed
6 Muscogee.....Columbus.....Mon
7 Washington....Augusta.....Mon
8 Cherokee.....Marietta.....Tue
9 De Kalb.....Savannah.....Sat
10 Miller.....Augusta.....Tue
11 Albany.....Albany.....Mon
12 Ocklockonee....Thomasville...
13 Ridgely.....Waynesboro'..Tue
14 Union.....Knoxville.....Fri
15 Williams.....Athens.....Mon
16 Lanier.....Lanier.....Sat
17 Buena Vista.....Thomaston....Tue
18 Holmes.....Bainbridge....

The Grand Encampment

Meets at Macon.

Wiley Williams of No. 4, G. P.
Jackson Baines of No. 2, G. H. P.
John O Sneed of No. 5, G. S. W.
Geo. Patton of No. 2, G. S.
M. L. Grayhill of No. 3, G. T.
Jackson De Louche of No. 3, G. J. W.
Robt. H. Griffin of No. 1, G. Rep.

Subordinates.

1 Magnolia.....Savannah..1 3 Wed
2 Ocmulgee.....Macon.....2 4 Tue
3 Franklin.....Milledgeville
4 Chattahoochee..Columbus..2 4 Tue
5 Augusta.....Augusta....

FLORIDA.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Florida.....Jacksonville...Thu
2 Jefferson.....Monticello....
3 Pensacola.....Pensacola.....

Subordinate Encampment.

1 Florida.....Jacksonville..

ALABAMA.

The Grand Lodge meets at Mobile, semi-annuall, on the 3d Mondays of April and November.

W. E. Jennings, of No. 12, G.M.
S. J. Chapman, of No. —, D.G.M.
A. White, of No —, G. Warden.
Samuel Penny, of No. —, G.S.
B. S. Skaats, of No. —, G.T.
John Affron, of No —, G. Rep.

1 Alabama.....Mobile.....Tue
5 Marion.....Marion.....Tue
6 Montgomery....Montgomery ...Tue
7 Tuscaloosa.....Tuscaloosa.....Sat
8 Greensboro'.....Greensboro' ...Frid
9 Wetumpka.....Wetumpka....Mon
10 Cahawba.....Cahawba.....Mon
11 Eufala.....Eufala.....Thu
12 Eutaw.....Eutaw.....Fri
13 Union.....Mobile.....Mon

17 Antauga.....Prattsville....
18 Central.....Selma.....Thu
20 Gainesville .....Gainesville....
23 Esel.....Livingston....
Lodges 18, members 856.
Nos. 2, 3, and 4 defunct.
Degree Lodge.
1 Mobile .....Mobile.....
Subordinate Encampments.
1 Mount Ararat...Mobile.....2 4 Frid
2 St. Paul's.....Montgomery.2 4 Fri
3 Black Warrior..Tuscaloosa.1 3 Mon
4 Pulaski .....Cahawba...2 4 Tue

LOUISIANA.

The Grand Lodge meets in New Orleans, quarterly, in January, April, July and October.
D. S. Gans, of No. —, G.M.
J. D. Stewart, of No. —, D.G.M.
F. Thomas, of No. —, G. War.
F. A. Dentzel, of No. —, G. S.
J. R. Meekins, of No. —, G. T.
Subordinates.
1 Louisiana.....New Orleans...Fri
3 Washington .... do. ...Thu
4 Felicians ... ...Bayou Sara....Thu
6 Union.....New Orleans..Mon
7 De Soto.....Baton Rouge..Mon
8 Crescent.....New Orleans..Thu
9 Jefferson.....Lafayette.....Thu
10 Teutonia.....New Orleans..Tue
11 Orleans..... do. ..Tue
12 Commercial..... do. ..Wed
13 Howard..... do. ..Thu
14 Hope..... do. ..Wed
15 Delta..... do. ..Mon
16.Templar..... do. ...Fri
17 to 21 unknown.
22 National..... do. ..
Lodges 15, members 1041.
Nos. 2 and 5 defunct.
Subordinate Encampments.
1 Wildey.....N. Orleans 1 3 Wed
2 Louisiana.....Bayou Lara.1 3 Sat
3 Hobah.....N. Orleans.1 3 Sat
4 Magnolia.....Baton Rouge.

MISSISSIPPI.

The Grand Lodge meets at Natchez, quarterly, on the third Monday of July (annual) October, January and April.
Thos. Reed G.M.; D. N. Barrows, D. G.M.; A. H. Hendrick, G.W.; John B. Dicks, G.S.; Robt. Howe, G.T.; P.G.M. Wm. H. Brown, G.Rep.
Subordinates.
1 Mississippi.....Natchez.....Wed
2 Washington .... do. .....Thu
3 Warren.....Vicksburg.....Thu
5 Franklin .....Port Gibson....Tue
6 Grenada.....Grenada.....Wed
8 Macon.....Vicksburg....Wed
9 Wm. Dale.....Liberty.....Wed
10 Wilkinson.....Woodville.....Tue
11 Capitol.....Jackson.....Thu
12 Concord.....Natchez.....Tue
14 Jefferson.....Fayette.....Sat
15 Tippah.....Salem.....Mon
16 Magnolia.....Warrenton ....Sat
17 Naomi.....Raymond .....Mon
18 Robt. Neilson...Fort Adams....Sat
19 Stockman.....Macon.....Mon
20 Colqmbus.....Columbus.....Mon
21 Wildey.....Aberdeen.....Tue
22 B. S. Tappan....Franklin.....Wed
23 Ridgely.....Starkville ....Thu
24 Chickasaw.....Oxford.....Mon
25 Marshall.....Lamar.....
26 Rodney.....Rodney.....
27 Chickama.....Coffeeville....
28 Natches.....Natches.....
30 Holly Springs...Holly Springs.
31 Wahalak.....Wahalak.....
Lodges 27, members 879.
Nos. 4, 7, and 13 defunct.
Subordinate Encampments.
1 Wildey.....Natchez.....1 3 Sat
2 Vicksburg.....Vicksburg.
3 Choctan.....Jackson....
4 Woodville.....Woodville.
5 Noxubee.....Macon.....
6 Tombechee.....Columbus...

TENNESSEE.

The Grand Lodge meets at Nashville, quarterly, in July, November, February and May.
G. P. Smith of No. 2, G. M.
H. L. Leaf of No. 6, D.G.M.
Edward G. Steel of No. 10, G. W.
Geo. W. Wilson of No. 1, G. S.
John Irwin of No. 2, G. T.
G. P. Smith of No. 2, G. Rep.
Subordinates.
1 Tennessee.....Nashville.....Tue
2 Nashville..... do. .....Thu
3 Columbia.....Columbia.....Wed
4 Franklin.....Franklin.....Fri
5 Washington ....Dresden.....Sat
6 Memphis.....Memphis.....Thu
7 Louisburg.....Louisburg.....Thu
8 Chickasaw.....Memphis .....Wed
9 Tannehill..... do. .....Fri
10 Trabue.....Nashville.....Mon
11 Chosen Friends.Shelbyville.....Sat
12 Pulaski.....Pulaski.....Fri
13 Strangers' Ref..Murfreesboro'..Fri
14 Howard.....Gallatin.....Mon
15 Macon.....Macon .....Fri
16 Madison.....Madison .....Thu
17 Lawrence.....Lawrence ....Thu
18 Eagleville .....Williamson....Thu
19 Union.....Franklin.....Thu
20 Haywood .....Haywood.....Thu
21 La Fayette.....La Grange....Mon
22 Trenton.....Trenton.....
23 Pythagoras.....Clarkesville....
24 Townerville.....Townerville....
25 Mt. Vernon.....Connerville....
26 Calhoun.....Fayetteville...
27 Bolivar.....Bolivar .....
28 Campbell.....Carthage.....
Lodges 28, members 1300.
The Grand Encampment
Meets at Nashville.
George W. Wilson of No. 1, G. P.
Donald Cameron of No. 5, G. H. P.
N. E. Perkins of No. 5, G. S. W.
G. P. Smith of No. 1, G. S.
John Coltart of No. 4, G. T.
C. K. Clark of No. 3, G. J. W.
Rev. I. D. Williamson of No. 3, G.Rep.
Subordinates.
1 Ridgely .....Nashville...2 4 Sat
2 Washington .....Columbia....1 3 Sat
3 Gayoso.....Memphis...1 3 Thu
4 Olive Branch...Nashville...
5 Jackson .....Franklin...

KENTUCKY.

The Grand Lodge meets at Louisville, semi-annually, on the first Wednesday in May and November.
John Fonda, of No. —, G.M.
David P. Waters, of No. —, D.G.M.
S. S. Dismukes, of No. —, G.W.
P. M. Jones, of No. —, G. S.
J. M. Stephens, of No. —, G.T.
A. K. Marshall, of No. —, G. Rep.
G. W. Johnson, of No. —, G. Rep.
Subordinates.
1 Boone.....Louisville.....Mon
2 Chosen Friends. do. .....Tue
3 Washington ....Covington.....Wed
4 Lorraine.....Louisville.....Wed
5 Friendship.....Lexington.....Frid
6 Capital.....Frankfort.....Mon
7 Franklin .....Lancaster.....Sat
8 Central.....Danville .....Mon
10 Union.....Nicholasville ..Tue
11 Lafayette.....Georgetown....Tue
12 De Kalb.....Maysville.....Mon
13 Stranger's Rest.Henderson....Tue
14 Madison.....Richmond.....Mon
15 Howard.....Shelbyville.....Mon
17 Herman.....Louisville.....Sat
18 Montgomery....Harrodsburg...Fri
19 Hebron.....Springfield.....Fri
20 Noah's Dove....Newport.....Mon
21 Mangum.....Paducah.....Thu
22 Covenant.....Lexington.....Sat
23 Bourbon.....Paris.....Mon
24 Kenton.....Covington.....Thu
25 Azur.....Louisville .....Tue
26 Fidelity.....Owentor.....
27 Ringgold.....Maysville ....
28 Phœnix .....Frankfort.....Tue
29 Marshall .....Louisville.....Fri
30 Fleming.....Flemingsburg
31 Merrick.....Lexington ....
32 Watson.....Mt. Sterling..Mon
33 Mason.....Mayslick.....Fri
34 Taylor.....Elizabethtown.Thu
35 Ridgely.....Paris.....Mon
43 Transylvania...Lexington.....
Nos. 9 and 16 defunct.
Lodges 35, members 1619.
The Grand Encampment
Meets at Louisville, semi-annually, on the first Friday after the first Wednesday of May and November.
David P. Watson, G.P.; Jas.McGrain, G.H.P.; John M. Stephens, G.S.W.; Tal. P. Shaffner, G.S.; Jas. L. Lithgow, G.T. Wm. White, G.J.W.; Wm.F. Davis, G. Rep.
Subordinates.
1 Mount Horeb....Louisville..1 3 Thu
3 Marah.....Lexington..2 4 Tue
4 Pilgrim .....Frankfort...4 Thu
5 Berith..... ....Nich'lasv'e.1 3 Wed
6 Olive Branch...Covington....1 Fri
7 Kedron.....Danville....1 3 Tue
8 Salem.....Shelbyville.1 3 Thu
9 Pisgah .....Maysville....
10 Shaffner.....Harrodsb'g.2 4 Thu
11 Amnon..... ....Louisville..2 4 Thu
13 Noah's Dove....Newport....
No. 2 defunct.

ARKANSAS.

Subordinate Lodges.
1 Arkansas.....Little Rock....
2 Telulah .....Helena.....
3 Independence...Batesville.....
Subordinate Encampments.
1 Eagle.....Helena.....

OHIO.

The Grand Lodge meets at Cincinnati, on the third Saturday in every month. Annual session, third Saturday in January.
Thos. Spooner, G. M.; Edson B. Olds, D. G. M.; Samuel Shafer, G. W.; Isaac Hefley, G. S.; David T. Snelbaker, G.T. Thos. Spooner and —— Kerlin, G.Reps.
Subordinates.
1 Ohio.....Cincinnati.....Mon
2 Washington .... do. .....Tue
3 Cincinnati..... do. .....Wed
4 Franklin..... do. .....Thu
5 Montgomery....Dayton.....Mon
6 Jefferson.....Steubenville...Tue
7 Charity .....Lancaster.....Mon
8 Piqua.....Piqua.....Wed
9 Columbus.....Columbus.....Mon
10 Wayne.....Dayton.....Tue
11 Warren.....Franklin.....Mon
12 Union.....Warrenton.....Sat
13 Cleveland.....Cleveland.....Mon
14 Harmony..... Rossville.....Tue
15 Lebanon.....Lebanon.....Wed
16 Hope.....Middletown...Thu
17 Hamilton.....Hamilton.....Thu
19 Marion.....Miamisburg...Tue
18 Mansfield.....Mansfield .....Fri
20 Mount Vernon..Mount Vernon.Wed
21 Friendship.....Germantown....Fri
22 Cuyahoga.....Cleveland.....Wed
32 Central.....Columbus.....Thu
24 Chillicothe.....Chillicothe.....Thu
25 Lafayette.....Hillsboro'.....Mon
26 Morning Star...Medina.....Mon
27 Erie.....Ohio City .....Fri
28 Muskingum.....Zanesville.....Wed
29 Mahoning .....Warren.....Mon
30 Eaton.....Eaton .....Wed
31 Scioto.....Portsmouth....Tue
32 Columbia.....Circleville.....Fri
33 Springfield.....Springfield....Thu
34 Olive Branch....Newark.....Tue
35 Seneca.....Tiffin.....Mon
36 Valley.....McConnellsville.Mo
37 Huron.....Norwalk.....Wed
38 Wapankenica ...Toledo.....Mon
39 Nimisilla.....Canton.....Tue
40 Republic.....Republic.....Tue
41 New Haven.....New Haven...Thu
42 Wooster.....Wooster.....Fri
43 Troy.....Troy .....Thu
44 Coshocton .....Coshocton.....Mon
45 Chosen Friends. N. Lexington..Tue
46 Urbana.....Urbana.....Frid
47 Buckeye.....Dayton.....Frid
48 Sippo .....Massillon.....Mon
49 Clearmont ....Milford.....Fri
50 Summit.....Akron .....Mon
51 Lasalle.....Bucyrus.....Tue
52 Xenia .....Xenia.....Tue
53 Olentangy.....Delaware.....Tue
54 Covenant.....Somerville.....Mon
55 Hebron.....Youngstown...Tue
56 Wm. Penn.....Cincinnati.....Tue
57 Grand River....Madison .....Sat
58 Kosciusko.....Marion..... .Mon
59 West'n Reserve: Ashtabula.....Fri
60 Sidney .....Sidney.....Tue
61 Apollo.....Middlebury...Wed
62 Howard.....Cuyahoga Falls Thu
63 Mt. Pleasant....Mt. Pleasant...Sat
64 Northern Light.Painesville....Mon
65 Ravenna.....Ravenna.....Wed
66 Ogontz.....Sandusky.....Sat
67 Marietta.....Marietta.....Fri
68 Hesperian.....Hudson .....Tue
69 Orphan's Friend.Somerset.....Thu
70 Madison.....London.....Wed
71 Fidelity.....Cincinnati....Wed
72 Logan.....Bellefontaine..
73 Hancock.. .....Findlay.....Mon
74 Rose of Sharon..Sharonville...Wed
75 Shawnee.....St. Marys.....Sat
76 Conneaut.....Conneaut.....
77 Croghan.....Kower Sandusky
78 Bellebrook.....Bellebrook....Thu
79 Amicitia.....Kenton.....
80 Tecumseh .....Chillicothe....Tue
81 Killbuck.....Millersburg...Tue
85 Mohican .....Ashland.....
86 Fort Meigs.....Perrysburg ....Sat
87 Marysville.....Marysville....
88 Concordia.....New Lisbon....Tue
— Heber.....Rochester.....
— Clinton.....New Vienna....Fri
95 Sewanie .....Georgetown ....Fri
Lodges 95, members 6373.
Degree Lodges.
1 Cincinnati.....Cincinnati....
2 Miama.....Dayton.....
(Nos. 3 and 4 charters surrendered.)
The Grand Encampment
Meets at Cincinnati, quarterly, on the first Saturday in September (annqal session,) December, March and June.
Wm. B. Chapman, of No. — G.P.
Rev. Joel Dalbey, of No. —. G.H.P.
W. S. Phares, of No. —, G.S.W.
H. N. Clark, of No. —, G. Scribe.
D. T. Snelbaker, of No. —, G.T.
F. Holford, of No. —, G. J. W.
Albert G. Day, of No. —, G. Rep.
Subordinates.
1 Wildey .....Cincinnati..1 3 Fri
2 Dayton.....Dayton.....1 3 Fri
3 Nimrod .....Steubenville.2 4 Fri
4 Miami.....Piqua.....1 3 Mon
5 Cleveland.....Cleveland...2 4 Fri
6 Capitol.....Columbus...1 3 Sat
7 Butler.....Hamilton....2 4 Fri
8 Pataskala.....Zanesville...1 3 Fri
9 Washington ....Cincinnati..1 3 Fri
10 Moriah.....Lebanon...1 3 Tue
11 Pickaway.....Circleville..1 3 Tue
12 Mount Olive.....Newark...1 3 Thu
13 Mohicoon.....Mansfield..1 3 Mon
14 Pymaturring....Warren.....2 4 Sat
15 Tuscarora.....Canton.....1 3 Thu
16 Mad River.....Springfield..1 3 Sat
17 Kilbuck .....Wooster.....
18 Akron... .....Akron.....2 4 Fri
19 Hobah.....Tiffin.....2 4 Fri
20 Shawnee.....Xenea.....1 3 Mon
21 Valley.....Chilocothe...1 3 Fri
22 Cincinnati .....Cincinnati...2 4 Fri
23 Concord .....Troy.....2 4 Fri

INDIANA.

The Grand Lodge meets in Indianapolis, quarterly, on the third Monday in July, October, January and April.
John Green, of No. 12, G. M.
J. B. Eldgridge, of No. 23, D. G. M.
S. C. Meredith, of No. 23, G. W.
L. Noble, of No. 23, G. S.
J. B. McChesney, of No. 18, G. T.
J. P. Chapman, of No 18, R. Rep.
Subordinates.
2 Monroe.....Madison.....Mon
3 Jefferson.....Jeffersonville..Mon
4 Friendship.....Rising Sun....Tue
6 Vevay.....Vevay.....Thu
7 Morning Star...Evansville ....Thu
8 Union.....Lawrenceburg.Thu
9 Patriot.....Patriot.....Sat
10 New Albany....New Albany...Thu
11 Washington....Madison .....Thu
12 Neilson.....Logansport....Thu
13 Chosen Friends.Aurora.....Tue
14 Fort Wayne...Fort Wayne...Mon
15 Lafayette.....Lafayette.....Tue
16 Vigilance.....Lawrenceburg.Mon
17 Wayne.....Cambridge City.Sat
18 Center .....Indianapolis ...Tue
19 Harmony.....Fort Wayne....Fri
20 Wabash.....Vincennes .....Sat
21 Covington.....Covington.....Sat
22 Friendship.....Lafayette .....Fri
23 Hoosier.....Centerville ...Mon
24 Spartan.....Laurel. .....Sat
25 Hen. Adelphon..Hagerstown ...Thu
26 Wildey.....Michigan City.Tue
27 St. Joseph's.....Mishawauka...Tue
28 Delphi.....Delphi.....Mon
29 South Bend.....South Bend...Wed
30 Penn.....Brookville....Wed
32 Charity .....Perrysville..
33 Attica.....Attica.....
34 Elkhart Co... Goshen .....Tau
35 Franklin .....Rushville...
36 Laporte.....Laporte.....
37 Independence ... .
38 Montgomery....Crawfordsville
39 Shelby.....Shelbysville..
40 Logan.....Logansport...
41 Whitewater.....Richmond....
42 La Fontaine....Huntington...
43 Boone.....Eagle Village.
44 Philoxenian.... Indianapolis..
45 Putnam.....Greencastle...
46 St. Anastasia...Wabashtown..
47 Rochester.....Rochester....
48 Lebanon.....Lebanon.....
Nos. 1, 5, and 31, defunct.
Lodges 45, members 1594.
Subordinate Encampments.
2 Wildey.....Madison...1 3 Tue
3 Bethlehem.....Lawrenceb'g.1 3 W
4 Sherlock.....Laurel.....
5 Metropolitan....Indianapolis.1 3 Sat
6 Mishawaka.....Mishawaka...

ILLINOIS.

The Grand Lodge meets at Springfield, quarterly, in August, November, February and May.
Wm. M. Parker, of No. 7, G.M.
D.G.M. deceased.
Isaac Lindsay, of No. —, G.W.
Stephen A. Corneau, of No. 6, G.S.
J. L. Peake, of No. 6, G. Treas.
G. W. Woodward, of No. —, G. Chap
Stevens S. Jones, of No. 14, G. Rep.
Subordinates.
3 Clarke.....Greenville.....Sat
5 Wildey.....Galena.....Mon
6 Sangamon .....Springfield.....Tue
7 Jefferson.....Belleville .....Fri
9 Union.....Chicago.....Thu
10 Shawnee.....Shawneetown..Mon
11 Duane.....Chicago.....Tue
12 Quincy.....Quincy.....Tue
13 Marion.....Mount Vernon..Sat
14 St. Charles.....St. Charles.....Fri
15 Olive Branch....Canton.....Fri
16 Ark.....Beardstown....Tue

17 Galena.....Galena.....
18 Rock Island.....Rock Island.
19 Hebron.....Equality....
20 Prairie.....Russellville.
21 Columbia.....Peoria.....Sat
22 Excelsior.....Chicago.....
23 Des Plaines.....Lockport.... .
24 Friendship.....Rushville.....
25 Neilson.....Troy.....
27 Waterloo.....Rushville.....
28 Big Thunder...Belvidere.....
29 Powhan.....Juliet.....
30 Winishack.....Freport.....
31 Winnebago.....Rockford.....
32 Immanuel.....Lawrenceville..

Nos. 1, 2, 4, and 8 defunct.
Lodges 27, members 1004.

Subordinate Encampments.

2 Lebanon.....Springfield..1 3 Fri
3 Illinois.....Chicago...2 4 Mon
4 Allen.....Quincy....1 3 Thu
5 Lead Mine.....Galena....
6 Neilson.....Belleville.1 3 Wed

No. 1 defunct.

MISSOURI.

The Grand Lodge meets at St. Louis, quarterly, in April, July, October and January.

Isaac M. Veitch, of No. —, G.M.
E. F. Maconough, of No. —, D.G.M.
Henry W. Priess, of No. —, G.W.
Girard B. Allen, of No. —, G.S.
John S Walton, of No. —, G.T.
Henry Holmes, of No. —, G. Rep.

Subordinates.

1 Travelers' Rest. St. Louis.....Mon
2 Wildey..... do. .....Tue
3 Germania..... do. .....Thu
4 Far West.....Boonville.....Mon
5 St. Louis.....St. Louis.....Sat
6 Western Light..Weston.....Sat
7 Covenant.....Warsaw.....Sat
8 Damon.....Hannibal.....Mon
9 Harrison.....Lexington.....Sat
10 Howard.....Fayette.....Sat
11 Missouri.....St. Louis.....Fri
12 Nebraska.....Platte City....Wed
13 Tentonia.....Weston.....Thu
14 Nodaway.....Savannah.....Mon
15 Morning Star...Glasgow.....Wed
16 Des Moines.....St. Francisville. Sat
17 Mystic.....Hannibal.....Tue
18 Excelsior.....St. Louis.....Wed
19 King Hill.....St. Josephs....Mon
20 Lafayette.....Lagrange.....Mon
21 Chosen Friends. Independence..Tue
22 Laclede.....St. Louis.....Sat.
23 Randolph.....Huntsville....Sat.
24 Washington....St. Louis.....Tue
25 Saline.....Cambridge....

Lodges 25, members 1068.

Degree Lodge.

1 St. Louis.....St. Louis.....

The Grand Encampment

Meets at St. Louis, semi-annually, in May and November.

G. B. Allen, G. P.; E J. Macdonough, G. H. P.; W. C. Corley, G. S. W.; Theo. Betts, G. J. W.; James Johnson, G. S.; Elisha H. Shephard, G T.; E. F. Macdonough, G. Rep.

Subordinates.

1 Wildey.....St. Louis..1 3 Wed
2 Frontier.....Weston...1 3 Wed
3 Stewart.....Hannibal.1 3 Wed

MICHIGAN.

The Grand Lodge meets at Detroit, quarterly, on the 2d Wednesday of July, (annual.) October, January and April.

Alfred Treadway, of No. 3, G.M.
D. D. Sinclair, of No. 8, D.G.M.
D. S. Walbridge, of No. 7, G. War.
Witter J. Baxter, of No. 1, G. Sec.
Morris M. Williams, of No. 12, G.T.
John Winder, of No. 12, G. Rep.
Norton R. Ramsdell, of No. 9, G.Rep

Subordinates.

1 Michigan.....Detroit. .....Mon
2 Wayne..... do. .....Frid
3 Pontiac.....Pontiac.....Wed
4 Jackson.....Jackson.....Mon
5 Peninsular.....Marshall.....Mon
6 Berrien county..Niles..... ...Sat
7 Kalamazoo.....Kalamazoo ....Tue
8 Adrian. .....Adrian ... ...Mon
9 Washtenaw. ...Ann Arbor.....Thu
10 Wyandotte. ...Ypsilanti.....Wed
11 Irving.....Grand Rapids..Tue
12 Wa-we-a-tonong. Detroit .....Tue
13 Macomb.....Mount Clemens. Fri
14 Tecumseh.....Tecumseh.....Tue
15 Prairie Ronde...Schoolcraft ....Sat
16 Fayette.....Jonesville.....Mon
17 Hillsdale.....Hillsdale.....Thu
18 Pawpaw.....Pawpaw.....Wed
19 Monroe.....Monroe.....Mon
20 Albion.....Albion.....Fri
21 Cass County....Cassopolis.....Sat
22 Constantine.....Constantine...Thu
23 Romeo.....Romeo.....Mon
24 Genesee.....Flint .....Tue
25 Birmingham.....Birmingham..
26 Hudson.....Hudson.....

Lodges 26, members 1[illegible]

The Grand Encampment

Meets at Kalamazoo

John Winder, of No. 1, G.P.
J. C. Larrimore, of No. 3, G.H.P.
W. M. Choate, of No. 5, G.S.W.
D. S. Walbridge, of No. 6, G. Scribe.
Geo. Hoffman, of No. 3, G.J.W.
W. J. Baxter, of No. 1, G. Treas.
A. S. Kellogg, of No. 1, G. Rep.

Subordinates.

1 Michigan.....Detroit.....2 4 Thu
2 Marshall.....Marshall...1 3 Thu
3 Paw wah-ting...Niles.....1 3 Mon
4 Lenawee.....Adrian.....2 4 Frid
5 Wildey .....Jackson....1 3 Wed
6 Samaritan.....Kalamazoo.1 3 Frid
7 Ann Arbor.....Ann Arbor..
8 Kellogg .....Grand Rapids

WISCONSIN.

The Grand Lodge meets at Milwaukie, on the 3d Wednesdays of July (annual) and January.

D. Kinsman, of No. 7, G.M.
A. Kent, of No. 10, D.G.M.
W. M. Cunningham, of No. 5, G.W.
Rufus King, of No. 5, G.S.
Eli Bates, of No. 2. G. Treas.
W. D. Wilson, of No. 5, G. Rep.

Subordinate Lodges.

2 Milwaukie .....Milwaukie ....Mon
3 Rose of the Val..Potosi .....Tue
4 Miners' .....Mineral Point ..
5 Kneeland.....Milwaukie....Frid
6 Lily of the Mound. Platteville...Frid
7 Southport .....Southport.....Wed
8 Racine .....Racine.....Thu
9 Olive Branch....Delavan.....Fri
10 E-ne-we-shin-e-gras. Beloit.....Thu
11 Burlington .....Burlington.....Sat
12 Justitia .....Shullsburg.....
13 Sheboygan.....Sheboygan....Mon
14 Wisconsin.....Janesville ....Wed
15 Halcyon.....Whitewater ...Mon
16 Sinsinnawa.....Hazel Green...
17 Hope .....Madison.....
18 Friendship .....Rochester.....
19 Green Bay.....Green Bay.....Fri
20 Excelsior .....Milwaukee ....Thu
21 Gem of the Mines. New Diggins.
23 Prairie.....Waukesha .....Tue

Lodges 22, members 699.

Subordinate Encampment.

1 Wisconsin .....Milwaukie. 1 3 Tue
2 Wilson.....Southport...
3 Janesville...

IOWA.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Washington ....Burlington ....Mon
2 Harmony.....Dubuque.....Frid
3 Keosauqua.....Keosauqua ....Tue
4 Fairfield.....Fairfield .....Tue
5 Muscatine.....Bloomington...Mon
6 Kosciusko.....Iowa city.....
8 Davenport.....Davenport ....

Lodges 7, members 291.

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Halcyon.....Dubuque....
2 Eureka.....Burlington..

TEXAS.

The Grand Lodge meets Galveston.

Subordinates.

3 Galveston.....Galveston.....Wed
4 Ridgely.....Houston.....Fri
5 Herman's.....Galveston.....
6 Chosen Friends. Galveston.....

Nos. 1 and 2 defunct.

OAHU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

1 Excelsior.....Honolulu....

VENEZUELA.

1 Venezuela.....Caracoas.....

OREGON.

1 Oregon.....Oregon City...

BRITISH AMERICA.

The Grand Lodge meets at Montreal, quarterly, on the first Wednesday in February, May, August and Nov.

R. H. Hamilton, G. S.; E. L. Mortizambert, D. G. S.; M. H. Seymour, G. War.; J. Cushing, G. Sec.; S. S. C. De Bleury, G. Treas.

Subordinates.

1 Prince of Wales. Montreal.....Tue
2 Queens..... do. .....Wed
3 Prince Albert...St. Johns.....Mon
4 Albion.....Quebec.....Mon
5 Commercial.....Montreal.....Mon
6 Victoria.....Belleville.....
7 Oriental.....Stanstead.....Wed
8 Canada.....Montreal.....Fri
9 Brock.....Brockville....
10 Catarsqui.....Kingston.....
11 Prince Edward..Picton.....
12 Ontario.....Cobourg.....
13 Otonabee.....Peterboro'....
14 Hope .....Port Hope....
15 Tecumseh.....Toronto.....Fri
16 Union.....St. Catherines
17 Burlington.....Hamilton.....
18 St. Francis.....Cornwall.....Wed
19 Mercantile.....Quebec.....Tue
20 Ottawa.....Bytown.....
21 Home .....Toronto.....Tue
22 Phenix .....Oshawa.....Mon

Degree Lodge.

1 Victoria.....Montreal...1 3 Thu

The Grand Encampment

Meets at Montreal, semi-annually.

H. H. Whitney, G. P.; W. Hilton, G. H. P.; S. B Campbell, G. S W.; John [illegible], G. S.; H. E. Montgomerie, G. T.; J. C. Chase, G. J. W.; S. B. Campbell, G. Rep. to G. L. U S.

Subordinates.

1 Hochelaga.....Montreal...2 4 Thu
2 Stadacona.....Quebec.....
3 Royal Mount...Montreal....
4 St. Louis.....Quebec.....
5 Wellington.....Toronto.....1 3 Wed
6 Hebron.....Peterboro'..1 3 Wed
7 Tomifobi.....Stanstead.....
8 Moira.....Belleville.....

EUGENE SUE'S STORY.—We give in our present number a gem of a story by Eugene Sue. We find it in a foreign Annual and offer it to our readers, translated in an admirable manner by a regular contributor to the GOLDEN RULE. The Story is as simple, as it is original and piquant, and conveys a moral worth heeding. In the world as it is, there are a thousand circumstances and necessities that induce the narrowest selfishness, and an exclusiveness the most arbitrary—and most of us are more or less inclined to the weakness of Madame Tolibois. We are not often jealous of so humble an object as a poor dog, but the green eyed monster appears in some form; we too often demand an ungained victory over others because we cannot gain one over ourselves. All are not like Captain David, and the consequence is, there is much strife in the world. The little Story of poor Battalion is a keen satire on this common frailty of our nature, and those who read it should reflect well upon its moral.

Town Amusements.

PARK THEATER.—"Old Drury" is once more in the full tide of success. Collins and Placide have proved a most powerful joint attraction, and excellent houses testify nightly their appreciation of these sterling actors.

"Rory O'More" and the "White Horse of the Peppers," [illegible] with all their original force. Collins has proved himself a worthy successor of Power in both these parts; and Placide is even more rich and unctuous in De Weiskein and Mansfeldt, than he was years ago, when he fairly contested the palm with Power, in these characters. In addition to these sterling Dramas, the two stars present nightly pieces in which they have each established an exclusive reputation.

Placide's Grandfather Whitehead, and Old Haversack in the National Guard, have been repeated with undiminished pleasure and interest to the audiences.

We hear of treats on the tapis which will bring a host of attraction at the Park, capable, we should suppose, of drawing all the town to witness.

Madame Bishop's Operatic troupe, and Madame Augusta's Ballet troupe, it is reported, are to join their forces, and produce on the same night, Opera and Ballet.

We have long argued that music and the "Poetry of motion" should be combined into one night's entertainment. The experiment will be an expensive one, but we are certain of its success.

BROADWAY THEATER.—The Monplaisir troupe have completed their long and successful engagement, and the management is now bringing out a succession of new and old sterling pieces, well cast, and beautifully got up, with all the accessories this house is already distinguished for bringing to its aid.

Buckstone's last new Drama, called the "Flowers of the Forest," has been produced with great success.

Other novelties are in preparation, among which, we understand that a gorgeous Holiday spectacle will form a conspicuous feature. The enterprise and liberality Col Mann has exhibited, cannot fail to secure him the support and encouragement of every lover of the Drama.

DR. COLYER'S MODEL ARTISTES.—This classical entertainment is crowded nightly. We hold it to be decidedly the most perfect exhibition of its kind we have ever seen in New York. After this week we understand this talented troupe go to Philadelphia.

THE SABLE MINSTRELS.—The Alhambra is filled every night, by a host of admiring auditors, attracted by the finished performances of these truly talented Minstrels.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 25, in Brooklyn, by Rev. T. B. Thayer, Mr. EDWARD E. PEARCE, and Miss VLETTA LOWE, all of Brooklyn.

Nov. 18, at Camden, N. J. by Rev. Mr. Manwauring, P.G. and P.C.P. THOS. W. MULFORD, of Chosen Friends Lodge No. 29, and Miss CAROLINE eldest daughter of Isaac Cole, Esq all of Camden.

DEATHS.

Nov. 17, at Camden, N. J. Bro. JAMES A. HARRISON, of Centre Lodge No. 153, of Bellefonte, Centre county, Pa.

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Spirit of Foreign Literature.

THE FLOWER IN THE BOOK.

"TELL me, O! tell me, my mother dear,
In many a lonely and silent hour,
Why, buried in thought, do I hear you sigh,
And sometimes I see a tear in your eye,
While gazing on that old wither'd flower?
Oh! mother, it makes my heart ache to see
Your dear sweet face with so sad a look.
Ah! there's something that troubles, something that grieves—
A mystery to me—in the dry, dead leaves
Of the Flower in the Book.

"Oh! fling it away, my mother dear—
Why keep such a crush'd and wither'd thing?
I'll bring you the sweetest wild flowers; for I know
Where the violets down in the hollows grow,
And the primrose shines by the forest spring.
I'll make you, dear mother, a posy sweet;
And then you will kiss me, and smiling look;
For there's nothing that troubles, nothing that grieves,
In their dewy rich cups, as in the dead leaves
Of the Flower in the Book."

"Oh! bless thee, my child, for thy loving thought;
But little of life can thy young heart know—
How a simple flower may bring tears to the eyes,
And the saddest and tenderest feelings arise,
With thoughts of the years gone long, long ago!
Oh! I could not part with these few dead leaves
For a balmy cluster fresh from the brook;
For memories troubled and memories bright
Ever thrill my heart through at the sad, sweet sight
Of the Flower in the Book.

"'Twas thy father gather'd this flower, my child—
A treasure sweet to thy baby-eye—
But it wither'd soon, and thy father died;
Heart-broken, I, too, could have lain by his side;
But, for thy dear sake, oh! I could not die!
And now, after long, long years, my child,
On a relic so precious I love to look:
For memories troubled and memories bright
Ever thrill my heart through at the sad, sweet sight
Of the Flower in the Book!"

FREEDOM OF INQUIRY.—Let not the freedom of inquiry be shackled. If it multiplies contentions amongst the wise and virtuous, it exercises the charity of those who contend. If it shakes, for a time, the belief that is rested only upon prejudice, it finally settles it on the broader and more solid basis of conviction.—[Anonymous.

THE MIDNIGHT JOURNEY.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

I HAVE lived a very wandering life. When quite a boy, I was taken from school to be consigned to the care of a near kinsman in the West Indies. In two years this gentleman died insolvent, and I tried successively several of the greater islands without finding a permanent place for my foot. I next found my way to the Spanish main, but in the company of loose and daring speculators, rather than in the regular mercantile employment for which I had been intended; and several years were passed in a course of adventure and vicissitudes, many portions of which would seem too wildly improbable for romance. In the other division of the new world, I was carried by my wandering destiny along the whole of the Mexican range of coast, and passed nearly two years in California. In the course of this time I visited several of the islands both in the North and South Pacific, and at a subsequent period hunted the sea otter, with a crew composed chiefly of Aleutian savages, in the ocean that separates Asiatic from American Russia.

All this had done nothing for me in the way of fortune. Indeed I cannot be said to have ever thought seriously of the future. Like the wild companions among whom my lot had been cast, I was satisfied with the bounties of the passing hour; spending gaily, whenever we had opportunity, the money earned at the constant risk of life and limb. But at length a circumstance occurred which made me think. When poring one day over an old newspaper in the cabin of an English ship, I observed with a surprise and incredulity—at first manifested by a fit of laughter—that the world had not altogether forgotten the poor, friendless, reckless adventurer of the Pacific. A series of unexpected deaths, as it appeared, had taken place; and the boy who had been shipped away at such early years from his home and country, in the hope of securing for him in the New World a provision, which in the old could only be the result, if it ever came at all, of the struggles of years, was now the heir of an independent property!

These particulars have nothing to do with an adventure (if it can be called an adventure,) which I fell in with immediately on my return to England, and which I now sit down to sketch for the amusement of my new friends. But I give them, in order to account for the wildness of certain hallucinations which beset me, and which would otherwise be considered merely an instance of bad taste, rather than traced to a habit of mind engendered by the extraordinary scenes that had formed my everyday life since the days of boyhood. Even the long homeward voyage had no effect in tranquillizing my nerves; for it was a

voyage of storm and other disaster, including hunger, and its frequent concomitant, mutiny. When at length the white cliffs of my country rose upon the horizon, steeped in the mellowed sunlight of these temperate latitudes, I felt an unaccustomed yearning after repose. My unquiet bosom grew calm; my wild eyes filled with tears; and I called upon the winds to swell our lagging canvas, that I might flee away and be at rest.

What a contrast was my life now about to present! What a novelty was even the physical aspect of the country about to disclose to my eyes! How should I fall in with the measured tread of that calm and orderly population of which I was to form a unit? How could I even walk steadily upon the level roads and smooth fields that awaited me? Presently, as these inquiries crowded into my mind, there mingled with my new-born longings after rest a kind of misgiving that I was not fitted for its enjoyment; and as the night began to close dark and heavy around while we were nearing the coast. I felt almost happy in the idea that another day was to dawn before I should enter upon my new course of tame, quiet, methodical, prosaic existence.

But this interval was not destined to occur. As lights rose here and there upon the dark mass before us, in clustering groups, long lines, or solitary stars, they rekindled my excitement. The voices of the land called me from a hundred points, and my heart answered to the hail. It seemed an *adventure* to plunge into that world of shadows, studded with so many gems that sparkled without illumining; and in the morning, it would be an amusement to observe into what common forms the phantasmagoria of my imagination had resolved. A conveyance, I was told by the revenue officers who boarded us, would set out in two or three hours from a neighboring town, toward the distant part of the country which was my destination; and I suddenly determined to go on shore, and make as much progress on my journey as I could accomplish in the night.

On landing, I could form no distinct idea of the character of the country, for my vision was unable to penetrate more than a few yards around me. These few yards, however, were tame and civilized, just as I had expected; and being informed at the Customs' station that I should find the road good and direct toward the next town, I at once shouldered my knapsack—for my worldly goods were then packed in small compass—and set out on the few miles' walk. The wind was against me, and felt keener and colder than I had known it under the tropics; and by-and-by it came on to rain, and the drops dashed in my face as if they would have cut the skin. Altogether, my walk was somewhat uncomfortable; and although it was impossible to wander from a narrow road that was bounded on both sides by a thick hedge, blinded as I was by the rain, and confused by the gust, I found the way a little longer than I expected.

I at length reached the town. The streets were already deserted; not a sound was heard but the wind moaning through them; and as I passed between rows of lamps, of what seemed to me an unearthly brilliance, I could have supposed that I had entered some dead city of enchantment. After wandering on for a considerable distance, I at length reached an open door of what proved to be a house of entertainment; and having signified to the people what I wanted, and whither I was going, and desired to be called in time for the conveyance, I sat down to a substantial and not unwelcome meal. This was indeed rest. I was alone in the room: the house, like the street, was profoundly silent: and as the servant-woman glided in and out to attend to my requirements, she seemed afraid to disturb by voice or footfall the repose of the scene. She at length left me, signifying that I should be called "in time to start;" and while mechanically satisfying my appetite, I gave full reins to my excursive imagination.

It was still cold, although not late in the autumn; and in order to restore the circulation to my limbs, I drank a little spirits and water. This circumstance would not be worth mentioning; but my habits being strictly temperate, I am inclined to *hope* that I may thus in some measure account for a state of mind which I should be loath to describe as delirium. However this may be, I either fell asleep after supper, or into that trance-like revery which can hardly be distinguished from a dream. I was still roaming by the cliffs of the Pacific, through the primæval forests of America, amid the breakers of Behring's Sea. I was still searching for gold (which had at one time been my occupation,) among the mountains of the south-west, and listening to the wild legends of the place, as I paused at the opening of some tomb-like cavern, said by the natives to communicate, through the bowels of the earth, with lands beyond the ocean. But my revery had not the effect of reality. I knew at the time that it was my imagination that thought, while my judgement watched its aimless gambols with a sense of languid amusement. Ever and anon, however, England mingled in my dream. From each loftier cliff, from the summit of each wilder wave, I saw spread out in the distant sea its green and level fields, bathed in the pale sunlight of the north, and slowly traversed with methodical steps by an industrious and orderly population.

I was at length suddenly awakened from my trance by the noise of heavy footsteps, clanging doors, and calling voices; but so imperfectly awakened, that I have only a confused recollection of having been told that it was time to set out on my journey, of being flooded along the street in a hurrying crowd, and of having paid, in the midst of a scene of tumult, some money, which I understood was to be the price of my transport. I may have been partly asleep, and partly under the influence of the unaccustomed glass of spirits and water; yet, after all, this confusion of mind is perhaps not very surprising in a stranger from the wilds of the Pacific set suddenly down in the heart of a distant country, and in the midst of an entirely new form of society. But mark the sequel.

I was hardly seated in the public vehicle, when it rolled off, leaving the tumult behind in an instant. A female, in the corner opposite to mine, was the only other passenger; and by the light of a lamp which we passed now and then in the earlier part of the journey, I saw that she was young and fair, but pale, cold, mute, and passionless as a statue. Not a trace of excitement caught from the hurry and the crowd, or the romance of a midnight journey, was on that marble brow, or in those lovely but soulless eyes. They were fixed on mine, as her head leant back, with a look which confounded me by its utter want of human sympathy; and then, having wandered for an instant over my foreign garb, and my knapsack, which lay on the seat beside me, they withdrew so coldly and lifelessly, that when a hand was protruded from her cloak, to arrange with listless motions its folds about her neck, and exhibited not one trace of blood in its long, tapering fingers, that gleamed like snow in the darkness, I could have supposed her to be some preternatural being in whose custody I was traveling! There was no amusement without. We seemed to be journeying between two shadows, the denser being the earth, and the rarer the heavens; and again and again I turned to look at my companion. Sometimes, though rarely, I met the dead eyes as before; but at length they closed, and she was all statue.

The form of the denser shadow without now began to change, being half-disclosed by a pale gleam from above, which seemed to indicate the quarter of the sky where the moon lay under her pall of clouds. The shadow grew loftier and more rugged, and then appeared to come out in cliffs and hights. These presently began to close in upon our path, and the sound of our rushing wheels, before partially lost in the surrounding atmosphere, was converted, by the interruption, into groans and screams. On flew the vehicle, shrieking as it flew, and answered by the thousand voices of the rocks, as they gathered closer and closer, till they seemed to totter over our heads. Nor was this idea so absurd as you may suppose; for as I thrust my head in alarm out of the window, there was a yawning gulf before us, into which we were obviously hurrying.

Was I still in the midst of my dream? Was this the Gold-seeker's cave, through which my "extravagant and erring spirit" was to be transported beneath the foundations of the sea? I had hardly time to ask myself the question, ere the screams and groans of the vehicle, becoming more agonized every instant, were broken by an unearthly yell, which quivered in the ear for more than a minute, and then, with a rush and a roar, received with a sound of mingled laughter and sobbing, we plunged madly into the abyss.

Onward—onward—onward we flew, through as dark and wild a cavern as ever disclosed to modern men the extinct races of an earlier world. Sometimes a red and momentary gleam illumined, I knew not whence, our lonely path, and I saw the face of the living rock overhead jagged with stalactites, and its rugged sides dripping with water. On these occasions I turned a look of intense curiosity upon my companion. Sometimes her eyes were open, sometimes shut; but her manner remained as listless and impassive as ever. Sometimes her glance met mine, but it betrayed no trace of human emotion. She appeared to look on me as a portion of the material things before her, with which she claimed, and could feel, no sympathy. Sometimes her eye wandered to the window; but after a single glance, it returned as cold and unmoved as before. It was the same thing to her whether we were above or below the earth, whether we were flying upon the clouds or digging beneath the foundations of the sea; it made no change in her listless manner or reclining posture: she remained as cold, and pale, and mute, and passionless, and fair as ever.

How long this subterraneous course went on I cannot say. I lost account of time. We had set out from the mountains of Mexico, and, for aught I knew, we were now beneath the Pacific, and destined to rise in the deserts of Australia. In fact, the old world and the new were so strangely jumbled in my imagination, that I could not have determined, with any feeling of certainty, in which quarter of the globe our journey lay. All on a sudden,

a wan, spectral light broke into the cave, and but for the wild absurdity of the supposition, I could have really supposed that I caught a glimpse of the moon emerging from her pall of clouds. This I *knew* to be impossible, although the other details of the scene were so terribly real, that I was sometimes fully persuaded I was awake! On, however, we rushed, in utter darkness as before, and for so long a time, that, worn out and stupified by the over-excitement, it was with a feeling of little more than languid curiosity I saw—not by the approach of light, but rather by a steady change in the darkness—that we neared the end of our subterranean career, and were at length vomited forth into the upper world.

I beheld nothing distinctly for several minutes. My companion was asleep, or at least motionless; and, as if controlled by some strange fascination, I felt my own eyes growing heavy; when, all on a sudden, the moon burst forth, and lighted up a scene of such surpassing splendor, that I uttered an unvoluntary cry of admiration. We were in a deep glen, or rather gorge, the sides of which appeared to be formed of majestic cliffs of white marble, hung here and there with a drapery of woods. The summits were inconceivably various in their outlines: sometimes representing castles and towers; sometimes battlemented steeps; sometimes fringes of tall trees, that held up their finger-like branches between us and the moonlight. In the distance, the ravine, at a place where it sunk sheer down from the base of a lofty mountain, was spanned by an aerial bridge, that appeared to me like a path by which the sons of God might have descended to visit the daughters of men. My cry had aroused the female statue, and she even raised her head for an instant; but there was nothing unnatural to *her* in this spectral show, and in another moment she leant back in the carriage, although I could see her strange eyes gleaming upon me for some time through the gloom.

Onward we rushed through the gorge, now plunging into solemn woods, and now skimming along the extreme edge of steeps, from which I could see, through the tops of tangled trees, the gleam of a torrent far below. But presently, as we appeared to be issuing through the narrow portal of the ravine into a more open country, the moon was again hidden, and a thicker shadow than before descended upon our path. At this moment I received an impression which I shall long remember, for its remarkable consistency with the scene. My eyes were attracted to the opposite window of our headlong vehicle by a sudden and momentary gleam of red light, accompanied by a sound like the sweep of a tempest, and—smile if you will at the superstition!—I beheld a crowd of spectral faces glaring in upon us for an instant, and then vanishing in the night.

After our egress from the enchanted valley, we appeared to descend gradually, but without diminishing our speed. It was too dark for any distinct observation of the nature of the country; but the air felt thick, chill, and damp, and it was obvious that we were gaining an extremely low level, with perhaps a marshy soil. But at length the struggling moon was able to throw a wan light upon the scene, and I saw that we were either crossing the sea, or traversing a flooded district. Water was around us as far as the eye could reach, studded here and there with small islands, each bearing a hut, a rick of corn, or a few solitary trees, in the midst of which we continued our career without appearing to disturb the slumbrous wave by our rushing wheels. It seemed as if we skimmed along the surface of the liquid expanse without touching it. At this part of the journey, the marble fingers again stole out, to draw closer the drapery about the marble chin: my companion apparently felt the chillness of the air, but it gave her no farther trouble to find herself out of sight of the mainland.

Not the least extraordinary circumstance attending this extraordinary journey, was the rapidity of transition from one level and from one character of scenery to another, without our receiving any distinct impressions from the act of climbing or descending. It may be, however, that the monotony of the water-course lulled my over-excited senses into a temporary oblivion; but at any rate, the next change I perceived was the moon completely free from the imprisoning clouds, and her faint beams struggling with the first rays of the dawn. We were now rushing through a wild and rugged country, evidently of considerable elevation, with here and there the adjuncts of wood and water giving variety and interest to the scene. Suddenly, however, as I leant out of the window to refresh my fevered brow with the morning air, I could perceive, by an appearance in the misty distance, that our journey was in all probability drawing to a close. A deep valley, if it would not rather prove to be a chasm in the mountains, extended at right angles with our course; and in order to pursue our career, it would now be necessary, instead of running, as we had hitherto done, pretty nearly as the crow flies, either to turn sharply away, or fling ourselves headlong over the steep.

It was with intense interest I watched the event; which became more and more puzzling, as I saw that there was no mass of houses giving indication of our having reached the goal. To turn away along the brink of the valley, would be contrary to the whole scheme of our journey; and as we approached nearer and nearer, it was obvious that to plunge into that gulf of trembling shadows, on which the gray light of the dawn had as yet but little influence, was entirely out of the question. My agitation appeared to arouse in some measure even my strange companion: at least she leant languidly forward to give a single glance out of the window, and then returned to her marble repose.

How I wished that I could see more clearly!—but perhaps the wish was imprudent. Nearer and nearer we came to the edge of the chasm: deeper and more sudden appeared the precipice to fling itself into the misty gloom; swifter and wilder flew the wheels of the desperate vehicle: we are at hand; we are on the brink: my eyes closed—but not till I had seen that we were no longer on the firm earth. We had darted out into space, like an arrow from the bow. We had swerved neither to the right nor the left, neither upwards nor downwards. We had scorned the depths of the valley, just as we had laughed at the impediments of cliff and mountain; and now we appeared to be skimming through the air, with the same indomitable will, the same headlong impulse, with which we had thundered through the living rock!

The first edge of the sun arose as we flew, and the shadows of the valley disappeared. A beautiful and fertile plain stretched far beneath us both to right and left, diversified by woods and waters, farms and cottages, fields and gardens; and here and there we could see men and women, horses and oxen, coming forth to their daily employment. We were nothing to them. We did not belong to their world. A face may have been turned up for an instant, a finger extended; but the peasant returned the next moment to his cheerful toil, without a thought of whence we had come or whither we were going.

We had left this scene long behind before my bewildered senses revived; but at length I was aroused by the stopping of the vehicle, and I found myself suddenly in the midst of a crowded bustle similar to that which I had witnessed at our departure. The mysterious female at once started into life. Her manner thawed; her complexion lost its marbly tint, and became human; and her beautiful face was lighted up with smiles.

"Give your ticket!" said she, teaching me by her example, as a functionary came to the door.

"What is this?" said I. "Was it all real? Where have we been? How have we come?"

"I see," replied she, smiling, "you are a foreigner, and do not take well to the rail. It is very dull and stupid, I must needs confess, but I usually manage to sleep a little. However, I shall not find it quite so tame to-morrow when returning in daylight."

"You return to-morrow?"

"Yes; I have only come down to dine to-day with some friends, who have made up a little party for a trip to America to see the Falls"

"You do not go with them?"

"Alas, no! I am such a weak creature—so childishly nervous; and they say Niagara is *so* odd! In your country, too, I daresay, there are wonderful sights, and strange adventures, and all sorts of things to keep one awake. Here we only spin cotton! Good-morning." And with a kindly smile, and a graceful bend, the young lady tripped away, and was lost among the crowd.

Such was my first journey after my return to England; and it served to dissipate many delusions. I found every-day life a poem, a romance, compared with which the adventures of the Pacific are tame and commonplace. Even the cotton manufactories, so disdainfully referred to by my fellow-traveler, present scenes unparalleled for splendor and excitement, danger and hairbreadth 'scapes. But the magic with which my countrymen are surrounded is *their own*. A tunnel through a mountain, or a viaduct across a valley, is no marvel to them, because they know the amount and kind of labor which produced it, and the sum of money it cost. For my part, my impressions are as yet free from such associations, and I still walk about like a man in a dream. I went abroad in search of fortune, and found only danger and toil; I returned home for repose, and find nothing but headlong hurry and wild excitement. Science has changed the face of the world; and I am as a man called up by enchantment from the sleep of ages to find himself a stranger upon the earth.

"There is no truth in men," said a lady in company; "they are like musical instruments which sound a variety of tones." In other words, madam," said a wit, "you believe that all men are *lyres*."

"Have you any cold victuals?" said a little urchin to a young lady, who opened the door in obedience to his rap. "Oh, no," she replied jocosely, "they are all hot." "Then I'll wait till they are cold."

The Family Circle.

MARY'S DREAM.

BY SPENCER T. HALL, "THE SHERWOOD FORESTER."

The days are shortening fast, Mary,
The nights are growing cold;
And sadder moans the fitful blast
Along the twilight wold;
Let's close the shutters tight, Mary,
And stir the brightening fire,
And thou shalt tell with warm delight
Old tales that ne'er can tire.

Yes! thou shalt conjure up again
The hope that once beguiled
Our hearts, when first upon thy knee
Our little angel smiled:
For though that knee, so supple then,
Be stiff and weary grown,
Ere long with him in heaven, again
Will youth and health be known.

Well, I believe it all, dear John,
So come, sit down by me:
How sweet the faith, that what has been
Of good will always be!
And doubly sweet to know, dear John,
Our child no more can die—
That I'm an angel's mother here,
Though he's beyond the sky!

I'll something tell to thee, dear John,
But not a tale of old;
I only learnt it yesternight—
'Twas by that angel told!
He hovered near me while I slept
A calm, insensate sleep,
Though my soul a happier vigil kept
Than sense could ever keep.

And when he spoke, 'twas not, dear John,
In words like thine or mine;
His thoughts flash'd forth in every look,
So radiant and divine.
That all the charm of music's art,
Though not a tone, was there;
And, oh! it over-filled my heart
With bliss beyond compare!

He said that, though the sky above
Seems heaven and us between,
To angels there and those they love
It does not intervene:
That all they fix their hearts upon
No space from them can sever;
But what becomes with them as one
Is with them one for ever.

And while communion thus we held—
My angel-child and me—
A glorious vision I beheld
No words can paint to thee:
For in a glow of holy light,
Far purer than the sun,
The future lived before my sight
As all the past had done!

But what to me most wond'rous seem'd,
In that new world so bright,
Was finding this world there redeem'd
From shadow into light:
The false like clouds away had pass'd
From the unchanging blue;
Yet, through eternity to last,
The true remain'd the true!

And by that token blest is known
Thy truth, dear John, to me:
For thee I bow'd before the Throne
With our sweet babe and thee!
And, oh! a meet reward is thine
For all thy love and care;
For here, though ag'd and weak, I pine,
We both were youthful there!

THE POWER OF LOVE.

The following delightful illustration of the power of love over the hardest hearts will be acceptable, and we trust profitable to our readers: The colony of Petitbourg is an establishment for the reformation of juvenile offenders—the instruction of abandoned children (boys)—who are found without any parental care, wandering about the streets of Paris. It is supported by voluntary contributions. The boys are taught all sorts of out-door and in-door work, and have regular seasons of recreation. When any one commits a fault requiring grave punishment, the whole of the boys are assembled, as a sort of council, to deliberate and decide on the sort of punishment to be inflicted, which consists usually of imprisonment in a dungeon of a number of days, and of course no participation in the recreations of the community.

There are present about 130 boys in the institution. Now, here is the peculiarity of the discipline. After sentence is passed by the boys, under the approval of the director, the question is put, "Will any of you consent to become the patron of this poor offender, that is, to take his place now and suffer in his room and stead, while he goes free?" And it rarely happens but that some one is found to step forward and consent to ransom the offender by undergoing his punishment for him—the offender being in that case merely obliged to act as porter in carrying to his substitute in the dungeon his allowance of bread and water during all the time of his captivity. The effect has been the breaking of the most obdurate hearts of the boys by seeing another actually enduring willingly what they have deserved to suffer.

A remarkable case occurred lately. A boy, whose violent temper and bad conduct had procured his expulsion from several schools in Paris, and who was in a fair way of becoming an outlaw and a terror to all good people, was received into the institution. For a short time the novelty of the scene, the society, the occupations, &c., seemed to have subdued his temper; but at length his evil disposition showed itself by his unclasping his knife on a boy with whom he had quarreled, and stabbing him in the breast. The wound was severe, but not mortal; and, while the bleeding boy was carried to the hospital of the colony, the rest of the inmates were summoned to decide on the fate of the criminal. They agreed at once on a sentence of instant expulsion, without hope of re-admission. The director opposed this, and showed them that such a course would lead the poor desperate boy to the scaffold or the galleys. He made them think of another punishment. They fixed upon imprisonment for an unlimited period. The usual question was put, but no patron offered himself, and the culprit was marched off to prison.

After some days, the director reminded the boys of the case; and on the repetition of the call, "Will no one become the patron of this unhappy youth?" a voice was heard, "I will!" The astonished boys looked round, and saw coming forward the very youth who had been wounded, and who had just been discharged from the sick ward. He went to the dungeon and took the place of his would-be-murderer (for had the boy's physical strength been equal to his passion, the blow must have been fatal, both boys being only about nine or ten years old); and it was only after the latter had for some time carried the pittance of food to his generous patron, and seen him, still pale and feeble from the effects of his wound, suffering for him privation of light, and liberty, and joy, that his stout heart gave way—he cast himself at the feet of the director, confessing and bewailing with bitter tears the wickedness of his heart, and expressing the resolution of leading a different life for the time to come. Such a fact needs no comment.—[Christian News.

The Entangled Bird.—Not long ago, a friend and myself were walking through an orchard, when our attention was attracted by the loud and incessant chirpings of a pair of house sparrows, which kept fluttering over the top of an old ivy-covered tree. So peculiar were their notes, that we at once conjectured that they were in distress, and watched them for some time with much interest. Retiring from the spot, we found that they often flew to one projecting branch of the ivy, and there continued fluttering for sometime. Our curiosity being excited, we returned and climbed up the tree, when we found in the branch of ivy before referred to, a young bird hanging over the nest, suspended by its leg. Its foot had become entangled in the hair and other materials of the nest, and there the little prisoner was chained. From the fact of its being full-grown and feathered, we presume that it must have been a captive for many days and nights, and that the old birds must have watched and fed it with tender care. In its struggles to escape, the entangled leg had become much lacerated, and the poor little creature must have suffered great pain. Its companion nestlings had flown, and left the little captive to endure a painful fate But the parent birds, true to their afflicted offspring, watched over it with solicitude. May not humanity learn something from the example of the two house sparrows? It gave us much pleasure to set the little prisoner free.—[People's Journal.

Mother!—How sweet is the recollection in after years of a mother's tender training! It were well that to a mother this duty should be confided, if it were only for the delicious pleasure of musing upon it after many long years of struggle with the cold realities of life. Who is there that finds no relief in recurring to the scenes of his infancy and youth, gilded with the recollection of a mother's love and a mother's tenderness? And how many have nobly owned that to the salutary influence then exerted they must affectionately ascribe their future successes, their avoidance of evil when no eye was upon them, but when rested on the heart, the warnings, the prayers, and tears of a *mother?*

Don't Grumble.—He is a fool that grumbles at every little mischance. Put the best foot forward, is an old and good maxim. Don't run about, and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate. People do not like to have unfortunate men for acquaintances. Add to a vigorous determination a cheerful spirit; if reverses come, bear them like a philosopher, and get rid of them as soon as you can. Poverty is like a panther—look it steadily in the face, and it will turn from you.

A Smile.—Who can tell the value of a smile? It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice—subdues temper—turns hatred to love—revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest path with gems of sun-light. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, it decorates the face of the deformed, and makes lovely woman resemble an angel of paradise.

Good and bad Fortune. We are apt to ascribe our good or bad fortue only to our last action, and not to the many preceding; and we hear, when we inquire of ourselves, as when we ask echo, only the last words repeated.—[Jean Paul Richter.

Written on a man who first kept a school, and next a public-house and failed in both:

"Extremities do n't pay, I 've tried 'em twice,
I 've retailed virtue, and I've wholesaled vice."

Ladies' Department.

LOVE AND THE ROSES.

WRITTEN FOR THE GOLDEN RULE,
BY G. P. QUACKENBOS.

In a bower by woodbine shaded,
Roses lived and bloomed for ever;
Hyacinths and jasmines faded,
But the queen-flower withered never.

Love in this sweet bower was picking
Roses for his golden hair,
When, a thorn his finger pricking,
With his cry resounds the air.

"Mother, hasten to thy bower!
With a kiss relieve the smart:
I am wounded by a flower,
Come and ease my aching heart."

Venus, in her garden straying,
Heard, and hastened to his side;
With his sun-tinged tresses playing,
Kissing him, she thus replied:

"I have ever loved my roses;
But, my son, for wounding thee,
Whatsoe'er thy wrath imposes
Shall their doom and sentence be."

"They have lived while others withered,"
Said the boy with sparkling eye,
"Mother, let the wicked roses
With their frailer sisters—die!

With that sad word, each in the bower breathed forth her parting sigh,
And ever since the Rose has been the first to fade and die.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A TEAR.

Beautiful Tear! whether lingering upon the brink of the eye-lid, or darting down the furrows of the care-worn cheek—thou art beautiful in thy simplicity—great because of thy modesty—strong from thy very weakness. Offspring of sorrow! who will not own thy claim to sympathy? who can resist thy eloquence? who can deny mercy when thou pleadest? Beautiful Tear!

Let us trace a tear to its source. The eye is the most attractive organ of animal bodies. It is placed in a bony socket, by which it is protected, and wherein it finds room to perform the motions requisite to its uses. The rays of light which transmit the images of external objects, enter the pupil through the chrystalline lens, and fall upon the retina, upon which, within the space represented by a sixpence, is formed, in all beauty and perfection, an exact image of many miles of landscape, every object displayed in its proper color and true proportions—trees and lakes, hills and valleys, insects and flowers, all in true keeping, are there shown at once, and the impression produced thereby upon the filaments of the optic nerve causes a sensation which communicates to the mind the apparent qualities of the varied objects we behold.

That this wonderful faculty of vision may be uninterrupted, it is necessary that the transparent membrane which forms the external covering of the eye shall be kept moist and free from the contact of opaque substances. To supply the fluid which shall moisten and cleanse the eye, there is placed at the outer and upper part of the ball a small gland, which secretes the lachrymal fluid, and pours it out at the corner of the eye, whence, by the motion of the lids, it is equally spread over the surface, and thus moisture and clearness are at once secured.

When we incline to sleep, the eye becomes comparatively bloodless and dull. The eyelids drop to shut out everything which might tend to arouse the slumbering senses. The secretion by the lachrymal glands is probably all but suspended, and the organs of sight participate in the general rest. When, after a long night's sleep, the eyelids first open, there is, therefore, a dulness of vision, arising probably from the dryness of the cornea: then occur the rapid motions of the eyelids, familiarly termed "winking"—sometimes instinctively aided by rubbing with the hands—and after a few moments the "windows" of the body have been properly cleansed and set in order, the eye adjusted to the quantity of light it must receive, and we are "awake" for the day, and may go forth to renew our acquaintance with the beauties of nature.

It is from the glands which supply this moisture that tears flow. Among physiologists it is well known that *emotions*—impressions upon the nervous system—exercise a powerful and immediate influence upon the secretions. As, for instance, the mere thought of some savory dish, or delicious fruit, or something acid—as the juice of the lemon—will excite an instant flow of the salivary fluid into the mouth. The *emotion* of the mind influences the lachrymal glands, which copiously secrete and pour forth the chrystal drops, and these, as they appear upon the surface of the eye, we denominate *tears*.

A similar action, called forth by another kind of excitement, occurs when dust or other irritating substance comes in contact with the eye: the glands instantly secrete abundantly, and pouring the crystal fluid out upon the surface, the eye is protected from injury, and the offending substance is washed away. The feelings which excite excessive laughter or joy also stimulate this secretion—the eyes are said to "water." It is only when the crystal drop comes forth under the impulse of sorrow—thus speaking the anguish of the mind—that it can properly be called a *tear*. Hence its sacred character, and the sympathy which it seldom fails to create.

Every tear represents some indwelling sorrow preying upon the mind and eating out its peace. The tear comes forth to declare the inward struggle, and to plead a truce against further strife. How meet that the eye should be the seat of tears—where they cannot occur unobserved, but blending with the speaking beauty of the eye itself must command attention and sympathy.

Whenever we behold a tear, let our kindliest sympathies awake—let it have a sacred claim upon all that we can do to succor and comfort under affliction. What rivers of tears have flown, excited by the cruel and perverse ways of man! War has spread its carnage and desolation, and the eyes of widows and orphans have been suffused with tears! Intemperance has blighted the homes of millions, and weeping and wailing have been incessant! A thousand other evils which we may conquer, have given birth to tears enough to constitute a flood—a great tide of grief. Suppose we prize this little philosophy, *and each one determine never to excite a tear in another*—how pleasantly will fare mankind! Watching the eye as the telegraph of the mind within, let us observe it with anxious regard; and whether we are moved to complaint by the existence of supposed or real wrongs, let the indication of the coming tear be held as a sacred truce to unkindly feeling, and all our efforts be devoted to the substitution of smiles for tears!—[People's Journal.

Walking of Parisian Ladies.—The question is often asked, How happens it that the French women are so far before the women of all other countries in their style of walking? One of two answers is generally given to the question. Some persons account for the fact from the circumstance of their streets being so badly paved, and of their consequently being obliged, in passing along the streets, to make those short quick steps which are so much admired in their walking. This cannot be the reason; because in many towns in England, Scotland, and Ireland the causeway is as rough and the pavement as bad as in Paris; and yet we see nothing of the light, graceful, elastic mode of of walking, among the women of our provincial towns, which is the admiation of all foreigners who visit Paris. The other usual mode of accounting for the French women's mode of walking is, to attribute it to the absence of carpets in the Parisian houses, and the circumstance of the floors being constantly rubbed over with soap, which renders them very slippery to walk on. This cannot be the right hypothesis any more than the other; for it is a well-ascertained fact, that English ladies who have gone to reside in Paris when they were young, and before their style of walking could have been formed, hardly ever acquire that elegance of carriage and elasticity of step which all admire so much in Parisian ladies. My own theory is, that the graceful walk of the French women is the result of that lightness of heart which is so marked a characteristic in the French character, and most of all in female character.

Definition of a Kiss.—A kiss is defined in a love-letter written in 1679, and translated from the German: "What is a kiss? A kiss is, as it were, a seal, expressing our sincere attachment—the pledge of future union—a human heart, a present, which at the time it is given, is taking from us the impression of an ivory coral press—crimson balsam for a love-wounded heart—a sweet bite of the lip; an affectionate pinching of the heart; a delicious dish which is eaten with scarlet spoons, a sweetmeat which does not satisfy our hunger; a fruit which is planted and gathered at the same time; the quickest exchange of questions and answers of two lovers; the fourth degree of love."

The true pair of compasses to take the measure of a Christian are Faith and Charity. Faith is the one foot fixed immovably in the center, while Charity walks a perfect circle of benvolence.—[Robert Hall.

Original Notes of Travel.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE—NO. VIII.

Westminister Hall—Paintings—Cromwell and England—New Houses of Parliament—House of Commons—Cockney Pronunciation—British Museum—Associations—Whittington's Bow Bells—Madam Tussaud's Exhibition—Gorgeous Display and Curious Relics.

From Westminister Abber to Westminister Hall across the street the transition was easy. The Hall, a fine old building, contained a great number of paintings, on exhibition under the direction of the commissioners of the Fine Arts. Taken altogether they are a showy lot of paintings, more showy than fine, considered as works of art; one noble subject was the first painting seen as I entered. It represented Richard Coeur de Lion in the act of dying, pardoning the soldier who shot him. Richard approached the castle in order to survey it; when one Bertrand de Gourdon aiming at him, pierced his shoulder with an arrow. The King took the castle, and sending for Gourdon asked him: "Wretch, what have I ever done to you, to oblige you to seek my life?" "What have you done to me?" replied the prisoner, "you have killed with your own hand my father, and two brothers. I am now in your power, and you may take revenge." Richard, struck with the reply, ordered Gourdon to be set at liberty, and gave him some money. Thus died this lion-like king.

Another represented King Alfred the Great, dividing his loaf with a beggar. During the invasion of the Danes, Alfred took refuge with his family in a retired spot, depending on hunting for subsistence. One day a beggar came while Alfred was reading. There was but one loaf in the place. Remembering that He who fed five thousand in the wilderness, could make one half suffice for their necessities, Alfred reserved half for his friends, and gave the rest to the pilgrim.

Another painting that attracted my favorable observation was that of Cromwell refusing the crown. It was the first instance in which I had seen art contributing to honor the man to whom England owes incalculable benefits. Shut out from Hampton Court, once his residence, shown nowhere among the representations of his country's great, the *absence* of a monument to him is the monument of England's ingratitude. Their dissolute and unprincipled second Charles and fourth George, their tyrant eighth Henry, and scores of others of their royal villains and imbeciles, are represented and represented wherever the eye turns for enjoyment of Art's productions. But he who refused the crown they abused, who saved his country from ages of despotism, and who achieved and founded much of what England possesses of true political freedom and commercial greatness,—he and his deeds have been refused a place and a representation, among the painted records that adorn her palace-walls, and the sculptured monuments of her Abbeys and Exchanges. And this solitary is—unfinished.

Adjoining are the new Houses of Parliament, one of their fronts resting on the Thames. Rich in sculptured minurets and coats of arms, this great structure promises to be a gem of architectural beauty when finished. On account of visitors delaying the progress of the workmen, no admittance could be obtained within the high board fence enclosing it.

Near at hand is the old House of Commons, where they now sit. The legislative halls of our backwood territories would compare advantageously with it. The plain wooden benches, and nearly as plain seat of the presiding officer, fill up the small undecorated room in a manner to disappoint expectation.

A long walk to the northward, and across the Strand, and High Holborn, or *Obun* as the cockneys here call it, while they pronounce the next street, Oxford, *Hoxford*, brought me to Russell square, in which stands the British Museum. A soldier was on guard at the gate, through which passing, we entered a court yard of large dimensions, and facing us was the entrance to the museum building, a fine structure. It is 88 years since the institution was first opened. After crossing this spacious court-yard, I was admitted at the principal entrance, under the portico of the south façade, by a carved oak door 9 feet wide and 24 feet high. The entrance hall is of the Grecian Dorie order, 62 feet by 51, and 30 feet high. The ceiling is cross beamed, deeply coffered, and enriched with Greek frets and other ornaments, and painted in encaustic, in various colors, most harmoniously blended. A large gold star upon a blue ground in the center of each coffer has a superb effect.

I cannot describe here the contents of the galleries filled with specimens of the art of all nations, savage and civilized, the zoological and other specimens, and the antiquities of Ancient Greece, Rome and Egypt—the latter enough to gladden the heart of a Gliddon. Suffice it to say that the world has contributed of its wealth therein, to enrich this vast storehouse of curiosities.

How much there is here in London, and indeed over the entire country, to interest the visiter from a distant land. All the recollections the birth of my reading are called into action.

Every foot of ground I go over is fraught with associations, historical and romantic. All is classic ground. On my arrival I took my way down Cheapside towardthe custom house, and a clock on a steeple projecting into the street over my head, attracted attention. On inquiry I was told what church it was. In that steeple hung the bells which Whittington heard sounding "Turn, Whittington, turn Lord Mayor of London town."

Progressing further and entering Cannon st., set in a hollow in the outer wall of a church, and just above the ground, was the stone on which Wat Tyler laid his hand and proclaimed ——King of England. Now are you thinking of Jonathan Oldbuck?" Well, we will return to the facts of modern enterprise.

Taking an omnibus in the Strand, I was set down not far from Portman Square, near which, in Baker st., I entered the famous exhibition of Madam Tussaud. This is no common exhibition of wax figures. Probably scarce a scene in the world presents such an unique, and brilliant display as is seen when the room, first entered is lighted up. Ancient and modern, royal and other personages, whose names ring in the world's ear, are ranged and grouped on either hand, before and behind you, in form and feature as they were in life, and in the costume worn by them. A band of music lends its aid to increase the pleasure, by combining sweet sounds with gorgeous sights. A hall all hung in crimson and pilasters all of gold —the scene is positively dazzling. This room contains, numbering some 130 figures, represented from Queen Victoria through the monarchs of Europe, the poets, and the warriors, down to Charles S. Stratton, alias Gen. Tom Thumb. The coronation of Victoria, she in her royal robes, with the personages present at the time represented in the group, as it then appeared, is a rich display. The throne is the identical one under which George IV. received the allied sovereigns. Another group represents the principal actors in the war against Bonaparte. The Allied Monarchs are supposed to be offering to Napoleon the kingdom of France, as it was under Louis XIV, which he refuses, preferring to risk the chances of war against Europe in arms, rather than give up his pretension to universal dominion. Napoleon, grasping his sword, points to his favorite eagle, and determines never to submit, but to fulfil his destiny. Immediately behind him stands Ney, and next is Murat; behind them Talleyrand and Roustan, the favorite Mameluke. Seated is the Emperor of Austria, behind him the King of Prussia and Blucher, with the Emperor Alexander of Russia. The reality of the representations is truly remarkable.

At one end of the room, or hall, are several seats, which are usually occupied by such visitors as are fatigued with standing. On one of these, was seated an elderly man in the dress of a countryman, a well-to-do farmer, who was leisurely surveying the figures, turning his head occasionally from side to side. The audience was numerous, and, perhaps, jostled by the crowd, a gentleman, who was seeking a seat, accidentally trod upon the foot of the countryman. He immediately turned to him and very politely begged his pardon, which eliciting no reply from the seated figure, it was then discovered that Hobbs was part of the show, and not a spectator.

There is a figure of Jenny Lind, very like life, and as nearly so as it is possible to mould an inanimate substance, apparently. The likeness is faithful. She is represented in the character of the Child of the Regiment.

The next room entered, contains the carriage of Napoleon, taken at Waterloo, the one in which he made the campaign of Russia, and others. A large and heavy carriage, with peculiar internal fittings. Inside, in front of the seat, is a drawer, with compartments for a telescope and roll of dispatches; beside these a table or desk can be drawn out, and which was used for both purposes. In it are now the scissors and some paper found on it when taken. There is also a lamp for reading or cooking by. Place is also made for a bed, its head resting upon the seat of the carriage, and the foot projecting toward the coachman's seat. Underneath the front of the carriage is a case for containing an iron bedstead, which was taken apart and packed within it. Behind the carriage is a large trunk, a fixture which was made to contain a variety of necessaries and comforts.

The last room visited, the Golden Chamber, is fitted up in rich style, and abounds in articles interesting to the lovers of curious relics. The coronation robe of Napoleon, of purple velvet, worked with golden bees. The counterpane used on the camp-bed on which he died and stained with his blood, made of white knit silk, and bound with red ribbon. And so on down the scale, from his and Josephine's coronation robes to his old tooth-brush. The last object I have space to record, or time to comment upon, of Madam Tussaud's curiosities, is the Table of the Marshals, in this room. It is of the Sevres porcelain, and painted by Isabey; a superb work of art, and was presented by Napoleon to the City of Paris in 1810. It is a single round slab, ten feet in circumference. Fourteen miniature portraits of the marshals ornament its surface, all correct likenesses, by Isabey. In the center is the portrait of Napoleon in the imperial robes, full length. The entire surface is covered with gold and painting, exquisite in its execution. It is supported, like a center table, by a single column of porcelain. It cost Napoleon $60,000, and was many years in making and painting. Yours, ORION.

Foreign Miscellany.

THE UNITED STATES.

This great Republic is the paramount state on the American continents, and the third, if not the second, power in the world. And it is rapidly preparing to contend for the first place. It is customary to speak of England, France, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, as "the five great powers;" and in diplomatic science to regard these as the only states which are competent to take the initiative in political matters. It is time for us to amend our classification. Nations take rank according to their powers of mischief—a strange standard for a Christian people in the 19th century, but in the logic of accepted statesmanship the only true one. Yet even in this, the United States yield to no power in Europe. A war amongst the great powers is now necessarily a world-war: one that is, or can be, confined to land operations, can only be of secondary importance. The battles which shall in the future create new empires—if, indeed, there be any more such, as we fear there will, although we hope otherwise—must be fought upon the high seas. Nations may now be destroyed at a distance from their centers of government; and those who have command of the ocean are the masters of the world. In naval resources, America is second only to England. It has a territory larger and infinitely richer than that of Russia; more compact and defensible than that of France. It is active, wealthy, and progressive; has no fiscal difficulties to embarrass it, no public debt, no govermental taxation. To the red tapist, nurtured in the diplomatic life of Europe, the United States are a dark and inexplicable difficulty; for, according to all his notions, they ought to fall to pieces, for lack of sustaining power—to resolve themselves into a political chaos: and, leaning from ill-considered premises to a false conclusion, he is prematurely disposed to construe any sign of political vitality in that country into an evidence of a tendency to disorganization. All the more external elements and accessories of political existence in monarchical countries are unknown in Anglo-America—such as an expensive court, a national priesthood, an order of hereditary lawgivers, a vast and costly military organization, a public debt pressing upon the means of existence, political incompetence in the great body of the nation, and so forth. The Anglo-Americans have none of these European elements to retard their progress; and their governments consequently pursue a different path, and rest upon another kind of foundation altogether to those of the great monarchies. In natural resources—fertility of soil salubrity of climate, mineral wealth, fine harbors, means of inland navigation—the country of the United States is not inferior to any other of equal extent of territory in the world. Her income exceeds her expenditure. With her immense possessions to protect—with her vast frontier line on the west, resting on an uncivilized country—with her large extent of sea and river coast, and commerce on all the oceans to cover, she only finds it necessary to keep a permanent military and naval establishment of 7,500 men each—a total for all purposes of defense of 15,000! or about one third the number of English commissioned officers. To one educated in the midst of the military system of Europe, this would seem to indicate paucity of resources and poverty of defense. Truly, it indicates just the contrary. The Anglo-American republic has no use for armies. In the old world, these costly appendages of power are kept up for *police* purposes—for internal coercion, rather than for foreign defense. Political equals need no standing armies to keep them in order. Free institutions are the best bulwarks. Men accustomed to the stagnation of European political life are startled by what they call the disorder of the States—the occasional violence of discussion on party questions: forgetting, or unable to perceive, that, that high manifestation of interest and sympathy is the natural concomitant of freedom, the healthy expression of a national vitality. Ferment is the atmosphere in which the spirit of advancement lives and moves: agitation is the primary condition of its existence.—There can be no movement without excitement. The *doctrinaires* of France have innoculated Europe with that false and dangerous maxim, that the first want of a people is *order*—meaning thereby immobility. Austria is the type of this undesirable order. The statesman of France and Spain are trying to enforce it as the political system in those countries. It is the same thing, under, a new form, which cost Charles X. his crown, and cast down the military rule of Espartero. It is a system against which all that is noblest in Europe wars. It is incompatible with popular rights or popular activity. There is happily but little of it in England, and in America still less. What Luther so profoundly remarked of the progress of religion in society, is equally true of politics—namely, that discussion and antagonism are incident to its very nature, course, and purpose.

Although ill-prepared, in consequence of the absence of a large standing army, for aggression, the United States are not left to the mercy of any marauding nation that chooses to take advantage of their pacific disposition. The regular force of 7,500 is but the nucleus of her defensive power. She has an armed and disciplined militia of 1,500,000 men. In the expectation of a foreign invasion she could equip and bring into the field a force greater than any power in Europe. The naval resources are not inferior. Notwithstanding that her actual armament consists of only 7,500 men, her merchants' fleets are upon every sea, in every clime; yet whoever heard of an insult offered to the American flag? Many years ago, the Dey of Algiers presumed upon his power and their distance and weakness to injure and insult them, as he was in the habit of doing all the Mediterranean nations; but he was promptly punished for his audacity, and the seamen of the new world first taught the governments of Europe the practicability of exterminating that nest of pirates. France afterward followed the example pointed out and gained an African Colony. The whole system of naval tactics has been changed since the last maritime war. Such a war would necessarily be carried on now by armed steam vessels, in which the victory would be as often to the swift as to the strong. Next to Great Britain, America has the largest disposible force of this kind. She has 140,000 to 160,000 seamen engaged in her service; and of these, not less than 20,000 are employed in the dangerous whale fisheries in the Pacific—the very best school in which to train hardy and intrepid sea-warriors. More than 600 vessels are engaged in this traffic, and the mere presence of such a fleet, so manned, is an element of no small importance in that distant ocean. With such resources, the young republic has little to fear; its strength combines with its political spirit to make it respected. It would be a rash act in any European country to provoke hostilities with the United States.—Happily, this is not likely; the only European powers with which she could well have become embroiled, were England and Russia.—All her differences with these, have however, been amicably adjusted; that with the latter country was arranged in the treaty of 1824; and those of the former—the question of the Maine boundary in 1842, and that of the Oregon in 1845. No territorial or other important dispute is now outlying between America and Europe, and it is to be hoped that nothing may arise to disturb the harmony which now so beneficially subsists between those countries, which, on either side of the Atlantic, take the lead in a progressive civilization.—[People's Journal.

Wheat from Seed Three Thousand Years Old.—At Castletown, on the lands of J. Eastwood, Esq., within one mile of Dundalk, may be now seen a splendid crop of about two acres of mummy wheat, the seed of which was taken from the mummy brought from Egypt, in which it was computed to have lain above three thousand years, and presented to the Earl of Haddington when First Lord of the Admiralty. A few grains of the seed were given to Mr. Eastwood, who has cultivated it during the last five years, and augmented it to the present abundant yield. The stalks are one foot higher than those of the ordinary wheat, and present a most luxuriant appearance. In these days of agricultural improvement, and even enterprise, the supply of cereal food might be much increased by the culture of a grain proved to be suited to the Irish soil.—[Newry Examiner.

Statistics of the Cholera.—The number of cases in England and Wales in 1831-2 were 61,051; of these 40,473 recovered, and 20,578 died;—thus one out of three cases proved fatal. In the metropolis there were 11,018 cases, of which only 5,745 recovered, the deaths being 5,273—one out of every two attacked. In Ireland, up to March, 1843, the cases amounted to 54,552; of these 32,381 recovered, 21,171 died.

Grace Aguilar, the authoress of so many popular works in favor of the Jews, and urging their claims to free and equal civil and religious rights throughout the civilized world, died on the 10th inst., at Frankfort, in her 32nd year. She was an earnest and faithful advocate for her co-religionists, and had so endeared herself to them, that it was only very lately that they entered into a subscription to present her with a testimony of their gratitude and admiration.

Ugliness.—There have been some people possessed of an uncommon candor in respect to their ugliness, as the Duke de Roquelaure, one of those who, as Madame Sevigne says, "abuse the privileges that the men have to be ugly." Accidentally finding at court a very ugly country gentleman, who had a suit to offer, the Duke presented him to the King, and urged his request, saying he was under the highest obligations to the gentleman. The King, having granted the request, then asked Roquelaure what were those great obligations? "Ah, sir, if it were not for him, I should be the very ugliest man in your dominions." A very odd obligation! And we remember reading of a gentleman who once sat next to the famous Lord North at the theater, but with whose person he was unacquainted: he inquired, after some preliminary conversation, the name of a lady sitting on the opposite side of the house, adding, that she was the ugliest woman he ever beheld. "That," replied his lordship, "is my sister, sir!" Confounded at the error he had committed, the interrogator, stammering, exclaimed, "I do not mean that lady, but the one seated next to her." "Oh," replied Lord North, smiling, "that, sir, is my wife, Lady North; and we are esteemed the ugliest couple in England."

A musician near Eccles, in Lancashire, one George Sharp, had his name painted on his door thus:—*G. Sharp.* A wag of a painter, early one morning, added the following significant words—"Is *A flat.*"

Hanging and Drowning.—As Mr. S—— was riding over some fields to see that his men were doing their duty, he observed one of the gates had somehow got off the hinges and was lying on the ground Mr. S—— went to one of the men, who happened to be a son of the "Green Isle," and told him "to go and hang the gate." Paddy trudged away to the place, and after some time had elapsed, returned to Mr. S——, who asked him if he had done the job? "Och! master," said Paddy, "I tried a long while to *hang* the gate, but faith, sir, he would'nt hang!" "Where have you put the gate?"—"I have settled him, master," was Paddy's reply. "Why, what have you done with it?"—"Sure master I tuk hould on him, and throwed him, into the pool and fairly *drowned* him!"

Why are ladies like churches?—Because there is no *living* without them.

Choice Miscellany.

UNITY: A SONNET.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

Existence is composed of circles, all
In one great circle, and the center—God.
There is one common life for star and clod.
The clouds which rise, again in rain must fall.
All things are one, in progress and in end:
And, as the individual man must be
Free, to form part of free society,
Before in truth he calls the king his friend;
So must each nation, crowned with liberty
As with a glory, dwell in its own light,
By others hindred not, until God-led
Of its own free will, it longeth to be wed,
And joineth hands with others. Glorious sight!—
One world, one people, and one Common Head!

The River Amazon.—The following recent and original extract, from a diary kept by M. de Castelan during his voyage in America, will be read with interest. By soundings and hydrographic observations, I have (he says in his diary) ascertained beyond a doubt that the Amazon river is navigable for large steamers, without any obstacle, as far as Ponge de Manseriche, that is to say, a distance of more than 1000 leagues from its mouth: that its principle tributary, the Ucayale, is navigable to its junction with the Rio Tamto (the Apurimac), 1200 leagues from the city of Para; and that the navigation may be extended, by the means of the Pachytea, to within ten or twelve days' journey of Lima. As far as the village of Natau (Peru) there are always from five to six fathoms of water in the main stream of the Amazon, and as far as Omaguas, from ten to twelve fathoms. The happy Yaguas who live in the forests bordering on the Amazon, have no other clothing than the long feathers of the scarlet ara; they are a mild and peaceful race; they believe in the immortality of the soul, but they rely on a universal pardon after death. According to their notions, God resides behind the sun, and his principal occupation is to keep that orb in movement. They are not polygamists, and remain faithful to the wife of their choice: and their affection for their children is such, that when they lose them they destroy every thing they possess, and burn not only their house, but all that it contains,—their arms and their most valuable treasures. When a girl has reached the age of womanhood, she is shut up for three months in an isolated cabin in the forest, and her mother alone is allowed to come near her. When a woman gives birth to a child, the husband enters his hammock and utters the most piercing cries, while his suffering wife has to wait on him and to console him for his imaginary sufferings. The most curious object I have procured is a stone statue weighing about 200 pounds; it was discovered in the forest of the Rio Negro, and according to the traditions of the country, dates as far back as the time of the Amazons. Until latterly I placed but little belief in the history of these female warriors; but throughout the country, at Obydos particularly, I learned that traditions still existed of them among the Indians. The statue is of such rough workmanship, that it must have been the work of a people where the arts were in their first infancy; it is, however, of high interest, as being the only specimen of this nature as yet discovered in the Brazils. The figure is that of a woman; she is seated, and is concealing her breasts with her hands. Between her feet is another emblem, often witnessed in ancient worship, which, if we are to adopt the tradition of the country, we must regard as an allgorical allusion to the Amazon, who disdains to be a woman, and who treads the other sex beneath her feet.

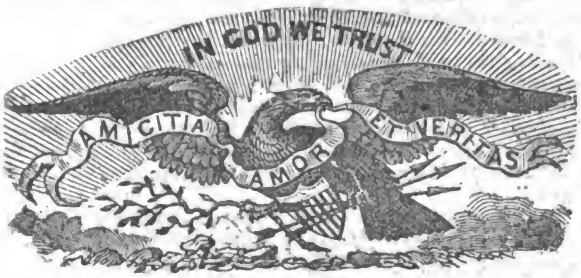
The Price of a Cap.—The king of Prussia was accustomed to take his breakfast in the Queen's apartments, however busy he might be, even if he had but a moment to take that meal, which generally was composed of fresh fruit or other simple viands. On one occasion, as he entered, he saw lying on her work-table, a very pretty head dress, which seemed to him to be quite new. He asked her, jestingly, the price of this pretty cap. "It is not always right," said the queen, also in a tone of pleasantry, "that men should know the price of women's toilettes; they don't understand them, and they always find everything too dear." "Well, but you can tell me the price of this cap, and I should like to know it." "Oh! certainly I can; I bought it a great bargain, I only gave four dollars for it." "Only!—a horrible price for such a thing: what a large sum of money!" While he continued to run on satirically on the subject, he was standing at the window, and an old veteran of the guard, an invalid, highly respected, passed by. The king beckoned him to come in, and as he entered the room the king said, "The lady who is sitting on that sofa has a great deal of money; now what ought she to pay for that little cap that lies on the table? You must not be dazzled by the beautiful pink ribbons, but say what you think it is worth." The old soldier, of course knowing nothing of such things, said, after shrugging his shoulders, and pausing to thing. "Why, I suppose it would cost some groschen (pence)." "There, now," said the king, "do you hear that? Groschen, indeed! that thing cost four dollars. Now, go and ask that pretty lady for four dollars; she can well afford to *give you* as much as she can afford to *pay for that*." Smiling, the Queen opened her pouse, and presented the good old veteran with four dollars most cheerfully, kindly adding a few condescending words. "And, now," continued the Queen, with an arch look, still imitating the king's tone of merry satire, "you see that noble gentleman standing at the window, he has much more money than I have. All I have I receive from him, and he gives very freely. Now, go to him and ask him for double what you have received of me; he can afford to give you eight dollars." The king laughed, acknowledged he was caught in his own trap, gave the sum she had so playfully forced him to give, through her extravagance, as he called it, and heartily wished the old invalid good luck with his present. The affair was, of course, repeated in the antechamber, and was received with peals of laughter. The veteran's name was Christian Brandes, who told this anecdote to Bishop Eylert himself. He also added, that when the king returned to Potsdam, after the death of the Queen, he saw his royal master, who remembered his features perfectly, and, whilst making him a little present, said, with a countenance of sorrow, "Brandes, dost thou remember?"—and then turned quichly away.—[Mrs. Richardson's Memoirs of Louisa, Queen of Prussia.

Curious Will.—A French paper gives an account of a singular will left by a wealthy notary in Paris, about twenty-five years since, and which is yet in course of fulfilment. His greatest pleasure in life had been to gather his numerous frinds around his table and treat them splendidly, being generous and a good liver; and he conceived the notion of perpetuating these social gatherings after his death. Accordingly, by his will he instituted an equal banquet for twenty of his chosen friends, appropriating to the purpose the sum of 2000f. The details of the feast were strictly enjoined, directing the expense always to be 100f. a-head. The memory of the deceased was to be toasted, and the subject of conversation to be as friendship or politeness might dictate. The feast was to be inviolably the same, twenty-one plates to be always set (one for himself as perpetual head of the table), and the 2000f. to be expended. The first year the twenty friends were all there, but year after year they were reduced to eight. These partook as customary of the feast, and toasted the memories of their departed companions. Last year, however, there were but two, who solely shared the luxurious but melancholy banquet. The two knew each other but little, and met yearly at this table. Their positions were very different. One was very rich, while misfortune had reduced the other to destitution. The rich and the poor man sat coldly opposite to each other, until, warmed by the wines, they had forgotten their different circumstances. On the 1st of June, this year, the feast again returned, but the rich man was dead, and the poor and only survivor seated himself at the table laden with silver, with its twenty-one covers, and its delicious viands. There he sat the victim of poverty, subject to all its privations, pervaded by a feeling of sadness and desolation, at a magnificent banquet of 2000f. Pressed by his wants, he made bold to request that the sum which was applied to this yearly feast for himself might be appropriated to his daily sustenance. The lawyer showed him the positive clause of the will, which he was compelled to see executed to the letter. The poor man retired in sadness, thinking how many days he would be obliged to go without a dinner, while once a year he was compelled to be surfeited with a feast prepared for twenty-one persons, and valued at 2000f. A singular piece of folly truly!

"A Marrying Man."—St. Jerome, one of the most learned of the fathers, and who flourished at Rome, in the year 340, relates that, when he was at Rome, he saw a man, not of an advanced age, that had survived twenty wives, whom he had married in uninterrupted succession. The same man afterwards married his twenty-first wife, an elderly woman, who had buried nineteen husbands; and at her death he attended her burial with his head crowned with a chaplet, and marching in the stately pace of triumph! It is rather a surprising thing, that this uxorious widower should have found any lady so to take compassion on him, as to become his helpmate, after the bad luck of so many preceding wives having been killed off, or dying off: we could hardly have believed this story had not St. Jerome told it!

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."



NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1847.

INSTRUCTION IN LODGES.

By this we mean instruction in regard to the principles, objects, and benefits of the Institution. It would be well if every week, or every two weeks, a lecture of ten to twenty minutes, according to the nature of the subject, could be given in the Lodge room, for the benefit of the members. The time spent in this way would be as profitably and pleasantly appropriated, as any portion of the session. Many reasons might be urged in favor of such an exercise regularly, under the head of good and welfare.

1. There is great need that such instruction should be had in the Lodge, to remind the members of their duty; and of their obligations to be faithful to the interests of the Order, and to walk according to its spirit. There is too much reason to believe that the beautiful teachings of the Institution are often forgotten, or intentionally set at naught, by those who have pledged themselves to be obedient to its injunctions. There is too much cause to fear that some bearing our sacred name walk far from its requirements of fraternal love, of justice, truth and purity. Now it seems to us that if more was said on these points in our Lodge rooms; if the aims and precepts of the Institution were enjoined more frequently and earnestly, we should have less delinquents of this sort; and it may be some erring ones would be restored, and quickened to newness of life and new obedience. Try it.

2. Such lectures would be useful in refreshing the memories of the brethren in regard to the work of the Order; its peculiar language, symbols, emblems, &c. Where there is nothing of this kind going on, many gradually forget the details of the work, especially in the degrees, and become unmindful of the distinctive lessons of each; and so, at last, both the truth and the beauty of those are entirely lost sight of. This evil would be avoided, and a great amount and variety of useful information and instruction would be imparted; if, at stated times, suitable persons, either members of the Lodge, or brothers of other Lodges, were engaged to speak on the points involved, and illustrate, as might be done, in a hundred ways, from history, nature, daily life, anecdote, &c., the meaning of the emblems and regalia, the value of the symbolic language, and the valuable moral conveyed by each part and portion of the work.

3. Such lectures would give a new interest and importance to the Lodge meetings, and secure a larger attendance. It must be confessed that very many brothers seldom, if ever, attend the sessions of the Lodges of which they are members. There are doubtless other reasons, but one unquestionably is the want of life, interest and profitable instruction. Many say, when questioned, "We can spend our time more agreeably, and to better advantage elsewhere." This is doubtless true, in many cases. Now if we would have a full attendance, and of the best and most cultivated men of the Order; something more than the routine of mere business, something more than idle debates to show the shrewdness of the talker, or to embarrass the business must be had at our meetings. Something must be done to make the time pass both profitably and pleasantly; and with most men, if it passes profitably, that will be pleasantly. Members must feel that they have gained something by coming; and that when they depart, they carry away with them more than they brought. In a word the sessions must be of such a character that, when the brothers leave, they shall *feel* that they are brothers; feel that they more truly understand the nature of the Institution, and appreciate its spirit and aims; that, indeed, they are wiser, better, and happier for having spent an hour in the Lodge room.

This can be accomplished, if the idea of this article is carried out judiciously and perseveringly; if a course of explanatory and instructional lectures be regularly had in the Lodge room, by persons competent to do justice to the subject treated. Brothers, let us at least make the experiment. Who will begin?

AFFAIRS IN NEW-YORK.

In another department of our Journal will be found a document issued by the G. M. of this State, the promulgation of which has caused no little surprise, excitement and alarm.

It was believed that the legal adoption of the new Constitution, by the G. L. of this State, at its November Session, gave to that Instrument a *provisional* force, which made it operative for immediate action, in conformity with the law bearing on new or amended Constitutions; and which, in this case, was farther confirmed by the official announcement of the presiding officer of the G. L. of New-York, who declared, "that when the November Session was closed, the new Constitution adopted by the G. L. was in full force and effect." A Committee was also appointed, by the G. M. to draft a Constitution for Subordinate Lodges, conformably to the provisions made in the new Constitution; and no doubt was entertained in the minds of a large majority of Members, if not the entire Grand Lodge of this State, but that the new Constitution would go immediately, *provisionally*, into effect; subject, however, to the final approval of the G. L. of the United States.

The G. M. however, in his wisdom, and acting, we understand, under the highest authority, has deemed it expedient to postpone the operation of the new Constitution in the usual *provisional* form guaranteed by law, until that Instrument shall have received the sanction of the G. L. of the United States.

This decision, so unexpected, and so extraordinary in its character, has very naturally produced great excitement in this jurisdiction. The subject involves a vital Constitutional question, which must be met at once, or we fear serious consequences will result to the well-being and the preservation of the unity of the Order in this State.

We have no desire to impugn the motives or the action of the chief *executive* officer of the Order in this State. We are willing to believe that he would not have assumed the deep responsibility he has ventured upon, without a consciencious belief in the correctness of his position. But while yielding this much to the authority of our presiding officer, we feel ourselves bound, as independent Journalists, to review the law as it stands connected with the adoption of new and revised Constitutions; and particularly, the *special* acts of Legislation applied to the new Constitution lately adopted in this State.

On Tuesday, Sept. 22, the G.L of the U.S. adopted the following report from the Committee on the State of the Order, of which Grand Master Griffin, of Ga., was chairman:

"Under the By-Laws, (Art. 10) the Constitution of each Grand and Subordinate Lodge or Encampment, chartered by this Grand Lodge, immediately on its adoption, shall be forwarded to this Grand Lodge for its approval. The Committee believe that the analogy of the law includes also amendments to such Constitutions.

"The Committee therefore report that the Constitutions of Grand Lodges and Encampments and all amendments thereto, must be submitted to this body for examination. If approved, they, of course, become the organic law. If error be found, the error must be corrected. *In order to cover the whole ground, the Committee take leave to add, that in the interval between the adoption of the Constitution, or amendments, and its confirmation by the G.L.U.S.*, IT IS BINDING UPON THE BODY BY WHICH IT HAS BEEN ADOPTED."

The last passage of this report, *now the supreme law*, completely settles the question of the *immediate operation* of a new, or revised Constitution, upon the body by which it has been adopted.

We hold that this general resolution covers the whole ground in question. Here is the highest authority recognized in the Order, explicitly and specifically defining the fact, that new Constitutions are binding immediately upon their adoption. Now this law, so clear in its definition, so absolute in its enactment, could not become inoperative, in the case of the newly-adopted Constitution of this State, unless by some *special* act of legislation from the same high tribunal. Has such special act passed that honorable body? Let us examine the action of the G.L. of the U.S., specifically bearing on this point.

In the Report preceding the resolutions empowering the G.L. of the State of N.Y. to take up the new Constitution, at the last November Session, "and adopt or reject, or amend and adopt the same," we find this distinct and explicit recognition of the general law, bearing on new and revised Constitutions:

"Let the reported Constitution, except so much as may be stricken out by this Grand Lodge, be referred to the G.L. of N.Y. at its November Session for consideration, and let the amending clause of the old Constitution be restored, as it stood before it was stricken out: further, let the old Constitution be declared the organic law of the State *until the November Session. If at that time the proposed Constitution be adopted, of course it will become* THE LAW OF THE ORDER; but if rejected, the old Constitution will *continue* in force, giving them, however, an opportunity for its further amendment, according to its provisions."

And this, it should be remarked, is the *special legislation* on the New York Constitution. It was adopted by a large majority, four days after the passage of the absolute law we have quoted. Had the G. L. of the U. S. intended that a special exception should be made to the general law in relation to Constitutions, it is not to be supposed that they would have enforced the resolution constitutionally in operation as an exposition of their intention. Nor is it to be presumed that the G.L. of the U.S. would have sent the Constitution to the November Session of the Grand Lodge of this State for consideration, if it had not been the intention of that R.W. Body to have the Constitution then adopted go into immediate operation, in accordance with previous existing law—law, too, which admits of no misconstruction—and thereby allay the excitement known to exist in this jurisdiction; when it was well known that the G.L. of N.Y. had full power over the subject at its Annual Session in August next, *without* the special legislation of the superior tribunal. There would have been abundance of time after that to have presented the new Constitution to the G.L. of the U.S., for its revision in September following.

We cannot find a solitary point in the special proceedings of the G. L. of the U. S. on the subject of the New Constitution, which goes to abrogate, or rescind, the general Law applicable to the *provisional* adoption of new or revised Constitutions. The closing paragraph of the Resolution passed, for the transmission of the Constitution to the G. L. of this State, is but the ordinary power vested in that body, to approve or reject the acts of Subordinate bodies, and is therefore no *special* act of legislation.

In expressing these views of the Law, as it stands in relation to the present difficulties in New York, we are but echoing the opinion of a large majority of the members of the Order in this State. They consider the subject involves rights of a grave Constitutional character; they believe that the postponement of the New Constitution, until the next Annual Session of the G. L. of the U. S., would be a grievous violation of their privileges, guaranteed by the Law, and they therefore confidently look for a special convocation of the G. L. of the U. S., to be called by our chief executive, to relieve them from the position they are placed in by the Proclamation lately issued, and which they believe every consideration of regard for the unity and preservation of the Order in this State, imperiously demands.

"REPORT OF G. REPRESENTATIVE COFFIN."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

SIR AND BRO.:—I have recently seen, in a New York journal, what purports to be an official report of G.Rep. COFFIN, respecting the doings of the Grand Lodge of the U.S., in regard to the N.Y. Appeal Case. I have read it with pain; and regret, both for the sake of Odd-Fellowship, and of the brother himself, that the report should have been made public in any way. As it is, there are some facts connected with the matter, which, however they may affect Bro. COFFIN, are necessary to enable the public to make up a correct judgment in the case.

At the convention for revising the constitution of the Grand Lodge of this State, a certain agreement was entered into, and guaranteed by solemn pledges, the benefit of which, at that time, it was supposed, would accrue to the friends of the brother named; and to which agreement he was understood to be a party. And yet it was not until the former was consummated, and the latter were expected to be fulfilled, that the brother had "an opportunity afforded him," either in *public* or *private*, of declaring, that he did not accede to the terms of that agreement, and would not be bound by the pledges given!

Moreover, this brother certainly knew, (or if he did not, why?) that, on the *first* day of the recent session of the G.L. of U.S., after a discussion attended with sufficient interest to attract the attention of every member present, an announcement was made, that as soon as the necessary documents should be obtained, a resolution would be offered referring them to the Committee on Appeals, with power to send for persons and papers.

And again: The brother knew (or if not, why?) that such a resolution was passed on the *second* day of the session, under the regular Rule of Order for such business.

And yet again: He knew (or if not, why?) that, on the *third* day of the session, the Committee on Appeals announced in the Grand Lodge that, owing to the near approach of the time for closing the Annual Communication of the G. L., the consideration of the New York case could no longer be delayed, and would be taken up in the evening of that day. If the brother had no "opportunity afforded him" of knowing this, it was doubtless owing to two causes. *First:* such announcements are never printed as part of the minutes, to which he seems to be so largely indebted for his knowledge of the doings of the G.L. of U.S. *Second:* because he was at Washington during the day on which the announcement was made.

And when the committee was ready to act, and delayed its action, while its messenger was seeking the brother in the streets and hotels of Baltimore, it unfortunately happened that he could not be found.

And when at last the first resolution offered by the Committee on Appeals, came up in the G.L. for passage, the brother voted for it, and at the same time declared that he did not do it for the purpose of moving a reconsideration—although the adoption of the first resolution virtually adopted the second!

It may be added, also, that it was generally felt that he did prejudice to the cause of his friends, by protesting that the G.L. of U.S. did not possess certain powers about which there can be now no question.

He was so unfortunate, after all this, as not to have "an opportunity afforded him," during the three days of the recent November session of the G.L. of N.Y., to present a report of any, or all of these things, though he was elected by his friends, and paid by the Grand Lodge, to see that nothing was left undone which ought to have been done, and every effort made to do what needed to be done.

But he has succeeded, unfortunately, in getting before the public through the medium before-named, the report noted above, which contains accusations of "trickery and deception," against Grand Representatives and others; accusations of unfairness against committees of the G.L. of U.S., and against that R.W. Body itself! and statements designed to bring ridicule and contempt upon the character and decisions of the same R.W. Body.

As I said in the beginning, I regret the course of G.R. COFFIN; and I think, eventually, he will regret it himself. But I have felt called upon, as a simple act of justice in the case, to make the above facts known, that a correct judgment may be arrived at by the public, who have been thus made parties to the matter, as well as the Order at large, who might otherwise be mis-led by the *quasi* Report of the Right Worthy Grand Representative. O. F.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

THE Grand Master has issued a *Proclamation*, declaring that the Constitution in force on the first Wednesday of August, 1846, is now, and will remain in full force until the Constitution, as voted to be adopted at the November Session, 1847, shall be approved by the Grand Lodge of the United States, and accordingly all regular members are thereby required to recognize only the aforesaid Constitution. In the same Proclamation he says: "*The Grand Lodge of the State of New York, at its November Session, voted to adopt a Constitution in which provision is made for its going into operation immediately after the close of the November Session.*"

Leaving it to the Grand Lodge of the United States to uphold and vindicate its own mandates, laws, and intentions, which are so plain

that he who runs may read them; so direct, that he who is confounded cannot mistake them; so clear, that he who is a fool cannot misunderstand them—I propose to say a word or two in regard to the powers of the Grand Master, and the duties of Odd-Fellows in this business. I shall abstain from all discussion of the undefined powers of Grand Masters, other than of that assumed in the Proclamation of the Grand Master of New York, and on this confine myself to the following questions:

1st. Are not Grand Masters bound to acknowledge the authority and obey the laws of their Grand Lodges as Supreme?

2nd. Are not all other officers, and the Subordinates, bound to acknowledge the authority, and obey the laws, of their Grand Lodges as Supreme?

3rd. Are not Grand Masters subject to the laws *in common* with other officers, and with Subordinates?

4th. If a Grand Master issues a proclamation in which, *acknowledging* that his Grand Lodge has ordered a given course on the part of those subject to its authority, he orders one at direct variance therewith, is such an order of any force or effect?

5th. Does the fact of a recess existing in the Sessions of a Grand Lodge, authorize a Grand Master to abolish its Laws by Proclamation?

6th. Do our *obligations* allow us to obey mandates of a Grand Master, which *acknowledge* that they controvert mandates of our Grand Lodge? D.D.G.M.

P.S. I must ask in a postscript, for I cannot help it—Is it in accordance with the obligations of a Grand Master, or the duties he owes to the Order, or is it a very gratifying return to his Grand Lodge for the honor it conferred upon him, in elevating him to the highest office in its gift, that he should conceal from it his opinions during its session, and afterward promulgate them in the shape of a mandatory Proclamation, which if regarded to any extent, must have the effect, as it must also beget the belief that it was intended to produce disorder throughout the jurisdiction?

LECTURE IN ODD FELLOWS HALL.—On Wednesday evening last, our Rev. Bro. Forman gave an excellent lecture before the members of Wecohamet Lodge and their wives, and many other Brothers from out of town. The occasion was one of high interest and pleasing to all assembled in a densely filled Hall. The lecture was chaste and eloquent—appropriate and to the point and purpose, and expatiated with clearness and fervor upon the ever-during and ever-beneficial principles of our Order, and we believe, none, either Brothers or sisters, went away dissatisfied or unconvinced that the mystic chain of Friendship, Love and Truth, was one of much potency and of golden brightness.—[Dover Gazette, Nov. 27th, 1847.

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

PROCLAMATION OF THE GRAND MASTER.—We find in the pages of a cotemporary journal the following "Instrument," or "Proclamation," issued during the last week by the G.M. of this State. By whose authority it has been made public, we are not informed. But having found its way into the papers, we give it for the information of our readers and others:

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.—WHEREAS, the Grand Lodge of the United States, at its late Session, adopted the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the form of Constitution reported by the Convention, except such parts of it as may be stricken out by this Grand Lodge, be and hereby is referred to the R. W. Grand Lodge of New York; and the said Grand Lodge of New York is hereby directed, at its session in November next, to take up the said form of Constitution, and act upon the same with full power to adopt or reject, or amend and adopt, as if regularly and formally before that body for its final action in pursuance of Art. 6, Sec. 1, of its Constitution; provided, however, that the Constitution as adopted be forwarded to this Grand Lodge for approval, pursuant to the requirements of Art. 10, of the By-Laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States."

And whereas, the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, at its November session, voted to adopt a Constitution in which provision is made for its going into operation immediately after the close of the November session.

And whereas, by a general resolution, an amended Constitution operates at once upon the body adopting it, and continues in force, subject only to the veto power of the Grand Lodge of the United States, yet, in this case, in which there has been legislation of a special character, the phrase used in the resolution, and the spirit pervading it, both point clearly to the positive necessity of having the approval of the Grand Lodge of the United States, anterior to its becoming binding and operative.

And whereas, by general rumor, it would appear that the Order in this jurisdiction, are made to believe that the Constitution, as voted to be adopted at the November Session, 1847, is now in full force, therefore—

I, JOSEPH R. TAYLOR, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, I. O. O. F. by authority vested in me, do issue this my Proclamation, as well to disabuse the minds of the members of the Order, as to declare that the Constitution which was in force on the first Wednesday of August, 1846, is now and will remain in full force, until the Constitution so voted to be adopted at the November Session, 1847, shall be approved by the Grand Lodge of the United States, and accordingly all regular members are hereby required to recognise only the Constitution in force on the first Wednesday of August, 1846.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York, at the Office of the Grand Master, in the City of New York, the first day of December, 1847. Yours, fraternally,

JOS. R. TAYLOR, *Grand Master*.

THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT held an adjourned session at National Hall, on Monday evening, Nov. 29. A charter was granted for an Encampment at Fort Plain, Montgomery county, to be known at CEDRON ENCAMPMENT No. 59. An application for a new Camp in this city, to be called "Mount Moriah," was denied. The Grand Encampment, after the transaction of unimportant business, closed the Annual Session.

SYRACUSE, Nov. 24, 1847.

EDITOR GOLDEN RULE—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—I returned from Watertown, Jefferson county, Monday evening last, where I had been to institute MONTEZUMA ENCAMPMENT No. 56, on the Friday evening previous. The following Patriarchs were elected officers of said Encampment, for the term ending June 30, 1848, and duly installed: John J. Safford, C.P.; Sylvester Smith, H.P.; Wm. H. Shumway, S.W.; Benj. Lewis, S.; Morris Livingston, T.; John N. Smith, J. W. Twenty-one propositions were received and referred. Ten were favorably reported upon, balloted for, elected, initiated, and all the degrees conferred.

This is the fourth Encampment which I have instituted within the last six months, and none offer stronger evidence of general prosperity and success than Montezuma. The petitioners are men of character and standing, and those admitted were their worthy associates. A more gentlemanly and hospitable set of brothers it has not been my good fortune to meet with in a long time, and although strangers up to the time of my visit, I found them worthy of the Order to which they are attached, ready and willing to extend the hand of hospitality to those who pay them a visit. They have my best wishes for future peace and prosperity, both individually and as an Encampment, and I assure you the favorable impression which was made upon my mind by my visit with the Montezumas and other brothers of Watertown, will not soon be effaced.

Yours in F. L. and T. N. RANDALL.

DISTRICTS AND D.D.G. PATRIARCHS.—We are indebted to the politeness of Grand Scribe JOHN J. DAVIES, for the following list of the Districts and Deputies of the Patriarchal branch of the Order in this State:

Albany.....	J. Gardiner, Albany.	*Ontario*....	Alf'd A. Holly, Geneva.
Cayuga....	T. Y. Howe, jr. Auburn.	*Orange*....	J. R. Wiltsie, Newburg.
Chemung..	D. C. Mallory, Elmira.	*Rensselaer*..	P. W. Barringer, Troy.
Columbia.	Jas. Batchelor, Hudson.	*Saratoga*.	T. M. Marvin, Sar. Springs.
Chenango..	W. W. Packer, Oxford.	*Schenect'dy*.	D. P. Forest, Schenect'dy
Dutchess...	Jos. Wright, Po'keepsie.	*Steuben*....	C. J. Chatfield Painted Post
Erie.....	Tim. Parson, Buffalo.	*Tompkins*..	W. P. Pew, Ithaca.
Kings.....	B. Lewis, jr. New York.	*Ulster*.....	Caleb S. Clay, Kingston.
Livingston.	J. A. Vanderlip, Dansville.	*Washington*	Daniel Clark, Whitehall.
Monroe....	Rufus Keeler, Rochester.	*Wayne*.....	H. S. Flower, Palmyra.
Madison...	J. W. Nye, jr. Hamilton.	*Westchester*.	E. L. G. Depew, Peekskill.
Oneida....	D. Gilmore, Utica.	*Yates*.....	Chas. G. Judd, Penn Yan.
Onondaga.	W. W. Willard, Syracuse.		

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

A Washington Correspondent has sent us the following list of appointments made by G.M. WILLIAM TOWERS:

P.Gs. William F. Bayly, G.Mar.; Thomas Rich, G.Con.; John Howe, G.Guar.

Committee of Supervision—P.G.M. John T. Towers, P.Gs. John T. Clements, Alex. V. Fraser.

Committee of Grievance—P.Gs. J. G. Robinson, S. C. Douglass, S. A. H. Marks.

Committee on Finance—P.G.M. Levin Jones, and P.Gs. John Hood, Samuel L. Harris.

Committee on Returns—P.G.M. A. G. Herold, P.Gs. L. A. Gobright, Samuel W. Walker.

OHIO.

AKRON, Nov. 25, 1847.

AKRON ENCAMPMENT.—*Dear Sir and Bro.:* I herewith transmit to you the officers of Akron Encampment No. 18, who were duly elected and installed on Friday evening, Nov. 5, for the ensuing term: Edward Rawson, C.P.; Charles A. Collins, H.P.; Merrick Burton, S.W.; H. T. Van Sickle, S.; Wm. Sinclair, T.; Phineas Stevens, J.W.; Geo. Laurie, Guide; Peter Osborn, Sent. It is now twelve months since the institution of this beloved branch of our Order in this place, during which time we have admitted, advanced and exalted to the bosom of our Patriarchal Family, about Fifty of the "choicest spirits" to be found in this "Glorious Western World." The most perfect peace, brotherly love, kindness and harmony exists, which makes it a place where all Patriarchs love to meet, to dwell beneath the Tent. Yours in F. L. and T. E.R.

PENNSYLVANIA.

TACONEY LODGE No. 238.—*Dear Sir and Bro.:* A few evenings since I visited Taconey Lodge No. 238, located at Bridesburg, and as it is a new Lodge, a brief description thereof may not be uninteresting to your readers.

The Lodge room is neatly and tastily furnished, and well supplied with all the necessary concomitants. At the head of the room is a bold and finely executed fresco painting, representing the All-seeing Eye, with the motto, "In God we Trust." The building in which the meetings are held, was erected, as I understand, by a number of Odd-Fellows; and in its exterior proporlions and its internal arrangements reflects much credit upon those interested in its construction. In all my travels I do not remember having visited any Lodge where I was as much pleased with the manner of transacting business as I was in the present instance. It was my good fortune to witness an initiation, and I am free to confess that I have seldom, if ever, seen the ceremonies performed in a more perfect and creditable manner, and with as strict adherence to all the minutiæ of the work, in the oldest, and what are considered the best regulated Lodges. They have been in operation about 6 months, and number already 60 members. The officers are, Barton H. Jenks, N.G.; Thomas E. Bailey, V.G. Wm. Pigott, S.; A. Mamsay, T. Yours in F. L. and T. A.G.J.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1847.

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PHILADELPHIA.—The GOLDEN RULE is published in Philadelphia, by CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North Sixth street, by whom subscriptions will be received and papers delivered in any part of the city Packages sent to the adjoining towns out of the mails.

BOSTON.—Office of the GOLDEN RULE, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the RULE sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

PROGRESSIVE POLITICAL MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

THE political movement now agitating the best minds in France, cannot be viewed, without exciting a deep and earnest interest, by all who have it at heart to promote the well-being of their fellow-men; not only because in this age of "harnessed-electricities," when thought and emotion are interchanged with a speed and intensity unparalleled in the history of the world, whatever excites the interest of the thinking minds in any quarter of the globe, is sure to awaken a corresponding sympathy in other regions; but also, because the question of Political Reform has taken a more profound and scientific direction in that country than any other, our own included. Problems of vital importance to the world, such as constructive social reform, the organization of labor, and the elevation of the masses, have there enlisted in their solution, many of the ablest minds of the age, and through them are occupied the progressive portion of the press, and exciting a marked degree of attention throughout the community.

The French Revolution was the commencement of this movement; a terrific outburst, and accompanied by blood and terror, and yet evolving many deep and eternal truths; for the great principles that underlay that mighty upheaving, were the very fundamentals of human rights, LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY, which sum up the whole of human destiny, and reveal the mode of its attainment. Liberty, the full developement and expansion of man's nature, moral and physical, and freedom in its exercise; Equality, the guaranty to all of equal chances to attain this development, in all spheres and relations of life, from childhood to old age; Fraternity, the brotherhood of the race, the unity, so long predicted by the aspirations of mankind, and which can only be realized when the social justice, which alone can insure this integral developement of every individual nature, shall have been attained.

Under the Empire and the Restoration, a temporary re-action took place; Napoleon quenched in blood the prodigious impulse which had been aroused in the people by the great idea of Liberty. And the Bourbons, on their restoration, finding the people fatigued and worn out by combats which had cost France four millions of her best men, and by efforts unparalleled in the history of the race, were enabled for a time to control a people that demanded only *rest*. The Revolution of July, 1830, was a new awakening which swept away the old dynasty, and brought up again the great principles of the first Revolution.

The wily policy of Louis Philippe, and a conviction in the progressive minds, that those principles needed to be more carefully studied and more fully developed, have conspired to maintain peace and prevent any violent outbreaks.

During the last seventeen years, great progress has taken place in France; the great principles then acting blindly and impulsively, have undergone a scientific investigation, and the conviction has spread among the best minds that it is not political reforms alone that are needed, but social reforms; and that the sacred principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, in order to their practical realization among men, must be embodied, not in political institutions only, but in social institutions.

It is with deep interest, therefore, that we follow the movement of ideas in France at the present time, for questions of fundamental organic reform are there the order of the day.

Several great reform banquets have lately taken place in different parts of France, which manifest the state of public feeling and opinion. We have before us an account of the banquet which recently took place in the wealthy and patriotic city of St. Quentin. Above eight hundred guests were present at this banquet, and hundreds of subscriptions were refused for want of room to accommodate a greater number.

This banquet-hall offered a magnificent spectacle: on the walls, which were covered with the rich products of the manufactures of St. Quentin, were displayed the colors of France, of Switzerland, of Italy, of Poland, of America, &c.; and upon large escutcheons were emblazoned the following inscriptions: "Electoral Reform!"—"Political Probity!"—"Our deputies who have defended Public Liberty!"—"Amelioration of the fate of the Laboring Classes!"—"The Free Press!"—"The Resurrection of Poland and of Italy!"—"The Union of all Nations in Liberty!"

All the neighboring cities sent representatives to this festival; members of Councils, Municipal officers, including forty Mayors, the officers and commandant of the National Guard, editors and lawyers were present at this festival, and perfect order, and the most cordial sympathy reigned throughout.

From among the various speeches delivered on this occasion, we translate the following by M. VICTOR CONSIDERANT, member of the Municipal Council of Paris, (equivalent to the rank of Alderman) and editor of the Democracie Pacifique, published in Paris.

His noble discourse, which expresses the most advanced ideas, and the most exalted sentiments of the reform movement in France, will be read, we believe with deep interest by every true Odd-Fellow. It expresses in the sphere of politics, those ideas of Unity, of the Brotherhood, of the race, and of the elevation of the poor and depressed portions of mankind, which are cherished by every Odd-Fellow as the corner-stone of our Order.

M. CONSIDERANT began by offering the following toast:

"THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE DESTINIES OF FRANCE: THE PROGRESSIVE ORGANIZATION OF THE PRINCIPLE OF FRATERNITY IN HUMANITY. [Movement of enthusiasm in the assembly.]

"GENTLEMEN: Every nation has its own mission to perform in the work of preparing that unity, liberty, and glory promised to humanity. Great nations are those to whom great missions have been entrusted, and who know how to fulfil them.

"Now, in the providental distribution of parts upon the stage of the world, to the eldest sister of modern nations, the nation born the first into the triple sentiment of unity, liberty; fraternity, to France was given the most noble part—that of political initiation, and of the social redemption of the nations. [Thunders of applause.]

"How France has accomplished the first phases of her mission, is known to the whole world. From amid the thunders and lightnings of the French Revolution, burst forth the sacred principles which shall insure the rights of all the people of the earth; it shed its blood to consecrate and to defend them. France has had her Sinai, and she has had her Golgotha; for a day came when the nations whom she willed to save, crucified her, and parted her spoils among themselves. [Great sensation.]

Gentlemen, when a Redeemer-nation descends into the grave, it is not to remain there buried beneath the stone which covers it. In spite of the guard who keep the door of the sepulchre, France also, shall have her resurrection! [Cries of assent.]

"Yes, the noble sentiments which cause our hearts to throb in unison, the high traditions which live within our souls, these outspringings of sympathy for nations striving to break their chains, these ardent aspirings after freedom, these explosions of the moral sentiment which are everywhere upheaving the outraged consciences of nations; these sentiments, these traditions, these sympathies, these ardent aspirings—these are the true representatives of France. [Bravo!]

"The great orator, the great writer, the great poet, of our day,* in whom the word and the aspirations of France shine forth with so bright a radiance, has described in three terms, the French Revolution, 'sacred desires; vain utopias; atrocious means.' Let us link again, to the first of these three terms, the broken chain of the noble traditions of our history.

"Our fathers proclaimed liberty, justice, and fraternity. They died for this holy Trinity. Let us show that we are no degenerate sons of those great martyrs. Be it ours to realize the principles for which they died! [General applause.]

"In fact, it is not sufficient to promulge the rights of humanity, and to shed our blood in their defense; we must incarnate them in social institutions. The work of annunciation is accomplished, that of organization should now begin. The Revolution has swept away the hierarchies of ancient times, it has passed like a hurricane over the old political world; be it ours to build up, peacefully, but courageously, the new world. By what signs, then, shall we recognize the new order? By the progressive realization of liberty, justice, and fraternity in human institutions. [Cries of yes, yes! bravo!]

* Lamartine.

"The French Revolution has accomplished the political enfranchisement of the middle classes, by breaking down the secular aristocracy that barred against them the road to political liberty and social dignity. Let the middle classes think of this! let them open their ranks to the people, lest the people, desirous, like them, to obtain their rights, and finding in the middle classes a wall of selfishness, break down this wall in their turn. [Great sensation.]

"The middle classes have proclaimed, in the political and social world, the Christian principle of the equality of all men before God. They have conquered with this sign. Let them not forget that the people belong to the same political rank with themselves; that the people, like themselves, belong to the family of God, and that among God's children, though some are elder-born, none are illegitimate. [Prolonged applause!]

"The French Revolution, and it is this that constitutes its sanctity and its glory, has not sought for liberty, justice, unity, for itself alone. In proclaiming the equality of men, it has proclaimed the equality of nations. In proclaiming its own rights, it has proclaimed the rights of the entire human race.

"Let not the nations then, who are striving to enfranchise themselves, any longer invoke in vain the Star of France! this star that they have saluted as the sign of salvation and of liberty for the world! [Applause.]

"The strength of France is in her Destiny! [cries of yes! yes!] It is not by lowering her banner, but by keeping it erect, its point toward heaven, that she will draw from the sky the fluids which prepare the tempest.

"'Peace every where, peace for ever!' This, gentlemen, is the beautiful device to be inscribed upon the flag of France; but on condition that she shall know how to render peace fecund, active, protective, and glorious. A great nation, desiring only the independence and fraternity of all other nations, and in whom all other nations have placed their hope, does not *submit* to peace: she *founds* and *organizes* it. [General assent.]

"Gentlemen, those who steer the ship which bears onward the destinies of France, have run her head upon a quicksand of impurity: they threaten to ground us upon a bank of filthy slime!† [cries of yes! yes!] Let us take the helm out of their hands! let us sail into the open sea, and may the breath of God fill our canvass! [Movement of enthusiasm throughout the assembly.]

"During her seeming slumber, France has elaborated the ideas which are preparing the second phasis, the constructive phasis of her immortal Revolution; and already do these ideas irradiate the world. The democracy of the future, the democracy of peace, of industry, of liberty is dawning upon the earth! [cheers.] Let all honest convictions, all generous hearts, all thoughts of reform, be united, gathering strength and renewed ardor from the thought of the glorious traditions of France; and France, without causing any new ruins, will soon enter again upon her liberating career.

"The accomplishment of the destinies of France! The free association of individuals, of classes, and of nations! The integral realization of liberty, justice, and fraternity, for all humanity!" [This toast was received with a double round of applause, throughout the hall.]

† Alluding to the corruptions of the Guizot ministry.

"THE BOTTLE."—The following is a description of this series of illustrations by Cruikshank, which are attracting so much attention in England. We hope they will speedily be brought out in this country, and have place in every house where rum has shown itself. We believe Wiley & Putnam, of this city, have them for sale.

George Cruikshank has done immense service to the abstinence cause by the publication of *The Bottle*, a series of etchings depicting the progress of intemperance, and its fearful consequences. His pencil we have often wished to see thus employed, without the remotest expectation that our hope would be realized. The unexpected tribute comes with all the superior influence of a voluntary offering. This is one of those praiseworthy applications of art to the inculcation of morals, which are as honorable to the artist as they are valuable to the public. These eight engravings will do the work of temperance, and will carry premonitory warnings to places inaccessible to either modes of moral suasion. Their influence upon society will be of the best kind—their force will be felt just where it was needed that a powerful blow should be struck; and silently but surely these efforts of Cruikshank's graphic pencil will bless the homes of many thousands:

Who can look upon the opening scene, where, "the husband induces his wife just to take a drop," without feeling that the "drop"—the "little drop"—is the precursor of a fatal appetite, which leads its victim on to decay and death? The home of the mechanic seems humble but happy, and rosy children share with gladness the simple feast, while the kitten sports upon the hearth.

But these domestic joys must soon dissolve—the downward step has been taken, and the descent is rapid. How unlike a "father" is that creature who sits with disordered garments awkwardly upon a chair—his pipe in his mouth, and hands thrust into his pockets—the grimness of his visage exciting the gaze of his younger children, who seem as they view him to be struggling under mixed emotions of love and fear! The mother pawns her clothes again, to feed the craving appeiite for drink.

"An execution sweeps off the greater part of their furniture."—The last comforts of home are gone: bed, bedding, furniture—all are dragged away, the walls are stripped of every trifling ornament, and wretchedness pervades the once happy dwelling. "But they *comfort* themselves with the bottle!"

"Unable to obtain employment they are driven to the streets to beg, and by this means they still supply the bottle." The scene represents the outside of a gin palace—the pence bestowed by charity are spent in drink, and that which was intended to bless, only aggravates the curse. Beside the gin-shop is a church-yard—the transition from one to the other is rapid.

"Cold, misery, and want destroy their youngest child." In a dismal abode, without furniture or food, the troubled family are grouped. Aside, lies coffined the once curly-headed, blue-eyed child, whose gambols were the delight of his parents, upon whose faces now sits dark despair. But "they *console* themselves with the bottle!"

"Fearful quarrels and brutal violence are the natural consequences of the frequent use of the bottle." His passion aroused by drink, the husband attacks the wife—the affrighted children cling around the exasperated father, who levels his heavy blows at her whom he swore before the altar to love and succor.

"The husband in a state of furious drunkenness, kills his wife with the instrument of all their misery." How the wretch seems to shriek and struggle with inward emotion, when he sees dead before him the emaciated victim of his wrath. And now rush in neighbors and police, who arrest the drunkard for the deed he has done. WOULD THAT THE BOTTLE WERE ARRESTED BY ALL!

"The bottle has done its work—it has destroyed the infant and the mother, it has brought the son and the daughter to vice and to the streets, and has left the father a hopeless maniac." Upon a rude bench, in a cell of a lunatic asylum, sits the shattered form of a man, his eyes staring wildly—he mutters strange things of "wife," "home," of "Mary"—he clasps his arms across his breast, as if pressing some tender object to him, and his cold and purple lips quiver. Before him stand his son and daughter, decked out in the attire of the lewd and profligate—he knows them not, and they are silent with fear, while he sighs and weeps, and shrieks and mutters indistinctly of things they used to hear and see, when yet they had a home, and he their father, still retained some of the qualities of a man. Such is the wreck produced by "the bottle."

These etchings should find their way into every home, school, and institute. They speak an eloquent but fearful warning: their value to the cause of abstinence cannot be fully estimated.

☞ GEN TAYLOR and suite arrived at New Orleans on the 30th ult. A splendid procession took place on the 2d inst. in honor of the event.

DR. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, the eminent composer of "Elijah," died suddenly at Leipsic on the 4th Nov in the 39th year of his age.

AN ENGLISH CHEMIST, it is said, has recently discovered a substance which, mixed with arsenic, in proportion of one to 100, causes the latter to assume a bluish color, by which appearance its presence in food, drink, &c. would be immediately detected. The inventor is endeavoring to procure a law forbidding druggists to vend arsenic, unless previously mixed with this substance, the cost of which is next to nothing. This discovery, if real, at a period when poisoning appears to be so much in vogue, is truly invaluable.

Original Miscellanies.

Translated from Recent French Papers for the Golden Rule.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—A short time ago Listz, the great pianist, was traveling through Germany giving concerts. He traveled in princely style, preceded by a courier who prepared his relays, and accompanied by his secretary. One day he arrived at a small city whose inhabitants, it was said, were extremely desirous to see and to hear him. The concert had been duly announced, the name of Lists had long been famous throughout Germany; the pianist's sole misgiving was on account of the smallness of the room engaged, which he feared might not be large enough to contain the crowd of his admirers.

Judge, then, what must have been his astonishment when he saw before him only a couple of dozen of auditors, slovenly-looking, and seeming almost ashamed of the smallness of their number. He waited, walked up and down among the little group of artists, had his pianos tuned two or three times over, sought every possible pretext for delaying the commencement of the concert, hoping to see some accession to his audience. But at length he was forced to begin. All at once, while playing his magnificent *fantasia* upon *Don Juan*, a luminous idea entered his mind. He rose in the middle of the piece, advanced toward the edge of the stage, and bowing very politely to his audience:

"Gentlemen," said he to them, "you have music enough, I presume,

and so have I; would you do me the honor to come and sup with me?" This singular invitation was accepted with an enthusiastic *hurra*. Listz does everything in the best style. He conducted his audience to the first hotel in the city, where he had that morning alighted, and ordered a magnificent supper. The amphitryon and his guests separated at a very late hour, mutually enchanted.

The next day the shrewd pianist announced a second concert. This time the saloon was crowded, more than two thousand persons being present. They came, attracted undoubtedly by the talent of the artist; but is it not probable that they may also have counted somewhat upon the supper?

DISCOVERY OF A MINE OF PLATINA, AND EMIGRATION OF THE NATIVES.—In the month of April last, in the country inhabited by the Samoiedes, east of the Ural, a very rich mine of platina was discovered. It was taken possession of by engineers in the name of the government, who, after drawing the plan necessary for working it, returned to St. Petersburg to make their report. The Emperor issued a *ukase* ordering the natives to furnish laborers for working the mine. But, when the agents arrived on the spot, at the beginning of July, to execute this decree, the Samoiedes had disappeared. Alarmed at the presence of the strangers, they had fled with their families and herds to the vast deserts which lie on the other side of the Obi.

JENNY LINDOMANIA.—It seems that all pretty young ladies, fair, and blue-eyed, have been recently warned that it is dangerous for them to go out alone. Either from pleasantry, or from some *pick-pocket* calculations, a crowd is sure to gather round any young person, whose appearance offers any resemblance to the Swedish nightingale. Quite recently, a young lady of Edinburgh, was in this manner pursued and annoyed by the crowd, who pretended to take her for Jenny Lind, and was obliged to take refuge in a shop.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.—Madame de S. who believes in the doctrine of metempsychosis, was saying, the other evening, that she could remember having been a mouse.

"And I," added her husband, "I remember having been the golden calf."

"He has lost nothing but the gilding," whispered Madame de S. to a lady who sat next to her.

BEAUTIFUL LETTER PAPER.—We have been shown proof impressions of some letter paper, got up with beautiful and unique designs, by Bro. C. G. GRAHAM—intended for the use of Odd Fellows or others. The designs are engraved on steel, in the finest style of workmanship—fully equal to the best bank note engraving. They are printed on various styles of French letter paper, and will, doubtless, meet with extensive sale. Orders may be addressed to C. G. GRAHAM, office of GOLDEN RULE, 30 Ann-street, New York.

Town Amusements.

PARK THEATER.—There has been little novelty at this theater during the week. Annual benefits are in the course of operation, and have been tolerably well sustained by the friends of the parties.

We understand that the Seguin troupe, with a Ballet Company, are likely to be engaged at this house.

BROADWAY THEATER.—Mr. Murdoch has been playing at this house during week, to respectable audiences. This gentleman is so correct in his personations, and has obtained so large a body of personal friends from his talents and private character, that he is always a welcome visitant in New York.

We are glad to perceive that Mr. Barrett is sufficiently recovered to assume his important functions in this establishment. His absence has been severely felt.

Madame Bishop and her efficient Operatic troupe, with Signoria Clocca and her Ballet company, commence an engagement at this house on Monday next.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 15, 1847.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

Messrs. Editors: Will you please, through your paper, the GOLDEN RULE, to permit me to return my sincere thanks to the Knickerbocker Lodge, I. O. of O. F. No. 22, for their benevolence, kind attention and sympathies to my husband, their beloved brother, during his protracted and painful illness. May God reward them according to their works, is the sincere prayer of his bereaved widow, LOUISA FOUNTAIN.

ADVANCE PAYMENT.

We hope *every brother* will be punctual in the remittance of his subscription IN ADVANCE. A departure from this system involves us in very heavy losses. Those of our present subscribers WHO WISH TO DISCONTINUE (we hope the number is few) are particularly requested to give notice, post-paid, to the Publisher, remitting at the same time whatever may be due the office.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 6, in Troy, by Rev. Mr. Steele, Bro. C. G. GRAHAM, of the office of the Golden Rule, and Miss ELIZABETH J. THOMPSON.

Notices of New Publications.

GOLDSMITH'S POETICAL WORKS. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-st.

Here comes and old fireside friend, in all the outward splendor of scarlet and gold, and blue and gold, and all the internal beauties which Art and Taste can invest the exquisite poetry of this familiar author. The illustrations are from designs by the Etching Club of England, and are appropriate, elegant and beautiful. It is worthy a place by the side of Thompson's Seasons, on the center-table of every lady's parlor.

THE ROSE; or Affection's Gift for 1848. Edited by Emily Marshall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This beautiful Annual has been much improved since last year, in many respects. The pages are larger and more of them, the type is larger, the engravings are better, and there is more neatness in the style in which it is gotten up, while we are not aware that the price has been increased. There are ten Steel Engravings, and the contents appear to have been chosen with much judgment. As far as our knowledge goes, excepting the Odd-Fellow's Offering, this is the only Annual issued from the American press. We commend it to our friends as a very elegant and chaste Gift Book for the approaching Holidays.

SCOUTING EXPEDITIONS OF TEXAS RANGERS. Including Skirmishes with the Mexicans, an Accurate Detail of the Storming of Monterey; and the Daring Scouts at Buena Vista.

This is a volume of stirring interest, the character of which is seen from the title. It is full of adventure, and embraces abundant anecdote of the celebrated partisan leaders, Hays, Walker, McCulloch, &c. The description of the battles of Monterey is altogether the best that has been written. It may be had at Graham's, Tribune Buildings, where all kinds of good reading may be found, at all kinds of prices. Call and see.

THE UNION MAGAZINE of Literature and Art. Edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. Published by Israel Post, 140 Nassau-st.

The December number of the Union is even unusually rich in literary and pictorial matter. Some of the most interesting contributions are by the Editor herself. Her "Singing School" is one of the most piquant sketches in the number; and the editorial criticism is pointed and to the purpose. Mrs. Sigourney has a sweet poem, "The Early Crocus;" Mrs. Child a satirical story called "Utouch and Touchu;" Miss Sedgwick an "Apologue" of great merit; Mrs. Harvey a delicious paper of "Table-Chat;" Park Benjamin a really good Sonnet; "A New Contributor" "The Mandrake" a poem of great point in two cantos; Caleb Lyon a Persian Fable in the original, with a translation; and Mrs. Julia Mayo Cabell, "La Vera Cruz Quadrille," dedicated to her brother-in-law, General Scott. There are numerous other papers, too, of rich interest. The embellishments of the number are truly superb. There are, first, two Mezzotints—one by Sadd, one by Doneythen, a richly colored Fashion-Plate—then six inimitable Wood-cuts, greatly enlivening the Magazine. The designs in all cases are supplied by Matteson, who has the sole control of the Pictorial Department.

☞ "THE UNIVERCŒLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER."—This paper occupies a new sphere in the world of thought. Its moral character no less than the elevated tone and amiable spirit which it manifests and is calculated to inspire, will secure for it a large circle of intelligent readers. While we express no opinion concerning the peculiar views it inculcates, we are quite sure that it will be read with interest. The second number, published to-day, contains, among other articles, "The Philosophy of Miracles," by the Editor; "My Preacher and his Church," by A. J. Davis; "Letter to Prof. Bush," by T. L. Harris; "A Religion of Progress;" "Where will they lead me," by a Clergyman; "Consumption—its cause and cure," by A. J. Davis; Poetry, "Sketches of the Earth-Land," a story designed to illustrate the evils of society. The contents are wholly original, and of marked ability. It can be had at the office, 235 Broadway, up stairs.

☞ "HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE."—The December number of this invaluable journal is out, as usual, promptly and with a welcome. The first, second and seventh articles alone are worth the price. The Commercial Chronicle and Statistics are full, and of great importance at this time.

☞ "BLACKWOOD" for November is looking up from our table, with a pleasant face; as much as to say, "Here I am, notwithstanding the petty attempts to frighten me out of appearing in public." It is good—always good—nothing like it in the way af strong food, highly seasoned. Now and then it bites the tongue; but you only bite back again the harder. L. Scott & Co. Gold-st.

☞ "GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE" for December, issued with its customary promptness, closes the 31st Volume of this popular Monthly. The plates are beautiful, and the contents interesting.

☞ "HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Valuable Standard Works in the several Departments of General Literature," contains a complete list of their Publications classified, with bibliographical and critical notices to each—interspersed with specimens from their illustrated works. Librarians and those desirous of forming libraries, will find this catalogue of great assistance to them.

☞ "ALAMANCE: or the Great and Final Experiment," is the title of an original Novel just published by the Harpers, as No. 104 of their Library of Select Novels. The scenes are laid in North Carolina, in "auld lang syne."

☞ "HARPER'S PICTORIAL ENGLAND," No. 33, concludes the third Volume of this most valuable History. It reaches to the Revolution of 1688. One Volume more completes the work.

ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER. NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON. TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

VOL. VII....No. 25. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1847. WHOLE No. 181.

Original Poetry.

MY AIN INGLE-SIDE.

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

LET the proud hae their splendor,
The great hae their fame,
Wi' a' their vain pleasures,
Abroad or at hame:
I envy them no a' their wealth
An' their pride,
While I've those I lo'e dear
Round my ain ingle-side.

Nae care can perplex me,
Nae sorrow annoy;
Ner cloud o' despair
Dim the sun o' my joy:
But still weel contented,
Whatever betide,
While I've those I lo'e dear
Round my ain ingle-side.

The cauld world may scoff,
An' the great may disdain
The few simple pleasures
That come in my train:
Peace hallows the spot;
An' nae care can divide
The affection that circles
My ain ingle-side.

THE SPIRIT'S RIVER.

BY A. WIGHT.

SAILING on life's restless river,
Ever active in the strife;
Freighted with the things that ever
Make the sum of human life
Are a motly fleet contending,
To be foremost in the race;
Now ahead a sail is bending—
Now another takes its place.

Hope all buoyant spreads her sail,
With a bright and joyous crew;
Fancy blows a favoring gale—
Faith e'er to the helm is true;
Onward glides the wayward bark,
Wind and tide are setting fair!
Lo! we find her as a mark
For the pirate-craft Dyspair!

Pleasure comes with pennants streaming,
Glancing gaily o'er the tide;
Youth and Beauty there are dreaming,
Thoughtless of all else beside.
Closely on her brilliant course,
Dashing madly through the spray,
Comes the sable ship Remorse
Like a vulture for his prey.

Stern Ambition! proud, elate!
Flings his canvass to the breeze;
Worthy of a better fate,
Manfully he stems the seas:
But 'tis useless—worse than vain,
Ere one shout with victory rife
To our eager ears proclaim,
'Tis lost amid contending strife.

Thus they are for ever dashing,
Wildly heaving to and fro;
Thus they are for ever clashing,
On the river's restless flow!
And thus so this wild commotion,
Never, never'll cease to be,
Till Eternity's broad ocean
Stills the strife in victory!

Westfield, N. Y. 1847.

Original Miscellany.

MAKING A WILL AFTER DEATH.

A STRANGE TALE IF TRUE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE GOLDEN RULE.

THE following marvelous story is very charmingly related by the Paris correspondent of the Courrier des Etats-Unis; we translate it for our readers as we find it, leaving them to form their own conclusion respecting it.

Let me narrate to you a history which I heard a few days ago, at the country-house of M. Auguste Maquet, the co-laborer of Alexander Dumas, who has formed for himself one of those peaceful retreats beloved by poets and philosophers, where the quiet of nature assists the inspirations of the soul. In this house, from which have issued so many entrancing chapters, and so many dramatic scenes, were assembled on the occasion to which I refer, a large company of young men, all interested in literary pursuits, either from taste, or by profession.

It was the hour for careless chat, and the effusions of friendship; that is to say, supper was drawing to a close. We had spoken of everything, and of a good many things besides; glanced at politics, touched upon philosophy, blended the anecdotes of the day with social considerations whose profoundness had charmed the genius of Charles Fourier; disserted upon several systems of literature, and, from the matters-of-fact of every day, when the conversation, by one of those freaks of vivacity peculiar to the French character, arrived, at a bound, in the domain of fantasy; it passed from Rivarol to Hoffmann.

The bibliophilus Jacob, one of those men who have grown pale over books, and have drawn poetry from the fountains of science, took upon himself to be the Father Mathurin of the evening. At his first words, we all grew silent; at the third sentence half his auditors believed in the truth of the fantastic, as Dumas believes in the truth of magnetism.

This is the tale, or the history, whichever you choose to call it, that the bibliophilus Jacob narrated with the peculiar style and felicitus boldness of expression, found in so high a degree in the *Danse Macabre*. His recital needed only the frame-work

of an old Chateau surrounded by woods, swaying and sounding in the tempest; but there are excellent pictures that yet have no frame, and this, to use an expression of M. de Musset, was a drama in an arm-chair.

There lived in Paris, a few years ago, an old notary who was indeed one of the most respected inhabitants of the first *arrondissement*. He possessed the confidence of the richest and most respectable families. His name was the synonym of probity; he was one of those excellent citizens who, by the severity of their morals, and the rectitude of their principles, remind me of the virtues of ancient days. He exercised his functions like a magistrate.

This notary, whose name it is not important to mention, had a numerous family and an ample fortune. At eighty years of age he had retired from business, leaving his practice in the hands of his eldest son. One day when an officious friend asked him if he had made his will, the old notary replied, with a singular smile, that he would have time enough to make it after his death. The friend looked at the old man, fearing that he had suddenly taken leave of his senses. The notary smiled again.

"I understand your thought," said he, "but I take my four meals a day; I walk without a stick, I read without spectacles, and I have more wit than the greater part of those who pass for having a good deal, in this age when there is so little to be found. I have already told you so; I shall make my will when I am dead."

His friend said nothing farther on the subject, but recounted this conversation to the notary's son, who did not seem to be at all surprised at it.

"I am aware of it," said he, "it is a point on which one cannot argue with him; my father believes that he has a secret by which he can bring himself again to life. It is an illusion which has always astonished me in a man of such rare intelligence.

This answer very much astounded the friend; and, curious to know what this secret could be, he asked the notary's son if he knew what it was?

"Perfectly well," replied he; "it is a thing within reach of the poorest purse. This marvelous recipe is sold at the corner of every street in Paris, and usually costs from seventy five centimes to a franc. My father learned it from a stranger to whom he had rendered an important service; an Italian Count, a descendant, perhaps, of Cagliostro, and whom it seems to me I can still see with his tall figure, his gray hair, his noble bearing, his black eyes, which shone with a surprising fire, and his decorations. His only payment was the revealing of this mystery, and my father felt quite contented with this quittance."

The friend insisted no longer, and the notary continued to live like a man who felt himself stronger than the tomb.

Some time after this, the old man experienced one of those inexplicable sensations which, to certain powerful organizations, are a presage of death. He called his servant, an old Breton who had waited on him for forty years, with the patience of a beaver, and the fidelity of a dog.

"Jean," said he, laying his hand on the shoulder of his ancient servitor, "remember well what I am going to say to thee, and swear to me to do what I am going to ask of thee."

"I swear it!" said the Breton.

"If I should die suddenly, make me take an ice as soon as it shall be evident that I am dead."

The Breton, accustomed to passive obedience, promised to do so without making any observation.

From that day, every evening during a whole month, the notary repeated his commands to the old servant.

One morning the notary was struck with apoplexy. The physician declared that every remedy was useless, and that it would be impossible to recall him to life, even for five minutes.

The rattling in the old notary's throat was frightful.

His bloodshot eyes stared upon the Breton with terrific fixity. For a moment he raised himself on his elbow, reached his hand toward the servant, and said to him, in a voice which seemed like the last cry of the death-agony, "Remember!" and he fell back on the pillow a lifeless mass. He was dead.

It was known that the notary had many arrangements to make; he had frequently stated his intention of leaving legacies to a grandson whose mother was dead, and to several of the servants. In this patriarchal family, in which respect for the paternal authority was preserved entire, the old notary's death excited, in the mind of his eldest son, a pious regret that he was unable to obey wishes, which, though he had partly divined them, he did not clearly comprehend.

A profound silence reigned in the chamber of death, that terrible silence which is interrupted only by sobs. Jean, kneeling in a corner, was praying with that fervent ardor which the Breton peasants drink in with their mother's milk

When he had done praying, he arose. "Monsieur," said he to the son, "this is the moment."

The son looked at the servant as one who does not comprehend.

"Yes, monsieur," continued Jean; "it is perhaps a sacrilege, but I have sworn; I must obey."

The son suddenly remembered the belief which the old notary had entertained since the visit of the Italian Count.

"Thou art a brave and worthy servitor," said he to Jean; "but dost thou believe that what my poor father has demanded of thee, can possibly be of any use?"

"I believe in God," replied the Breton; "if my action is criminal, I have prayed that the fault may rest with me only. I will do what I promised."

"Go, then," said the son.

Jean went out, and soon returned, bringing an ice upon a tray. He approached the notary's bed, and raised the sheet which a pious hand had thrown over the face. The features were already stamped with that character of serene grandeur and majesty, which death imprints on the forehead of men, these elder sons of God.

Jean laid his hand upon the notary's breast; it was already cold as marble; the heart beat no longer. Stiffness had entered into the limbs when the vital warmth departed. The old servant opened the lips of the dead, and slipped a spoonful of ice between his teeth. Jean himself was as pale as the corpse of his master. He continued his work, which borrowed, from the end which he proposed to himself, a character of mystery, solemnity, and expectation.

Suddenly a shudder passed through the frame of the notary; he opened his eyes and sat up.

"My father!" cried the son, springing toward the bed with open arms.

"My son, I am dead," said the notary, raising his cold and livid hand; "trouble not this hour. Bring a notary; go, my second life will last but one hour!"

The voice of the dead man had an accent so clear and so firm, his glance was so full of fire, his gesture so authoritative, that the son obeyed. A cold sweat stood upon his brow.

"Jean," resumed the corpse of the notary, "thanks; get ready quickly a table, pens, and ink; set a chair; good."

The son entered followed by a notary, who had been intimately acquainted with the patriarch of the company.

"Make haste, my dear D———," exclaimed the dead man, "I count the moments."

The notary took a seat, dipped his pen in ink, and commenced the preamble usual in acts of this kind.

When he had finished, he raised his head.

"Very good," said the corpse, "now write." And with a voice clear and sonorous as the sound of a light hammer striking on a plate of steel, he dictated his last wishes. His eyes shone like phosphorus, and neither Jean nor his son could bear their brilliance.

When he had finished, he took Jean and his son by the hand, sighed deeply, and fell back heavily upon his bed.

His mouth was closed, and the blazing luster of his eyeballs had disappeared like the flare of a torch which has been blown out. Two days afterwards the old notary was interred.

Such is the history, Monsieur; and the bibliophilus Jacob added that the notary who had drawn up the testament of the deceased, Jean, the son himself, and ten other persons belonging to the family, were ready to guaranty to its authenticity.

Will it not be called an anecdote drawn from the pages of Lewis, author of the Monk? But it seems that the Chaussee d' Antin, also, must have its legends!

Those who call themselves *strong-minded*, and such are often among the weakest, will smile. Among the thinkers, however, many, like Montaigne, will say, *perhaps*.

Original Notes of Travel.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE---NO. IX.

The Tower of London—Warders—Armor—Inscriptions—Regalia—The Past and the Present—Collosseum—The Little Dreamer.

THE Tower, the old Tower of London, in which is written a dark and bloody history of England, had long been checked in memory as one of those places that must be seen, should it ever be my fortune to visit that country. Not one tower, but a fortress of many towers, with a church, a mint, offices and storehouses within its ample walls. Entering a gate, called spur-gate—and appropriately named, for anciently many entered it under the spur of necessity, and now, I for one, felt the spur of curiosity—within a yard at the right is an office. I purchased for 6d. each, tickets for seeing the armories and the jewel room. A little further on is a waiting room, whence every half hour a warder leads off the visitors who have collected to the round of sight-seeing. These warders are detailed from the military service to serve a term here, and are all dressed in red blouze coats, embroidered in front, and wear velvet caps decorated with a profusion of ribbons. No fees are required for their services in acting as conductors and expounders of the wonders. I had become tired of this sort of ciceroning in what wonder-seeking I had already gone through with. Therefore I sought for and succeeded in getting one to step in and take me alone, apart from the parties, and in extending the half hour to twice or thrice that term. Of course the all-powerful shilling was in requisition. My conductor, a fine soldierly six feet man of inches, by some intellectual or mesmeric process, knew me for an American, and modestly declared that he had had some acquaintance with my countrymen in 1815. He knew them at New Orleans he said. Considering the circumstances under which he had made their acquaintance, I could not but approve of the quiet manner in which he alluded to the introduction. We were now opposite the water-gate to which lead the Tower steps from the river. How many had felt their hearts sink within them as they passed through its portals. Many whose steps then led them across an open way, through the inner Ballium gate under an arch, with a rusty old portcullis, whose clang as it fell behind them, rung the knell to hope, and circumscribed the limits of their world within the gloomy precincts of the walls around them. On the left and above loomed now the "Bloody Tower," where the two young princes were suffocated by their unnatural uncle Gloster, afterward Richard 3rd. In front is the spot that was occupied by the Grand Storehouse, which was burnt in 1841. The upper story of this was occupied as the *small armory*, and contained arms for 100,000 men. It is charged that the fire was the work of the manufacturers who wished the furnishing of more arms to government.

We now entered the Horse Armory, a room 150 feet long and 33 wide. A line of equestrian figures occupied the center the entire length, exhibiting the armor on man and horse worn at different periods from the crusades to this age. Over the head of each figure is a banner bearing the rank and date of the personage represented. On either side of the room are standing figures in armor, and arms, and trophies. There is a gradual change perceptible, from the heavy armor down to none. At first one piece is left off from the horse, then from the man, then another, and so on, the armor growing lighter in make, and covering the body to a less extent. Many of the suits are those actually worn by the parties, many of them the Kings of England; and many indicate the *kind* worn by the personages, though not the identical suits. At one end of the room, in a recess in the wall, is a magnificent suit of equestrian armor, presented to Henry VIII, by Maximillian, Emperor of Germany, said to be one of the finest specimens extant. It is embellished with engravings of legends of saints, devices, mottoes, arms, &c., the legends singularly illustrative of ancient costume and manners. The entire mass was formerly gilt. In the line of figures is a suit of plate armor of the Earl of Huntington worn about 300 years ago. The body armor alone weighs 100 pounds, the helmet weighing 14 pounds. What a chapeau is that for us moderns, who stipulate for less than 14 ounces of the gossamer beaver with which to decorate or *protect* our craniums. There is one suit of ancient link armor worn in the crusades 700 years since, all of temper. And shirts of steel, the sight of which makes one shrug his shoulders in search of the comfortable feel of his smooth linen.

A flight of steps leads from this to the room where Sir Walter Raleigh was confined. A dark cell-like dungeon adjoining, is shown as his sleeping room. In the former of these he is said to have written his history of England. Here are the block and the axe that severed the heads of Anne Boleyn and the Earl of Essex. The cut-throat looking gashes in the old dark brown wood of the block, nicely cut as it is to fit the neck of the victim, convey a "realizing sense" of its murderous uses. Here is also a thumb-screw, once used in extorting confession by compression of the thumbs between two bars of iron by means of a screw, and then made fast by a lock; the cravat or scavenger's daughter that confines the head, hands and feet, bending the body into the smallest possible compass, and keeping it thus.

In another tower the walls are covered with the autographs of unfortunate prisoners. Among others IANE, ascribed to Lady Jane Grey, though probably the work of her affectionate husband; also Robert Dudley's, Earl of Leicester. Some of the inscriptions are accompanied with devout maxims.

A Jewel House was erected in 1841, where the Regalia is now deposited, and is shown by an old woman who describes the articles in a sing-song tone, that proves to the visiter that the romance of the thing, through "familiarity," has long since merged into "contempt" with her. There is an ancient scepter of gold, finely wrought and decorated with precious stones, which was discovered behind the wainscoting of the old jewel office in 1841. There are four crowns, of of which the one made for Queen Victoria is the handsomest. The cap is of purple velvet enclosed by silver hoops, covered with diamonds, surmounting these hoops is a ball, also adorned with small diamonds, bearing a cross formed of brilliants, in the center of which is a unique sapphire. In the front is a heart formed of ruby, stated to have been worn by Edward the Black Prince.

Some thirty pieces or more, including scepters, circlets, orbs, swords, bracelets, Baptismal Font, and plate used at coronations, &c., all said to represent a value of £3,000,000, have an extravagant look in republican eyes that have just viewed the blight of the potato rot.

With its bloody memories, this tower reads, altogether, a lesson of the frailty of human greatness.

As, in order to lessen the length of my walks, I passed within the walls of the Tower on my way to the St. Katharine's Dock adjoining it, the two seemed to contrast, side by side, a dark monument of political tyranny over unenlightened past ages, and the cheerful evidence of the commercial freedom born of a more enlightened present age.

From the Tower to the Colosseum is a long way, from Smithfield in the old city to Regents' Park, the region of polished luxury. But through Cheapside scores of omnibuses, stunningly, obtrusively convenient, are rattling and crashing onward, freighted with their living cargoes, yet insatiate and clamorous for more. Along Cheapside, over the ground where Wallace, Scotland's noble martyr patriot, was dragged at the tails of horses, till torture ended in butchery. The Colosseum is a large building, containing a saloon where works of art are exhibited, and galleries for viewing the great panorama of London. The gardens around the building are laid out so as to cheat the observer into the impression of great extent and variety beyond what actually exists; comprising conservatories, waterfalls, fountains, Swiss cottage, and marine cave and grotto, all of beautiful construction. The Swiss cottage, with a small lake in front of the windows, formed by the mountain torrent that comes leaping over the rocks, and filling the lake to overflowing, loses itself below, with Mont Blanc, snow-clad soaring over head, form altogether a beautiful picture. And the refreshments partaken of within the cottage whilst looking out upon the waterfall and the mountain scenery, painted over the *real* water, are enjoyed with a zest that smacks not of London—not inferior, my worthy W., to those partakings of thine, when upon piscatory slaughter bent, along "Long Island's sea-girt shore."

The representation of the stalactite caverns of Adelsberg is a beautifully executed imitation, in miniature. We walk through these in a few minutes, they not being, like the Adelsberg caverns, six miles in extent. It has the rugged, unequal grotto, with stalactite caverns of different size, form and ornament, connected by passages sometimes low and bare, sometimes spacious and lofty. The stalactite forms pillars, and hangs suspended, whence the eye cannot penetrate, in pendants tapering to nothingness. Into a small lake, beyond which you cannot pass, water is falling with a ceaseless dripping. Lights are fixed about, and reflected from the crystalization in dazzling variety; some appear faintly twinkling in the distance, and the illusion of hight and distance is complete.

Among some two hundred pieces of sculpture in the corridors, one by Wyatt attracted me to a long lingering about its sweet beauties. The "Little Dreamer," in marble, represents a boy, apparently between two and three years of age, lying upon his left side, with his little hands together placed under his cheek, and in the easy, natural position of a sleeping child. The hair lay in careless curls upon the round head and open forehead, the long eyelashes rested on the cheeks. The likeness grew upon me, the same air of innocence and infant nobleness, divinely beautiful and fondly loved, was floating around the marble couch that, but a few weeks before, had drawn the father irresistibly to hover about a softer pillow. An ocean's-breadth away—how far it seemed, and yet how near—had

lain thus my golden-haired boy of the heaven-blue eyes, so much the same, in form and air, that it seemed as if the father's stirred affection might infuse a life, would raise those sweeping lashes and reveal the eyes of well-remembered sweet expression. What wonder if affection's offering was impressed upon that lovely head, and the thought of the sweet cherub far away upbore a prayer!

"And who shall say what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye,
Ere sin destroy or error dim
The glory of the seraphim,"

was the appropriate inscription over this lovely work of art.

Yours in F. L. and T., ORION.

Gems of the Annuals.

THE LINDEN TREE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

HERE's a song for thee—of the linden tree!
A song of the silken Lime!
There is no other tree so pleaseth me,
No other fit for rhyme.

When I was a boy, it was all my joy
To rest in scented shade,
When the sun was high, and the river nigh
A musical murmur made:

When, floating along like a winged song,
The traveler-bee would stop,
And choose for his bower the lime-tree flower.
And drink—to the last sweet drop.

When the evening star stole forth, afar,
And the gnats flew round and round,
I sought for a rhyme, beneath the lime,
Or dreamed on the grassy ground.

Ah! years have fled; and the linden, dead,
Is a brand on the cotter's floor;
And the river creeps through its slimy deeps,
And youth—is a thought of yore!

Yet—they live again, in the dreamer's brain:
As deeds of love and wrong,
Which pass with a sigh, and seem to die,
Survive in the poet's song.—[London Keepsake, 1848.

FORGIVENESS.—A TALE.

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

"NEVERTHELESS, in spite of your prejudices, Marion, I am sure you will like cousin Oliver when you see him."

The young girl to whom the words were addressed shook her head, in doubtful reply.

"You do not know how agreeable he is," pursued her companion, a tall and rather stately-looking young man, whose scarcely handsome but pleasing face bore the firmness and composed aspect of eight-and-twenty years. "It is really quite impossible not to like him."

"We shall see," said Marion, smiling.

The two whose short conversation we have quoted were walking slowly up and down the walks of a lovely garden. High walls shut out everything but the tops of surrounding trees, so that, but for the indistinct rumble of wheels, and the various sounds that now and then came from the great city of cities, this place might have been in some far-distant country solitude. Trees bending with ripe apples, peaches glowing amidst their green shelter, and one rich, full-leaved, ripe-fruited mulberry tree, adorned the garden; while, climbing over the old-fashioned house, the fragrant clematis—Moore's "night-blooming cereus," of sweet memory—shook down its perfumed shower of white blossoms, and allured the few wandering bees of autumn.

In this beautiful garden strolled the two lovers—for, that such they were was evident from the young man's earnest, almost whispering tone, which no man ever uses save to the woman he loves, or pretends to love. And Marion, too, in her answers, pronounced his name—the common but ever sweet name of William—with that lingering, loving intonation, which makes even a less pleasant word sound beautiful, when falling from affectionate lips.

William Blair's affianced wife was much younger than himself—at least ten years. He had known her all her life; had fondled her on his knee when an infant, had watched the fairy-like, graceful child grow up into the beautiful girl, until he could hardly tell the period when his affection for his pet and play-fellow changed into his love for the woman whom he wished to make his companion for life. And William Blair did not woo in vain: it would have been strange if he had, for the high qualities of his mind, and his pleasing looks and manners, were calculated to win any girl's heart—even one so light, almost thoughtless, as that of Marion Hilliard, the spoiled child of a widowed father. Hers was that pliable nature which, under the guidance of a firm and noble character, might be molded to any good: and therefore it was well for her—and even her father felt it so—that she was, in early youth, bound by such ties to a man like William Blair.

Mr. Hilliard and his only daughter lived in the retired suburban cottage we have spoken of; seeing little society; for the old naval officer was averse to much company, and only cared to see William Blair, who came, as might be expected, almost daily. Marion might have regretted this seclusion; but her heart and thought were too full of her lover, to care for any society but his. Therefore, when he told her of this cousin Oliver, his old schoolfellow, who was coming on a visit to him, Marion felt rather jealous of any one who would possibly take William's thoughts and time away from her, than pleased at the prospect of seeing a new face.

The young people continued their walk up and down the garden, and then rested in the little summer-house. William again referred to his cousin—spoke of his talents, his brilliant conversation—and vainly strove to alter Marion's prejudice against him. The young girl laughed at his earnestness.

"You might be pleading at that disagreeable Chancery-court, where you have learned to be so grave, and to argue so well, William," said she. But, suddenly becoming serious, Marion lifted, with her slender and light finger, one of the thick chesnut curls from her lover's forehead, discovering a deep scar under the beautiful hair, of which, to tell the truth, William was a little vain.

"This alone," said Marion, "would be enough to prevent my ever liking the one who did it, and did it wilfully, too."

"But that was so long ago—we were only boys; Oliver was hasty and passionate, and could not endure any one who surpassed him. I believe he was sorry for it afterwards."

"That may be, but the sin remains."

"No, Marion; for I have years since forgotten it, and forgiven Oliver."

"That is because you are so good; and I will try to do the same; but, I fear, I shall never shake hands with him without thinking how nearly the stone that hand threw might have cost your life. And then I should not have been so happy as I am now, William," added the girl, in a low voice.

What lover could resist such argument? Willian Blair forgot cousin Oliver, his sins and his perfections, and only thought of Marion—his own beautiful and betrothed Marion.

Oliver Chadwick came, and was introduced by William to his intended bride and her father. It is true, Marion's pretty little hand did shrink at first from the touch of one she thought laden with the heavy sin of having once nearly killed her lover; but she soon forgot her horror in the charm of young Chadwick's society. Cousin Oliver fully bore out William Blair's description of him—a rare circumstance, when a stranger has been much talked about beforehand. He was a strikingly handsome young man: his statue-like and faultless features were set off by a clear, dark, Italian complexion, and hair of that perfect jetty hue so rarely seen; besides which, the dark-brown, and dusky, and brownish-black tresses, which are politely termed black, sink into significance. In figure Oliver was much less tall than his cousin, and slighter made; but in exact proportion. His manners, too, were more courtly and insinuating: he was ever on the watch to perform some trifling act of polite attention, of which the higher and more manly nature of William Blair never thought. Yet these attentions came so naturally, and were so equally distributed, that no one could say Oliver showed Marion anything but the courtesy due to his cousin elect.

William's upright, honest mind, felt not the slightest jealousy of Oliver's superior personal attractions. He suffered him to lead the conversation, and gradually to draw out Marion, until she listened with pleasure, and talked without reserve, before him. Many clever men have a faculty for hiding their talents, but Oliver Chadwick's were all of the brilliant kind. His conversation was most fascinating: not from his being one of those talkers who pour out one dazzling stream, and keep others admiring listeners, but because, by consummate skill, which seemed like intuition, he encouraged the timid, and showed deference to the reserved, until all were set at ease, so as to take part in what was said, and all invariably went away wondering, yet pleased, at their own courage, and charmed with him who had produced such effects.

There must have been a mist over William Blair's eyes, when he could not see how dangerous might be the result of these all-fascinating powers on a young and romantic spirit like Marion's. But he had such entire trust in her love for himself, and thought so highly of his cousin, that he never suspected Oliver could be guilty of any but brotherly admiration for

the girl who was to be his cousin's wife. And the idea that Marion should think of Oliver, except in this sisterly way, never once crossed his mind. We acknowledge that such unsuspecting confidence is rare—very rare; but it is from weak and changing love that jealousy springs; perfect love knows no distrust: and such love was William Blair's for his Marion.

Thus, even when, following his profession as a barrister, he set off on the circuit—his first parting from Marion since they had been declared lovers—William felt not the slightest regret that Oliver Chadwick still lingered in the neighborhood, but was rather glad that Marion and her father would occasionally have a visitor to enliven their dulness in his absence. Marion's feeling it would be impossible to analyze: they were so contradictory, she hardly could understand them herself. She wept at parting with her lover: it might be with grief—it might be with a feeling of self-reproach at her waning affection for him; and then Oliver came, and read to her, and talked with her—talked about William, too—until her conscience was soothed, and her heart lightened.

A few weeks passed on, and Marion grew alarmed at her own feelings. She said to herself that she loved William still; but when she laid her head on her pillow at night—that moment when, whatever may have been the wanderings of the day, the heart and the thoughts always fly to what is nearest and dearest—then, it was not the face of her betrothed, but of his cousin that rose up before her; and her lips murmured the name, not of William, but Oliver.

It is ever sad to trace the change of a faithless heart. One would fain believe that love can never change—never grow old; and yet, alas! for frail human nature, it does both; but not with all. Let us at once come to the truth—that, long before William's return, his place in Marion's heart was given to Oliver. Silently, slowly, and by means which he well knew how to employ, Chadwick had stolen away the young girl's affection from her first love. To do the young man justice, however, he did not commit this wilful and great sin, as many do, idly, to gratify his own vanity. When he first saw Marion, and for some time after, he would have shrank from the accusation that he intended winning her heart. But yet, when he felt his own weakness, and knew that her beauty and gentle ways were stealing away the duty he owed to his cousin, he did not fly from the temptation, which soon became irresistible, until Oliver resolved that, at all risks, could he succeed in gaining her, Marion should be, not his cousin's wife, but his own. For the time, Oliver was sincere in his love; but he did not think that faith, once broken, may be broken again, and that a fickle heart is of little value.

From his childhood Oliver Chadwick had never controlled himself, or been controlled by another. This, with an ambitious spirit, which could not brook to be outdone by any one, had caused his first sin against his cousin, the mark of which William would bear all his life. This, too, caused the second and more grievous offense against William's peace. That his cousin would suffer through his fault, Oliver never thought; or if he did, he judged of William's love by his own, which had changed so often and so easily, that he hardly believed in constancy at all.

With these arguments, Oliver quieted his own self-reproaches and those of Marion; while, amidst all this, both so effectually shielded their love from every eye, except those of each other, that the old father never guessed the truth. Sin, like sorrow, never comes alone. The day before William Blair's appointed return, the once dutiful and affectionate Marion secretly left her father's house, and became the wife of Oliver Chadwick.

William Blair returned to a desolate home. No tidings of Marion's flight could reach him, and to the very last her letters to him had been continued; to such a degree had guileful influence worked upon her once innocent heart. He entered the cottage full of hope and happiness, and left it a broken-hearted man. Yet, William's own sorrows did not make him insensible to the anguish of the father of his lost Marion. The gray-haired old man sat continually gazing at his daughter's vacant seat, bowed down to the earth with grief. Self-reproaches, too, mingled with his sorrow; he implored William's pardon for not having better kept his treasure—for having suffered a stranger to steal it away. William felt no anger towards the desolate old man, but strove to lessen his anguish by cheering words. He spoke of Oliver's worldly prospects; that, though poor, Marion would not be destitute, and then her husband's great talents would make their way.

Mr. Hilliard looked at the generous young man with astonishment.

"How can you talk in this kind way, William? Have you no anger toward them?—have you forgotten your own wrongs?"

William turned his head away; but the quick heaving of his chest, and the convulsive clench of his hands, told how intense were his sufferings. The old man watched him almost in fear; until he grew calmer, and said in a suppressed tone—

"I have forgiven Oliver once already, and shall I not forgive poor Marion, whom I so dearly loved—God help me! I must not say *love*, now. I have no anger against *her*."

"But your cousin?"

"Must I not forgive Marion's *husband*?" The words came forcibly from William's lips; his heart failed him in the utterance, and a spasm passed over his features. The old man took both his hands, saying, with deep feeling,

"William, my son—in heart at least—you are worthier than I."

Years passed on, and Marion's flight and marriage were forgotten. One visit only she had paid to her old home and her father; it was a few months after her marriage, just before she went abroad with her husband, who had obtained an appointment in the colonies. Marion, tearful and contrite, received her father's blessing; but she came alone, and spoke little of her husband. She did not see or ask for William Blair. From that time her letters came occasionally, until Mr. Hilliard died, and then no more was heard of Marion or Oliver.

Now, we know well that, according to the general rule in stories like this, the wronged and forsaken lover ought never to forget his early attachment, but to live and die devoted to its sad memory. Yet in real life it is not so. The bitterest heart-sorrow, if hopeless, is not beyond the influence of time's healing hand; and a loss which death or any other cause has made irremediable, is, after the lapse of a few years, forgotten, or at least remembered without pain. It is uncertainty, and the mingling of still-lingering hope in the bitter cup, which make it so hard to be borne, and which keep the wound from healing.

Thus, when Marion's union with Oliver had for ever parted her from himself, William's heart grew in time less full of anguish. To the utter hopelessness of his love was added the conviction of the unworthiness of his object; and this feeling contributed to restore his peace. A virtuous heart cannot long feel love when esteem has fled. And yet, though his grief was healed. William did not entirely forget Marion. He thought of her with sorrow and pity—but she was his idol no longer.

After many years, when he had reached middle age. William Blair married. The wife he chose was most unlike Marion. She was not beautiful, scarcely even pretty; but her fine mind and gentle spirit invested even an unworthy exterior with their own purity and loveliness. There was little romance in the attachment between William Blair and his wife—all that had passed away with the bloom of their youth; for she too had loved before, and vainly; still there was a strong, calm, trusting affection between the husband and wife, which made their present life happy, and caused them to look forward to a peaceful, loveful old age. Two children enlivened their home, and bound them still more together, until both looked on their first love as a morning cloud.

"I have had a visitor to-day—a stranger," said Mrs. Blair, when her husband returned one winter evening to his cheerful home, and they were sitting together in that pleasent hour between dinner and tea, when idleness and confidential talk seem to come naturally.

"Indeed," said William, putting his feet on the fender, an act which brought no frown to his wife's brow. "Indeed—was it a lady or gentleman?"

"A gentleman—but one very young—a beautiful boy about ten years old: he would not go away without seeing you—and so I went down and spoke to him. He said his name was Henry Chadwick, and his mother wanted to see a Mr. Blair who lived here. I thought it strange; but then I remembered your mother's maiden name was Chadwick, so it might be some relation; and the boy seemed so resolute, that I asked where his mother lived, and promised that you should go."

While Mrs. Blair explained this, the flickering fire had sunk into red embers, or she would have seen how William's countenance changed as she spoke. But even had she read his thoughts, there was nothing there to give a single pain to the wife's heart.

"I think it must be a relative, Emma," said he. "I had a cousin abroad, whom I had lost sight of for many years. I will go and see."

"Do, William; the place is not far, and you may be of use to them. The boy was thinly clad, poor fellow; and when I gave him some cake he ate as if he were very hungry, so I made him carry it home."

"You are always good, my dear Emma," said William, taking his wife's hand affectionately.

The same night, cold and snowy as it was, William Blair set forth on his errand, for his heart told him that the boy's mother was no other than Marion. He knocked at the door of the room to which he was directed, but there was no answer, and he walked in. It was a desolate apartment; the snow flakes,

piled up on the sill of the curtainless window, made more visible the blackness within, for the fire had gone out, and the one candle was flickering with its long wick untouched. On a bed, in one corner, lay a woman asleep, and at her feet a boy, also in deep slumber. They had drawn about them the few garments they had, poor souls! striving to forget their coldness and weariness in sleep.

William Blair stepped lightly forward, and once more looked upon the face of his Marion. Changed, mournfully changed it was—but it was still Marion. The close widow's cap, which made her sharpened features look still more hollow, told her tale. Oliver was no more; and if there had been any resentment in William's heart, it would not have been cherished against the dead. Marion's thin hand lay among her boy's bright curls, who looked in his quiet child-like sleep so like what his mother once was, that William could have wept over him. But Marion herself—the bright red spot on her cheek, and her painful, audible breathing as she slept, told that it would not be long before the child was motherless. After awhile the boy moved, and spoke indistinctly; and William retired a step lest he should startle him. Henry awoke and saw the stranger.

"Are you the gentleman whom I asked to come and see my mother?" cried the boy at once.

Mr. Blair put his finger on his lips to silence the child, but Marion was already half aroused.

"Who are you talking to, Henry?" she said feebly.

"To Mr. Blair, mother, the gentleman you said I must go to if you were very ill; and I went this morning, only you did not know it."

"Is he here—is William Blair here?" almost shrieked Marion, raising herself on her elbow.

William advanced, and took her hand without a word. And thus met the two who had once so fondly loved each other—the same face was before their eyes—the same voice fell on their ears—but the life of love was gone—for ever. Marion looked long and fixedly at her former lover, and then burst into tears.

"Have you forgiven me?" she said. "How kind of you to come to me!"

"You have a right to my kindness," answered William, in a gentle and soothing tone. "You are my cousin—why did not Mrs. Chadwick send for me before?"

"Oh! do not call me so—call me Marion—let me forget everything but old times. And my father—my poor father—to see you makes me think of him!" cried the sick woman in passionate grief.

William calmed her with kind words, and her boy clung round her neck caressingly, until Marion's excitement passed away, and she was able to talk of the past and present. She spoke of her husband's death without tears; letting fall no reproach or complaint. Yet William needed no explanation to guess that Oliver's death was a blessing. And now she had come home, feeling that the mortal arrow was fixed in her own heart, to leave her boy with those who knew his mother. She had learned William Blair's after-history, and guessing from the letter he wrote to her on her father's death that he felt no anger against her, had told her child to go to him as their only friend.

William talked of removing her to a better home, where she would be more carefully attended to.

"No," said Marion, and a flush of lingering pride came across her brow. "I am not so poor as that—I have enough to last my poor remnant of life; but promise me to take care of my Henry."

"I will," said William, earnestly. "And now I must think of you. Emma—that is my wife—shall come to see you tomorrow."

Marion shrank from this proposal.—"But what will she think of me?—does she know——"

"She knows nothing—shall know nothing—except that you are my cousin. And now farewell; forget all the past, except that I was once your friend—your father's friend, Marion." And William kissed with brotherly regard the hand that was held out to him; spoke affectionately to the child, and went away to his own home.

He kept his promise; and it was not until years after, when Marion's beauty was long mingled with the dust, that William Blair told his gentle wife of the ties which had once bound her to him. And Mrs. Blair's sweet and compassionate nature regretted not for a moment, but rejoiced, that her cares had soothed the dying moments of the woman her husband had once loved. And when she saw how tenderly and fatherly he reared up to manhood the son of Oliver and Marion, making no difference between Henry Chadwick and his own children, the wife felt not one jealous pang, but rather loved and revered the more the noble nature which had been wronged so sorely, and which had forgotten and forgiven so much.—[London Keepsake, 1848.

Ladies' Department.

Woman at Home.---To know what a person is, the common adage runs, we must live with them: people are what they are at home. Unconsciously, without the slightest wish to deceive, woman is not always in the excitement of public festivities the fair index of her natural character: or, if most at home there, woe betide the unlucky wight who is the partner of her dull hours of domestic privacy. No: the gayest girl at a party; the most clever, elegant, and witty; the observed of all observers; the source of infinite pleasure to others; is generally the last selected for a partner for life. There, in that brilliant constellation of the passing hour, is not the scene of woman's legitimate and truest triumphs. Where is it? The poet shall answer:

"'Tis sweet to hear the honest watch-dog's bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we near our home;
'Tis sweeter still to know an eye will mark
Our coming, and grow brighter *when we come.*"

It is for this preference for home as home, as containing when her husband is there all that her little world can wish or comprehend; it is for this that man cheerfully resigns to her the power she possesses in virtue of her undisputed sovereignty over his affections. Her brightening eye is the reward which the sole occupant of her heart and her thoughts thinks quite enough for any exertion or sacrifice he may be required to make; her silent affection is the mysterious power which has nerved man to the mightiest deeds that manhood ever achieved.

Influence of Woman.---The influence of woman as surely follows her presence as shade is inseparable from sunshine. And that silent power has this peculiarity, that it is ever operating for good. In our public assemblies, in our convivial meetings, when the heart and tongue are apt in unbridled license to betray the more violent contentions or sensual emotions of unrestrained nature, let woman but appear or condescend to grace our festivities unobtrusively by her presence, and instantly is soothed every angry expression---the angel of purity chases away even a ribald thought from manly bosoms: then it is that the lords of the creation estimate themselves most truly; and when, by gallantry that is most delicate, and assiduities that mingle genuine politeness with unaffected good breeding, they can emulate each other in the demonstration of all that is pure in feelings, talented in intellect, rational in apprehension, manly in disposition, knowing full well that there are eyes that will mark and gentle hearts that will reward them by their affection and their preference.

Origin of Dancing.—"In those happy regions where reigns a perpetual spring; where the sun sheds his rays softened by the breath of the wanton zephyrs, and the earth, covered with a constantly renewed verdure, offered to the eyes nothing but beds of flowers, trees teeming with delicious fruits, and fountains running with a gentle murmur; while the sweetest perfumes were borne upon the gale, and birds sent forth the most melodious notes; happy man elated with pleasure and enjoyment, celebrated in those fields of flowers and perfumes, his felicity with the partner of his existence. His voice became animated; speech was not sufficient to express the emotion she experienced; fugitive sounds vanished as soon as pronounced; indistinct accents could but ill express his lively sensations and impetuous transports. He kept up his voice; he prolonged his utterance; he raised it; he lowered it rapidly; sounds of joy mingled with his notes,—he sung! At the same time his action became animated; he yielded to the flame which inspired him. He rushed forward with joy and pleasure; *and thus the first dance was formed.* In order to lessen the fatigue attendant on the expression of his feelings, he rose up and let himself fall at equal intervals; his motions were measured, and maintained a certain degree of regularity; his singing commenced and finished with the dance that he accompanied; it was then regular; it was often repeated, and Melody received existence. Happy man then arranged it to words to express his joy in every possible manner, and Poetry beheld the day."

Health of Plants.—Plants in pots kept in rooms or conservatories, should be watered thoroughly at least once every day during the summer months, and in very hot weather twice a day will not be found too much; and when they are watered, it must be observed that a slight watering is not sufficient, but the pot must be completely filled up to the brim, and if possible the plants should be syringed over head once every other day, or at least twice a week. This syringing of the leaves is of the greatest importance to the health of the plants; and those that are kept in rooms should be set in the open air and well syringed twice a week during the summer months, and once a week even in winter, provided the weather be not frosty.—[Mrs. Loudon.

Choice Miscellany.

THE GOSPEL OF FREEDOM.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

I saw a Spirit, Godlike, vast and glorious
Upon the summit of the Ages stand;
His countenance of light, his brow victorious
Shone with a Love no mortal might withstand.
His voice went forth, in vast reverberations
Over each isle and continent and sea,
Waking enrapturing earth's downtrodden nations,
With God the Father's great command—"Be Free!"

And there was silence for a space in Heaven,
And the mute Seraphim gazed far abroad,
And saw earth's ancient darkling stillness riven,
And the wide nations hear the voice of God.
And as the mandate of that mighty Angel
Fell sunlike on the hearts and souls of men;
The Seraphs echoed Freedom's great evangel,
And the vast concave sounded back—"Amen!"

Thus came in my vision adown the swift years,
The voice of the Angel to me—
"*Be Free!*" saith the Spirit who ruleth the spheres
That circle eternity's sea.
Like light to all worlds from the Infinite Sun
Flows the Word to all natures that be,
And it moveth and waketh all Nations as one,
And their hearts all re-echo—"Be Free!"

From the Pleasures that woo with their azure-veined arms
But fetter the Soul in its sleep;
From the Sirens that lurk in the wine-cup's red charms,
Like sea-snakes far down in the deep;
From the sloth that doth eat and the vices that tear
The strength and the splendor from thee,
Arise! as the lion springs forth from his lair,
In the strength of thy Manhood, "Be Free!"

From the wolfish Ambition that learns thee to rear
O'er thy Brother's crushed spirit a throne,
From the thirstings for gold that would learn thee to sear
Thy warm heart till it hardens to stone;
From the darkling distrust that would drive thee afar
From the Natures all kindred to thee,
Come forth, as from Night comes the Morn's golden star,
In thy Holiness come and "Be Free!"

Be Free in the Truth that comes down from above
As glory flows down from the sun,
And shows the wide Universe dwelling in Love,
And God and Humanity one.
A Spirit art thou in thy garments of clay,
The Heavens are open to thee,
And Angels look on thee with eyes like the day—
Lift thine eyes, and behold, and "Be Free!"

Be Free in the Love that eternal pours forth
From thy spirit's divinest profound,
As the infinite ocean encircles the earth,
Let its billows Humanity bound.
With a heart and a hand, and a smile and a tear,
And a blessing for all things that be,
In beauty move on through thy Duty's wide sphere,
From envy and hatred "Be Free!"

Be Free in the Strength that the Hero puts on,
When he tramples the thrones in his wrath;
Let the Nations rejoice in the way thou hast gone,
Let the dungeons fall down in thy path.
And stay not thy footsteps and sheathe not thy brand,
Till Love reigneth over each jubilant land,
And each heart clings to heart, and each hand joins to hand,
And a voice, like the voice of the sea,
"It is Finished!" responds to the Father's command,
And the Earth, like the Heaven, is Free!—[Univercœlum.

HOSPITALITY REWARDED.

The following characteristic anecdote is related of the Count de Dijon, a benevolent French Nobleman.

One morning during the last winter, being at his country residence he recollected that the lease of an inn called the Red Cross, about three leagues distant, had expired. The landlord was soliciting a renewal; but wishing to judge of the state of the premises, he set out on foot, although the weather was intensely cold, and the snow falling.

At some distance from his chateau he overtook a wagoner walking along by the side of his cart. Between pedestrians acquaintance is soon made; and it was not long before the count discovered that the man's name was Penot, his wife's name Marianne; and that he had five children, and as many horses; and that all he had to depend on for the support of his family and cattle was his errand-cart.

But all at once, while they were walking on in earnest conversation, the leading horse made a false step, fell down, and broke his leg. At this sight the wagoner cried out in despair, and began to use epithets which are not to be found in any vocabulary of polite conversation.

"You do wrong to utter such language, my friend," said his companion; "your conduct in this small misfortune is really sinful. How can you tell what may be the intentions of Providence towards you?"

"Will you hold your peace?" replied the wagoner. "I wish you were in my place, and that you were losing that fine horse instead of me. Do you know that he cost me twenty-five louis? Do you know how much twenty-five louis are? I am afraid not. What will my poor Marianne say? No, if God were just, He would never have permitted the horse of a poor man like me, with a large family, to have broken his leg."

"And I tell you again, my friend, that it is wrong to doubt the goodness of God, and for twenty-five miserable louis."

"You talk very much at your ease about twenty-five miserable louis, as if you knew anything at all about them. Did such a sum ever find its way into your pocket, I wonder? Oh my poor horse! Twenty-five louis are not to be found upon the highways."

"Well, I will give you the twenty-five louis; so compose yourself," said the count.

"Oh, you are making game of me into the bargain!" exclaimed the wagoner, throwing a contemptuous look at the well-worn brown surtout of his companion. "You will give them to me—you will steal them then, I suppose? Come, say no more about it, but lend a hand at unharnessing the poor beast. Marianne, poor Marianne! what will she say!"

The count readily did as he was desired, and gave all the assistance in his power; but this accident having caused considerable delay; they did not arrive until late at the Red Cross Inn.

"Can you give me a room and a bed?" said the count to the landlord.

The latter seeing a foot traveler, covered with snow, and without either a clock or an umbrella, haughtily replied, "There is no room for you here; you must go elsewhere."

"But I should have to go a league further, which would not be very pleasant in frost and snow: let me have any place; I am not particular."

"I should think not, indeed," replied the hostess; "but our inn is not for every one that comes along. I admit none but respectable people—all wagoners; I will admit your companion, but not you."

"Allow me at least, madame, to share the supper and room of my companion."

"As to that, it is no concern of mine; you must settle it with him."

The connt then turning to the wagoner, repeated his request.

"Well be it so. Come then, good woman, supper for two and a comfortable room."

When supper was over, they paid their reckoning, and retired to their apartments; the count then made some inquiries respecting the people of the house.

"I know," replied Penot, "they have well feathered their nest; this is the only inn in the district, and during the nine years they have kept it, they must have laid by a pretty sum. Oh, if my poor Marianne and I had such an inn, I should not grieve so much for the loss of my poor horse!"

"Well, if this house suits you, you shall have it."

"Why, how bravely you talk! First you say you will give me twenty-five louis, and then you say you will give me an inn. I cannot help laughing at the idea. However, take care; I tell you I wont be played upon."

"No play in the case. I tell you that if you like this house, I will give it to you," replied his companion.

"And I tell you again, that if you say another word, I will turn you out of the room," said the wagoner.

He seemed a likely person to do so, therefore the count said no more.

The next morning the count rose early, and repaired to his solicitor in the next town. After some conversation between him and the solicitor, the latter set off for the Red Cross.

On reaching the inn, he told the landlord that the count had arrived.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the landlady, "where is he? Why would he not honor us by putting up here?"

"He came here, but you refused to admit him," replied the attorney.

"That is not true; he never came here."

"Yes," said the attorney, "he came here last night in company with a wagoner. Where is this wagoner?"

"There he is," replied the landlady, pointing to a stout-looking man, who was eating his breakfast near the fire.

"My friend," said the attorney, addressing himself to the

wagoner, "the person with whom you shared your room last night is the Count de Dijon. In the first place, here are the twenty-five louis he promised to give you for the loss of your horse that broke his leg; and in the next, here is a lease, which puts you in possession of this inn for nine years, on the same terms as your predecessor: but in order to repay you for your hospitality last night to a poor pedestrian, the count gives it to you rent free for the first three years. Will that suit you?"

"Oh, my poor Marianne—my five children! Oh, my good sir!" exclaimed the wagoner, letting the knife drop from his hands; "and I who said such rude things to that kind gentleman! Where is he, that I may go and throw myself at his feet?"

"He has returned to his chateau," replied the attorney.

Nineveh.—The extinction of the empire of Ninus and Semiramis, which was founded four thousand years ago, endured fifteen hundred, aud fell when Rome only began; whose sway covered nearly all Asia; among whose armed millions the armies of tributary kings were but legions, themselves but subordinates; whose vast city it was a three days' journey to the prophet of Israel to pass through from west to east; and yet whose very site is now blotted out, and disputed; are contemplations of grandeur, sublime enough for the epic muse; and we can scarcely imagine them approached by any other. Sardanapalus was the last of the Assyrian kings. It is recorded, sacredly by the prophet Nahum, and profanely by the Greek historians, that the oppressions of Nineveh, under which the subject nations groaned, came at last, because of the frantic and capricious cruelties and gross iniquities of Sardanapalus, to be no longer endurable, and roused the Medes, Arabians, Bactrians, and other tributaries, to a united revolt, already serving as they were in the camps around Nineveh. These, assisted by an army from Jerusalem, took Nineveh, after a fearful struggle, by assault, when its proud walls and palaces were leveled with the earth, the tyrant perishing in its ruins.

The hopes of the rebels, as they were deemed till they triumphed, were sustained, and their arm strengthened to overcome the tremendous resistance of the Assyrians, and the tributary powers that adhered to them, by the belief inculcated by the Median priest Belissus, that the gods were warring with them, and had decreed the doom of the wicked Assyrian power by their hands. Their vast force when united was commanded by the Median king, the young Arbaces; another Achilles in prowess, and infinitely his superior in mercy and generosity. A more magnificent hero of war has, perhaps, never been described.

Ants in South America.—But there is one variety of ant which must be excluded from all commendation. There is a small species, called Sauba, and they are a terrible annoyance to the proprietors of rosinhas, inasmuch as they strip the fruit trees of their leaves. An army of these will march to the tree, part ascending, and the others remaining below. Those above commence their devastation, clipping of the leaves by large pieces; and those below shoulder them as they fall, and march away to their rendezvous. It is surprising what a load one of these little things will carry, as disproportionate to its size as if a man should stalk off beneath an oak. Before morning, not a leaf is left upon the tree, and the unfortunate proprietor has the consolation of knowing that unless he can discover the retreat of the saubas, and unhole them, one by one every tree upon his premises will be stripped.—[Edward's Voyage up the Amazon.

A Promise Fulfilled.—Lady Elizabeth D'Arcy, the fair and richly-portioned daughter of Thomas Earl Rivers, was wooed by three suitors at the same time; and the knights, as in chivalry bound, were disposed to contest the prize with target and lance; but the lady forbade the battle, and menaced disobedience with her eternal displeasure, promising, however, jocularly, that if they had but patience she would have them all in their turn, and she literally fulfilled her promise; for she married first Sir George Trenchard of Wolverton, who left her a widow at seventeen; secondly, Sir John Gage of Firle; and thirdly, Sir William Hervey, of Ickworth—the three original claimants of her hand.—[The Patrician.

Love and Debt.—There is a very little difference between the man in love and the man in debt. Both the debtor and the lover commence operations by promissory notes; the former giving bills to his creditor, and the latter sending *billets doux* to his fair one.

The lover, by promising to cherish, is honored with a place in the lady's good books; and the debtor, by promising to pay, winneth admission into the creditor's ledger.

Love keepeth its captive awake all night; so doth debt.

Love is uncalculating, and debt holdeth no reckoning

The man who oweth money is in need of brass, and so is the swain who poppeth the question.

ON LEAVING MY VILLA.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

I gaze with fond regret on you,
My cypresses, so green and tall,
And sweet acacian avenue, [all.
Because I nursed and rear'd you

On you with fond regret I gaze,
My hall, with vine-leaves trellised o'er,
Because I've seen you many days,
And never am to see you more.

I gaze on you with fond regret,
My children! for you may be told
That love (like mine, too!) can forget—
Only with death does love lie cold.

Moorish Wedding.—The wedding of the *Sahab-el-Tabah* with a daughter of the Bey was far more interesting, which was then being celebrated. The solemnities took place in the beautiful marble court of the harem, over which a splendid red awning had been stretched. At each of the entrances of the several apartments were burning wax lights, of a foot in diameter, and painted in red and green stripes: over the sparkling fountains hung hundreds of colored lamps, and the whole scenery really reminded me of the stories of the Arabian Nights.

The bride was brought in by her brothers, seated on a cushion of gold brocade, amidst the sound of music, and placed on an antique and very costly arm-chair in the middle of the court. She was dressed heavily, but with wonderful magnificence. I especially admired a diadem glittering with jewels, and dazzling foot-clasps and armlets. Her arms and feet were naked; under the soles, as well as a little round the sides, they were dyed red-brown with *henna;* the nails on the fingers and toes, as well as the eyelids and eye-brows, were stained black. She appeared with closed eyes, which she must not open the whole day; her husband is also not allowed to see her for the first three days. Beside her stood two female dancers, and before her a negress, with a lacquered basin of colossal dimensions, in which were placed the presents of gold, jewels, and other valuables, the list of which, with the names of the donors, was read aloud. Two decanters, set with large diamonds, and several packets of wrought gold, appeared to be the most considerable. Every two hours the bride was carried back to her apartments, on the same cushion; there her dress was changed, and she was brought back, and placed again on the arm-chair.

This ceremony lasted the whole day; and as the poor bride is not allowed to take any nourishment, she was several times almost fainting from fatigue, exhaustion, and the weight of the dresses. An old negress placed a lozenge from time to time in her mouth, which appeared to revive her. The entertainment consisted again only of sweetmeats and pastry, coffee, chocolate, lemonade, &c.; but the Bey was this time far more talkative, and played the host in the most affable manner, saying frequently that we were in our own house, and might do whatever we pleased. He himself took the light, to show us the bridal bed, which was of white satin, tastefully embroidered with gold, and steps leading up to it with crimson velvet.—Mrs. Berner.

St. Petersburgh.—St. Petersburgh lies at the junction of the Neva with the Lake Ladoga, in latitude 60; but the reader may have a better idea of its situation by being informed that it stands on both sides of the river Neva, between that lake and the bottom of the Finland Gulf. In the year 1703, this city consisted of a few small fishing huts, on a spot so waterish and swampy, that the ground was formed into nine islands, by which, according to Voltaire, its principal quarters are still divided. Without entering into too minute a description of this wonderful city, it is sufficient to say that it extends about six miles every way, and contains every structure for magnificence, the improvement of the arts, revenue, navigation, war, commerce, and the like that are to be found in the most celebrated cities in Europe. Being the emporium of Russia, the number of ships trading to it in the summer time is surprising. In winter, many thousand one horse sledges are employed for passengers in the streets. It contains five palaces, some of which are superb, particularly that which is called the New Palace, near the Triumphal Port, which is an elegant piece of architecture. All the neighborhood of this city is covered with country houses and gardens.

Diversity of opinion.—I willingly concede to every man what I claim for myself—the freest range of thought and expression; and am perfectly indifferent whether the sentiments of others on speculative subjects coincide with or differ from my own. Instead of wishing or expecting that uniformity of opinion should be established, I am convinced that it is neither practicable nor desirable; that varieties of thought are as numerous, and as strongly marked, and as irreducible to one standard, as those of bodily form; and that *to quarrel with one who thinks differently from ourselves, would be no less unreasonable than to be angry with him for having features unlike our own.*—[Anonymous.

Purity is peace and happiness is Heaven.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1847.

IS ODD-FELLOWSHIP "A PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT?"

There have been periods in the history of all great enterprises, when the bodies engaged in such labors have found it necessary to recur to the elementary principles which governed them, and to discuss the propriety of rejecting or revising the original construction of their preliminary laws. This has been found necessary in order to adapt the proposed ends to the wants and wishes of society, as it advances in its endeavor after improvement or amelioration.

The Institution of Odd-Fellowship appears to have arrived at the point where an analysis of its real character and its real position seems indispensible for its future well being. With the steadily progressing and uncontrollable onward movement of the age, Odd-Fellowship must become identified, or it will be merged in the wreck of those conservative institutions, which are so fast yielding to the progress of the times. Our Order cannot much longer remain even in the rear of the old and worn-out dynasties of monarchical Europe, as far as its executive and legislative organization are concerned. Its precepts and the principles it avows, of Universal Brotherhood, and the recognition of doing good unto others in the same ratio as we would have good dispensed to ourselves, are too significant in their meaning, too weighty in their bearing on the future destinies of mankind, to be much longer fettered by restrictive laws, or to be left to the irresponsible dictation of one man, or one set of men, regardless of the general good. Odd-Fellowship is a work of reform; it is therefore emphatically a Progressive Movement. It must keep pace with the age—it must accommodate itself to the feelings and prejudices of the people, on whom its mission is ostensibly to act: and most especially are these considerations imperative on Odd-Fellowship in these United States. A nation like America, that has sprung into vigorous existence, from its unflinching resistance of despotic and monarchical power, will never tolerate for any long period, institutions which in any degree savor of the leaven of the domination their forefathers so heroically rejected. That the Order of Odd-Fellowship, even in the amended form it has assumed in its Independent character, partakes too much of the monarchical character of the government whence it sprung, has been the subject of grave consideration to many reflecting members. That this state of its internal government, may have suited the exigencies of its early foundation in this country, is probable. At that period, we look upon Odd-Fellowship as being more of the character of a Social Benevolent Society, than the high and ennobling Institution it has now become, and which the gradually elevated character and vastly increasing number of its members, have mainly contributed to elevate it to.

That the old members of our Institution, and those imbued with the feeling natural to this class, are not fully sensible of the changes which have taken place in Odd-Fellowship, is, perhaps, not a matter of surprise. These brethren have been the leaders, and have become almost the hereditary aristocracy of the Order; and like all privileged bodies, they are somewhat obtuse in their perceptions of passing events without the immediate sphere of their duties, or their observation. But the intelligent younger members of the Order, untrammeled by these absolute prejudices and fixed rules, take broader and more truthful views of the end and aim of Odd-Fellowship. They see the great and important Mission it has to perform; they see the vast interests it is gradually drawing within its sphere; they feel that, for it to become thoroughly efficient in its holy work, it must adapt itself to the prevailing tone of the times, and must assimilate itself more closely to the existing Republican Institutions by which it is surrounded.

In striving to effect all this, there will naturally arise excitements and heartburnings; for these are the necessary attendants on all advancement. No struggle for great constitutional rights, have been exempted from these alloys. But we have no fears for the result. *Men* may become corrupt—they may cling to ancient prejudices—they may battle inch by inch for long-possessed authority. But *Principles* are ever the same; *they* outlive all party strife, and personal corruption. All attempts are futile, that would seek to retard the onward progress of Odd-Fellowship in its great work of universal freedom, and its well systematized capabilities to produce a constitutional organization compatible with the Republican sentiment of the age. Those who are striving against these Constitutional Reformations in Odd-Fellowship, are but vainly struggling against the tide of popular opinion; and like the Laocoon, every writhing they make, only fastens closer on their vitals the irresistible power that is encircling them. Arbitrary acts and despotic dogmas, self-constituted authority and individual construction of the Law, are all feeble barriers, placed to retard the onward progress of Constitutional Reform. The hand-writing is on the wall, denouncing the whole system of influence or authority which does not recognize the general good of the Order. Against this whole system of Legislation the fiat has gone forth. "*Mene mene* tekel upharsin!" is written on it, in legible characters. "It has been weighed in the balance, and has been found wanting." Odd-Fellowship *is* a progressive movement, and it can and will, constitutionally adapt itself to the wants and wishes of the Age.

THE CASE PLAINLY STATED.

TO THE EDITOR THE GOLDEN RULE:

The Grand Master of the State of New York has, by a Proclamation in which he acknowledges the law of his Grand Lodge to the contrary, suspended the Constitution of the Grand Lodge for nearly a year. This is cool enough, truly. Will he, by "virtue of the powers vested in him," permit the author of his own being, as Grand Master, the enjoyment of its existence under its charter for the same length of time, or will he suspend the charter also? I would advise him to read page 90 of the proceedings of the G.L. of U.S. for 1847, and while he may be thankful for the consideration he is there treated with, let him not forget the lesson then administered. Does he suppose that, in a recess, he is any more authorized to play the tyrant over his Grand Lodge than during its session? If there is any such monstrosity lurking under the very simple expressions of our laws which confer powers upon our presiding officers, as some things that are promulgated in certain quarters would seem to indicate, pray why is it not made known authoritatively and plainly? Educated in the Order from the initiatory degree to the Royal Purple to yield obedience to my Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment as supreme, I am all at once called upon, not only to obey my Grand Master, but to do so in opposition to my Grand Lodge. I am a plain man, desirous of obtaining for myself, and seeing preserved for my children, and extended to all worthy men, the benefits of this Institution. But if I am to be taught here that the English language, when used among Odd Fellows, contains more meaning or less, in important matters than it does when used in ordinary life, I must be let into this hidden meaning and approve of it, or I can no longer remain a member of a society founded upon outrageous deception. I speak plainly, because circumstances require it. I do so the more confidently, because I believe that these things require only the attention of our supreme government to be called to them to have the proper and efficient correctives applied.

The Grand Lodge of New York is supreme in Odd-Fellowship in this State. The Grand Lodge of the United States is supreme over all Grand Lodges. Why then does it happen that, with the mandates of the latter in my hands and the laws of the former before me, both agreeing, and so plain that he who runs may read them, I am, while

religiously obeying the same, all at once met with commands directly contrary from a quarter which I had been instructed to regard only as authorized to aid in carrying into effect these laws and mandates? There is a very simple question to be answered in this matter, viz: is the power of Grand Officers derived from and subordinate to their Grand Lodges, or is it independent of and co-equal with their Grand Lodges? If the latter is the doctrine of the Order, I repeat, let it be proclaimed—and if, in one month after such proclamation, there be a free white male citizen, aged 21 or upwards, who is found a member of the Order from Maine to Texas, it must be because he has lost his senses, or wont believe a word of the proclamation.

On page 90 of "Proceedings of G.L.U.S., September, 1847," will be found the following declarations:

"Whatever may be the case in other organizations, in our Order at least the G.M. does not form an *independent* part of the governing power." (The italics are in the original.) * * * "Who can set bounds to the despotism which may be established if such a principle as the committee contend against be once admitted?"

The following is the 10th Article of the By-Laws of the G. L. of the U. S:

"The Constitution of each Grand and Subordinate Lodge, or Encampment, chartered by this Grand Lodge, immediately on its adoption shall be forwarded to this Grand Lodge for its approval."

On pages 21 and 22 of the Proceedings of the G.L. of the U.S. at the Annual Session for 1847, is found the following declaration of the effect of that By-Law.

"In the interval between the adoption of the Constitution, or amendment, and its confirmation by the G.L.U.S. it is binding upon the body by which it has been adopted."

On page 93, same proceedings will be found the following order of the G.L.U.S:

"Let the old Constitution (of N.Y.) be declared the organic law of State *until* the November Session. If at that time the proposed Constitution be adopted, of course it will become the law of the Order, but if rejected, the old Constitution will continue in force, giving them however an opportunity for its further amendment according to its provisions."

On the same page, and on pages 108 and 112 of same proceedings, will be found the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That the Constitution of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York, which was in force prior to August, 1846, is now the fundamental law of the said Grand Lodge; and that Art. 6. Sec. 1, of the said constitution, which was stricken out, be and hereby is restored and declared in full force and effect, except so far as is reserved in the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the form of Constitution reported by the convention, except such parts of it as may be stricken out by this G. Lodge, be and hereby is referred to the R. W. Grand Lodge of New York: and the said Grand Lodge of New York is hereby directed, at its session in November next, to take up the said form of Constitution, and act upon the same with full power to adopt or reject, or amend and adopt, as if regularly and formally before that body for its final action in pursuance of Art. 6, Sec. 1, of its constitution; provided, however, that the Constitution as adopted be forwarded to this G. Lodge for approval, pursuant to the requirements of Art. 10 of the By-Laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

In pursuance of this mandate, the G. L. of N. Y. amended and adopted the form of Constitution reported by the Convention, (except such parts as had been stricken out by the G.L.U.S.) at the November Session, and made an order for its going into effect immediately after the close of said session, in pursuance of the decisions of G.L.U.S. above recited.

Thus, so far as the Supreme Authoritity of the G.L.U.S. and of the G. L. N. Y. respectively are concerned, the new Constitution is now the constitution of the G.L.N.Y.

But the G.M. of New York has issued the following Proclamation:

(This document was inserted in our last paper, and it is therefore unnecessary to repeat it.—Ed. Rule.)

I will not abuse the patience, or offend the common sense of your readers by going into argument to prove the meaning of that which can have but one meaning. The recital above made of the power of the Grand Master, and of the mandates of the G.L.U.S. and G.L.N.Y. are sufficient, and plainer than any other mode of stating the same things can well be.

In this case, however, there is a further matter which is one of not a little delicacy. And that is, the present resort of the G.L.N.Y. for redress from this proceeding of the G. M. The G.L.N.Y. holds no session till August next, and till then has no opportunity of redressing its own insulted authority. The G.L.U.S. holds no session until September next, and meanwhile cannot issue any mandate to vindicate its orders from perversion or resistance. There exists, however, an officer of the G.L.U.S., who is supposed to have full power, to settle the law in such cases, and to *enforce* it.

Now has that officer, as between *himself* and a Grand Body, authority to enforce his decision of the meaning of a law of the G. L. U. S. against that of a Grand Body? The decisions of Grand Sires are entitled to, and have ever received, the highest respect. But is a Grand Body accountable in obedience to him or to the G.L.U.S.? Would not any law, that should place Grand Bodies during forty-nine fiftieths of the year under the control of a Grand Sire, be establishing a "despotism without bounds?" Has the G.L.U.S. made any such law, or provided any method of enforcing it? Has not, on the contrary, all her legislation gone to establish the supremacy of Grand Bodies in their own jurisdictions and accountability for obedience to herself alone? And has not the G. L. U. S. distinctly declared the organic laws of Grand Bodies, (the highest exercise of the law-making power) in force in their jurisdictions during the recess? If a Grand Sire possessed the power under consideration, why enact such a law, and why has the Grand Sire not been furnished with the means of enforcing his decisions? Lex.

LETTER FROM ILLINOIS.

It gives us great pleasure to lay before our readers the following letter, from P.G.M. Stevens S. Jones, R.W. Grand Representative from Ill. to the G.L.U.S. The testimony of such eminent brethren of the Order, is most grateful to our feelings, and among the highest rewards which can be bestowed upon our labors in the cause of Odd Fellowship. It equally delights us to know that we enjoy the approval of our fair country-women, who, ever foremost in all works of true benevolence, are always ready to sustain every effort for the relief of the distresses of others. Encouraged as we are by these tokens of confidence and good will, we shall go forward fearlessly and zealously in the great cause of Human Progress.

St. Charles, Nov. 22, 1847.

Dear Sir and Brother.—I am fully aware that the Golden Rule is an efficient engine, in promoting the advancement of the great cause of our beloved Order. I therefore deem it my duty to encourage its circulation, and shall do so when convenient. I am happy to inform you, that here, as in other places, the Golden Rule is not only a favorite with the Brothers, who peruse it, but with the Ladies generally who are so fortunate as to have a like opportunity.

When I was last at your office, you expressed a desire to occasionally hear from the state of the order in this section of the country. It is with great pleasure that I am able to inform you that the cause of Odd Fellowship is suffering nothing in this State. For the last two years the prospects of our Order have been of the most favorable cast, and such as would not be discreditable to an older and more densely populated State.

I trust many a desponding heart has been cheered and made glad, by the happy influence of our ever-to-be revered principles. New Lodges are being instituted frequently in every part of our State.

We shall doubtless number as high as forty by the next session of our G. Lodge, which is to be holden at its new location, in the city of Peoria, on the Illinois River, in July next, when we flatter ourselves we shall have a full attendance of Representatives from all subordinate Lodges under our jurisdiction, as it will be a point quite easy of access to most of the Lodges; at which time we shall also commence work under our newly revised constitution, which we think is not inferior to the best.

With my best wishes for your future prosperity in promulgating the principles of the great cause of Odd Fellowship,

I am Fraternally Yours, S. S Jones.

CELEBRATION AT PRATTSBURG, N. Y.

Prattsburg, Nov. 29, 1847.

Brother Winchester—Presuming you feel an interest in the welfare of each division of our great Brotherhood, I take the liberty of sending you a brief notice of the Prattsburgh branch of our Order.

Prattsburgh Lodge, No. 257, was instituted a little more than a year since, amid the maledictions and denunciations of some, and the ridicule and contempt of others. One religious denomination, which controls public opinion in this little town, raised its hands in holy horror; ordered fastings and prayer, and for a long time every passing breeze, was charged with a petition to heaven that "this great evil might be removed from among them." Notwithstanding all this our members steadily increased, and by the rigid scrutiny observed towards the candidates offering themselves for membership, we let our opposers see that Odd Fellowship was not a "receptacle for earth's outcasts." A preacher from abroad was sent for, who warned the people against forming any alliance with this unholy Temple, dedicated to the worship of other gods. The result was, several leading members of the church soon after sent in their application, and were received and initiated.

Thinking a public lecture exposing fully the principles and practice of the Order would be of service in allaying some of the prejudice that existed against us, we obtained the consent of the G. Lodge,

and extended an invitation to P. G., T. J. Dryer, of Geneva, which was accepted, and last Friday the 26th inst., pursuant to public notice, he met the brethren and the citizens, the former appearing in regalia, and although the weather was unpropitious, and the roads horrible, so that few brethren from abroad were present, the house was well filled with an attentive and deeply interested audience. My limits will not permit me to give even a synopsis of the speaker's argument. He spoke of the tendency of the age to harden the heart against the appeals of human suffering, and the great necessity of benevolent organizations, for the amelioration of the condition of man. He eloquently depicted the hollow pretentions of a nominally charitable world, and how precarious indeed the condition of that man, overtaken by misfortune, who is dependent on its charity. He instituted a comparison of the brotherly love existing between the members of certain professedly charitable organzations, and showed how widely assunder were their professions and their practice; and on the other hand conclusively established the identity of the theory and practice of Odd Fellowship. He next met and refuted all the principal objections urged against our Order,in a manner at once clear and convincing.

He then concluded by a few eloquent and touching remarks to the brethren, on their duties and responsibilities, the necessity of keeping a strict watch over their conduct, constantly subject as they were to the lynx-eyed scrutiny of a slander loving world. Brother Dryer is a host in himself, and I confidently anticipate much good to our Order growing out of this discourse. Yours, F. J. S.

News from the Lodges.

PENNSYLVANIA.

LANCASTER, Dec. 6, 1847.

Dear Sir and Bro.—Mount Joy Lodge No. 277, at Mt. Joy, was instituted on Saturday last, by D.D.G.M. C. C. Ihling, assisted by Bro. J. L. Reynolds, N.G. of No. 67, together with a number of Bros. of said Lodge. There were also present a large representation from Donegal and Elizabethtown Lodges. In the evening, four candidates were initiated into the mysteries of Odd-Fellowship. This Lodge starts under very favorable auspices, although surrounded by prejudice, and opposition. This makes eight Lodges in this District Our progress is onward. The following brothers were duly elected and installed into their respective chairs: John Kulp, N.G.; Robt. Dysant, V.G., Jacob L. Nagle, S.; John Long, A.S; John Patterson, T. After the initiation, the brethren partook of a sumptuous supper, provided by the brothers of Mt. Joy, to which ample justice was done.

I observe a few errors in the Directory, lately published in your paper. Lancaster Lodge 67, you have Wednesday, in place of Thursday. North Star 166, you have Friday in place of Wednesday. Also, Washington Encampment No. 11, should be 2 4 Tuesday, instead of 2 4 Thursday. With these corrections you have the Lodges in this District correct. Yours in bonds, C.C.I.

NEW JERSEY.

Caution.—The members of the Order, (especially in the Western States,) are hereby notified that a Visiting Card for four months, granted to Benjamin Crow, on the 8th day of November last, by New Brunswick Lodge No. 6. N. J. has been declared invalid by said Lodge, the same having been obtained and used for fraudulent purposes. By order of the Lodge.

INDIANA.

DELPHI, Nov. 28, 1847.

Bro. Winchester: I believe that you have a correspondent in this State who keeps you advised of the progress of the Order here. Occasionally, I notice that Bro. Canniff, of Lafayette, writes, but I have not seen anything from his pen for some months past

In no part of the United States is our beloved Order placed upon a more firm and sure foundation, than within this jurisdiction. It may not have increased with the rapidity which has characterised some of the older States, but so far as my knowledge extends, Odd-Fellowship in Indiana is placed in the hands of the right kind of men.

Delphi Lodge No. 28, of which I am a member, has been in existence nearly two years, and now numbers sixty members. Our officers are, Levi S. Dale, N.G.; Lewis A. Gaylord, V.G.; Jesse R. Henry, S.; R. H. Gordon, T.

P.G. Milford, a few months since, removed from this place to Attica, Fountain county, in this State, and at the same time withdrew his card from this Lodge, and deposited the same in the Lodge at the latter place. Much to our regret we learned a few days since of his death. He was very much beloved by the members of our Lodge, and his loss is universally deplored. On last Monday evening, (our regular Lodge night,) resolutions of respect, sympathy and condolence were unanimously adopted. Fraternally yours, J. H. S.

TEXAS.

Extract from a letter from P.G.M. L. P. Sundberg, to the Editor of the Golden Rule, dated GALVESTON, Nov. 30, 1847.

It affords me pleasure to announce, that the first Encampment in this State was instituted here by Special Deputy Bro. P C.P. J. DeCordova, on the 23d inst. and hailed as "Lone Star, No. 1." The following are its officers: Jas. M. Brown, C.P.; L. P. Sundberg, H.P.; Wm. Williamson, S.W.; Wm. M. Casper, J.W.; J. J. Mills, S.; Oscar Farish, T.; J. Dyer, Sent.

Yours Fraternally, L. P. S.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1847.

☞ Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, Editor and Proprietor, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms $2 a year in advance, or 6¼ per week, delivered by a carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Golden Rule is published in Philadelphia, by CURTIS & NORCROSS, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North Sixth street, by whom subscriptions will be received and papers delivered in any part of the city Packages sent to the adjoining towns out of the mails.

BOSTON.—Office of the Golden Rule, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the Rule sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

LOCAL AGENTS AND OTHERS

Who propose to compete for any of the Premiums offered in another column, are particularly requested to transmit their lists at the earliest moment, so that we may print a sufficient edition to supply all from the commencement of the Volume. Let it be understood, that *every subscriber* for 1848 will receive a copy of the elegant steel engraved PORTRAIT OF THE M. W. GRAND SIRE, which will be of a size to bind as a frontispiece to the Volume. We hope they will act promptly.

SPLENDID REGALIA.

It will be observed that we offer the individual sending the largest number of new subscribers, previous to the first of February, a splendid set of Encampment Regalia, beautifully embroidered in gold with the Emblems of the Order, and which cost Fifty Dollars. Efforts for subscribers need not be confined to members, the Golden Rule being intended for a general Family Literary Journal, suited to all tastes.

THE NEW VOLUME.

We hope our friends and subscribers will be active and vigilant in behalf of the Golden Rule, and use their influence to increase its lists for the ensuing year. The cause in which we are engaged, in common, should command the exertions of every friend of the Order to disseminate a knowledge of its principles and objects; and there is no one who cannot do much, if he will, to accomplish this, by means of the Press—that great moral lever, which works such wonderful results, when directed to virtuous and noble ends. Let each of our subscribers and friends resolve to add at least *a single name to our list*, and we shall have acquired a great additional power for good. A reference to our Prospectus will show what our plans and purposes are for the coming year. We ask for it a careful consideration, and solicit such aid as our friends can consistently extend to us.

Congress.—We omitted to mention, in our last, that the 30th Congress was organized on Monday the 6th inst. in the choice of Mr. Robert S. Winthrop, of Mass. as speaker of the House, on the third ballot, by one or two majority. Mr. T. J. Campbell, of Tenn. was subsequently elected clerk by three majority. Both these gentlemen are Whigs, which party has a small majority in the House.—Nearly every member was in his seat.

The President's Message, and the Reports of the Heads of Departments, were sent in as usual, and our readers have all doubtless made themselves acquainted with their contents. The Treasurer's report shows the receipts for the last fiscal year to have been $52,025,989, of which sum nearly $26,000,000, were the avails of Treasury notes and loans. With a balance in the Treasury on the first of July 1846, of $9,126,439, the total means at the service of the Government were $61,152,428. The expenditures during the last fiscal year, ending June 30, 1847, were $59,451,177—leaving a balance in the Treasury at that date of $1,701,251. The total receipts from all sources for the present year are estimated at $42,886,545, and the expenditures at $58,615,650—leaving a deficit of $15,729,115, to be raised by loans or Treasury notes.

In our character of an independent journalist, eschewing politics, we may be permitted to allude particularly to the report of Mr Robert J. Walker, Secretary of the Treasury. Our own impression is, that this is the ablest State paper that has issued from the Treasury Department, within our recollection. The great and comprehensive appreciation of the true principles of *practicable progress*, as there exhibited, with the able treatment of commercial and financial matters, indicate Mr. Walker's mind to be of a stamp that, while it grasps with infinite expansion the great principles of political economy, can at the same time probe the varied minutiæ of details, in all their extended ramifications, throughout the theory

and practice of commercial and financial affairs. This document proves Mr. Walker to be one of the ablest Statesmen of the times, as well as the most industrious man of his day. We are gratified to see the honorable mention which is made in the report of the result of our highly esteemed friend D. P. BARHYDT's visit to Europe, on a mission of investigation into the Warehouse system. We believe this to be as well deserved by Mr. B., as it is honorable to him.

Brother Barhydt's abilities have been frequently evinced in the pages of this journal, as enriched by his contributions, especially in his letters from Europe, under the signature of "ORION." And with us it is not the least evidence of Mr. Walker's ability, in estimating men, that he should have selected Bro. B., for one of the members of a commission of such vital importance to the commercial interests of this country.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—We have been highly gratified by a sight of the very beautiful design for the Washington Monument, made by Messrs. Trimble and Cherry, and trust that it will shortly be submitted to the public for inspection. The design appears to us to be peculiarly characteristic for the purpose, the monument is intended to commerate.

The style of the Architecture is a compound of the Grecian and Roman; and combines in its appearance, dignity and grace. The main part of the Building forms a fac-simile of the celebrated temple of Theseus, from which rises a magnificent Dome, the whole surmounted by a Colossal Statue of the Goddess of Liberty. In the centre of the main apartment, a statue of Washington is to be placed.

Tne upper portion of the monument is to form an Observatory, and the Basement Story is appropriated for a Mausoleum for the illustrious dead. We think the design will not fail to recommend itself to the attention of the Monument Committee.

BRO. TRIMBLE is well known, as the Builder of the Broadway Theater, and MR. CHERRY has acquired a distinguished reputation as a scientific Architect.

A VERMILLION EDICT.—We are told upon good authority, and believe the report, that several opponents of the new Constitution, and advocates of the "one man power," have issued an Edict that the Golden Rule shall not have *one hundred subscribers in this city*, after the close of its present volume. Well, it may be so; yet we are not willing to believe that our city readers possess so little independence of character, or so little of the Charity which should govern our brotherhood, as to be induced to discontinue the RULE, except from more honorable motives than those of party feeling. Indeed, we are sure, from personal knowledge, that we have as sincere and steadfast friends among those who differ from us in opinion, as any in the world. We are satisfied, nevertheless, that extraordinary efforts are making to effect the object above mentioned, but with what degree of success remains to be seen. We shall pursue "the even tenor of our way," in the advocacy of Constitutional Reform whenever the circumstances of the Order require it—seeking always to disseminate the great principles of Brotherhood and mutual Relief which are the distinctive features of the Order. We rely with confidence on the support, in our labors, of all *good and true* Odd-Fellows in the defense of THE RIGHT—and have no fear but that we shall have abundant "supporters" both "right" and "left," *if we deserve them.*

SUPPOSED POST OFFICE ROBBERY.—On the 23d of Nov. our Agent Brother J. H. Whitney, mailed a letter to us, at Greenwich, Washington Co. N. Y., containing $40—a $20, and two $10 bank notes—which has never reached us. As there is, we believe, but one intervening office—Albany—between Greenwich and New York, the loss of this money lies between the three places. It seems perfectly unaccountable on any other supposition than peculation. The Post-Masters must settle it among themselves; but we would prefer to have money letters of ours let alone in future.

DUEL.—Mr. H. W. HERBERT, a literary gentleman of some notoriety, and well known to many publishers, recently fought a duel at Newark, N. J. with an attorney of this city, but fortunately received no other injury than the loss of a portion of one whisker, and a small hole through the leg—of his pantaloons! In common with a large number of publishers, we are gratified at Mr. H's escape, for "*while there is life there is hope!*"

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.—Notice has been given in the House of Representatives, of a bill to repeal so much of the Postage law of last session, as relates to postage on newspapers within thirty miles of the place of publication. There are other portions of that infamous law which might be repealed with decided advantage to the people as well as the revenue.

THE ORDER IN WISCONSIN.—It has been our pleasure, during the present week, to make the acquaintance of Bro. J. D. KINSMAN, of Southport, Wisconsin—M.W. Grand Master of the G. L. of that young and thriving jurisdiction—who is now on a visit to our city. We are happy to hear from him, that Odd-Fellowship is rapidly extending its bounds in the Prarie-land, where it is performing, as every where else, its errand of good, not only to those within, but to many without its bounds. Bro. K. possesses the most liberal and enlightened views of the Mission of Odd-Fellowship, and under his administration, the Order cannot fail to prosper in our young sister of the Far West.

—We have been favored with an exceedingly interesting communication from Grand Master KINSMAN, which we shall publish next week. We trust it will not be the last of like valuable and esteemed favors.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—The late terrible commercial disasters in England have called forth sundry comments upon the past and future of that country, from the French press. The *National*, a Paris paper, thus sums up its remarks upon the present state of affairs in England:

"That which has just taken place in England should be, to France, a warning and a lesson. A warning to us on the one hand, to keep aloof, and not to link our commercial destinies to those of a people so shaken to the foundations; on the other hand, not to be too much troubled on account of the power of this government. Certainly Great Britain is still to be watched and dreaded; but she is no longer, thank God, what she has been. Her phase of development appears to us to be finished. Opposed, face to face, to the entire world, she has appeared as the last and most energetic representative of the aristocratic principle. This principle, undermined throughout Europe, is tottering even in England: and with it shall totter and fall the means by which it has prevailed. From its defeat, liberty for the people shall issue victorious; and therefore we may be permitted to hail the financial ruin of Great Britain as the signal of the approaching triumph of democracy. The bankruptcy of the Bank of England would avenge our disgraces of 1814-15, and would make another attempt at invasion forever impossible."

Granting what you say, *M. le National*, to be true *as far as it goes*, let us ask you whether yet another warning, yet another lesson may not be drawn, not by your nation only, but by *all other* civilized nations, from the facts to which you refer?

The misfortunes and troubles of England are not consequent simply on the failure of her monetary and commercial arrangements; their source lies far deeper, and must be sought in the mal-arrangement of her social and industrial relations; in the subjection of labor to capital, and in the conflict of interests between the different classes, which makes of every man an Ishmaelite; and therefore, *every nation* within whose borders the same false arrangements exist, should look on England, and take warning for *the same causes must everywhere produce, sooner or later, the same effects.*

PAUPERISM.—In Sweden, where the population numbers near 3,500,000 souls, remarkable for the simplicity of their life, and their devotion to agricultural pursuits, there are only 3 paupers out of 4000 inhabitants; while out of the same number there are in Norway 20, in Denmark 16, in Wurtenburg 20, in Switzerland 40, in Italy, 62, in France 60, in the British Islands collectively 68, in England alone 40.

Is it not clear that the civilized world must be very far gone in a path which is not the one marked out for us by our Creator? But who shall show to the nations of the earth *the right path*, the path to plenty, to intelligence, to brotherhood, to PEACE? The solution of this question is surely the most important task of our age, and concerns, in the most vital manner, every human creature; one, we hope which will never be considered as devoid of interest by any brother of our Order.

THE POPE'S CROWN.—The following anecdote concerning Pius IX, is stated in L'Amie de la Religion:

Quite recently a respectable French Missionary was received by the august pontiff at a private audience. He held in his hands a portrait of the Pope, of the likeness of which he wished to assure himself, and a crucifix which he desired to have blessed by his Holiness: "Oh! *that* is my true image," cried the Pope, taking in his hand the image of the crucified, and shedding tears, "like him I am nailed to the cross, like him I wear upon my brow a crown of thorns."

FLORIDA CANAL.—A ship cnaal across the isthmus of Florida is talked of. It is said to require a canal only 17 miles in length to connect the St. Johns on the Atlantic with the Withlacoochee on the Gulf, which would cost only $500,000. This would be of very great advantage to commerce.

BANQUETS.—Reform Banquets are quite the rage, just now, throughout France; they are announced by the dozen, all over the country, and seem to excite the greatest enthusiasm, at which we do not wonder, for the pleasures of the table, so generally appreciated by the human race, when exalted, refined, and completed by the free outpouring of noble thoughts and generous aspirations, become indeed, a gratification worthy of the gods. The halls selected for these banquets, are decorated with garlands and banners, and the toasts, on all these occasions are full of significance; as for instance the following which we translate from the account given by a leading Parisian journal of banquets recently given, or about to be, in various parts of the country. "*To the organization of labor.*" "*To the widest reform.*" "To the liberty of the press." "To the regeneration of Italy." "Salvation to Poland, to Switzerland, to Italy, to the world!"

We see that among the other manifestations of sympathy with the Romans and their glorious Pope, a banquet is announced in Paris, in honor of Pius IX, the subscription to which, in order to make it generally accessable, and thus secure the presence of a company which in point of *numbers* at least, shall be worthy of the occasion, has been put down to the moderate sum of five francs.

A SIGNIFICATIVE ACTION OF POPE PIUS IX.—Hitherto the Pope, whose advent is blessed by the whole world, having manifested his love of progress and liberty only in the political matters, persons have not been wanting who have pretended that he would show himself less liberal in religious matters. We now announce a fact which, however simple it may appear at first sight, is nevertheless one of considerable importance.

Signor C. A. Vecchj, a Roman subject and a Catholic, had espoused *before the civil authorities* at Marseilles, in 1842, Signora Victoria della Rippa, who belonged to the Jewish faith. Hitherto the Catholic Church has refused to consecrate a union of this kind, which according to the council of Trent, is a crime worthy of the Inquisition and the stake.

Yesterday, however, M. and Mde. Vecchj received the nuptial benediction in the church of Loretto. We must add that the price of the dispensation was suppressed, M. Vecchj having to pay only the very insignificant sum of 10 francs, the cost of registering.

This is then, the first marriage between Catholics and Israelites authorized by the church since the origin of Catholicism. It is unnecessary to comment upon an action so significative. Honor to Pius IX! Let him continue in the same path wherein he is working so gloriously, and we shall soon see some grand things in the world.

SOLEMN CIRCUMCISION.—It is really amusing to look abroad over the world, and see how every nation has its Shibboleth, its own particular point of honor, its tweedle-dum or tweedle-dee.

It appears that recently the Sultan, the divan of Constantinople, and consequently the whole Ottoman Empire, have been busy with a grand festival of the rite of circumcision. Among the numerous progeny which His Highness obtains from his Seraglio, were two boys old enough to read the Koran; this was therefore, the moment to submit them to the sacred knife, and, on this occasion, the imperial liberality extending to all boys born at about the same period with the two young princes, 8,000 children have been circumcised, receiving each, along with the classic consecration, a full suit of clothes and a hundred piastres.

Wooden benches were erected on a neighboring slope, for the mussulman ladies, who never mingle with the opposite sex. A Turk never goes about with his wife or wives: if he meet the car, drawn by oxen, in which are shut the members of his harem, he never makes the least sign of recognition, but walks on as though entirely unacquainted with the whole concern.

In front was a gallery of wood, some four hundred feet in length, disposed in the form of a half-circle. On one side it was supported by pillars, and open to the plain. Within, nothing was to be seen but bright-colored mattresses and coverings, for the use of the newly circumcised; and three rows of benches, separated by wide intervals. A barricade was formed about 25 feet from this gallery, to keep the mothers at a distance, for the liturgic law has wisely forbidden their presence at this ceremony. At the back of the crescent were doors leading to a vast enclosure, covered with hundreds of tents. It is in these mysterious asylums, in the presence and with the aid of the father, that the little mussulmen receive the rite of circumcision, which was bestowed at the rate of a thousand a-day.

A vast multitude filled the plain. Here and there were to be seen the arabats, a sort of chariot, in the shape of a raised platform, drawn by oxen, whose harness is ornamented with small mirrors and silver nails, on which eight or ten Turkish ladies are seated, their beauty scrupulously protected against profane eyes, by a *gachmas* of delicate muslin; but in truth, this covering is often so transparent, that it is as though it did not exist.

Some of these little nests of *odalisques* are under the watch and wardship of a fat eunuch, with hips as large as a woman's. This *kislar-agha*, or *captain of the women*, is on horse-back, attended by his servants. Sometimes he is decorated with the *nicham*.

The dance is an inseparable element of all these festivals; but although the Turks love dancing, they do not like to dance. They are the spectators, but never the actors. In Turkey the dancer is always paid.

THE PRICE OF A KISS.—A manufacturer of Middleburg, in Zealand, was extremely desirous to kiss a certain young girl, who appeared by no means to share his desire, for she would only allow him to take a kiss, one single kiss, at the price of a small linen bag which the manufacturer was accustomed to carry in his pocket, and which he assured her, was full of cents.

When the little dulcinea opened the bag, she saw, not without satisfaction, that instead of *cents*, it contained *guillaumes*, good solid guillaumes, each worth about $10. The gentleman tried to get back his bag; in vain; she held on to it firmly. He then addressed himself to the police-office, alledging that there was evidently a mistake, and that a single kiss could not possibly be worth so much; but the tribunal decided in favor of the lady, on the grounds, 1st, that whatever is given is given, and 2nd, that the value of a kiss cannot be decided upon.

ANECDOTE OF PIUS IX.—We find the following in the Gazette de France:—Cardinal Lambruschini had written to several religious communities, desiring them to offer prayers on behalf of the Pope, that he might be delivered from his blindness. One of these letters having been sent to the Pope, he immediately sent to request the Cardinal to come and see him. The Cardinal having replied that he was sick and could not obey the summons before the next day, the Pope sent him word that he would himself visit the Cardinal, who thereupon hastened to the Vatican. When the Cardinal had presented himself to the Pope, the latter put into his hand the letter which he had addressed to the religious houses, and said to the Cardinal, when he had read it, "You now understand why I could not sleep until I had pardoned you."

It is stated that the *Hymn to Pius IX* is sung openly at Madrid, at balls, at festivals, at the theaters, and in presence of the Queen, the Court setting the example of enthusiasm for the regenerator of Italy.

SHOWER OF FROGS.—We learn from the journals of *Metz*, that on the 17th of October last, about ten o'clock at night, during a severe storm, the village of Oaux was literally visited with the second of the whilom plagues of Egypt, the ground being suddenly covered with frogs, which penetrated even into the houses. The workmen busied in the wine-presses hastened to announce this curious fact to their fellow-villagers, who secured an ample harvest of this novel manna.

No probable cause of this strange occurrence has been assigned. Can it be that a water-spout can have drawn upward the waters of some marsh and its inhabitants also?

STONINGTON ROUTE.—This is now the favorite route to the East The Vanderbilt is one of the finest boats on our waters. Her arrangements are on the most liberal scale, state-rooms, berths, tables, and all. The room we occupied on our trip last week, thanks to Bro. WALKER, was spacious and beautiful enough in its fitting up for the the bed-chamber of a king. Agents and officers ever ready to oblige you, and make you comfortable. And then the cars on the Stonington Road—some of them are locomotive palaces; as might be expected from our friend RUTTER who has the direction of matters in this department. He has wisely put ground glass shades to the lamps—all that is wanting now is to put the lamps in the rear, instead of in front; and so save the eyes of those who cannot sleep.

BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY PRESENTS—We know nothing more suitable for a New Years present, than some article of Jewelry, Watch, &c. which has some intrinsic value, besides being a token of remembrance. All those who wish something *recherche*, will do well to look in upon Mr. Geo. C. Allen, 51 Wall street, whose advertisements will be found in our columns. His stock is extensive, and prices most reasonable.

WHAT Word in our language expresses the king of crimes, and read backward names his prime-minister? Ans. MURDER—(RED-RUM.)

"A WOMAN's heart is an abyss," said a philosopher."

"If it be an abyss, it must at least be a very pleasant one," replied his friend, "since every man is impatient to throw himself into it."

DEFINITION.—The hight of patience may be considered to be a deaf man listening for the ticking of a sun-dial.—[Man in the Moon.

Notices of New Publications.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE AND OF LANGUAGE. In a course of Lectures. By Frederick Von Schlegel. Translated from the German by Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff-st. 1 vol. 12 mo. pp. 541.

The first portion of this work consists of fifteen lectures, which, in the language of the brief preface, are intended to give, as far as possible, a full and clear exposition of the most interesting topics that can engage human attention. They "treat of the soul, first of all, as forming the center of consciousnes, and secondly, of its co-operation with mind or spirit in science, that is, the acquisition of a right knowledge of man and nature, and of their several relations to the Deity." The Laws of Divine Wisdom and Providence are next treated of, as discernible in outward nature, in the world of thought, and the history of mankind. Then comes an attempt to trace the development of man's mind and spirit, both within himself and in science and public life—tracing its gradual expansion, as unfolded within by the legitimate pursuit of a restoration to original excellence, or by the struggle with the opposing spirit of the times, following the human race through its progressive gradations up to the closing term of perfection.

The last portion of the book comprises ten lectures on the Philosophy of Language, delivered at Dresden. It is the last production of his luminous mind, and possesses a very great value. The public are largely indebted to the Messrs. Harpers for bringing out this great work in so beautiful a form.

THE FLORAL YEAR: Embellished with Bouquets of Flowers, drawn and colored from Nature. Each flower illustrated with a Poem. By Mrs. Anna Peyre Dinnies. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. 1848.

This is one of the most splendid annuals for the ladies that we have seen. Its mechanical department is in the most perfect style of art. The binding, the paper, the large rich typography, are of the first class, and a delight to the eye. There are twelve bouquets of flowers, one for each month in the year, colored in the most finished and exquisite manner; and furnishing as gergeous and acceptable illustrations as ever graced the pages of an annual, or any parlor volume. Beside these, there is a very beautiful illustrated title page, printed in gold and colors. In addition to the Poems on each flower, some of which are very good; we have several sketches at the close of the volume, and appropriate indexes of the names and sentiments of flowers. Altogether this seems to be one of the most desirable gift-books for a young lady, to be found this season. It is an honor to the publishing house whence it comes, and to the American book trade.

POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF DR. THOMAS CHALMERS. Edited by Rev. Wm. Hanna, LL. D. Vol. I—DAILY SCRIPTURE READINGS. New York: Published by Harper and Brothers.

This is the first Volume of the Posthumous Works of Dr. Chalmers, the most distinguished theologian of his age. This volume consists of "Sabbath Exercises" and "Daily Scripture Readings." These were commenced in 1841, and continued regularly until the period of his death. He had no thought of ever publishing them, and they are therefore the more valuable, as containing the most familiar reflections of his devotional mind. They also form an exceedingly interesting and valuable commentary upon the Scriptures, and will be greatly prized by the religious world. The Daily Readings extend to Jeremiah, and this portion of the Posthumous Works will be completed in three volumes. These will be succeeded by "Sabbath Meditations on the Holy Scriptures," "Theological Institutes," "Lectures on Butler's Anologies," and "Discourses," one volume of the latter never having before been published. The whole series will occupy nine royal 12 mo. volumes, printed in elegant style, uniform with the English edition. The series will, we have no doubt, be received by the religious public with marked satisfaction.

A COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Lucius R. Paige. Vol. 3. Acts of the Apostles. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co.

The Commentary of Mr. Paige is taking a high position among the popular works of the day of like character. It is a truly valuable addition to the Biblical literature of the denomination with which he is connected. It is distinguished for industry, discrimination, sound judgment and Christian candor. One feature in it is very commendible. The author not only gives his own views on the different passages of the secred text, but presents the reader with the opinions and comments of other learned men; and so furnishes him with all the materials that may aid him in making up his judgment. The present volume abundantly sustains the expectations which the former issues had created; and shows Mr. Paige to be a careful and thorough student, and one whose opinions are worthy of great respect and consideration. We understand the sale is very large.

THE ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING FOR 1848.—Extract from a letter from Rev. Bro. A. CASE, Editor of the Covenant, to P.G. L. WYMAN, jr. Boston Publisher of the Golden Rule, and General Agent for the Offering in the Eastern States:

"This is the sixth annual "Offering," and far exceeds in outward appearance, and in the contents, any of its predecessors. Bro. EDWARD WALKER, the proprietor, has furnished abundant evidence of his ability to send forth one of the very prettiest Annuals of the season. JAMES L. RIDGELY and PASCHAL DONALDSON are the Editors, and this announcement will satisfy our brethren that not a word is admitted to sully its pages, or cause a blush on the fair cheek of modesty. The volume contains Fifty-Eight articles, by the Editors and other writers, of a decidedly high literary character. The book is embellished with Twelve elegant Engravings, which are worth to the Odd-Fellow, all the "Offering" costs.

It is decidedly the best Gift-Book for the season, we have seen. Many of its contributions are from female authors, and our brethren will find no Annual that would be more highly prized by their mothers, sisters, or female friends, than the Odd-Fellows' Offering.

Bro. L. WYMAN, Jr. Boston, is the General Agent for its sale in New England, and Bro. S. Thompson, Jr. has it for sale in Worcester.

ALBERT CASE, Editor Covenant.

WASHINGTON AND THE GENERALS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. With 16 Portraits on Steel from Original Pictures. Philadelphia: Published by Carey and Hart. 2 vols. 12 mo. pp. 322, 336.

These volumes possess a deep interest for every American reader. They include biographies, necessarily brief, of Washington, Greene, Wayne, Putnam, Gates, Lord Stirling, Schuyler, Sullivan Mercer, Armstrong, Knox, Arnold, Smallwood, De Haas, St. Clair, Elbert, Irvine, Weedon, Varnum, Woodford, Williams, Moylan, McDougal, Glover, McIntosh, Thompson, Nixon, Gist, Wooster, Spencer, Poor, Moore, Patterson, James Reed, Pomroy, Sumner, Stark, Moultrie, Joseph Reed, Greaton, Morgan, Marion, Charles Lee, Mifflin, Parsons, Lincoln, Montgomery, Whitcomb, Cadwalader, Heath, Thomas, George Clinton, James Clinton, Larned, Lafayette, Deborre, Pulaski, Russell, Ducoudray, Neuville, Steuben, De Woedtke, Kosciusko, Tufin, Duportail, De Formay, Conway, DeKalb, Gadsden, Hogan, Huger, Hazen, Wilkinson, Sumter, Scott, Pinckney, Howe, Frye, Ward, Rufus Putnam, Nash, Stephen, Dayton, Hand, Muhlenberg, Lewis, Huntington, Maxwell—eighty in all. The lives of these immortal patriots embraces a narrative of every important military event which occurred in our war of Independence, as well as most of the incidents of the French and Indian Wars which occurred previously. It is a work which ought to be in the possession of every family. For sale by W. H. Graham, Tribune Buildings, Nassau-st. New York.

OUTLINES OF GENERAL HISTORY, in the form of Question and Answer: Designed as the Foundation and Review of a Course of Historical Reading. By Richard Green Parker, A. M. Author of Aids to English Composition, &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12 mo. 411 pages.

The design of this volume is fully set forth in the title given above. It is a succinct compendium of history from the earliest period down to the present Mexican War; with the Constitution of the United States and the States of Massachusetts and New York, and an Index of nearly one hundred pages. The questions and answers are exceedingly brief; but they comprehend more in the same space than any other work of a similar character. It is a valuable school book, and we heartily commend it to the public.

☞ We have been in the receipt for several weeks past of a weekly journal called "The American Musical Times, a gazette devoted to Music, Literature, the Fine Arts and the Drama." It is edited by Mr. H. C. Watson, a well-known musical critic. Whatever talent there may be in its management, its appearance affords very slight evidence of the progress of the "Fine Arts." It seems to us that a journal devoted to the divine art of Music, should exhibit some decent respect for kindred arts.

Town Amusements.

PARK THEATER.—The Annual Benefits at this house have not been well patronized. This is to be regretted, for many of the beneficiaries are richly deserving of support, if only from their long and well-tried services.

Mr. Barry made his appeal on Monday last, and obtained the aid of the young American Tragedian, E. S. Conner, and Miss Charlotte Barnes. Col. Burnett, and his gallant compatriots in arms, who have lately arrived in the city, also visited the theater. And yet, these combined attractions failed in collecting such an audience as Mr. Barry's long services and character should have secured for him.

John Blake, the Old Pillar of the Park, whose facetiousness and efficiency have become proverbial in the city, took his benefit on Thursday, when a new infant prodigy, Miss Heron, made her *debut*. This young lady has obtained a wide-spread celebrity for her admirable personification of Irish characters. She is indeed a little wonder, and will not fail to produce a sensation. Her personations are really wonderful specimens of precaucious genius.

We understand that Welsh and Mann's Equestrian Company, take possession of the Park, for two months, after the Holidays. Alas! poor Old Drury!

BROADWAY THEATER.—Madame Bishop and her complete and highly talented Operatic troupe, are performing an eminently successful engagement at this house. Fashion may give the new Opera House a temporary ascendancy, but the beautiful and commodious arrangements of the Broadway Theater will make this house a favorite resort for those who can enjoy music without the adventitious aid of exclusiveness and fashion.

Lucrezia Borgia has been produced with the same unexceptionable cast, in the leading characters lately presented at the Park. The minor parts and the choruses were full and efficient. The scenery, costumes, and decorations were magnificent in the extreme: indeed, the whole piece was beautifully given.

M. Bochsa is the musical director, and it is positively a treat to witness his scientific management of the orchestra. Madame Bishop's engagement will continue during the coming week.

THE AMERICAN MUSICAL INSTITUTE.—This valuable institution gave a Miscellaneous Concert on Tuesday evening last, which proved one the richest musical treats of the season. The performances selected for the occasion, were gems from the Oratori of David and Goliath, and miscellaneous selections from favorite composers.

The great attraction of the evening was the first appearance of Mr. Arthurson, the celebrated Tenor, lately attached to the Seguin troupe.

Mr. Arthurson made a decided impression, he possesses a delicate, rich and mellow voice, which he manages with scientific skill and exquisite taste. He was loudly applauded throughout his performances, and in the Romanza, "Orche in Cielo," from Donizetti's Marino Faliero, he received two rapturous encores.

The other artists who assisted on the occasion, were received with high approbation by a numerous audience. We must not omit doing justice to the exquisite execution of the Quartettino by Mr. Jones, Miss Strachan, Mr. Arthurson and Mr. Andrews. It was loudly encored.

The Institute will give another Miscellaneous Concert on Thursday, the 30th inst.

ADVANCE PAYMENT.

We hope *every brother* will be punctual in the remittance of his subscription IN ADVANCE. A departure from this system involves us in very heavy losses. Those of our present subscribers WHO WISH TO DISCONTINUE (we hope the number is few) are particularly requested to give notice, post-paid, to the Publisher, remitting at the same time whatever may be due the office.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS.

We frequently send copies of the GOLDEN RULE, with Prospectuses enclosed, to persons who are not subscribers. We only ask for a candid examination of our paper, and a judgement on its merits alone. From the opinion of so eminent a brother as Grand Secretary JAMES L. RIDGELY, the Order will perceive the estimation in which the "RULE" is held by one whose judgment is valuable. It is the oldest weekly periodical of the Order—and as a Literary Family Journal, not inferior to any other in the Union in any respect.

Those receiving a copy of the Prospectus, are requested (if pleased with it) to use their efforts to obtain a list of at least five subscribers.

PORTRAIT OF THE GRAND SIRE.

This beautiful Steel Engraving will be printed on fine plate paper, and GIVEN TO EACH YEARLY SUBSCRIBER FOR 1848—PROOF COPIES, *on India Paper* for framing, will be issued for all those who shall be entitled to them in accordance with our Premium List. It is an excellent likeness, from a daguerreotype taken expressly for the Publisher of the GOLDEN RULE, whose request for that purpose was kindly granted by Bro. KNEASS. The splendid Enameled Border, in gold and colors of the Order, which we have ordered from Paris, will form an exceedingly rich and appropriate setting, being something entirely new and unique.

AS A LITERARY PERIODICAL

The GOLDEN RULE ranks among the best in the country. It contains double the quantity of Choice Reading of any $3 Magazine (independent of the Odd-Fellowship Department) at two-thirds the price. It is therefore calculated for circulation among all classes of the public, and the efforts of members of the Order should be directed to its circulation among their acquaintances who are of "the brotherhood."

PRESERVE AND BIND.

☞ Subscribers should by all means preserve the GOLDEN RULE carefully, and after reading it, lay it neatly away for binding. Every six months you will have a Volume of 416 large pages, with title page and index, which, with a trifle for a firm binding, will have cost you a little over a dollar. The same amount of choice reading matter cannot be obtained at a bookstore for three times the sum. You will besides have a current history of Odd-Fellowship which will be invaluable in future years.

WHO WILL OBTAIN THE PRIZE?

It will be understood that every individual will receive the Premiums in proportion to the list of subscribers obtained. The splendid set of ROYAL PURPLE REGALIA will be given to the individual who sends in the largest number of new subscribers, IN ADDITION to such Premiums as he would otherwise be entitled to. The time is limited to the first of February.

BRILLIANT PREMIUMS.

While we are already under the deepest obligations to a host of generous-hearted brothers for their free-will exertions and influence in extending the circulation of the GOLDEN RULE, by which its benefits have been largely diffused, not only in the Order, but among the public generally, yet we are unwilling to draw too much upon our friends without at least making some slight return for their efforts in our behalf. Desirous, therefore, of placing the GOLDEN RULE in the hands of every Odd-Fellow, and believing its increased circulation will be attended with the best results in relation to the well-being and progress of the Order, we offer the following inducements

To Postmasters, Subscribers, Officers and Members of Lodges.

I. To every brother who shall procure *five new subscribers* for 1848, remitting $10 in advance, we will give a free copy for one year, and a **Proof Copy of the Portrait of the Grand Sire,** set in a

MAGNIFICENT GLASS-ENAMELED BORDER,

in brilliant colors and gold, from original designs. These Borders on Glass have been ordered from Paris, where only they can be manufactured, and will be ready for delivery about the first of March or April. These elegant enameled Borders are valued at One Dollar each, and will make this one of the most beautiful ornaments, when framed, with which an Odd-Fellow can ornament the walls of his Home.

II. To every brother who shall procure *ten new subscribers*, and remit $20, we will give a Proof copy of the Portrait, set as above, and SIX VOLUMES of the GOLDEN RULE, for the years 1846, 1847 and 1848.

III. To every brother who shall procure *fifteen new subscribers*, remitting $30, will be given the Premiums named in No. II, and a copy of the Odd-Fellows Offering for 1848, or any work of equal value which may be designated.

IV. To every brother who shall obtain *twenty new subscribers*, remitting $40, we will give an ENTIRE SET OF THE GOLDEN RULE, (excepting the 3d Volume,) from Volume I to Vol. VII, inclusive, and a free copy for 1848, a copy of the ODD-FELLOWS OFFERING for 1848, and a Proof copy of the Grand Sire's Portrait, set as above, elegantly framed in Rose Wood, Black Walnut or Gilt, as may be chosen.

V. Every *present subscriber*, continuing his subscription for 1848, and obtaining *one* additional new subscriber, remitting $4, shall be entitled to a copy of either Vols. I, II, IV, V or VI, (odd volumes) of the GOLDEN RULE, or the value of 50 cents in any books published and for sale in this city; and the same amount for each additional subscriber under five.

As the GOLDEN RULE is intended for a general Family paper, we hope the efforts of our friends will not be confined to members of the Order, in obtaining subscribers.

☞ All letters to be post paid or free, and Bills of all *solvent* banks in the United States taken at par, and when enclosed in presence of a Post-master, to be at the risk of the Office.

☞ ACT PROMPTLY AND AT ONCE! ☜

And forward all new lists as speedily as possible, so that no disappointment may be experienced in obtaining the numbers from the commencement of the new Volume. *No agent or individual is allowed to receive subscriptions at less than the regular price.* All Premiums subject to the order of those entitled to them. No traveling agent will be included in the above arrangement.

ANOTHER PREMIUM!

☞ To the person who will send us the largest number of subscribers in accordance with the foregoing terms, before the 1st of February, 1848, we will present a splendid set of

Royal Purple Regalia,

Elegantly embroidered in gold, manufactured by Bro. JOHN OSBORNE, at a cost of $50! It is entirely new, and very rich and beautiful.

☞ Persons competing for the Premiums, are requested particularly to state the fact in their letters. Address, postpaid or free,

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VOL. VII....No. 26. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1847. WHOLE No. 182.

Original Poetry.

TO MY BROTHER.

BY BRO. L. H. DELOSS CRANE, OF NO. 200.

SWEET, oh, doubly sweet and holy,
To the high and to the lowly,
Summer Sunday afternoon!
Calm and soft and angel-still
Steals the zephyrs from the hill,
Singing a fairy tune.

Light, oh lightly, swift, and sailing
Over the grass and through the paling
Waveth the thistle-blow.
The crocus scattereth its balm,
The shadows sleep and all is calm.
Come, Brother, let us go!

Come, oh! come with me, my Brother,
Let us walk with one another,
Any where you list;
Down the valley, or up the hight,
Which first at morning, last at night,
The sun hath alway kissed.

Think, oh! think, my Brother only,
Often, often, sad and lonely,
Full of mournful thought,
When we side by side have walked,
He has been with us and talked,
Though we knew it not.

Pure, oh, purer were our feelings
As we heard His glad revealings
In His still small voice!
How he whispered to our hearts,
Words that live till life departs,
Words that said "Rejoice!"

Come, oh come! by field or river
'Neath maple's shade or popple's quiver,
Let our wanderings be.
Who can tell but grove or hill,
Field or river, may be still,
An Emmaus to thee!

Original Notes of Travel.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE—NO. X.

Paddington—Coachman—Railways--Stations and Tunnels--Mechanical Inventions—Window Tax—Water Drinking—Civility of Servants—Donkeys. ENGLAND, Sep. 1847.

OF course, my dear W. it was impossible for me, as it would be for yourself, to quit England without making a visit to Windsor, and the castle residence of Britain's Monarchs, which has made its indelible mark upon the page of that history to which we are heirs, in so far as Jonathan is german to John.

Mounting outside the Paddington coach, which started from the Bull and Mouth, (I think that is the classic name of the Inn,) I was upon one of the usual foggy mornings rattling over the pavements of London Town. On and on, through wide streets and narrow ones, past shops covered and placarded with signs and bills of all the colors that the spirit of trade in its fecundity of expedients has here attained to the extremity of perfection in the use of—on still, with a steady rattling, past interminable rows of gray buildings, dull, even gloomy—no trading here, *only* homes. First four and three, then down to two stories, then more open, but yet 'tis London, interminable and never-ending London. Though Paddington is reached, and though 'twas once a distant village, now swallowed up in the great metropolis, and part and parcel thereof, as the title deeds express themselves.

Jehu, though not a Mr. Weller senior, was no novice in his profession. He seemed to have a list of acquaintance, coextensive with the interminable streets of his daily drive. His professional tokens of acquaintanceship was a study for a novice like myself. His telegraphic signals were suited to the occasion, and for the mere acquaintance he had the nod, slight if an inferior or equal, or a tip of the beaver, sometimes with the fore-finger, sometimes with the handle of the whip, to suit a nice distinction, which he only probably understood perfectly. For the *profession* there was a wave of the whip, and a flourish that was replete with eloquent sayings to the initiated doubtless; to others, friends, a turn of the same eloquent whip that meant respectful, familiar, patronizing, nicely shaded to suit the occasion. Of body he had a good proportion, but never having had much use for those appendages upon the *box*, his legs were spindled to a degree of fineness truly remarkable.

At Paddington is the station of the Great Western Railway. These stations are not the same thing they are with us, but substantial brick and stone buildings, lighted by glass skylights in roofs sustained by the most improved use of iron braces and columns. Plate

glass, and plush, and carpets, &c., indicate a luxury in the accommodations in keeping with the architectural character of the buildings. The cost of Railways averaging $150,000 per mile is evidence of their very superior construction throughout. One, the Blackwall, is said to have cost $250,000, per mile, in part occasioned by the value of the property purchased. They are made to take a more direct course than with us, which causes much tunneling. Speaking of tunnels, I believe I did not, inasmuch as I skipped from Manchester to London, mention a great cut on the road from Manchester, via. Sheffield and Derby, to London, where we passed through a tunnel three miles in length. Some obstruction on the rail caused a delay of an hour and more, in the midst of this enormous tomb, lighted at intervals of half a mile or so by skylights. So great is the travel, and so numerous are the trains daily, that when we emerged we found that two or three trains had been added to ours by the delay, before and after our stopping. At this moment a a slight curve in the road afforded a view, of perhaps a mile in length, of cars laden with their breathing freight. At intervals, along this immense line were seen the iron horses puffing fire and smoke, as though impatient of the restraint caused by the delay and jam. It was altogether an extraordinary sight, and associating with it our resurrection from the tunnel—fit tomb for such a mass—I could but fancy what would have been the impressions of a forty years sleeper rising from his tomb on an adjoining hill side, to witness the scene; and where in all the recollection he could conjure up of his life experiences, he would find a parallel, or aught that would enable him to comprehend the scene before him.

As a natural consequence of the firm construction of the railways, and also, perhaps, of the shortness of the carriages, they have but little unpleasant motion. My Bath letter was written *en route* from Bristol to Cheltenham during the ride in an easy first class car. The editor of a leading paper in Liverpool, and who also furnishes matter for several of the London dailies, told me that upon the arrival of the American Steamer, it was his practice to receive his budget of papers at once from the vessel, and entering the first express train with his writing desk, read his papers and write a summary of the news; and, upon the arrival of the train in London in six hours from its leaving Liverpool, it is at once put into type and goes to press. This is making the best use of the railway. With us, having the magnetic telegraph, we accomplish the same result in less time even. Jockey John Bull excels us in the use and training of the iron horse, but cute Jonathan beats him in training the lightning. And he should, since he it was that first drew the untamed element from heaven.

Speaking of inventions, in that same skipping, from Manchester to London, before mentioned, in my haste, which by the way has forced me in all these letters to omit making mention of so much that was exceedingly interesting, I gave but a slight sketch of the great Machine Factory visited while there. I will arrest my course at this point to recur to two small objects of interest. The proprietor stated that he had for a long time labored hard to procure a perfectly plane surface, and was satisfied that he had at length succeeded. He demonstrated this by showing two thick plates of steel about a foot square and weighing many pounds each. One laying upon a table, with the smooth surface uppermost, he took the other in his hand, with the smooth side down, and placing the edge to that of the lower, slid it on till the latter was covered by the plate in his hand. If there is no air between these surfaces, now placed together, the two surfaces must be perfectly plane—he lifts the upper one, and the lower comes with it. He slides it off, as the only way of separating them easily, and lifting it up lets the upper plate, still in his hand, descend perpendicularly upon the lower, and letting go his hold, it will not touch the latter in any part, but floats upon it like a shingle upon water, a breath directing its course upon the surface of the thin layer of air between the two heavy plates of steel. The demonstration was complete.

Mr. Whitmore then said that it was desirable to be able to measure with perfect exactness sizes of different parts of engines, fitting into each other. He turned to a small instrument, where, by moving a hand or point of steel a distance of perhaps the sixteenth part of an inch, a corresponding movement at the other end was made to the distance of the forty-thousandth part of an inch. As some evidence that it would measure with this exactness, he handed me a short round rod of iron of half-an-inch in diameter, fitted to a circular aperture in a square piece of iron, also by this instrument measuring half-an-inch in diameter. I tested the exactness of the equal measurement of the diameter of the rod and that of the circular aperture, by pushing the rod through it some three or four inches, then clasping that part in my hand until it was warmed slightly by the natural heat of the flesh, and then attempting to draw it (the rod) out of the aperture. There was a sensible difference, the drawing out of the rod being more difficult than the insertion; this lasted for a moment, and, until the expansion of the rod, produced by the heat of my hand, had subsided, when it was passed through the aperture with the same ease as before. You will readily conceive how slight must have been the expansion, and, therefore, how close the fit and how perfect the measurement. In whatever part of the world an engine may break, a statement of the measurement enables them, here, to fit the new portion to the distant parts of the old machine.

To return. I was at Paddington for the purpose of taking rail for Slough. The absence of the green blinds outside of the windows, so common with us, gives to the houses here, and elsewhere in England, a bare appearance. Tax-ridden people, they want all the light of each window that is at all used for the purpose of light, for the more numerous the windows the heavier the taxes. Many of the originally-constructed windows are closed up with boards or sheet-iron, as a means of lessening the number—not being capable of being used they are not taxed—it is not the window that is taxed, but the light of heaven that enters in thereat. Let us be thankful that our homes are in a country where that free gift of Providence is not perverted from its intended uses, and man is not degraded to the characteristic of the owl and expected to do his seeing by the use of faculties peculiar to that interesting bird, or by paying for the privilege of using human organs with that money which he may not be able to procure.

Brougham's home-brewed (you recollect the bill of the Lord of Brougham and Vaux?) furnishes no compensation for this, though one would think it was much employed. The first week I was in this country, I thought there was nothing to eat and drink but "chops" and "beer." They do not expect you to drink water with your dinner, but waiters perseveringly ask, when placing it before you, "What will you drink with your dinner, sir?" Upon the waiter at C. putting the question to me, I electrified him by silently pointing to the water bottle. He looked at me as though he thought I was either insane or a miser, a madman or one too penurious for hotel purposes. The poor neglected water bottle often stands upon the table as a sort of fixture, but bless you, they don't dream of such a thing as your drinking of the stale contents. Eternal chops and beer! I shall rejoice when I get back to a country where one *can* drink water, and it cold, not tepid. O, for some of our ice-water too common to be prized equal with its deserts.

There is a cutting-up of everything here to give employment to many persons, each understanding simply his own branch, and to say truth, generally seeming to have but limited conceptions beyond it. No man-of-all-work—no men of universal genius ready to do anything from pegging shoes, and *via* keeping school, to going to congress. Within doors, the servants are principally females. A leading feature in an English inn is the bar-maid; she keeps accounts and is an important branch of the establishment always prominently in view. I felt disposed to be modest in the premises, but, as an evidence of how soon custom destroys the remarkableness of anything novel to us, I soon got over feeling shocked when a maid answered the summons of my bell, instead of a man-waiter as at our hotels. Servants are more respectful to their employers than with us. This is a proper condition of things, and there is much room with us for improvement in this particular, but it is sometimes carried to an extreme that is not so pleasant and becomes tedious or worse. The servility exhibited by those in subordinate stations is actually distressing to me oftentimes. They are touching the hat and scraping and bowing at every word or look, and for a half-penny are often ready, so it seems, to drop upon their knees to me. Every time he would hear the sound of my voice the hand of the driven of that phæton, once before mentioned, would be carried to his hat, at whatever of inconvenience to his whip-hand or his bridle-hand, until at length, my republicanism getting tired of his eternal obsequiousness, I ceased to make many of the inquiries that suggested themselves in passing localities of interest. The men and women among the poorer classes wear countenances heavy and without that light of intelligence which irradiates the faces of those who live under free institutions and feel sensible of the reward of their exertions enuring to their own benefit.

In the streets and on the roads one often meets with funny little donkeys, about the size of a Newfoundland dog, harnessed to diminutive carts, and hauling enormous loads, that lead one to wonder if there is not some invisible power within the load itself assisting the ponderous efforts of the untiring plodding little Solomons with their sagaciously self-conscious air of knowing everything. And certainly their countenances often betoken more intelligence than those of their drivers.

I started for Windsor, but have lingered so long by the way, and have allowed my pen to roam backward and forward with the current of associations and reminiscences, until this letter has reached the extremity of those limits I have prescribed for them, and Windsor and other places and matters thereanent, must await the next attack of the *cacœthes scribendi*. You will, I hope, pardon the digressions with which this letter is fraught, in consideration that it is the first wherein I have not traveled direct to the object treated of, and then dismissed the subject with as slight notice as possible, as well as omitting numberless matters of interest to myself from sheer want of time to dwell upon them. Yours, in F. L. and T., ORION.

Ladies' Department.

AFTER THE BALL.

BY ALBERT SMITH, ESQ.

The very last guest has departed,
The lights have burnt into thin air;
The ball-room is dark and deserted,
And silent again is the square.
The band, worn with playing and blowing,
Are wishing Herr Kœnig good night,
And Gunter's assistants are going,
Assured that their things are "all right."

The page in the study is lying
Asleep, on the dining-room chairs,
The housemaids to slumber are trying,
The butler is tipsy down stairs.
The love-birds, who long have been blinking,
Quite scared by the music and light,
With all the canaries, are thinking
At last, that it must be the night.

And she—the fair queen of the numbers,
Who came to that beautiful ball,
P'rhaps thinks now of me, in her slumbers,
And p'rhaps—horrid thought!—not at all.
In nights of such unalloyed pleasure
Why cannot existence be pass'd?
To spend years in a polka's gay measure,
And die of a post-horn at last?

I think I produced an impression,
Because, in the course of the night,
Whilst polking she made a confession—
"She liked to be held rather tight."
And afterward grown somewhat bolder,
Too flutter'd and breathless to speak,
I felt her fair chin on my shoulder,
And soft scented hair on my cheek.

When Vere coarsely said she was "stunning;"
He wanted to be in my shoes.
So a *deux temps* twice running,
And threw over one of the Blues.
And then she got rid of her brother
So well, when the supper-time came,
And said "We will keep by each other,"
And, one time, our plate was the same!

She told me she loved lobster salad,
And rode in the park every day,
And doted on Pischek's last ballad,
And Tennyson's "Queen of the May."
And pull'd cracker *bonbons*, and flirted,
And laugh'd when I made a bad pun,
And when all my wits I exerted,
She said I was "capital fun!"

How dreadfully hot! I am tumbling,
And tossing, and can't get to sleep;
And over the streets the dull rumbling
Of wheels is beginning to creep.
And all round the room I see whirling
The women and lights, like the wind;
And still I can hear, to their twirling,
The "Olga" and "Bridal" and "Lind."

I wish I could marry. 'Tis shocking
My income will not carry two.
Oh dear! at my door there's a knocking,
And I have not slept the night through.
I must shake off all thoughts so entrancing,
And fag down that horrid Whitehall.
And so there's good-bye to romancing—
Adieu to the Belle of the Ball!

THE TWO ROSES.—A FABLE.

It was a lovely morning in soft, sunny June, "when the clouds congregate." The sweet west wind lisped with pleasing wail through wood and grove, o'er stream and field, through deep shady dells and lanes, where blushing violets lurked in soft grassy banks, and pale primroses studded the gnarled roots of aged trees; and anon, it wandered like a bee, through lovely gardens, rich in all the young summer store of buds and bells. In such a garden, where the young wind was reveling in sweets, there suddenly bounded, free and wild as a young fawn, a lovely girl. She was tall, young, and graceful, for girlhood was just expanding into lovely womanhood—like a young bud opening its spring leaves to the glow of the summer sun.

A moment—the young girl stood in breathless delight, gazing over the sunny landscape; and then, as she turned her eyes, bright and wild as a gazelle's, to the cloudless blue expanse of heaven, and inhaled the pure elastic breath of the soft breeze, she threw off the light straw bonnet that hung half on, half off her head, shook her brown tresses to the wind, and clapping her hands in almost childish delight, bounded on again, down one of the grassy avenues of the old garden. Suddenly she stayed her steps, exclaiming—"O, a rose! a lovely, half-opening rose! The very first of the summer, I declare! How beautiful! you dear rose! I must be the first to inhale your sweet fragrance;" and the young girl bent her sweet head over the young expanding rose; while the rose, in blushing beauty, looked up meekly in her face, as if to say, "Yes, here we are, sister, just opening our young beauties to the summer, with a whole life of joy and happiness before us."

Then, as the young girl's eye ran over the rose-bush, she perceived a large black slug slowly and slyly working its way up the bottom of the stem. "O! you horrid slug!" she exclaimed, recoiling; "you want to feast on my rose, do you? but you will find yourself mistaken, mister slug!" And she cast her eyes round in search of a stick, to put her threats into execution, when again she paused, and stood watching the progress of the slimy insect, in breathless attention. It had advanced easily enough up the smooth part of the stem; but now there presented themselves innumerable small, sharp thorns, bristling up in every direction, to oppose its further progress. "Ha, ha!" she exclaimed, "what will you do now, sir? you forgot the thorns!" and she gazed on intently. The slug pushed boldly on, and raising its head, brought it suddenly down on the sharp point of a tiny thorn. Another and another entered its body; white froth spouted from the wounds, and curling its body up, it fell suddenly all of a lump to the ground, where it writhed about a moment in agony, and then stretched out its vile length, crawled away under some dark leaves, and was lost to sight.

"Ha! ha!" shouted the young girl, "you have caught it, have you!—the next time you long for a rose, you will remember the thorns!" and again she bent her laughing face over the rose, and pressing her soft lips on its tender leaves, was about to bound on, when suddenly a low sweet voice, like the tinkle of a silver bell, fell on her ears. She started, and gazed breathlessly around. Heavens! it proceeded from the rose.

"Young, lovely girl!" said a voice, soft as distant music, "receive, in return for your gentle kiss, this wholesome moral: Such as I am now, art thou—young, innocent, lovely; unruffled by the rude gale; expanding thy young fresh beauties to that world, whose mysteries, passions, pleasures, and sins, are to thee as yet but as the sunbeams glittering on the placid face of some crystal lake, or which pass unconsciously, in airy dreams, down the untainted current of thy pure young imagination. Fresh, pure, art thou from the hands of the same all-wise God who fashioned us both, and gifted each with beauty, to gladden and delight the heart of man.

"To me that good God has given perfume. To thee a higher, and nobler gift yet—soul. He has robed my purity in refreshing, never-failing dew. He has robed thy purity in innocence—that inestimable dew! without which woman is but as a scentless wild-flower, that attracts the eye a moment, is picked, and then cast away as a thing of little worth. To guard my beauty and purity from the spoiler, he has armed my stem with thorns. To guard thy purity, he has implanted modesty in thy breast. O, cherish, guard well, the precious gift, my sister—that pearl, above all price! There are human slugs, full many, I trow, as dangerous to thy virtue as the slimy reptile was to mine; and even as my bristling and guardian thorns pierced the poisonous and presumptuous intruder, and sent him writhing in agony to the dark shade of concealment; so let the sharp thorns of thy modest indignation be ever pointed to pierce him who would poison thy pure young mind with the voice of flattery, or aporoach thy young ear with the contaminating breath of deceitful passion.

"My poor life, it is true, is short; but even in death, my faded leaves will retain their sweet perfume, which is my soul; but thou, my sister! how glorious—after a virtuous, well-spent life—will thy lot be! When thy young beauty is faded, and death shall descend like a deep sleep on thine eyelids, thou shalt awake again, to bloom in unfading beauty in that everlasting garden of Heaven, where thorns will no more be needed to guard thy virtue and loveliness."

Entranced, the young girl drank in each word; and when the silver voice ceased, she again bent her young head over the rose, pressing her sweet, grateful lips on the leaves, while glittering tears fell from her eyes, and mingled with the pearly dew on the rose; and then she wandered on, deeply pondering on the mysterious lesson she had received from the rose. And ever after, when any gay worldling approached her ear with the voice of flattery or passion, she would assume a cold modest air, and say, "My name is Rose—beware my thorns."

Parisian Promenades.—The Elysian Fields of the Parisians were first planted in the year 1663, by direction of the great French Prime Minister, Colbert; and much improved seven years afterwards by the Marquis d'Angivilliers. They originally extended eastward only as far as Chaillot; westward to the Faubourg de Roule; on the north to the Faubourg St. Honorne; and on the south to the Cours la Reine. The principal avenue was in the direction of a straight line drawn from the Place Louis V. to the Barriere de Neuilly. This avenue, we may observe by the way, is one of the noblest entrances of Paris, or indeed of any of the capitals of Europe.

Latterly, the Champs Elysees have been extended eastward, and a new quartier has been formed, called Quartier de Francois I.; a principal ornament of which is the Place de Francois I., from which four avenues, planted with trees, and diversified by splendid habitations, diverge. The principal avenue extends in a direct line from the Quay, which faces the Hotel d'Invalides, across the Champs Elysees.

The Champs Elysees is a delightful promenade abounding in fanciful walks and classic statues; and at the end, called the Jardin des Tuilleries, the fountains and parterres are superb; and the gay throng and glittering equipages, passing and repassing in continuous train, give it an aspect of cheerfulness and animation quite invigorating.

The Champs de Mars is situated on the south-side of the Seine, a little to the West of the Chamber of Deputies, and is about forty or fifty acres in size. Its large open space is devoted to the reviewing of troops, and to horse racing in that part of it which is called the Hippodrome.

Gems of the Annuals.

THE ROBBER BROTHERS.

The Chevalier de Chatelain contributes an article to the London Keepsake for 1848, under the title of "La Rue des Lombards," from which we extract the following singular and romantic origin of the name of the street in Paris bearing that designation:

Be it known then unto you, gentle reader, that these Lombards, of the *Rue des Lombards* (which ought more correctly to have been called *La Rue des Freres Lombards,*) were two twin-brothers of this name, so exactly alike in features, that it was next to impossible to distinguish one from the other. Both inhabited the same house, or rather the same mansion, for in those days this was one of the best neighborhoods of Paris, and both were equally the object of universal veneration; and indeed there was not a tale of distress that came to their ears but what met with ready sympathy at their hands—nor was any calamity too sweeping for their prompt and efficacious relief. The only thing that appeared strange about them was, that, notwithstanding the daily and munificent alms they bestowed on all the needy that applied to them, the source of their riches, far from being exhausted, appeared, on the contrary, to increase daily, as though they had been possessors of Fortunatus's purse, or Baron Kellerman's red nightcap. But the good folks of those times gladly recognized the finger of God in all such effects without apparent cause; for was it not natural that Providence should heap its favors on these two young men, who proved by the noble use they made of their riches, that they were most worthy to be entrusted with them? Besides this, every Sunday, or holiday, they might be seen at church, edifying the faithful by their meek and proper behavior; and, moreover, sundry pious foundations had sufficiently testified their zeal and respect for the ministers of public worship. The reader will, doubtless, inquire by what secret these brothers found means to increase their fortune. Various rumors were afloat on the subject. Some thought they had discovered the philosopher's stone, others hinted at a certain compact signed and sealed by the arch-fiend himself, until this sinister rumor had been peremptorily silenced by their regular attendance, every Sunday, at their parish church of St. Mederic (or St. Merry, as it is now called.) Nothing of this kind, however, was the case; but every day, or rather every evening, an hour after the curfew had sounded, after disguising themselves beyond the power of recognition, and covering their faces with a mask, the two brothers proceeded through a subterraneous passage to the charnel-house of the Innocents—in those days the haunt of all the adventurers, thieves, and beggars, that infested the capital. The exit to this vault was an isolated tomb, which the "rabble rout," who flocked in storms to the cemetery each night, never ventured to approach from superstitious fears. On reaching the charnel-house, the two brothers, who passed for one and the same person in the eyes of the bandits, separated, and each went to place himself at the head of a troop of robbers, one on one side of the cemetery, the other on the other. From thence these troops, composed of the same number of men, and having the same watchword, spread themselves all over Paris, whose inhabitants were fast asleep, knocking down the patrol, scaling walls, and carrying fire and sword into the most opposite points of the town. Long before the first dawn of morning, the two brothers had returned to the charnel-house, and reached the isolated tomb, and from thence the quiet refuge of their peaceful mansion. The police were completely at fault, and, as usual, they searched everywhere rather than in the right place, and never dreamt of the cemetery of the Innocents as a respectable place for thieves; especially as the latter had always the extreme precaution to surround the holy spot with a halo of superstitious terrors, and, moreover, to avoid levying black mail on any of the quiet citizens of the neighborhood, if once in a way they happened to be abroad at undue hours.

Several years passed by, when one Sunday, at mass, the attention of one of the brothers happened to be attracted by a young maiden of faultless beauty. He had no sooner set eyes upon her than he became violently in love, and being himself a handsome-looking cavalier, he had soon the happiness to find that his passion was reciprocated. Isabelle was the only daughter of the Prevot of Paris. The latter, a very proud and important sort of personage, chose to look upon young Lombard's suit as a piece of impertinence, refused his consent to so unequal a match, and ejected the gallant in a kind of manner that plainly showed it was of no use attempting to soften his stubborn will. The lover, therefore, after holding council with his brother, determined to carry Isabelle off to some foreign land, after having first disposed of their immense possessions. A complete success attended their plan. They began by converting their gold into ingots, and sending these off to Italy; then, one day they caused secret advice to be given to the prevot of a plan for attacking and rifling the convent of the *Dames de St. Chaumont*, situated at one end of the Paris of those times, that same night; the robbers, according to this anonymous warning, were to carry off a young niece of the prevot, and a large sum of money, which had been that morning received by the *Dames de St. Chaumont*. The prevot caught at the bait. In the course of the day he dispatched his troop of archers to the spot mentioned, sending them one by one, and under various disguises, to avoid suspicion, and manned all the avenues to the convent; lastly, he repaired to the scene of danger, where he put himself at the head of a tolerable-sized troop, which he had introduced with the utmost secrecy into the sacred building, and calmly awaited the attack of the robbers, whom he hoped to surprise and seize to a man; but he had reckoned without his host; for while he was busy with his warlike preparations, the robbers, instead of making the community of the *Dames de St. Chaumont* the theater of their exploit, went, with one of the two brothers at their head, to lay siege to the prevot's house, unprotected at that moment by its usual guard; and in the inevitable disorder occasioned by this sudden attack, the other brother carried off his mistress without even drawing his sword, and took flight with her, while the robbers pillaged the prevot's house, and stole everything that could be stolen. A few days after this event, the brother who had remained in Paris joined the fugitive and his beautiful partner in Italy, and all three set off for Sicily, where their enormous wealth, the source of which ever remained a secret to Isabelle, enabled them to live in the most luxurious and delightful manner.

Meantime the two bands of robbers, composed of the refuse of society that infested the cemetery of the Innocents, were each expecting the return of their invincible and valiant chief—but night after night followed, and their hopes were still frustrated; on the other hand, the mansion in the *Avenue des Charniers* (for such was the former name of the *Rue des Lombards*) was silent and deserted; the servants had been all dismissed, as their masters had set out on a long journey; and as to the good city of Paris itself, it appeared, ever since the audacious and successful attack on the prevot's house, to have recovered its long-lost tranquillity, as if by magic; the prevot alone was put out, and vainly sought for his daughter's ravisher, whom, of course, he was unable to find, seeing that the communications were not quite so easy then as now-a-days, and that the man who would have been bold enough to prophesy the invention of the post, of telegraphs, or of railroads, would have been treated as a sorcerer, or a maniac. No wonder then that days succeeded to days, months to months, and years to years, without the prevot's hearing any news of his daughter, the bandits of their chiefs, or the mansion of the charnel-house recovering its former inhabitants. It happened at last that an adjoining house, having caught fire, it became necessary, in order to stop the progress of the flames, to force an entry into the deserted dwelling. Here was found, upon a bureau, a parchment document, all covered with dust, containing a donation, signed by the brothers Lombard, of the mansion, with all the tenements and dependencies, and all the furniture therein contained, to the poor. Accordingly, the mansion and all its appurtenances was sold by direction of the magistrates of the town, and the funds proceeding from the sale were appropriated to the poor, according to the benevolent intentions of the donors; and as at that time the *Avenue des Charniers* was very narrow, the city purchased the mansion, and caused it to be pulled down to widen the public way, after having decided that the street, which should traverse the site of the mansion, should bear the name of the two benefactors of the poor, and be henceforth called the *Rue des Lombards*.

Now it happened that in filling up the cellars of the mansion, the attention of the workmen was arrested by the hollow sound produced by some stones rolling in a certain direction, and having cleared a space sufficient for investigating the cause of what they heard, they perceived a trap-door opening into a vault that led to the cemetery of the Innocents. Nothing, however, was found in the vault except two masks of polished steel, but covered with rust, of tolerable workmanship for the age, and exactly alike. Numerous were the conjectures built upon these barren data, while the real destination of the subterraneous passage remained an unsolved mystery. It was only a long time after that the last surviving Lombard, having retired into a convent in Sicily, on the death of his brother and the prevot's daughter, confessed, *in articulo mortis*, the whole story of the errors of his youth, as he called them, and bequeathed a considerable sum to the poor of the parish of St. Mederic, in Paris, while he left the surplus of his riches to the monks of the abbey where he ended his days, who were nothing loth to accept the legacy, notwithstanding the source it was derived from.

Foreign Miscellany.

THE COMING CHOLERA.

Well-founded apprehensions exist, that European countries are about to be re-visited with the plague of 1832. Already, the cholera has made fearful progress among the Russian people, and in its course toward continential Europe, it is said to be working its dreadful ravages. In the former visitation of the pestilence, science, which in many ills, supplies an effective antidote, stood appalled. The experience, however, of 1832, has enabled medical inquirers to determine the nature and causes of the disease, and to stretch forth their helping hands to save from death. Whatever may be the conduct of the legislature, or of local powers, with reference to the anticipated scourge, it becomes the people to look to their own preservation, and at once to conquer whatever habits or circumstances may be likely to invite the pestilence into their abodes. The laws of health should be regarded with scrupulous care—the lighting, ventilation, and cleansing of homes—purifying linen by repeated changes; cleanliness and exercise of the body; the temperate use of proper food—these are matters of the utmost moment, which should never be disregarded, but which now become doubly important.

Mr. Wm. Herapath, of Bristol, a very high authority in matters of chemistry, has published in the *Times* a letter, the essence of which we deem it our duty to give. He says—

"In 1832, as a chemist, I laid myself out for a close examination into the cause, mode of propagation, and check for the cholera. For this purpose I obtained information of, and visited in person, all the earliest cases which showed themselves in this city generally, and in each great public establishment in particular. For some time I attended almost daily at the cholera hospitals, and experimented in every way I could think of, upon the dead and living subjects, their contents and *ejecta*, the atmosphere surrounding them and their articles of clothing. The conclusions I arrived at, I forward for the information of those who have not the same opportunities.

"That the cause of cholera is a putrid animal poison, capable of being recognised by the smell by some, emanating from and surrounding the dead or living cholera subject or articles of clothing.

"That it is only received into the living body through the lungs, and cannot be propagated by innoculation.

"That infection can be conveyed by articles of clothing, bedding, &c.; and that washerwomen are more subject to infection than ordinary persons from that cause.

"That all persons are not equally liable to infection from equal exposure, and even the same individual becomes more sensitive under certain circumstances.

"That the poison is destroyed by *chlorine gas*, and a heat of 300 degrees Fahrenheit

"The two most popular disinfectants of the day—the chloride of zinc and the nitrate of lead, known as Sir W. Burnet's and Ledoyen's—*will be of no avail*, although they will promptly remove ordinary putrid effluvia. The only chemical preventive I depended upon in my numerous exposures to the virus was *chlorine gas*, and this I believe to be a perfect one, if the fumigation is complete. I invariably passed through an atmosphere of it on my return home, and kept it escaping in my residence during the continuance of the disease in the city. I also placed large quantities of the substance necessary for the evolution of this gas in the hands of a Bristol druggist, who was kind enough to distribute 1,200 quantities of it gratuitously to applicants during three days, with instructions for the use, and I am happy to say that during that time the deaths fell from ten to one per day, and I have but little doubt that if every ship arriving in England from an infected place should be exposed to a perfect fumigation with chlorine, we shall be preserved from the infection. If the disease should pass this cordon, by any accident, then every house in the infected district should be simultaneously fumigated with it—say three times a day: unless done in all houses at the same time, it would be useless or nearly so; and to do it effectually, *a mixture of three parts of common salt, and one of black oxide of manganese, should be placed just inside the outer or stree door of the dwelling house, and a little common vitriol poured upon it.* The inward current of air will convey the chlorine gas to every part of the interior, and wherever it can be smelt the effect is produced—the miasma is destroyed. If articles of clothing are infected, and the colors likely to be injured by the gas, they may be heated in an oven or on a kiln, to 250 or 300 degrees (about the heat of baking bread), when they might be handled or used with perfect impunity."

The public are greatly indebted to Mr. Herapath for these timely instructions, which are undoubtedly founded upon good basis. It would be well if persons in suitable circumstances were to procure quantities of the black oxide of manganese and common vitriol, and retail them among the public at *prime cost*. The manganese and vitriol might thus be rendered each at about *three half-pence per pound*, and a cheap and certain preventive of contagion would be supplied. And at intervals the disinfecting fluid might be employed with much advantage to health.—[People's Journal.]

When the "Nightingale" flew through York without alighting to sing, an angry Alderman inquired the reason. "Because," said his friend. "Jenny has got a *catarrh*." "Why doesn't she play upon it then?" rejoined the indignant citizen.

Loungers should never torment industrious people with their idle visits. They should seek each other's society. There's no harm in a *bore's boring a bore*.

PARAGRAPHS ABOUT WEALTH.

Treasures of the Kings of Persia.—Alexander found vast sums accumulated in the treasures of Persepolis, Susa, Pasagarda, &c. I doubt, notwithstanding, whether we should give credit to Justin, when he says, that, after the conquest of Persia, Alexander annually drew three hundred thousand talents from his new subjects, which would make about sixteen hundred and twenty millions of French boxes, or sixty-seven millions and a half sterling.—[Travels of Anacharsis.

A Russian Crœsus.—M. de Tiszkiewies, the richest landholder in Russian Lithuania, died a short time since. The St. Petersburg papers inform us, that he has left to his three sons 2000 villages, containing more than 60,000 serfs; and in ready money, 10,000,000, of crowns; and that it was this gentleman who was said to have refused the hand of his daughter to Duke Alexander of Wirtemberg, who afterwards married the Princess Maria d'Orleans. His daughter since married Prince Sapicha, and had 2,000,000 crowns for her dowry. A letter from St. Petersburg says:—"This gentleman's property comprises forty-six extensive domains, on which there are 20,000 families of peasantry, reckoning in them 60,000 males. In money he possessed 56,000,000, Polish florins, equal in French money to 21,600,000f. He had six children, of whom three sons, beside his daughter, survive him. The eldest, according to the laws of Lithuania, inherits the whole of this immense wealth. He, however, has assigned one-fourth to be equally divided between his two brothers.'

Immense Possessions of the Duke de Medina Celi.—There is not a town or village in which he (the Marquis de Medina Celi) has not some palace; and he might almost make the tour of Spain, as the Prince of Butera made the tour of Sicily, sleeping every night at home.

Wealth of Prince Esterhazy.—The Prince Esterhazy ought not to be over looked in our enumerations of men of prodigious wealth. On the eve of the coronation of the Queen of England, the following notice of this Prince appeared in some of the continental papers:—A letter from Vienna, of the 15th, says—"It is affirmed that the Hungarian dress, ordered by Prince Esterhazy for the coronation of Queen Victoria, will cost half a million of Dutch florins. I can believe this since the Brandebourgs alone, adorned with silver and diamonds, cost 80,000 florins." We believe it is related of this Prince that when he visited Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, England, or some of our great agriculturists, who had what is regarded in England an immense stock of sheep, he (the Prince) simply observed that "he had on his estates as many *shepherds* as our countrymen had *sheep*."

Private Fortune of some of the Great Personages of Ancient Times.—Crœsus possessed, in landed property, a fortune equal to 1,700,000*l.*, besides a large sum of money, slaves, and furniture, which amounted to an equal sum; he used to say that a citizen who had not a fortune sufficient to support an army or a legion, did not deserve the title of a rich man. The philosopher Seneca had a fortune of 3,500,000*l.* Lentullus, the soothsayer, had 3,500,000*l.* Tiberius, at his death, left 23,625,000*l.*, which Caligula spent in less than twelve months. Vespasian, on ascending the throne, estimated all the expenses of the state at 35,000,000*l.* The debts of Milo amounted to 600,000*l.* Cæsar, before he entered upon any office, owed 2,995,000*l.* He purchased the friendship of Curio for 500,000*l.*, and that of Lucius Paulus for 300,000*l.* At the time of the assassination of Julius Cæsar, Antony was in debt to the amount of 300,000*l.*; he owed this sum in the Ides of March, and it was paid before the Kalends of April; he squandered 147,000,000*l.* of the public treasures. Appicius expended in debauchery 500,000*l.*, and finding one xamination of the state of his affairs, he had no more than 80,000*l.* left, he poisoned himself, because he considered that sum insufficient for his maintenance. Julius Cæsar, gave Servilla, the mother of Brutus, a pearl of the value of 40,000*l.* Cleopatra, at an entertainment given to Antony, dissolved in vinegar, and swallowed it, a pearl worth 80,000*l.* Claudius, the son of Esopus, the comedian, swallowed one worth 8000*l.* One single dish, cost Esopus 80,000*l.* Caligula spent for one supper, 80,000*l.*, and Heliogabalus, 20,000*l.* The usual cost of a repast for Lucullus was 20,000*l.* Misalla gave 400,000*l.* for the house of Antony. The fish from Lucullus's fish-ponds were sold for 35,000*l.* Scaurus's country house was destroyed by fire, and his loss was estimated at 850,000*l.* Otho, to finish a part of Nero's palace, spent 487,500*l.*

Vanity of Earthly Possessions.—The renowned Abdermi, prince of the true believers, put on record the following evidence of the vanity of immense wealth and illustrious rank: "Fifty years have elapsed since I became Caliph, during which time I have possessed and have been satiated with honors, riches and pleasures. Rival monarchs fear and envy me. Heaven has showered upon me all that man can wish for. I have registered the number of days in which I enjoyed real happiness; they amount only to fourteen! Mortals, learn hence duly to appreciate grandeur, the world, and human life."—[Gonsalvo de Cordova.

The late Lord Lauderdale, had been taking a ride about his extensive domain; on reaching an eminence which commanded an immense and diversified prospect, Mingay was admiring the prodigious extent as well as the variety of the view, when his lordship observed, "And now, Mingay, of all you see I believe there is not an acre of ground which is not my own." "Good God!" said the barrister, "you must be the happiest of men." "In the whole compass of this scene, I will venture to affirm (said his lordship) that there is not one so miserable."—[Gentleman's Magazine.

Scientific Matters.

Boundlessness of the Creation.—About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star: the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me, that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life; and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theater of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidence of his glory.—[Chalmers.

Light and Vegetation.—Mr. Hunt laid before the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society the result of a long course of inquiries into the influence of light on vegetation. He has discovered a new principle, in association with solar light and heat, which he terms *actinism*. The solar ray contains three principles, light, heat, and actinism. A discovery of great practical importance has been made, that seeds placed under the influence of solar rays that permeated through yellow glass, would not germinate, because yellow glass prevents the passage of the actinic principle, with its chemical action. Mr. Hunt spoke of the injurious effects on vegetation from the use in greenhouses of the *white* German sheet-glass. Under this kind of glass, plants were subject to an injurious solar influence which they had not suffered under the old crown glass. It became therefore necessary to discover some means to cut off those *parathermic* rays, which, passing through the white glass, scorched and browned particular portions of the leaves, without cutting off the other portions of the rays, which were necessary to the growth of the plant. This remedy, Mr. Hunt had discovered and applied at Kew Observatory; it was a green glass, stained with oxide of copper, which glass excluded the injurious parathermic rays, while it admitted the other solar rays necessary for the plant, as freely as ordinary white glass.

Wonders of the Heavens.—Sir John Herschel, in an "Essay on the power of the Telescope to penetrate into Space"—a quality distinct from the magnifying power—says there are stars so infinitely remote as to be situated at the distance of twelve millions of millions of millions of miles from our earth; so that light, which travels with a velocity of twelve millions of miles in a minute, would require two millions of years for its transit from those distant orbs to our own; while the astronomer who should record the aspect of mutations of such a star would be relating not its history at the present day but that which took place two millions of years gone by.—[Church and State Gazette.

Value of Old Rope.—Among the numerous worn out, and often considered worthless, materials, which the ingenuity of man has discovered means of re-manufacturing, and rendering of equal value with the original substance, are old tarred ropes, which have been long in use at coalpits. Our readers will be surprised when we inform them that out of this dirty and apparently unbleachable substance, is produced a tissue paper of the most beautiful fabric, evenness of surface, and delicacy of color, a ream of which, with wrapper and string, weighs 2 1-2 lbs. It is principally used in the potteries for transferring the various patterns to the earthenware, and is found superior to any other substance yet known for that purpose; it is so tenacious that a sheet of it, if twisted by hand in the form of a rope, will support upwards of one cwt. Truly we live in an age of invention!—[Liverpool Standard.

Atmospheric Pile Driving.—Dr. Potts, of England, has invented a new method of pile driving in hard sands, which promises to be of great advantage in the building of light houses, breakwaters, and wharves. The invention consists in using a hollow cylindrical pile, and exhausting it of its air, when it has been found to descend as if by magic. Upon this principle the inventor has founded a system of marine architecture, which promises to be of immense importance, and will lead to the erection of sea and river works and the reclamation of land, which never could have been effected by any other means.

Migration of Herrings.—The great rendezvous of the herring is within the arctic circle, and there they spend many months of the year. In the spring this mighty army begins to put itself in motion. The object which induces yearly migration is the spawning or depositing of their eggs. The herring dies as soon as taken out of the water; hence the proverb "as dead as a herring."

Facts and Scraps.

Selling a Nose.—But let us introduce you to another scene in commercial life, to describe which, dramatically, we should first show the chief actors. The place is the commercial room; time, ten minutes after dinner. A supposed novice is being drawn out in the usual style by the anticipative chairman. "Let me see, Mr. Spriggins, I think we have met before on the road, I know I have seen you somewhere." "Very likely, I often go there." "Ahem! you travel I think, for——" "Noses." "Moses?" "No! *Noses!*" "Ah! in the toy trade, I see?" "You are wrong, sir, I deal in noses belonging to living humanity—the ordinary sneezing noses of every-day physiognomy." "Very odd traffic certainly, but I should like to see your way of doing business. I never met with a gentleman in the nasal line before." "Then I shall be most happy to deal with you. I cannot say that your nose is of the first quality—it turns up rather too much, and belongs to a variety not greatly in demand, but I will buy it of you." "My nose?" "Yes, sir, I am serious in my proposal—your nose." "To be delivered——" "When you have no longer any use for it." "That's not very troublesome. And to be paid for——" "This very moment. I will give you its full value—say £10." "I accept your offer." "There is only this condition, that we both agree to forfeit £20 if either of us should go from the bargain." "Agreed! that is if you allow me all my life to enjoy your property, and do not attempt to interfere with it in the performance of its functions." "Not in the least, sir. You may import or export the merchandise in question as you please. I will not even make a condition that it shall be insured." "Then I consent to your clause in the agreement." "And I will pay you directly." The agreement is drawn up, the money paid, and the bargain concluded, the purchaser only whispering to the waiter, who soon after returns with a pair of kitchen tongs, having the extreme ends heated red hot. "Give me the tongs, William," says the dealer in noses. The waiter hands them, and the purchaser leans forward with the tongs, which he holds towards the seller. "Why—what's all this?" exclaims the man who had sold his nose, looking aghast at the ominous preparation. "Only a pair of red-hot tongs, sir: every time I make a purchase I mark my merchandise in order to insure its not being changed. Having bought your nose, I must put our usual brand upon it." "But, sounds! I cannot allow this." "Then I must remind you of the clause in the agreement, and that you are the first to break the contract." "But put yourself in my position?" "Impossible! I am the buyer, not the seller. Pay the forfeit. Twenty pounds I claim. These gentlemen will I am sure, see the justice of my demand." Ultimately the purchase money was returned, and two dozen of champagne accepted as a compromise. The intended victim was hailed among his brother commercials as "one of the right sort," and the confused chairman—the vender of the turn-up-nose—confessed that, in having disposed of his nose, he had been for the first time in his life altogether—*sold*.—[Heads and Tales of Travelers and Traveling.

Anecdote of the Tudors.—There is a somewhat comic story related of the family of Owen Tudor, the husband of Henry the Fifth's widow, Catherine of France, whose mother, it seems, resided in Anglesea. Although of high blood, their fortunes do not appear to have allowed the family to live according to English ideas of rank. Catherine had announced her intention of marrying the young Welshman, who first gained her good graces by a combination of agility and awkwardness; for, in dancing before her, not being able to recover himself in a turn, he fell into her lap as she sat on a little stool, with many of her ladies about her. The match she proposed to herself was considered beneath her dignity, owing to the supposed obscurity of Owen Tudor's birth. A deputation of English lords was therefore sent to Anglesea to report the style of his mother's living. They found themselves in as great perplexity as Sancho in reporting his interview with Dulcinea; for the matron was discovered sitting in a field surrounded by her goats, and eating a dried herring on her knees, having no other table. The lords did not dare to relate the case exactly as they found it, for the fair Catherine had already made her election, and they saw the ill policy of too strictly adhering to the truth; their account, therefore, ran as follows:—They said "the lady was seated in state, surrounded by her javelin men, in a spacious palace, eating her repast from a table whose value was so great that she would not take hundreds of pounds for it."

Monster Steam-Engine.—Since July last the greatest steam-engine in Germany has been successfully at work at a mine near Essen, the cylinder of which is 91 inches in thickness, 12 feet 7½ inches high, and weighs 286 tons; the two arms of the balance are 33 feet in length; the whole weighing upwards of 400 tons. The machine gives eight strokes of the piston, and produces 145 cubic feet of water per minute. Although it has been charged from the commencement with the *maximum* of density, it has worked with the greatest precision. This engine is of greater power than the one employed in the draining of the Lake of Haarlem, and may be considered the largest of the present day.

"O dear, Mr. Foster! you jest when you say that my babe is the handsomest one you have ever seen—you must be soft-soaping it."
"Well, madam, I thought it needed soap of some kind."

Conjuring.—In a very old copy of a work now extant on necromancy, is the following quaint passage:—Question. How to rise a devil?—Answer. Contradicte your wyffe.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1847.

SPECIAL SESSION OF THE G. L. U. S.

That a serious crisis has arrived in our Order, in this jurisdiction, we think will be acknowledged by every reflecting man among us, whatever side he may have taken, in the controversy now pending in New York. How to avert this crisis—how to reconcile the apparently almost unsurmountable difficulties arising from the conflicting action of the G. L. of this state, and the G. M.—are grave questions, which arise in the minds of all prudent well wishers of the Order who are desirous of maintaining the Unity and Harmony of Odd-Fellowship.

It may be argued that passive obedience to the decision of the G. M. until that decision shall be reversed or confirmed by the mandate of the G.L.U.S. at its next ensuing session, is the true course to be adopted by the *majority* in this State. But those who thus argue for unconditional obedience to a decision of the chief executive power in this State, in opposition to the constitutional action of the Grand Lodge from which this presiding officer derives his powers, have, we fear, not duly weighed the great fundamental right of a majority that would be compromised by such passive obedience. We hold the question now at issue, to be one of vital importance to the whole Order. It strikes, in fact, at the very existence of the Government on which Odd-Fellowship is based in these United States.

The whole subject in dispute rests on the simple question, whether an executive has the power to arrest the action of a fundamental law of a Grand Lodge, passed in obedience to the mandate of the G. L. of the U. S.? This is the broad view of the matter, as conscientiously held by the majority in this State. At the late session of the G.L.U.S. it was solemnly declared, in effect, by that R. W. Body, that were such an *independent* power possessed by G. Masters, "who can set bounds to the despotism which might be established, if such a principle was once admitted into the Order."

Now with this opinion held by the majority in this State, fortified as they believe it is, by the highest authority recognized in the Order, how is it to be expected that they can unconditionally consent to remain passive, under the extraordinary course adopted by the G. M. As conscientious men, as worthy Odd-Fellows, they naturally look to the tribunal in which is vested the highest authority, to relieve them from their embarrassment, and they respectfully call for a Special Session of that R. W. Body, for a decision on which they can alone depend, and whose fiats would be binding upon all.

In the present emergency which has arisen in the State, are there any other means left to allay the difficulties and dangers that beset us? Is not the actual preservation of Odd-Fellowship involved in the rejection, or the granting of this petition? We speak not as partisans, but as members of the Order, irrespective of private feeling on the subject; and we appeal to all our Brothers in this State, to be guided in their action by the same principles. Let us merge our individual predilections on this subject, and let us meet the question of a special session as Odd-Fellows, thinking only of the preservation of the Unity and well-being of the order.—Let us bury resentments and heart-burnings on this altar of our common good, and unite in calling for a Special Session of the G.L.U.S. whose decision alone can heal our difficulties, and restore peace and harmony to our counsels.

Let the *minority* consider that the Special Session cannot compromise their rights; for it is the decision of the G.L.U.S on the matter at issue that they require. The majority equally call for that final approval or rejection of the Constitution, and are willing and anxious to abide by the action of the highest legislative authority of the Order. Surely, great fundamental principles should have their weight with the great body of our members We dare hardly appeal to leaders of parties, for we know the infirmities of our common nature too well, to hope for an amicable compromise from them, which suggests any yielding of personal sacrifice, involving the relinquishment of power or office. But to the "bone and sinew" of the Order; the reflecting, intelligent Brotherhood, we confidently look in this emergency. They are not dazzled by the gew-gaws of office, nor by the glittering privileges of power. The general well-being of the Order; the preservation and perpetuity of the Institution; the spread and increase of Odd-Fellowship, as a great Social and Benevolent Institution of the age; are the points which present themselves to the hearts and feelings of those members of our Order who are truly anxious for its welfare.

To these we appeal; on these we depend. Let us unite, then, Brothers, in one firm and powerful phalanx, and with an eye, only, to the general good, coalesce on that which is our only constitutional remedy, a Petition to the Grand Sire, to convoke, immediately, a special session of the grand lodge of the united states.

In connection with this important subject, we have received the following from a city correspondent:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

I understand that many of the Lodges in the city and numbers throughout the country have joined in petitioning for a Special Session of the G.L.U.S. that it may pass upon the new Constitution of the G.L. of this State. I, for one, am happy to observe such a movement on foot, and earnestly hope that it may become universal among the Lodges throughout the State. I wish to see this, not because of my desire to enter into the merits of the question as to whether the Grand Master had, or had not, a legal right to declare the Constitution recently adopted null and void until ratified by the G.L.U.S.: but, because the G.M. thought fit to declare the old Constitution in force, and thereby having virtually set aside, for the time being, the action of the Grand Lodge which adopted the new Constitution, and of the G.L.U.S. in the premises, a difference of opinion as to the constitutionality of his act has arisen among the members of the Order. This difference is beginning to cause no little excitement. The excitement is increasing, and already the rushing sound is heard in the distance, foreboding a storm that threatens to shake the Order in this State to its foundations. If this inflamed state of feeling continues to fester in the body of the Order for the long space of time that must intervene before the next regular session of the G.L.U.S., I much fear it will become a chronic affection that will defy cure. And it must so continue to agitate the minds of members unless an extra session of the Grond Lodge of the United States, interposes its action to heal the evil. I therefore desire, as I value the welfare of the institution of Odd-Fellowship, as I appreciate its lofty capabilities and its extended benefits, earnestly desire to see an extra session of the G.L.U.S. as the only feasible method of putting an end to the controversy that has arisen, as the only means of deciding the point at issue speedily and before the ill-feeling that ever grows out of differences of this nature shall have strengthened and spread itself until, like the cancer, it shall have so diseased the whole system, that amputation offers itself as the lesser of two evils. And who among us but would deeply grieve to see the beautiful fabric of our institution cut into two, divided and weakened as is the bundle of rods by separation. We could none of us estimate the extent of the injury such a result would produce to the cause of humanity, to the cause of progress, to the cause of universal benevolence.

Therefore, in the name of all those noble objects so dear to us, let a session of the G.L.U.S. be called without delay, and let its prompt action put a speedy end to the difference that has arisen between the highest executive officer of the Order in this State, conjoined with his supporters, and a large portion of the members and Lodges within the jurisdiction of the body over which he presides.

THE G. L. U. S. AND THE GRAND SIRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

THE G.L.U.S. possesses supreme power over the entire Order in this country, and its exercise of this power cannot be restricted by any law, even though made by itself. It expressly reserves the right of such exercise of power by requiring obedience to its mandates in all of the charters it grants.

This power is *necessary* for the *good* of the Order, and being exercised by a body composed of Representatives from all of its parts, furnishes protection against danger of its use for the evil of the Order.

This power is not possessed in any degree, and cannot be exercised in any particular, by the Grand Sire. It is not *necessary* that it should be for *good*, and the danger of evil is manifest, from which there is no protection by general representation.

Any use of this power by the G.L.U.S. is a *special* act, and it is to be enforced or obedience obtained for it by those *specially* charged in the act itself, with the same, or by the G.L.U.S. itself. If any resistance to such acts, or mistake of their meaning, should be likely to occur, the G.L.U.S. can, at the time of passing them, depute an explainer or enforcer to do that duty. If such should occur in the recess, without provision having been made, and be likely to occasion any serious mischief, the Grand Sire can, at any time, call the G.L.U.S. together, and it can then take care of its own dignity.

It might be more convenient to allow the Grand Sire, ex-officio, to possess in the recess the power to explain and enforce the acts of the G.L.U.S. But convenience obtained by subjecting the rights and interests of the whole Order in the U.S. to the caprice of an individual would be paying too dear for the whistle. The attainment of such a convenience is impossible; it would never be submitted to.

The Grand Sire may advise as to the meaning of, and warn against disobedience to, these sovereign acts; and such advice and warning is entitled to respect, but he has nothing more to do with them, unless *specially* directed.

There is a manifest distinction between the powers of the Grand Sire in regard to the sovereign acts of the G.L.U.S. and in regard to the General Laws.

The former are isolated acts of a Supreme Creator, so to speak, and with them the Grand Sire has little more to do than any other of the creatures brought into existence by this Creator.

The latter are general acts forming a permanent system of laws for all; and, in this system, the Grand Sire has his appointed place, duties and powers.

Even in regard to the explanation and enforcement of these general laws, there are serious objections to the Grand Sire having authority therefor, and it is matter of doubt what is his precise power in these respects. His powers are not clearly defined. The necessity for their precise definition is imperative. Uncertainty on this subject is daily becoming more dangerous to the Order. On the one hand inducing unwarrantable exercise of such powers, and on the other destructive resistance thereof. Both these would cease if the G.L.U.S. would distinctly designate the powers of the Grand Sire, instead of leaving them to be determined from such vague expressions as that "he is required to exercise a general superintendence over the interests of the Order," and to "give such instructions and advice as he may deem necessary for the good of the Order." It is supposed and claimed that these expressions empower the Grand Sire to put his own construction upon the laws of the G.L.U.S. and to transmit his ukase accordingly to a Grand Lodge, which such law may vitally affect, and enforce obedience to his will by reclaiming its charter.

The G.L.U.S. owes it as a duty to the members of the Order, to clearly define the powers of the Grand Sire, that they may fully understand to what they have bound themselves in a matter of so much importance. The preservation of the Order demands it; for few men would remain members of the Order long after discovering that they had bound themselves to be subject to what might be laws made by their REPRESENTATIVES, or to what might be the capricious, arbitrary dictation of an individual. O. F.

STEAM-ENGINE STATISTICS.—It is computed that, at the commencement of 1846, there were in operation, in France, 4,872 steam-engines, equaling the collective force of 218,799 horses, or of 1,531,593 men. The amount of steam-power in England is computed as equaling the force of about fifteen millions of men. The science of mechanics is, doubtless, yet in its infancy; what will it be, when, leagued with electricity, it reaches the meridian of its adolescent development? Imagination falters in the task of depicting the grand and beautiful results of this gigantic and beneficent Power, now beginning to gird up its energies for a world-wide mission of good upon the earth; but Reason, calmly-calculating Reason, demonstrates that in view of its inexhaustible resources, *nothing*, in the natural world, can be deemed impossible.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF A BROTHER.

MESSRS. EDITORS—While the whole press throughout the land is teeming with saddening accounts of the most terrible loss of life on board the ill-fated PHŒNIX, while on her last trip over Lake Michigan; it well becomes your very valuable paper to add one word of lament upon that deeply distressing occasion. For while individual hearts are breaking, individual spirits are vainly striving to bear up under this calamity, which has deprived them of a fond and tender husband, a kind and affectionate father. While towns and neighborhoods are mourning the untimely loss of some valued friend and worthy citizen—while the community in general are lamenting over this sad and unnecessary loss of life; your readers are especially called to lament the death, and drop a tear to the memory of a favorite son of the Order. DAVID BLISH, JR., was a valued member of Southport Lodge No. 7, I.O.O.F., Wisconsin Territory. Although the writer of this article had known Mr. Blish but a short period, yet no one residing in the same community with him could be unconcious of his many kindly and valuable qualities. As a business man, he had justly acquired a reputation for fair dealing and unflinching integrity, which no circumstances could change, no temptations could affect. As a friend and neighbor, he had endeared himself to all around him—I may safely add, he had no enemy, no ill-wisher, among the people, with whom for the last years of his life he had dwelt. Like all men of enterprise, he was sometimes called to struggle with adverse fortunes, sometimes borne along, as with prosperous gales; but under all circumstances, he ever maintained that quiet unassuming bearing and demeanor, which gained him many friends in adversity, made him no enemies in prosperity. Just previous to his death, he had completed the erection of an extensive warehouse and pier, which promised well for his individual success, and the prosperity of the flourishing village in which he resided.

How soon are all those fair hopes, those promises of future success blasted, and forever. It is just one month this very morning since our departed brother, and myself, embarked on board the steamer Louisiana on her last trip down the Lakes. It was a beautiful autumnal morning, and the sun shone clear and bright upon the pleasant villages, where we left so many warm and kind friends. And no doubt our brother then vainly imagined that all his hopes and prospects that morning, were as clear and bright as were the heavens. It may be that Providence designs that neither of us are again to revisit that pleasant shore—will never again behold those friendly faces or return those kind greetings, with which our friends that morning met us, and bade us God speed, as they and we then thought, for a temporary absence. With our brother it has proved a long and last farewell. He then bade an eternal adieu to that community, of which he was so intelligent and useful a member—he then looked for the last time upon the scene of his recent labors his fondest hopes—and most sad of all, for the last time had looked upon his happy, pleasant home. I dare not venture to even whisper one word of consolation to that stricken widowed heart, to those weeping orphan little ones. He who, in His wisdom, has permitted this grievous calamity, can alone administer comfort to their wounded spirits.

The Lodge of which he was a member will long remember and mourn over the unfortunate and untimely loss of their brother. Although the deep waters of the Lake have long since rolled over his remains, and thus prevented them from lingering hand in hand around his silent grave, yet they will ever cherish the memory of his manly virtues. If I mistake not, this is the first death that has occurred in their number, although they have now been organized nearly two years, and have enrolled about one hundred members. But although Death has hitherto passed them by, it has now invaded their mystic circle in a manner not to be forgotten. In the death of BLISH, they lose a very valuable brother—one who, as he was without reproach in the community where he lived, and in his intercourse with the world, was a living example of the principles of the Order. And from the accounts of his loss, there can be no doubt, that he yielded up his life, while caring and providing for the safety and succor of others. His kind and provident care of the invalid Captain; his refusal to embark in the small boat, which he gave place to others, in this the only probable hope of safety; while it gives us such cause for grief, also fills us with deep admiration for the noble manner, in which he exemplified, in his last moments, those same principles, which as an Odd-Fellow, he had in life pledged himself to maintain.

But I will trust my feelings no farther, in the hope that you will excuse this hasty tribute, as coming from one who esteemed the departed as a valued citizen, respected him as an honest man, loved him as an Odd-Fellow, and was probably the last one of his own Lodge, that exchanged farewells with him, ere he embarked on board that ill-fated boat. J. D. K.

Florence's, Dec. 15, 1847.

THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1847.

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CLOSE OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

With the present number closes the Seventh Semi-Annual Volume of the Golden Rule. Since, at the end of its first year, it passed into our hands, with a list of less than five hundred, the progress of the Rule has been almost unexampled in the history of periodicals, being surpassed only by the rapid growth and prosperity of the Order, the principles of which it is the humble but sincere and earnest advocate. In this steady increase of circulation is presented the strongest testimony that our labors in the cause of Odd-Fellowship have met the general approval of the Fraternity. To deserve this favor, we have spared no effort, within our power, to obtain for our columns the best talent in the country, and to present in our literary and editorial departments the emanations of the most vigorous and popular writers of the day; confident that, in an age when Intellect is accomplishing such wonders by its application and research, nothing less would satisfy the demands of an intelligent and educated people. In this confidence we have not been mistaken; and we can point with pride to the success which has crowned our labors, as only another evidence of the deep hold which the great principles of Fraternity and Universal Brotherhood have taken upon the hearts of every class of the American public.

To add still further to the interest of our Journal,—to give new assurance of our desire to cater for the edification of our fast-extending circle of readers, we are gratified in being able to announce that we have secured for it the editorial aid of Bro. J. W. S. Hows, one of the Professors in Columbia College, a gentleman long and favorably known as one of the most powerful and vigorous writers of our country. Of his ability, our readers have had an opportunity to judge from some of the leading papers in the recent numbers of the Rule—articles which, for originality and power, have seldom been excelled, and which have attracted, in a large degree, the attention of the whole Order. Those eminent brothers already well known and highly esteemed by our readers, will still continue to contribute to our columns—while additional talent will be sought for, to add to the value of every department.

—And here permit us to acknowledge our indebtedness to many devoted brethren throughout the Union for their valuable aid. To them, and to our numerous correspondents, we are under deep obligations, for interesting articles, and intelligence, which have contributed so largely to render the Golden Rule indispensable to the Order for its full statistical and other information. We trust to their kindness for a continuance of these favors, so well calculated to promote the general good and welfare of the Institution. To our thousands of personal friends and readers, we also owe a large share of the prosperity of the Rule. But for their efforts to extend its circulation and thereby increasing its power for good, we should not now be able to present so encouraging a prospect. Each has seemed to feel that, in serving us, he was at the same time taking the most efficient means to disseminate a knowledge of the glorious principles of Odd-Fellowship, and to dispel the prejudices which existed in the minds of thousands, tending to retard its onward career, and prevent a general diffusion of its blessings and benefits. We hope these, and all good brothers, will not withhold their future aid and influence; and on our part we will strive to merit, by our acts, the confidence reposed in our humble efforts to serve the cause of Odd-Fellowship.

INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE.

Every individual in the community has greater or lesser influence within the circle of his friends and acquaintances; and this influence, when exerted to promote the welfare of any great and benevolent enterprise, must result in vast benefits to the cause in which it is exercised. No one should say—"I can do but little, and therefore it is useless to try;" for it is by effort only that we can show *how much* can be done by fixed resolution. The very determination to accomplish an object, lessens the difficulty one half—and a trial of one's power often produces effects as surprising to the individual himself as to those who are simply spectators.

We have been led to these remarks by the reception, during the week, of a large number of letters from our subscribers and friends, showing the gratifying results of a slight effort on their part to increase the circulation of the Golden Rule, and testifying to the estimation in which it is held in the several communities in which they reside. Additions of five, ten, and twenty have been made, in a few days, by *individual exertion* of brothers; and none have failed who have made the attempt. Indeed, the cause of Odd-Fellowship so powerfully commends itself to the hearts and sympathies of the people—its ministrations of mercy have carried joy and success to so many hearths made desolate by sickness and death—that the desire of extending these blessings to others makes the tongue eloquent, and renders the endeavors of members of the Order eminently successful whenever so used. We hope, therefore, that every *good and true* Odd Fellow will feel that he has a duty to perform in this respect—that his influence in behalf of the common cause must be attended with benefit to society. It is through the Press, principally, that the success of all great enterprises is assured. Let then each brother, who loves our Institution, resolve to do whatever is in his power to disseminate a knowledge of its principles and objects among those who are ignorant of, or prejudiced against, them. As a medium to effect this, we are pleased to know that the Golden Rule possesses the confidence and recommendation of eminent brothers of the Order; and it is believed that its more extended circulation would best subserve the ends in view. Let each obtain the name of at least one—but not to stop there, if possible to do more—and we are at once armed with a power for good, the influence of which would be felt through every vein and artery of the nation. "Knowledge is Power," and "Union is Strength." With these for the watchwords of our Order, like the bundle of sticks, we can never be broken or destroyed.

☞ The Golden Rule, as a Fireside Family Companion for Odd Fellows, is intended to be a medium of amusement and instruction to every member of the household. To Woman and the Family Circle, we devote the greater portion of our pages—and to the gentle sex, therefore, we confidently look for encouragement. Few men are so ungallant as to refuse their wives or daughters the small sum which shall secure to them a gratifying weekly repast of choice and elegant literature. That we share largely in the favor of the ladies, we have abundant reasons to know; not the least of which is, the number of talented women who are contributors to our columns. Let *them* decide in favor of the Golden Rule—and they are generally the most devoted Odd Fellows—and no opposition can for a moment impede our onward progress.

Contrasts in Morals.—Under this head we have already commented upon the curious spectacles presented by the conflicting nations of the human race, upon the various articles of their faith and practice. In our own country there are many whose religious observances consist in the renting and occupying of a handsome pew in some fashionable church, gratifying the eyes of attendant angels, (if present) with a gorgeous display of satin and broadcloth, waving plumes and embroidered cravats, richly gilt binding, and graceful attitudes; listening with quiet complacency to the teachings of the religion of Love and Brotherhood, while the sufferings, the sorrows, the black despair of the thousands of unhappy ones around them, are lost sight of and forgotten. What must the angels think of all this?

At the same time, on the other side of our queer little globe, the car of Juggernaut is still rolling onward; at the last grand procession in honor of the dark-demon-deity, in spite of all the precautions of the British authorities, five devotees, in their enthusiasm, flung themselves beneath its wheels, which crushed them instantly into atoms; and such was the fury of emulation which seized on the assembled multitudes at this spectacle of devotion, that nothing but the intervention of an armed force could restrain the throngs of worshippers from throwing themselves, in like manner, beneath the sacred car. And what must the angels think of all this?

After all, there is something respectable in *conviction, in a faith that is felt*, and horribly misguided as is this sentiment among the ignorant Hindoos, who does not feel that it has more claims to be judged as a *living fact*, a *real spiritual entity*, than the gilded and perfumed vapidities alluded to above?

"*Where there is life there is hope;*" but "what good thing can ever come out of" the "Nazareth" of nonentity?

Attractions for the New Volume.—Our next number, beginning the New-Year, will contain a beautiful Engraving representing the month of January; also, an Original Tale by Mrs. E. F. Ellet, entitled "Jacques Callot, a tale of a Painter," and many other excellent Original Sketches and Articles. Our friends are earnestly requested to forward their lists of new subscribers at the earliest moment, so that we can make our edition sufficiently large to supply them from the beginning of the year.

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

District Grand Committees.—We understand that the Constitution of the R. W. Grand Lodge of this State has been carried into effect in the organization of District Grand Committees in nearly all the Districts in this jurisdiction. Kings, the largest District in the State out of this city, was organized on the 16th inst. at Granada Hall, Brooklyn. Notwithstanding the exceedingly inclement weather, P.Gs. were present from 14 of the 17 Lodges. P.G. D. P. Barnard of No. 166, was unanimously elected Secretary of the Committee, and the business was transacted with great unanimity and harmony Jefferson District was organized on the 4th, at Antwerp—P.G. James H. Bowen being chosen Secretary. A charter was recommended for a Lodge at Brownville, and other unimportant business was transacted.—The District of Queens was organized on the 13th, at Jamaica, and elected P.G. Charles W. Cox, Sec. Resolutions were adopted, upholding the Constitution of the Grand Lodge. The Committee adjourned to meet at Flushing, on Monday, Jan. 24, at 10 o'clock A. M.

☞ A large majority of the Lodges in this State are uniting in a petition to the M. W. Grand Sire for a Special Session of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, for the purpose of adjusting the differences now existing in this jurisdiction. With a request from the Lodges representing nearly one-fourth of the entire jurisdiction over which he presides, and involving principles of such momentous importance, we can scarcely permit ourselves to doubt that the Grand Sire will accede to the request. The few dollars which it will cost, are as the small dust of the balance compared to the harmony of the Order, which will be secured by the Special Session.

Sodus Lodge No 338, located at Martville, Cayuga county, was instituted on the 10th inst. by D.D.G.M. Wm. Hopkins, assisted by P.Gs. Ingham and Wheeler of Cato Lodge No. 222, P.G. S. N. Smith, of Auburn Lodge No. 244, and several brothers from adjacent Lodges. This makes the 9th Lodge in the District of Cayuga, and all are believed to be in a prosperous condition. The whole number of contributing members is about 550: four of the Lodges are of recent origin—each having been chartered since the 15th of June last. The officers of the new Lodge are, B. F. Cleaveland, N.G.; H. Myers, V.G.; Wm. R. Conger, S.; J. L. Forbush, T. Eleven candidates were inititated, and several elected who were not initiated. The prospects of the Lodge are good. They meet on Thursday evenings.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Dec. 21, 1847.

E. Winchester, Esq.—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—I have been forgetful of your readers for the last two weeks, and hope to make amends for such neglect, by giving you a history of the advancement and increase of the Order in this State for the last three weeks, viz:

On the 29th of Nov. the Grand Encampment met in Special Meeting and granted charters for the following Camps: Harmony No. 65, located in N orthern Liberties; Roxborough No. 66, at Roxborough; Beaver No. 67, at Beaver Meadows; Mt. Libanus No. 68, at Lebanan; ——No. 69, at Hollidaysburg.

Last evening our Grand Lodge met in stated meeting and granted charters for the following Lodges: —— No. 288, located at Lebanon; —— No. 289, in Chester county; —— No. 290, in Luzerne county.

Several reports of D.D.G.Ms. were received, which show the Order in this State to be in a flourishing condition. Yours in haste.

Connoquenessing Lodge No. 278, was instituted in Butler, on the 11th inst. by D.D.G.M. Wm. C. Meredith, and the following persons were elected officers: Alfred Gilmore, N.G.; Jacob Ziegler, V.G.; John Graham, S.; Dunlap McGlaughlin, T.

Notices of New Publications.

OUR DAY. A Gift for the Times. Edited by J. G. Adams. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. 1848.

This is something new; free from all insipid love stories; and filled with sterling articles on the great social questions which are agitating the public mind and heart; and the discussion of which give tone and character to the times in which we live. Peace, Temperance, Prison Discipline, Abolition of Slavery and the Gallows, and the leading Reforms of the day, all get utterance for themselves in the pages of this excellent gift book. Beside the Editor, always welcome, Horace Greeley, E. H. Chapin, T. S. King, S. E. Cone, H. Ballou, 2d., J. G. Whittier, Henry Bacon, T. L. Harris, Theodore Parker, and others are contributors. We can promise the purchaser of this annual something; at all events, that will make him think. Mr. Mussey has gotten it up in beautiful style; and the editor has shown himself worthy of the good work he has undertaken. To be had at 140 Fulton-st.

THE BOY'S WINTER BOOK. By Thomas Miller. Harper & Brothers' New York.

This is another of those instructive and pleasing works which the Harpers have been issuing for the amusement of well-behaved Boys. It describes in an admirable manner the scenery and country amusements peculiar to the season; and cannot fail to be equally popular with its predecessors, the Boy's Summer and Autumn Books. Like them, it is illustrated by a large number of fine engravings. What a fine Christmas present the whole series will make! We commend them to parents.

☞ "The Convict, or the Hypocrite Unmasked," is the last of Mr. James Novels. It is said to possess more than usual interest. Published by Harper and Brothers.

ELLEN HERBERT, or Family Changes. New York: Harpers.

This beautiful story forms one of the volumes of "The Fireside Library." It is illustrated by six fine engravings. The interest of the story, its moral teachings, and the beautiful style of illuminated covers and gold edges, will make it right welcome at every family fireside during the long winter evenings.

☞ "Mackenzie's Miscellaneous Works."—The Messrs. Harpers have issued, in three neatly printed parts, a new edition of the Miscellaneous Works of Henry Mackenzie, Esq. They embrace "The Man of Feeling," an exquisite production; "Papers from the Lounger;" "The Man of the World;" "Julia de Roubigne;" and "Papers from the Mirror." The novels of this author are characterized by deep feeling, and his "Papers" by wit and humor.

☞ "From Paris to the Other World, by Lucius." This is a translation from the French of Paul Everton It is an account of a Voyage from Paris to New Orleans, during which the adventures of the various passengers are narrated with much interest. It is got up in better style than such works usually are. For sale by Graham, Tribune Buildings.

☞ The American Phrenological Journal for December contains a scarcely-recognizable portrait of our friend Horace Greeley, Esq. with a full and interesting description of his phrenological and physiological developments, and a brief biographical sketch of his life. There are articles on Dr. Combe, Republicanism, Marvelousness, Signs of Character, Keep Growing, &c. This number closes the ninth volume of this useful publication. Published by Fowlers & Wells, Nassau-st.

OPINIONS OF THE BROTHERHOOD.

The Golden Rule is, we are happy to know, every where highly spoken of by the intelligent members of the Order. From recent letters, received by us, we make a few brief extracts:

Extract of a Letter from James L. Ridgely, Esq. G. Cor. and Rec. Sec. of the G. L. U. S. dated "Baltimore, June 22, 1847.

"The Golden Rule is to me a most welcome and valued visiter, and since it has fallen into your hands, I have witnessed its gradual and steady improvement with great pleasure. It has now become, in my judgment, by far the best periodical in the Order; and I do trust that a discerning and intelligent Brotherhood will, by a liberality worthy of your great exertions, enable you still more to augment its usefulness to the Order at large.

With great respect, your friend and Brother, Jas. L. Ridgely."

One esteemed brother writes from the interior of Pa.—"I have now been a subscriber to your paper some time, and when the day arrives which should bring it, if it does not come, I feel much disappointed. I consider it emphatically the *best* periodical of the Order."

Another brother from North Carolina—"Allow me to say that the Golden Rule is to me a welcome visiter, more so than any other paper I take, (and I subscribe to no less than *eight*,) and it shall have my aid and influence to extend its circulation."

The Golden Rule.—One of the best family papers with which we exchange, is the Golden Rule published by Bro. Winchester at N. Y. city, at the rate of $2 per annum. The Golden Rule stands confessedly at the head of the numerous periodicals devoted to Odd-Fellowship, and is a paper with which that Order could illy dispense, and as a family paper, it has no superior.

(Democrat, Ballston Spa., N. Y.

☞ We could fill columns with notices similar to the above; but we have no space for them.

HANDSOME AND CHEAP.

☞ The Golden Rule, it is generally conceded, is the handsomest weekly sheet issued in this country. Great pains are taken to have its typographical execution as neat as it is possible to be made on a cylinder press. All the articles are selected and arranged with the utmost care.

It is the cheapest paper in the Union published in a similar form. Some others, it may be, give more reading matter; but in regard to the quality of its contents and execution, as well as paper, there surely is no comparison. Compare the Rule with any of our Monthly Magazines: is it a whit behind any of them either in talent, taste or variety? Does it not give more than twice the amount of reading matter for a far less price? Is it not in quite as neat a form for binding? These things are worthy a thought.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS.

We frequently send copies of the Golden Rule, with Prospectuses enclosed, to persons who are not subscribers. We only ask for a candid examination of our paper, and a judgement on its merits alone. From the opinion of so eminent a brother as Grand Secretary James L. Ridgely, the Order will perceive the estimation in which the "Rule" is held by one whose judgment is valuable. It is the oldest weekly periodical of the Order—and as a Literary Family Journal, not inferior to any other in the Union in any respect.

Those receiving a copy of the Prospectus, are requested (if pleased with it) to use their efforts to obtain a list of at least five subscribers.

BOSTON.—Office of the Golden Rule, 40 Cornhill, up stairs. Bro. L WYMAN, Jr. Publisher, will receive subscriptions and deliver papers in any part of the city. Subscribers in the surrounding villages can have the Rule sent in packages out of the mails, by making the necessary arrangements at the office, 40 Cornhill.

Special Notice.

☞ TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.—With the present Volume we give a Titlepage and copious Index. We find the Engraved Title, which we have furnished with the three preceding half yearly volumes, has become so much worn from the large number of impressions taken from it, we have concluded to give a printed Title instead. It is our intention hereafter to give a New Engraving, for a title, with each ANNUAL (or January) VOLUME; and our Subscribers for 1848 will have a beautiful one, from original designs in the course of the year.

☞ MISSING NUMBERS.—Those of our yearly subscribers who may have lost, or failed to receive any numbers of the RULE, will be supplied without charge, by making the request free of expense, so long as we have copies on hand. Apply early.

☞ TROY, N. Y.—THE GOLDEN RULE will hereafter be delivered at the residences of subscribers in TROY, by Bro. A. SMITH, Book Seller, Stationer and Periodical Agent, No. 197 River street, of whom single copies may also be obtained.

☞ NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Subscribers in NEW HAVEN will in future find their papers at the Book and Periodical Establishment of E. DOWNS.

☞ NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Bro. S. F. HOYT, who has recently opened a Book, Periodical and News Establishment in New Bedford, will in future supply the GOLDEN RULE to its subscribers from his Store. We cordially commend him to the patronage of the brethren and citizens of that town.

☞ ALBANY, N. Y.—An Agent is wanted in this city, who will receive and deliver the GOLDEN RULE at the residences of the subscribers. To an intelligent and capable Brother, liberal advantages will be offered.

PRESERVE AND BIND.

☞ Subscribers should by all means preserve the GOLDEN RULE carefully, and after reading it, lay it neatly away for binding. Every six months you will have a Volume of 416 large pages, with title page and index, which, with a trifle for a firm binding, will have cost you a little over a dollar. The same amount of choice reading matter cannot be obtained at a bookstore for three times the sum. You will besides have a current history of Odd-Fellowship which will be invaluable in future years.

☞ SUBSCRIBERS who desire it, can, by leaving their files at the Office 30 Ann st., have them elegantly bound in half Morocco, with the Emblems of the Order, done in gilt on the back, for $1,25; also in various other styles from sixty two cts., to two Dollars.

TO LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

WE would inform our friends and the Brotherhood at large, that we will attend to the prompt and careful execution of all orders for REGALIA, from a single set to a *complete outfit* for a Lodge or Encampment—including every article required. As members of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment, all proper inquiries will be replied to, and information given to those about to apply for Charters. BY-LAWS, SEALS, BLANK BOOKS, AND BLANKS, printed and furnished, in the best style of Workmanship, and at reasonable prices; and copies of By-Laws, with all other information, forwarded to Committees and others, when requested to do so. Address, postpaid, Publisher of the GOLDEN RULE, 30 Ann-st. New York.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 7, in Columbia, Pa. by Rev. W. Barnes, Bro. J. G. HESS, of Susquehanna Lodge No. 80, and MARY COX, all of that place.

Dec. 12, in Smyrna, N. Y. by Rev. Bro. Perry G. White, Bro. C. C. BRAND, of Tri Mount Encampment No. 24, and Schuyler Lodge No. 147, and Miss DELINA A. CASE, daughter of Russel Case, Esq. all of Smyrna.

Dec. 16, at Mannahawkin, by Rev. D. Kelsey, Bro. THOMAS E. BALLINGER, of Monmouth Lodge No. 20, and Miss RACHEL GINNINGS, both of Mannahawkin, N. J.

EXPULSION.—Macon, Miss. Nov. 28, 1847.—Odd-Fellows Hall, Stockman Lodge No. 19, I. O. O. F. At a regular meeting of this Lodge held on Monday night, Oct. 25 1847, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That Seth Wheeler, a member of Stockman Lodge No. 19, be for ever expelled from all the rights and benefits of this Order, for gross immoral conduct. Published by order of the Lodge, [d25:2m] A. G. BYRUM, Sec.

LOCAL AGENTS AND OTHERS

Who propose to compete for any of the PREMIUMS offered in another column, are particularly requested to transmit their lists at the earliest moment, so that we may print a sufficient edition to supply all from the commencement of the Volume. Let it be understood, that *every subscriber* for 1848 will receive a copy of the elegant steel engraved PORTRAIT OF THE M. W. GRAND SIRE, which will be of a size to bind as a frontispiece to the Volume. We hope they will act promptly.

ADVANCE PAYMENT.

We hope *every brother* will be punctual in the remittance of his subscription IN ADVANCE. A departure from this system involves us in very heavy losses. Those of our present subscribers WHO WISH TO DISCONTINUE (we hope the number is few) are particularly requested to give notice, post-paid, to the Publisher, remitting at the same time whatever may be due the office.

BRILLIANT PREMIUMS.

While we are already under the deepest obligations to a host of generous-hearted brothers for their free-will exertions and influence in extending the circulation of the GOLDEN RULE, by which its benefits have been largely diffused, not only in the Order, but among the public generally, yet we are unwilling to draw too much upon our friends without at least making some slight return for their efforts in our behalf. Desirous, therefore, of placing the GOLDEN RULE in the hands of every Odd-Fellow, and believing its increased circulation will be attended with the best results in relation to the well-being and progress of the Order, we offer the following inducements

To Postmasters, Subscribers, Officers and Members of Lodges.

I. To every brother who shall procure *five new subscribers* for 1848, remitting $10 in advance, we will give a free copy for one year, and a **Proof Copy of the Portrait of the Grand Sire,** set in a

MAGNIFICENT GLASS-ENAMELED BORDER,

in brilliant colors and gold, from original designs. These Borders on Glass have been ordered from Paris, where only they can be manufactured, and will be ready for delivery about the first of March or April. These elegant enameled Borders are valued at One Dollar each, and will make this one of the most beautiful ornaments, when framed, with which an Odd-Fellow can ornament the walls of his Home.

II. To every brother who shall procure *ten new subscribers*, and remit $20, we will give a Proof copy of the Portrait, set as above, and SIX VOLUMES of the GOLDEN RULE, for the years 1846, 1847 and 1848.

III. To every brother who shall procure *fifteen new subscribers*, remitting $30, will be given the Premiums named in No. II, and a copy of the Odd-Fellows Offering for 1848, or any work of equal value which may be designated.

IV. To every brother who shall obtain *twenty new subscribers*, remitting $40, we will give an ENTIRE SET OF THE GOLDEN RULE, (excepting the 3d Volume,) from Volume I to Vol. VII, inclusive, and a free copy for 1848, a copy of the ODD-FELLOWS OFFERING for 1848, and a Proof copy of the Grand Sire's Portrait, set as above, elegantly framed in Rose Wood, Black Walnut or Gilt, as may be chosen.

V. Every *present subscriber*, continuing his subscription for 1848, and obtaining *one* additional new subscriber, remitting $4, shall be entitled to a copy of either Vols. I, II, IV, V or VI, (odd volumes) of the GOLDEN RULE, or the value of 50 cents in any books published and for sale in this city; and the same amount for each additional subscriber under five.

As the GOLDEN RULE is intended for a general Family paper, we hope the efforts of our friends will not be confined to members of the Order, in obtaining subscribers.

☞ All letters to be post paid or free, and Bills of all *solvent* banks in the United States taken at par, and when enclosed in presence of a Post-master, to be at the risk of the Office.

☞ ACT PROMPTLY AND AT ONCE! ☜

And forward all new lists as speedily as possible, so that no disappointment may be experienced in obtaining the numbers from the commencement of the new Volume. *No agent or individual is allowed to receive subscriptions at less than the regular price.* All Premiums subject to the order of those entitled to them. No traveling agent will be included in the above arrangement.

ANOTHER PREMIUM!

☞ To the person who will send us the largest number of subscribers in accordance with the foregoing terms, before the 1st of February, 1848, we will present a splendid set of

Royal Purple, Regalia,

Elegantly embroidered in gold, manufactured by Bro. JOHN OSBORNE, at a cost of $50! It is entirely new, and very rich and beautiful.

☞ Persons competing for the Premiums, are requested particularly to state the fact in their letters. Address, postpaid or free,

E. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann-st.